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Robert Southey LL.D. &c.

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INSTRUCTION:

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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; SKETCHES AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

NEW FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY,

&c.

ASTOR LIBRARY

VOL. XXV.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
(Near Somerset House.)

1835.

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PREFACE.

If each *succeeding* portion of a periodical Miscellany be additional proof of its growth in public favour, then have we confirmation stronger in completing the present volume. Our engine of "amusement and instruction" is now five-and-twenty volume power; and by aid of constant novelty we hope to increase our speed upon the railway of popular approbation.

Our exertions during the past six months, and their results, encourage us to hope for this good fortune. Among the former we may be allowed to particularize a few of the Embellishments of this volume, which have put in requisition the best ingenuity of our artists. Among the subjects thus entitled to special mention are the following:

Foremost of these novel Illustrations may be ranked the New Grammar School, at Stockwell; Chantrey's Statue of Canning, in Westminster Abbey; the temporary Houses of Parliament; the New School for the Indigent Blind; the Gates of Buckingham Palace, almost an achievement in wood engraving; and the King's State Coach, one of the most magnificent of London's curiosities; the majority of these subjects being from original sketches, made for this work.

In Portrait Illustrations, besides the Frontispiece of the Poet Laureate, are the late Charles Lamb, and Sir Richard Whittington; the latter embellishing the first of a series of records of British benevolence, which will be resumed early in our ensuing volume.

In Popular Antiquities are the Queen Anne's Farthing and Patterns, accompanying an exposition of the errors respecting them; Whitehall Palace, an elaborate bird's-eye view; the persecuted Lollards' Cells, at Lambeth Palace; and a superb Cup, by a celebrated Italian artist.

Contemporary Travels have been made available; as in Felix Harbour, Boothia, the size of the plate in Captain Sir John Ross' quarto work; views in two of the luxuriant Azores; the last Ascent of Mont Blanc;

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Cape Town, the first of a series of Illustrations of our Colonies; and the Great Temple of Esné, less known than it deserves to be.

In Zoology, are engraved two curiosities of the day: the young Orang-Outang, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, "a true portraicture," as an old author would say; and a remarkable Double Fish.

The literature of the volume will be found of the usual average of Correspondence on points of popular interest; the best soufflé papers from the Public Journals; entertaining contributions to Natural History; and unique extracts from the New Books of the half-year, selected with due regard to novelty, variety, and permanent value; in providing which upwards of thirty new works have been turned over. Of Ross' Second Voyage will be found a brief abstract.

Old customs, obsolete but interesting usages, and amusing antiquities, generally, have not been passed by: we need not remark upon their attractions; for, as quaintly observed by Southey, "They who care nothing for their ancestors, will care little for their posterity,—indeed, little for anything except themselves." These records have ever been cherished features in the Mirror, and in every work designed for the people; and thus they will continue, (exhaustless as they are,) so long as home has any charm for an English heart.

We thank Correspondents for their "lines of fair encouragement:" from the quip of a paragraph to the matter-of-fact paper of pages; to our readers, likewise, we proffer our grateful acknowledgments, and we shall not relax in endeavouring to merit their continued patronage.

London, June 24, 1835.

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ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. LL.D.,

POET LAUREATE, &c.,

WAS born August 6, 1774, at Bristol, in which city his father was a wholesale linen-draper. He received the rudiments of education in the vicinity, under Mr. Foot, a baptist minister, with whom he was in his eighth year; for, the young poet writes, with the date of 1794:—

> "Corston, twelve years in various fortunes fled
> Have past with restless progress o'er my head,
> Since, in thy vale, beneath the master's rule
> I dwelt an inmate of the village school."

He was subsequently placed under the care of a private tutor, previous to his being sent to Westminster School, which he entered at the age of fourteen. By a strict attention to his father's maxim, to "tie the stocking up tight and be punctual," he passed through the school avoiding corporal punishment, though his sympathy for others induced him to contribute some essays to a periodical paper, called the Flagellant.

In November, 1792, he was entered a student of Baliol College, Oxford, to study for the church; but, imbibing Unitarian principles, he was led from this intention, and became more distinguished by his ardent adoption of republican opinions. In these predilections he was joined by the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, then also a student at Baliol; and with him, and a few other young men, Southey formed a plan of settling on the Susquehannah River, in North America, under a pantisocratic form of society, or, in other words, a system in which all things should be in common. The party had not, however, the sinews of enterprise—or money; and, happily for themselves, their scheme was not put into execution. After taking his bachelor's degree, Mr. Southey left Oxford, and was entered of Gray's Inn.

In 1795, Mr. Southey first appeared as an author, by publishing, in conjunction with his friend, Mr. Lovell, the Retrospect, and other poems, under the signatures of Moschus and Bion. About the same period, he published a republican drama, entitled Wat Tyler, in which he advocated "equal liberty to all mankind" with vehement enthusiasm, which, in maturer years, he much regretted. The excellent tendency of the author's subsequent writings had well nigh caused this ill-judged publication to be forgotten, when it was reprinted by a few self-called patriots, upon whom the poet sought an injunction, which was refused on the ground of the objectionable principles of the poem.

In the year 1795, Mr. Southey married a Miss Fricker. He likewise accompanied to Portugal his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, who was chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon. On his return to England, Southey re-applied himself to literature, and, in 1797, he published the epic poem of *Joan of Arc*, which was written in the short space of six weeks. In the same year appeared the second edition, almost entirely re-written, together with a volume of minor poems.

In 1798, he printed Letters from Spain and Portugal, with translations of poems, the result of his observations and researches in those countries. Of his brief stay there, Southey seems to have many pleasurable recollections: he recurs to "the morning of life and hope" in Cintra's bowers, and he has enriched many of his works from the archives of the above nations. In the dedication of one of his latest works to the memory of his reverend uncle, he writes:—

> With dutiful and patient hope,
> I labour that our names conjoin'd may long
> Survive, in honour one day to be held
> Where old Lisboa from her hills o'erlooks
> Expanded Tagus, with its populous shores
> And pine woods to Palmella's crested heights.

In the same year, Mr. Southey contributed with Mrs. Opie and others, to the Annual Anthology for 1799 and 1800. In 1799, he collected and published another volume of minor poems. In 1800, he obtained the appointment

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of secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland; and, after the Union, he received the grant of a pension of 200*l.* per annum.

Upon quitting office, Mr. Southey retired to the vicinity of Keswick, in Cumberland; and here, in a delightful retreat,* well suited for "calm contemplation and poetic ease," he resides to the present day; the interval of four-and-thirty years having been devoted to literature with an assiduity which has scarcely a parallel in our times. With the poet and his wife retired the two sisters of the latter; one the widow of Mr. Lovell, and the other married to Mr. Coleridge.

Of Mr. Southey's works, "in themselves a library," as Hazlitt once said, we can attempt little more than an enumeration. They are as follow:—Amadis de Gaul, from the Spanish, 1803; an edition of the Works of Chatterton; Thalaba, the Destroyer, a rhythmical romance; Metrical Tales, and other Poems, 1804; Madoc, a Poem, 1805; Specimens of later English Poets, with notes, 1807; Palmerin of England, from the Portuguese; Letters from England, by Espriella; the Remains of Henry Kirke White, with his Life; the Chronicle of the Cid, from the Spanish, 1808; History of Brazil, 1810, (since completed); Omniana, an amusing miscellany, 1812; the Curse of Kehama, a Poem, 1813; and the Life of Lord Nelson.

The last-mentioned work ranks as the best specimen of biography written in the present century. It was dedicated to Mr. Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty, who is said to have applied to the Prince Regent for the poet-laureateship, then vacant by the death of Mr. Pye; to which solicitation the Prince readily assented, observing that Mr. Southey's efforts in the Spanish cause alone, rendered him worthy of the situation. The laurel had also been offered to and accepted by Mr. Walter Scott, who allowing himself the richest poet of the two, generously conceded to Mr. Southey. The acceptance of this office drew upon him virulent attacks for inconsistency with the opinions of his youth.

The first-fruits of the laureateship was the customary New Year's Ode, or, as Mr. Southey named it, Carmen Triumphale, for the Commencement of the Year 1814.† In the same year, Mr. Southey published Odes to the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of France; and Roderic, the last of the Goths.

In 1815, Mr. Southey visited the Field of Waterloo, and subsequently published a Poet's Pilgrimage to that memorable spot; in the proem to which he thus sings of his loved home upon the Derwent:

"Twelve years, how (large a part of man's brief day!)
Nor idly nor ingloriously spent,
Of evil and of good have held their way,
Since first upon thy banks I pitched my tent:
Hither I came in manhood's active prime,
And here my head hath felt the touch of time.

Heaven hath with goodly increase blest me here,
Where childless and oppress'd with grief I came;
With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere,
Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim:
Here I possess—what more should I require?—
Books, children, leisure—all my heart's desire."

In 1817, Mr. Southey edited the Byrth, Lyfe, and Actes of King Arthur, with an Introduction and Notes. His next poem was, the Lay of the Laureate, following by minor pieces, in one of which, a Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte, he sings:

* Grets Hall, upon the Derwent, engraved at page 417 of the present volume.

† The laureateship is now almost a sinecure, the customary New Year and Birth-day Odes having long been dispensed with: neither the Accession nor the Coronation of their present Majesties were thus commemorated. Some particulars of the honour will be found in the Mirror, vol. xv. pp. 111—367—386, by three Correspondents. We may, however, here state, that the grants of wine to the Laureate first occur in a pipe-roll of 36 Henry III. to a harper. The salary and wine were next settled by a patent of Charles I. anno 1630. The present salary is 127*l.* per annum, with 27*l.* for a tierce of Canary.

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"One who reverently for thee,
Raised the strain of bridal verse,
Flower of Brunswick! mournfully
Lays a garland on thy hearse."

About this time, Mr. Southey was embroiled in the attempted injunction upon Wat Tyler, which exposed him to bitter criticism; his friend, Coleridge, defending his youthful indiscretion, in the Courier newspaper, and his "well-wisher," Hazlitt, as virulently attacking him: whilst Mr. Southey himself maintained that the poem was altogether dramatic, and its sentiments related only to the historical personage.

In 1820, Mr. Southey published the Life of Wesley, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism, a work of unwearied research, but much abused by the sect whose history it relates. In the following year, appeared the Vision of Judgment, dedicated to George IV. on the Death of his Father; a specimen of what might be done in English hexameters. This gave rise to Lord Byron's poem of the same name in the Liberal, and to a fierce attack on the laureate in the preface thereto.

In 1822, Mr. Southey wrote an Ode on the King's Visit to Ireland. Two other poetical works remain to be mentioned: these are, a Tale of Paraguay; and, All for Love, and the Pilgrim to Compostella; both which poems exhibit Mr. Southey's extensive acquaintance with the lore of Spanish and Portuguese literature. In 1831, he edited Select Works of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Jonson, with Biographical Sketches.

In 1824, appeared Mr. Southey's Book of the Church, which was replied to by Mr. Charles Butler, on behalf of the Roman Catholics, whom our author answered in 1826, in a supplement to his former work, entitled Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.

Mr. Southey's next prose work was the first volume of a History of the Peninsular War, completed by the third volume in 1832, and with these impressive lines: "My task is ended here; and if, in the course of this long and faithful history, it should seem that I have anywhere ceased to bear the ways of Providence in mind, or to have admitted a feeling, or given utterance to a thought, inconsistent with glory to God in the highest, and goodwill towards men, let the benevolent reader impute it to that inadvertence or inaccuracy of expression, from which no diligence, however watchful, can always be secure; and, as such, let him forgive what, if I were conscious of it, I should not easily forgive in myself."

In 1829, Mr. Southey published Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, a work of elaborate thought and impressive eloquence, which has often been quoted in our pages. Its form is from Boethius, the speakers being Montesinos, the author, and Sir Thomas More—"More, the mild, the learned, and the good." It was, probably, a labour of the Poet's leisure; for, it originated in a train of thought upon the afflicting death of the Princess Charlotte, and was begun in 1817, twelve years before its publication.

In 1831, Mr. Southey lent his fostering hand to an untaught son of genius, one John Jones, by editing his Attempts in Verse, to which the Laureate prefixed an Essay on the Lives and Works of our Uneducated Poets. The task was honourable to Mr. Southey's benevolent heart; though, we fear, poor Jones's volume was received with little more than thankless indifference by the public: but, this attempt to bring out genius, has added a finer leaf to Southey's laurel than the composition of any court ode.

Mr. Southey has since published a Naval History of England, in two volumes of the Cabinet Cyclopædia; for which work he is also preparing a History of the Moors, and Lives of some of the Most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of all Nations. He is likewise engaged in a Life of the Poet Cowper, to be prefixed to a new edition of his Works.

Besides writing these distinct works, Mr. Southey has been simultaneously engaged in contributing to first-rate periodical publications. He edited

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some of the early volumes of the Edinburgh Annual Register, and is understood to contribute to the present time, to the Quarterly Review.

Mr. Southey enjoys many literary honours. The University of Oxford have confered upon him the degree of L.L.D. He is also an honorary Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, of the Royal Spanish Academy of History, of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, of the Cymmrodorion, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the American Antiquarian Society, of the Royal Irish Academy, of the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Society, of the Metropolitan Institution, of the Philomathic Institution, &c. &c. A few years since, he was returned by his friends to Parliament, for a ministerial borough; but he declined the honour upon the plea of his numerous literary engagements, and with candid acknowledgment of his inability to enter upon increased duties.

"No man in our day, (at least, no man of genius,) has led so uniformly and entirely the life of a scholar from boyhood to the present hour, devoting himself to learning with the enthusiasm of an early love with the severity and constancy of a religious vow. In all the relations and charities of private life, he is correct, exemplary, generous, and just. We never heard a single impropriety laid to his charge; and, if he has many enemies, few men can boast more numerous or stauncher friends. The variety and piquancy of his writings form a striking contrast to the mode in which they are produced. He rises early, and writes or reads till breakfast-time. He writes or reads after breakfast till dinner, after dinner till tea, and from tea till bed-time—

And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave—

on Derwent's banks, beneath the foot of Skiddaw. Study serves him for business, exercise, recreation. He passes from verse to prose, from history to poetry, from reading to writing, by a stop-watch. He writes a fair hand, without blots, sitting upright in his chair, leaves off when he comes to the bottom of the page, and changes the subject for another, as opposite as the Antipodes."*

Speaking of him, in 1813, his inveterate enemy, Lord Byron, says, "Southey, I have not seen much of. His appearance is epic; and he is the only existing entire man of letters. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world; and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his poetry there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation; posterity will, probably, select. He has passages equal to anything. At present, he has a party, but no public—except for his prose writings. The Life of Nelson is beautiful."

His character, according to Coleridge, is all that is estimable, and has, for its only enemies, "quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism." The Ettrick Shepherd says, "Southey is as elegant a writer as any in the kingdom. But those who would love Southey as well as admire him, must see him in the bosom, not only of one lovely family, but of three, all attached to him as a father, and all elegantly maintained and educated, it is generally said, by his indefatigable pen."

The prefixed engraving has been copied from a portrait painted by Phillips,† and considered to be the best likeness extant; though it represents the Poet about twenty-five years since. The features are of noble and intellectual cast; a deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye, but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising: so that, when he looks up, he turns up his face, being unable to raise his eyes. This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished laureate.

It gives us pleasure to add, that a pension of 300*l.* per annum was granted to Mr. Southey by the late Administration.

* Spirit of the Age: or, Contemporary Portraits. By W. Hazlitt.
† In the possession of Mr. Murray, and engraved as one of the Illustrations of his handsome edition of the Works of Lord Byron.

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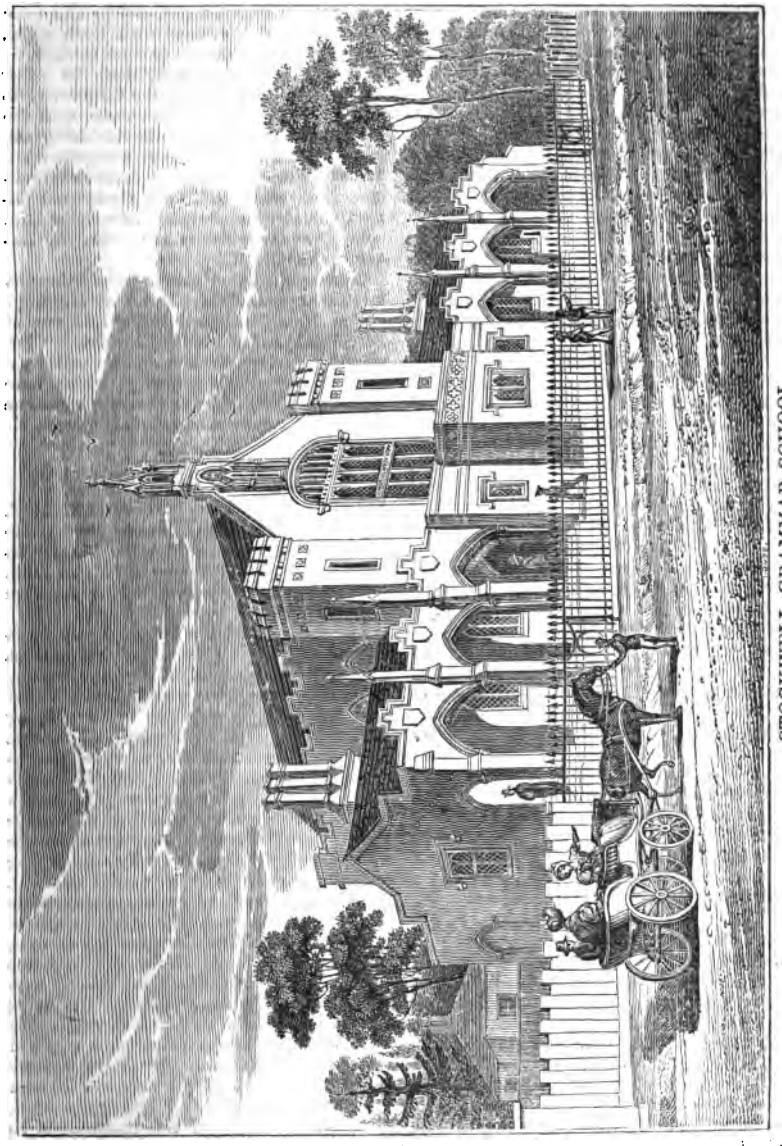
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 700.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1835. [Price 2*d*.



STOCKWELL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

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STOCKWELL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Among the beneficial consequences which have already resulted from the founding of the London University and King's College, is the establishment of various smaller schools for junior classes, in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. These schools are aids to the prime object of the University and College, which bring the means of education for the youth of London within the reach of their homes, and combine the advantages which the best qualified teachers can give to a public school, with residence under the parental roof. The smaller schools referred to are, like the larger, proprietary; and of these one of the most interesting as a building, as well as one of the best fitted to its purpose, is that at Stockwell, in Park Road, Clapham Road. For the above reasons, the present school has been selected as an example of its class, in the excellent digest of Public Improvements, in the *Companion to the Almanac* for the present year; to which work we are indebted for the accompanying Engraving and details.

The Committee of the Stockwell School advertised for designs, and had the good sense to prefer and carry into execution one by Mr. J. Davies, the architect of Highbury College. As the annexed elevation indicates, the building consists of a centre and two wings, extending in front to a length of 94 feet. The lower range in front contains an open arcade or corridor; and a vestibule or ante-room to the school-room, which latter is within the lofty central part. This school-room is 50 feet long, 26 feet wide, and 24 feet high in the centre, and is capable of accommodating 100 boys. The masters' desks, and the forms for the boys are omitted in the interior view at page 8, to give better effect to the well-proportioned room.

The style of the composition is pointed, or what is commonly, but improperly, termed Gothic. The handsome window, which decorates the centre of the elevation externally, lights the school-room within; whilst smaller, lateral windows serve to ventilate it, and aid in diffusing the light more equally. The ceiling corresponds in style with the general design, as the view of the interior indicates, and the fittings are in appropriate taste.

The right-hand wing contains a class-room, 21 feet by 15, and a small room beyond it, for the use of the head-master, or for a library; whilst, in the left wing, there is a class-room, similar to the former, fitted up with cases for philosophical apparatus, &c.; and beyond it again, opening upon the corridor, is the porter's lodge.

Reverting to the exterior, it will be perceived, that the upper part of the centre is somewhat similar in composition to the front of Westminster Hall, with flanking towers, and a pinnacled turret, rising out of the apex of the gable. The *Companion* critic considers the details of this turret to be hardly rich enough to surmount the tabernacle between it and the great window; adding that the enriched tabernacle might have been spared, and its decorations applied to the former with some advantage to the whole. The rest of the exterior is quite collegiate in its character, and in the more prominent parts is faced with Bath stone, in which the decorations too, are worked.

It is gratifying to add, that the writer learnt from the Report of the Committee to the Proprietary, that the building, with the desks and furniture, and the inclosing and laying out the ground, cost altogether but 1,658*l*. Recollecting that "considerable architectural effect, and even some little display, guided by much good taste, have been effected and applied in the work, the economy is wonderful."

Among the other similar establishments to this at Stockwell, are two at Hackney, one at Islington, one at Mile End, one at Blackheath, one at Pimlico, and one at Chelsea, besides three or four others in different parts of the suburbs; some of which have buildings erected for the purpose, and some are mere adaptations of common houses.

NEW INVENTIONS FOR 1835.

I have some glorious inventions for 1835, far surpassing any that have been hitherto offered to the world; and if they do not acquire for me universal and immortal fame, then, indeed, by Jingo, there is no such thing as gratitude in existence.

First—To proceed to describe my forthcoming novelties. I have invented a large, hollow conveyance, shaped like a humming-top, and possessing every accommodation for passengers. It is necessary to its travelling that its road shall be circular and smooth. Supposing then, that one of these conveyances shall constantly travel from London to Edinburgh; it will be necessary to have a circular railway communicating with these cities. The conveyance being placed on the railway, and supported upon its apex, a long and strong strap is to be wound round it, and then by means of certain apparatus to be forcibly unwound, the consequence of which will be that the impetus given to it, will make the carriage, as the humming-top does under like circumstances, revolve with rapidity on its circular journey. Its quick rotatory motion will be found very agreeable and composing to the passengers, who will have a more extensive view of the country than they would from the common vehicles that now run to London and Edinburgh. The grand superiority of this invention is its great celerity; for it is well known that a

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revolving body describing a circle goes with inconceivable speed. It possesses numerous other advantages, for passengers will never be in terror of the breaking of springs, axle-trees, or the falling of horses, or the bursting of steam-boilers, as it has neither.

Secondly—I have invented a plan for crossing channels, rivers, &c. in a direct course, in an exceedingly short space of time, and quite independent of the water. A wooden conveyance is placed upon a powerful spring fixed at the water-side, and this spring has a tendency to maintain an erect position, which it is, previous to starting, prevented from maintaining by an overpowering force. As soon as all is ready, however, the spring is released from all restraint, it flies upwards, and in so doing, it throws its burden to the other side of the channel.

Thirdly—An iron ring is to encircle the earth without being fixed to it, so that the latter may revolve upon its axis within the former, as the student's globe does within the brazen meridian. Now, as the earth completes one revolution on its axis in four and twenty hours, how soon, by this invention, a man may get into another country, for he need only jump up upon the iron ring, and there wait till the earth by its revolution has brought the place beneath his feet, when down he jumps upon the foreign land!

Fourthly—An optical instrument to see through rocks, stone-walls, and, in short, through *every thing*; the result of which astonishing power will be that you will see —what?—why *nothing*. *F.

SONNET TO ITALY.

WRITTEN AFTER VIEWING A SERIES OF SKETCHES MADE THERE.

Land of the Summer! to thy sunny shore
My wayward fancy oftentimes will rove;
Sail o'er thy blue streams, wander in the grove
Where thine own gifted Tasso used to pour
Soft, sweet, and holy melody—delightful lore!—
Or, resting in his cave, with Petrarch prove
The wild, the madd'ning throes of forlorn love,
As listening to Vaucluse's fountain roar.
Still, tho' thy skies be gentle,—breezes bland,
And Nature views thee with her kindest smile,
Far dearer yet I love my own cold Isle,
My native Albion! ah, my Fathers' land:
Braving on every side the lashing sea,
The land of Shakspeare, Byron, and the Free!
Sturminster. COLBOURNE.

THE AUTHOR OF DR. SYNTAX.

(*To the Editor.*)

OBSERVING at page 106 of the *Mirror*, vol. xxiv., your note respecting Mr. Combe, and his projected piece of posthumous autobiography, I beg to inclose you the following anecdote, which may explain why such a work did not appear.

"Mr. Combe, the author of *Dr. Syntax*, &c. adopted a young man, educated him as his son, and, by way of fortune, intended to leave him all his MSS., aware that their publication would bring him in a considerable sum. The youth, however, offended his patron deeply by falling in love with, and marrying, a daughter of the famous Olivia Serres,—soi-disant Princess Olive of Cumberland; and from that moment Mr. Combe resolved to disinherit him. With this intent, he made up his mind to burn all his manuscripts, and for a whole week previously to his decease, the candle he employed in this conflagration was never extinguished."

This anecdote I give, as it was some time since detailed to me, by one of Mr. Combe's acquaintances, who well knew him; and I have only further to remark that it involves a curious question: since Princess Olive's decease, an advertisement has appeared in the *Times* newspaper, inviting her daughter to view, while yet above ground, the remains of her beloved mother: but, lo! after the lapse of a few days, a young man presented himself at one of the police offices, and noticing this advertisement, begged to assure the worthy magistrate presiding, that the Princess Olive, his mother, never had a daughter!

M. L. B.

THE FIRST SAVINGS' BANK.

SAVINGS' BANKS bespeak the habits of the English people more plainly than a whole volume that could be written upon their character. Their origin was humble, indeed, and their progress has been slow but sure and steady. The former may be traced to Friendly Societies, and the operations of a society for bettering the condition of the poor. From one of the reports of this society, it appears that in the year 1799, or five-and-thirty years since, the Rev. Joseph Smith, at Wendover, Bucks, and two of his parishioners, circulated among their industrious neighbours, proposals offering to receive from the men, women, and children, of the parish, any sum, from twopence upwards, every Sunday evening during the summer months; to keep an exact account of the sums deposited; and to repay to each individual at Christmas the amount of his deposit, with the addition of one-third to the whole, as a bounty for his economy. It was expressly and wisely stipulated, that the depositors might receive back the sums respectively due to them at any time before Christmas on demand, and that the fruit of their economy should not preclude them from parish relief in case of sickness or want of employment; and a comfortable addition at home to the family Christmas dinner was to finish the year's account. These curious proposals were ushered in by a text: "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." The peasantry of the parish readily embraced the offer, and during the first season, sixty subscribers brought their weekly savings with great regularity;

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none depositing less than sixpence, and the greater number one shilling, each.

The next institution of this kind, and one more nearly resembling the present Savings' Bank, was called the Charitable Bank, and was founded at Tottenham. This was in 1804; but it may be said to have originated in the success of a little bank for children's savings, which was opened at Tottenham so early as the year 1798. The Tottenham bank in 1804, was begun for the express purpose of providing a safe and profitable place of deposit for the savings of labourers, servants, &c., and opened once a month for receipt and payment. The books were at first kept by a lady; six wealthy individuals were appointed trustees, each to receive an equal part of the sums deposited, and each to be responsible to the amount of 100*l.* for the repayment of the principal with interest. Any sum above one shilling was received; and, to encourage perseverance, interest at 5 per cent was allowed for every twenty shillings that had remained a year in the hands of the trustees. The next attempt was made at Bath in 1808, where a society was formed for receiving and allowing interest at 4 per cent for the savings of industrious and respectable servants; no depositor being allowed to lodge more than 50*l.*, and the greatest amount of the sums received collectively being limited to 2,000*l.*

Nevertheless, no plan of a Savings' Bank was devised for general use until the year 1810, when a Mr. Henry Duncan proposed that the gentlemen of Dumfrieshire should establish banks for savings in the different parishes of that county. His plan did not excite much attention, until he showed its practical worth by establishing such a bank in his own parish of Ruthwell. Thus, unwilling as we are to deny Englishmen the credit of first forming a Savings' Bank, we are bound to accord that credit to the characteristic economy of the people of Scotland. The example was set in our country, but slightly regarded, and it remained for Scottish thrift to establish what the English only suggested. The Ruthwell bank must be considered the parent society, for it was the first of the kind which was regularly and minutely organized and brought before the public; but the Charitable bank at Tottenham was the original society, if we except the benevolent attempt at Wendover.

One great advantage of a Savings' Bank is, that it holds out to the lower classes, fixed advantages, and preserves their little property from that fluctuation of value to which the public funds are liable. Lastly, the establishment of these banks has been more diligently followed up in Scotland than in England. In our rural districts such opportunities for accumulating savings have been wanted, especially since the failures of so many country banks in 1825.

CURIOUS PENANCES.

Elianor Cobham, Duchess of Glocester, being condemned, in the year 1441, to do public penance, she came from Westminster, on Monday, the 13th of November, by water, and landed at the Temple Bridge, from whence, with a taper of waxe, (says Stowe,) of two pound, in hir hande, she went through Fleete streete, hoodlesse, (save a kerchefe,) to Paul's, where she offered her taper at the high altar. On the Wednesday next, she landed at the Swan, in Thames-street, and went through Bridge-street, Gracechurch-street, streight to Leaden Hall, and so to Christ Church, by Aldgate. On Friday, she landed at Queen Hive, and so went through Cheape to St. Michael's, in Cornhill, in forme aforesaid: at which times, the Maior, Sherifes, and Crafts of London, receaved her and accompanied her.

Jane Shore was put to penance, (through the Protector,) by the Bishop of London, by going before the Crosse in procession upon a Sunday, with a taper in hir hand. In which she went, (says Stowe,) in countenance and pace demure so womanly, and albeit, she were out of all array, save her kirtle only, yet were she so fair and lovely, namely, while the wondering of the people cast a comely rud on her cheekes, (of which she before had most misse,) that hir great shame was hir much praise, among those that were more amorous of hir body then curious of hir soul. And many good folke also, that hated hir living, and glad were to see sinne converted, yet pitied they more hir penance than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous purpose.—*Stowe's Annals.*

Pennant, in relation to the above penance, says: "Before this Cross, (St. Paul's,) in 1483, was brought, divested of all her splendour, Jane Shore, the charitable, the merry concubine of Edward IV., and, after his death, of his favourite, the unfortunate Lord Hastings. After the loss of her protectors, she fell a victim to the malice of crooked-backed Richard. He was disappointed (by her excellent defence,) of convicting her of witchcraft, and confederating with her lover to destroy him. He then attacked her on the weak side of her frailty. This was undeniable. He consigned her to the severity of the church: she was carried to the Bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to the cathedral and the Cross, before which she made a confession of her only fault. Every other virtue bloomed in this ill-fated fair with the fullest vigour. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time. On his death, she was reduced to necessity, scorned

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by the world, and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings.

"The tale of her being denied all sustenance, and of her perishing with hunger, was not the fact. She lived to a great age, but in great distress and miserable poverty; deserted even by those to whom she had, during prosperity, done the most essential services. She dragged a wretched life, even to the time of Sir Thomas More, who introduces her story into his life of Edward V. The beauty of her person is thus described by Holinshed: 'Proper she was, and faire: nothing in hir bodie that you would have changed; but you would have wished hir somewhat higher. Thus saie they that knew hir in hir youth. Now she is old, lean, withered, and dried up; nothing left but rivelled skin and hard bone; and yet, being even such, who so well advise her visage, might gesse and devise, which parts, how filled, would make it a faire face.'"

P. T. W.

Retrospective Gleanings.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE.

[The following Extract, furnished by an obliging and indefatigable Correspondent, is interesting in connexion with the superb hippodrama, now performing at Drury-lane Theatre, as *theatrum tenens*, for a Christmas pantomime.]

This curious document respecting King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, so celebrated in the annals of romance, and so frequently believed by many to have had no existence save in the imagination of the poets, may not prove unacceptable to some of the many readers of the *Mirror*. It is transcribed from Clark's *History of Knighthood*, the erudite and industrious author of which, (a learned antiquarian and herald,) has consulted in its compilation some of the best of our old historians, and this we conceive to be a sufficient guarantee for its authenticity:—

"Arthur, King of the Britons, succeeded his father, Uther Pendragon, who was brother to Aurelius Ambrosius, and third son of Constantine; he married Igrer, duchess of Cornwall, by whom he had this son Arthur, (born at Tindagal in Cornwall,) who was the eleventh king of England from the departure of the Romans, and was crowned about the year 516.

"King Arthur, having expelled the Saxons out of England, conquered Norway, Scotland, and the greatest part of France, (where at Paris he was crowned;) and returning home, lived in so great renown, that many princes and knights came from all parts to his court, to give proof of their valour in the exercise of arms. Upon this, he erected a fraternity of knights, which consisted of four-and-twenty, of whom he was the chief; and for the avoiding of controversies about precedency, he caused a round table to be made, from whence they were denominated Knights of the Round Table. The said table hangs up, according to tradition, in the Castle of Winchester, where they used to meet; and the time of their meeting was at Whitsuntide.

"None were admitted but those who made sufficient proofs of their valour and dexterity in arms. They were to be always well armed for horse or foot; they were to protect and defend widows, maidens, and children, relieve the distressed, maintain the Christian faith, contribute to the church, to protect pilgrims, advance honour, and suppress vice; to bury soldiers that wanted sepulchres, to ransom captives, deliver prisoners, and administer to the care of wounded soldiers, hurt in the service of their country; to record all noble enterprises, that the fame thereof might ever live to their honour, and the renown of the noble order.

"That upon any complaint made to the King of injury or oppression, one of these knights whom the King should appoint, was to avenge the same. If any foreign knight came to court, with desire to show his prowess, some one of these knights was to be ready in arms to answer him. If any lady, gentlewoman, or of other oppressed and injured person, did present a petition declaring the same, whether the injury was done here or beyond sea, he or she should be graciously heard, and, without delay, one or more knights should be sent to take revenge. Every knight, for the advancement of chivalry, should be ready to inform and instruct young lords and gentlemen in the exercises of arms.

"According to Gwillim, there was no robe or habit prescribed unto these knights, nor could he find with what ceremony they were made; neither what offices did belong unto the said order, except a register to record their noble enterprises."

Then follows from Favine, lib. v. p. 97:—

A List of the Knights of the Round Table.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Arthur, King of Great Britain	The King of Clare
	The Duke of Clarence
Galaad	Hector de Marests
Perceval	Blioberis
Lancelot	Gueriet
Gawaine	Keux le Seneschal
Boors	Yrien, son of King Vrian
Lyonnel	Brunor the Black
Helias le Blanc	Bedonier the Constable
The King Bandemagm	Aglonal
King Ydier	Sciurades
King Rions	Patrides
King Karados	

SECOND CHAPTER.

Hery de Rivel	Girflet
Esclabor the Disguised	Osevain with the Hardy Heart
Saphar Vaire	

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Sagremor	Walles Gawain
Agravain the Proud	Guiret de Lambale
Gueheres	Mador of the Porte
Norder	Daniers
Yvain with the white hands	Dinadan
	Heret, son of du Lake
Dodinel the Wild	Arthur the Less
Yvan the Bastard	Ginglain

THIRD CHAPTER.

Arthur, Ly Bleys, or the Stammerer	Pharan the Red
	Reux des Irans
Calogrenant	Lanbegues
Brandelis	Chanlas
Merengis de Yours	Abandain
Gorvain	Damatha de Visafaluont
Bardins	Amant the fair Jouster
Pharan the Black	Gavenor the Black

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Arpin the Duke	Kasdnos
Acoustant	Billeris
Jaunal	The Varlet de Gluine
Sivados	Herrois
The Goodly Coward	Fergus
The Deformed Valiant	Lot the Valiant
Meliauderis	Meliadus the Spy, or Scowt
Manderin	
Andelis	Meliadus the Black
Bruiant des Isles	Aiglus des baux
Ozenot d'Estranger	Lanbrock
The Good Knight Descor	Lucan the Butler
The Varlet au Cerele	

FIFTH CHAPTER.

King Galegantis of Norway	Sivados the Thunderer
	Arphaxad the Gross
King Augustiant of Scotland	Sadoch Deveucon
	The Lovely Amorous
Brunor of the Fountain	Malios of the Thorn
The Enfant du Plessis	Argvoier the Angrie
King Malaquin of beyond the marches of Galonna	Patrides of the Golden Circle
Percides	Manduis the Scorner
Claart the Younger	Gringalais the Strong
Sibilias with the Hard Hands	

SIXTH CHAPTER.

Malaquin the Gaul	Dalides
Agrior the Old Gamester	Haran of the Pine
Galindes of the Hillock	Arganor the Rich
Margondes	Melios
Kerdius	Meliadus the White Knight
Nabon	
Chalamor the Well-wisher	The Ancient Knight of the Hollow Deepes
Alibel the Forsaken	Malaquin the Gross

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Argahaist the bold Britaigne	The lost Black Knight
	Dirant of the Rock
Normaine the Pilgrim	The Fairy for Ladies
Harvin the Unwieldy	The Forester
Thoscans the Roman	The Huntsman
Ferandou the Poor	The Man of Ireland
Randon the Light, or Nimble	The Brown without Joy
	Geffrey the Stout
The Strong always found	Randon, called the Percie
The Fortunate Knight of the Isles	Foyadus the Gallant

THE EIGHTH AND LAST CHAPTER.

Rousteline of the High Mountain	Broadas
	The Knight attired in scarlet
Courant of the Hard Rock	The Huntsman beyond the Marches
Armont of the Green Serpent	Hescalon the Hardy
Ferrant of the Hill	Marandon of the River
Corli the son of Ares	Sacanarbin
Busterine the Great	Dezier the Fierce
Lydeux the Strong	Abilem of the Desert
Soline of the Wood	Foelix the Fortunate Searcher
The Knight of the Seven Ways	

M. L. B.

The Sketch Book.

THE OLD HALL.

THREE hundred times have the yellow leaves of November shed their faded hues round the old Hall at H——, and each revolving spring since the days of the eighth Henry, has that reviving season, "veil'd in a shower of shadowing roses," opened her buds and blossoms round it. I saw it the other day for the last time previous to its demolition. The chilly gleams of a November sun were taking a cold farewell of its faded glories. All around breathed of a past age—the terraced gardens, with broken flights of steps leading to ruined summer houses, with richly carved roofs, through which the "rents of ruin," let in glimpses of the sky, and the surrounding woods — the music-room on a mount thickly begirt with trees, having once been a light and elegant structure, all silent now, the winds are the only musicians remaining! And the Hall itself—with its tall chimneys, gabled front, and narrow windows; broken gateways standing open, a mockery on former hospitality—

> Tho' raves the gust and floods the rain,
> No hand will close that gate again!

The tapestried chamber, fraught with many a "legend old,"—the dark, oaken walls of the great room, hung with pictures of those whose place "shall know them no more," who greet you with life-like eyes "wanting speculation." Alas! and alas, for earthly fame: how loved, how honoured once, what avails it now? they are gathered to that silent house, where "none have saluted, and none have replied!"

The village church is a beautiful object from the Hall. There, the several remains of the ancient and respected family who once inhabited the mansion, have each their monumental stone, setting forth the piety, loyalty, and worth, which have been, like vulgar dust, deposited in the place appointed for all living. There hath been for many a year the recumbent knight, "saying endless prayers in stone," the dusky wing of Time having obliterated his epitaph, and left you to conjecture whether Sir Tristram or Sir Launcelot there reposeth. But the true-hearted loyalty of the good gentry of days departed, is best displayed in a record engraven on stone, and inserted under the church clock, purporting that faithful monitor to have been put up by a former resident at the Hall, "in memory of that time when it pleased God to deliver this kingdom from a Popish Pretender, and to prosper the arms of William, Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Culloden, in 1745;" and enjoining the children of future time to bear this signal blessing in grateful remembrance whenever they hear the clock strike!

How fleeting are all things! ninety years

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have rolled by, and the good old clock continues to note the swift-winged hours in their silent course; but the moral intended to be conveyed by its tones of gratitude to God, and honour to the King, it has now little power in conveying. To the "dull, cold ear of death" alone, can those sounds be redolent of Culloden and the fall of the Stuart. Yet, how admirable was the zeal which so displayed its honest love. Imagination wanders to ninety years ago, and pictures the bright morning when the ceremonial was performed, and the ringing of bells announced the putting up of the clock; the gentry dispensing smiles and good cheer on the rejoicing villagers; how the pretty music-room in the old grove echoed with songs composed for the occasion, breathed from the rosy lips of the stately dames of the day, with high heads, long waists, and embroidered aprons! and how the terraces were thronged with gentlemen in flowing wigs and frilled wrists. How gay was the bearing of the liveried servants, gliding on their different errands—what a buzz of gratulation amongst the stately party on the late deliverance—what speculations on the present hiding-place of the royal fugitive, mixed with mournful mention of those who had fallen in the struggle; with pitying comments on those unhappy ones who were in durance vile for espousing the lost one's cause.

But, hark! the clock strikes, and the sound reverberating from the walls of the old mansion, dies solemnly away on the leafless woods; along with its mournful echoes vanish the party conjured up by imagination as filling this scene of desolation in the grey distance of ninety years ago! ANNE R——.

Kirton-Lindsey.

Manners and Customs.

THE GIMMAL RING.

THE following remarks on the Gimmal Ring, by Robert Smith, Esq., F. R. S., are given in a letter, dated December, 1800, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Brand, secretary to the Society of Antiquaries:—"I have the pleasure to exhibit to the Society a curious Gimmal Gemmow Ring, which was dug up, a few months ago, by the workmen employed on some buildings belonging to George Shepley, Esq., at Horselydown, in Surrey. It was discovered about eight or nine feet below the surface of the earth, in what is called made-ground, but which appeared to have lain undisturbed for a considerable length of time. Other rings, and many ancient copper coins and medals, both Roman and English, were found near the same spot.

"This ring is constructed, as the name imports, of twin or double hoops, which play one within another, like the links of a chain. Each hoop has one of its sides flat, the other convex; each is twisted once round, and each surmounted by a hand, issuing from an embossed fancy-work wrist or sleeve; the hand rising somewhat above the circle, and extending in the same direction. The course of the twist in each hoop, is made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surfaces of the hoops, the latter immediately unite in one ring. On the lower hand, or that of which the palm is uppermost, is represented a heart; and, as the hoops close, the hands slide into contract, form, with their ornamented wrists, a head to the whole. The device thus presents a triple emblem of love, fidelity, and union. Upon the flat sides of the hoops are engraven 'Usé de Vertu,' in Roman capitals; and, on the inside of the lower wrist, the figures '990.' The whole is of fine gold, and weighs two pennyweights four grains.

"It is of foreign workmanship, probably French, and appears to be of no great antiquity; perhaps about the reign of our Queen Elizabeth: for though the time of the introduction into Europe of the Arabic numerals be referred by some to an era nearly corresponding with the figures on the ring, the better opinion seems to be, that the Arabian method of notation was unknown to the Europeans until about the middle of the thirteenth century. I conjecture, therefore, that the figures were meant to express, not a date, but the artist's number; such as we see still engraven on watches. The workmanship is not incurious; and as the ring furnishes a genuine specimen of the gimmal, I presume to offer it to the notice of the Society.

"Rings, it is well known, are of great antiquity; and, in the early ages of the world, denoted authority and government. These were communicated, symbolically, by the delivery of a ring to the person on whom they were meant to be conferred. Thus Pharaoh, when he committed the government of Egypt to Joseph, took the ring from his finger and gave it to Joseph, as a token of the authority with which he invested him. So also did Ahasuerus to his favourite Haman, and to Mordecai, who succeeded him in his dignity.

"In conformity to this ancient usage, recorded in the Bible, the Christian church afterwards adopted the ceremony of the ring in marriage, as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave the wife over his household, and over the 'earthly goods' with which he endowed her.

"But the gimmal ring is comparatively of modern date. It would seem that we are indebted for the design to the ingenious fancies of our Gallic neighbours, whose skill in diversifying the symbols of the tender passion has continued unrivalled, and in the language of whose country the mottoes em-

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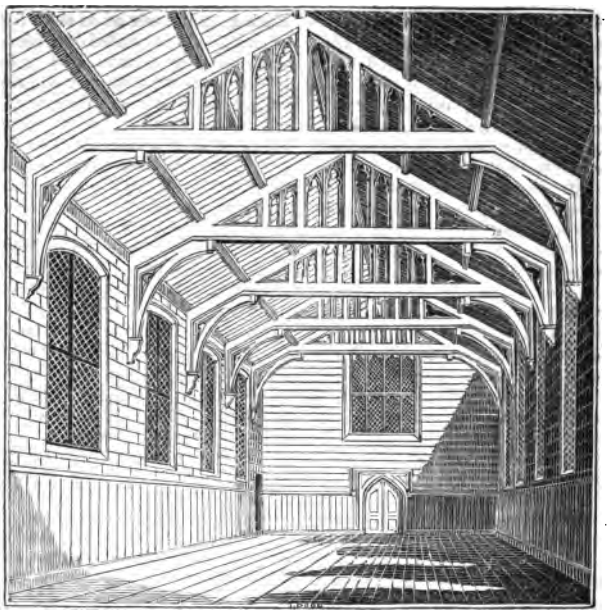

Stockwell Grammar School-room. See page 2.

ployed on almost all the amorous trifles are still to be found. And it must be allowed that the double hoop, each apparently free yet inseparable, both formed for uniting, and complete only in their union, affords a not unapt representation of the married state.

"Among the numerous love tokens which lovers have presented to their mistresses, in all ages, the ring bears a conspicuous part; nor is any more likely than the gimmal to 'steal the impression of a mistress' fantasy,' as none so clearly expresses its errand. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakspeare, where Egeus accuses Lysander, before the Duke, of having inveigled his daughter's affections, or, as the old man expresses it, 'witch'd the bosom of his child,' he exclaims

'Thou hast given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast, by moonlight, at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits.'

"From a simple love-token, the gimmal was at length converted into the more serious *sponsalium annulus*, or ring of affiance. The lover putting his finger through one of the hoops, and his mistress hers through the other, were thus, symbolically, yoked together; a yoke which neither could be said wholly to wear, one half being allotted to the other.

"And in this use of the gimmal, may be seen typified, a community of interests, mutual forbearance, and a participation of authority.

"The French term for it is *foi*, or alliance; which latter word, in the *Dictionnaire de Trevoux*, is defined '*bague ou jonc que l'accordé donne á son accordée où il y a un fil d'or, et un fil d'argent.*' This definition not only shows the occasion of its use, but supposes the two hoops to be composed, one of gold the other of silver; a distinction evidently meant to characterize the bridegroom and bride. Thus, Columella calls those vines which produce two different sorts of grapes, *Gemella vites*.

"Our English glossaries afford but little information on the subject. Minshew refers the reader from gimmal to gemow; the former he derives from *gemellus*, the latter from the French *jumeau*; and he explains the gemow ring to signify 'double, or twinnes, because they be rings with two or more links.' Neither of the words is in Junius. Skinner and Ainsworth deduce gimmal from the same Latin origin, and suppose it to be used only of something consisting of correspondent parts, or double. Dr. Johnson gives it a more extensive signification; he explains gimmal to mean, 'some little quaint devices, or pieces of machinery,' and refers to Hanmer: but he inclines to think the name gradually corrupted from geometry or geometrical, because, says he, "any thing done by occult means is vulgarly said to be done by geometry.'

"The word is not in Chaucer, nor in Spenser; yet both Blount in his *Glosso-*

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graphy, and Phillips, in his *World of Words* have geminals, which they interpret twins.

"Shakspeare has gimmal in two or three places; though none of the commentators seem thoroughly to understand the term. The most striking passage is that in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iv. scene 1. Hermia and Helena, with their lovers, Demetrius and Lysander, having just awaked from the dream which gives name to the play, are relating the changes which they perceived to have taken place in their affections, during sleep, Hermia remarks,

'Methinks, I see these things with parted eye;
When every thing seems double.'

"Helena siezes the idea which the word double presented, and beautifully expands it, in a manner almost peculiar to the author. Applying it instantly to her lover, Demetrius, who had acted two such different parts that night, that she could hardly even then know whether to count or not upon his love, she replies:

'So methinks;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.'

"Warburton perceiving the corruption of the text, in the admission of the word jewel, reads the passage thus:

'And I have found Demetrius like a gemell,
Mine own, and not mine own.'

"But knowing nothing of the gimmal ring, or not recollecting its use, he derives the emendation from gemellus, a twin, and there stops. Johnson notices the bishop's observation, and adds, 'this emendation is ingenious enough to deserve to be true;' but he proceeds no farther, nor does the late Mr. Steevens, in commenting upon this passage, make any mention of the gimmal ring; which alone can remove the obscurity of the last line, and render the whole intelligible. One half of the gimmal ring, as I before observed, being worn by the lover, the other by his mistress, it might with the strictest truth be predicated, as well of his part as of hers, when either spoke of it,

'it is
Mine own, and not mine own.'

Or, as the lawyers express the tenure by joint tenancy, they were each 'seised per mie and per tout;' that is, each of each half, and each of the whole, 'by a unity of title and possession. No other interpretation, in my humble opinion, makes the passage worthy of Shakspeare.

"Gimmal again occurs in *King Henry V.* act iv. scene 2.; where the French lords are proudly scoffing at the condition of the English army Grandpee says:

'The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hands; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips
The gum down-roping from their pale, dead eyes;
And in their pale, dull mouths the *gimmal bit*
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless.'

"We may understand the gimmal bit, therefore, to mean either a double bit, in the ordinary sense of the word, (duplex,) or, which is more appropriate, a bit composed of links, playing one within another (gemellus).

"The last passage which I shall notice, is, that in the first part of *King Henry VI.*, act i. scene 2., in which gimmal seems to carry the broad signification assigned to it by Dr. Johnson. In the scene before Orleans, after the French had been beaten back with great loss, Charles and his lords are concerting together the farther measures to be pursued. The king says:

'Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.'

"To which Reignier subjoins:

'I think, by some odd *gimmals* or devise,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do.
By my consent we'll e'en let them alone.'

"Some of the commentators have the following note upon this passage: "A gimmal is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another; whence it is taken at large for an engine. It is now vulgarly called gimcrack.'

"And in Ainsworth's Thesaurus, the Latin given for gimmal, or gimmer, is machina quædam; without mentioning of what kind."

W. G. C.

ANCIENT MUMMING.

In 1377, a mummery was made by the citizens of London, for disport of the young Prince Richard, son of Edward the Black Prince; the following account of which is given by an old writer:—

"On the Sunday before Candlemass, in the night, one hundred and thirty citizens, disguised and well horsed, in a mummery, with sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalmes, and other minstrels, and innumerable torch-lights of wax, rode from Newgate through Cheap over the bridge, through Southwark and so to Kennington, besides Lambeth, where the young prince remained with his mother, and the Duke of Lancaster, his uncle, the Earls of Cambridge, Hertford, Warwick, and Suffolk, with divers other lords. In the first rank did ride forty-eight in likeness and habit of esquires, two and two together, clothed in red coats and gowns of say or sendal, with comely vizors on their faces. These maskers, after they had entered the manor of Kennington, alighted from the horses, and entered the hall on foot; which done, the Prince, his mother, and the lords, came out of the hall, whom the mummers did salute, shewing, by a pair of dice on the table, their desire to play with the

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Prince, which they so handled that the Prince did always win, when he came to cast at them. Then the mummers set to the Prince three jewels, one after another, which were, a bowl of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the Prince won at three casts. Then they set to the Prince's mother, the duke, the earls, and other lords, to every one a ring of gold, which they did also win. After which they were feasted, and the music sounded; the Prince and lords danced on the one part, with the mummers who did also dance; which jollity being ended, they were again made to drink, and then departed in order as they came." W. G. C.

The Novelist.

THE COURT BEAUTY.

[Here is one of the most touching episodes in Miss Landon's *Francesca Carrara*. It relates the story of Mlle. d'Epernon, one of the most brilliant beauties of Paris in the reign of Louis XIV., and one whose destiny promised to be as brilliant as herself. The crown of Poland was offered for her acceptance, when she announced her intention of retiring from the world. Prayer and remonstrance were alike in vain; and she took the veil before she was nineteen. Francesca visits the monastic seclusion of this court beauty, and listens to the narrative of d'Epernon's fortunes, as follow:]

I can scarcely, (said the nun, as she complied with Francesca's request that she would trace the progress of the change, seemingly so strange and sudden, which sent the youthful beauty from the court to the cloister,) recall one sorrow or one disappointment in my earlier life. I had good health, a gay temper, and was surrounded by indulgence and affection,—from my father, of whom I was the darling plaything, to my nurse, whose principal object in existence was myself.

The court was at its very gayest, when, on our return from England, my age allowed me to participate in festivities which were the order of the day. The sombre austerity of the late King had disappeared with himself; the dissensions whose echoes have pierced even these walls, had not then commenced. There was some truth in the flattery which said that the Queen ruled all France with a smile. But the pleasantest time of our life leaves the lightest impression; or perhaps one deep feeling has absorbed all memory, as it has destroyed all hope. I am astonished to think how little I remember of all the light fancies and vanities which made the delight of my first two years at court.

Perhaps you have heard that there was once some purpose of marriage between the Duc de Joyeuse and myself; it is of that which I have to tell. Even in your brief experience of society, you must have discovered that its success has its chances. There are some evenings when you succeed, you scarcely know why, and the homage of one seems only to attract that of another. It was on such an evening that I first met the Duc de Joyeuse. I danced with him, and he scarcely spoke to me; perhaps the contrast had its effect, for that night my silent cavalier was the only one who obtained a second thought. I felt a vague desire to see him again; I wondered whether he was always so reserved; I endeavoured to recall the few words which he had said; and rose the next morning eager and impatient, expecting I knew not what. How long the morning seemed! I scarcely heard a word that was said to me; I could keep my attention to nothing. I went to a ball in the evening. My eyes fixed involuntarily on the door; every one seemed to enter excepting the one whom I could not help anticipating in every new arrival. I danced without spirit; I found the evening wearisome; I complained of fatigue; and I retired to rest with a discontent and a despondency entirely new to my experience.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier was at that time my most intimate friend; and the next morning she entered my chamber before I had risen, a slight headach serving as an excuse. "As usual," said she, laughing, "I am come to tell you of your conquests. I was at Madame de Guise's yesterday evening, and her youngest son could talk of nothing but Mademoiselle d'Epernon." "Why, he scarcely spoke to me!" "Speaking of you," replied my companion, "is far more expressive: but you are actually blushing about it; I do verily believe it is a mutual impression."

My mother entered my room at that moment; but mademoiselle went on rallying, and it seemed to me that the subject was not disagreeable even to her. Alas, how that thought encouraged my own weakness! The truth was, that an alliance between the houses of Guise and Epernon was at that time deemed equally suitable by both. How little can the very young comprehend the affections being made matter of policy! I discovered that my headach was gone with a surprising degree of rapidity; I arose with such gay spirits, I found the liveliest pleasure in all my usual occupations. True, I did not continue long at any of them, and every now and then lost myself in such a delicious reverie of the coming evening.

It was not quite so delightful as I expected; for shame and confusion for the first hour of the Duc de Joyeuse's presence made me scarce conscious of what I said or how I looked; and during the last I could think of nothing but how silly I must appear to him. Still, with what a happy flutter of

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the heart I flung myself into my fauteuil that night, to think over the events of the evening!

Time passed on, and François became my avowed lover. About two months after our first meeting, I was taken ill, and of the small-pox. The holy saints forgive me for the horror with which I heard my disease pronounced! I prayed in my inmost soul that I might die rather than become unlovely in his sight: I have been justly punished. With what a strange mixture of joy and dread did I hear his voice, almost hourly in the antechamber, making the most anxious inquiries! Others shunned the poisoned atmosphere, but François feared it not. What prayers I implored them to make in my name that he would refrain from such visits.

One day he came not;. I was told, and truly, that business the most imperative required his personal attendance; yet I could not force the ghastly terror of his illness from my mind. I dared not tempt my fate by content; the agony which I suffered seemed a sort of expiation. The next day I heard his voice, and fainted. Francesca, it is an awful thing thus to allow your destiny to be bound up in that of another—to live but by the beatings of another's heart,—thus, as it were, to double your portion in every risk and weakness of humanity.

I cannot describe to you the mixture of anxiety and shame with which I desired to know how I looked. One morning, while alone with my mother, I asked her to bring me a little mirror that was wont to lie on the table; she smiled, and said, "Not yet, Louise." I never felt one moment's care after that: I knew that she could not have smiled, had she anticipated any very terrible alteration. At length I was able to rise—to move from one chamber to another, and, at last, to see François. Do you wonder I cannot bear flowers, when I tell you that he used to bring them to me every day? I was too happy: earth, in its perfect enjoyment, had no thought for heaven. Life is but a trial; and wherefore was I to receive my reward before the time?

Soon after my recovery, Mademoiselle de Guise appeared to seek my friendship more than she had before done. How willingly I met her advances!—I loved François too well not to love those connected with him. Yet her friendship disturbed our intercourse; she was constantly interrupting our conversations, and I found myself perpetually engaged in a whispering dialogue, from which François was completely excluded. She possessed a peculiar talent for placing every body in their worst possible light; I felt that I never appeared to advantage in her presence. She drew from you some playful opinion, and then, suddenly repeating your words seriously, would, by some imperceptible change, contrive to make your expression appear the unconscious betrayal of some strangely unamiable feeling. Mademoiselle de Montpensier warned me against her treachery. "She hates you," said my friend; "you give into her snares, and will be surprised when you find they have succeeded." I little heeded this warning—it is so difficult for the young to believe themselves hated without a cause!

A few weeks after my illness we went to Sedan. A thousand slight anxieties and difficulties, contrived by Mademoiselle de Guise, had kept me in a perpetual fever; my health was sinking under them—and change of air and scene always seem such infallible remedies where the pale cheek is considered, and not the harassed spirits. Indeed, the persecution under which I suffered was one not easily to be told in words; I had not then thought over it as I have done since. The journey, therefore, was principally undertaken on my account; but, once at Sedan, and some affairs of my father's detained us beyond the time that had been expected.

Long as our absence appeared, it ended in our return to Paris. One—two—three days elapsed, and François never came; yet he knew of our arrival, and was only separated from us by a street. The fourth day brought Mademoiselle de Montpensier. She laughed and recalling her former warning, asked me, "Who was right?" and informed me that the Duc de Joyeuse was now the devoted attendant of Mademoiselle Guerchy; and she ended in being quite angry with me for not seeming so utterly overwhelmed as she expected. There were two causes for this; first, and that indeed was chief, in my secret soul I disbelieved what she asserted; and secondly, I felt so angry with her want of sympathy.

But her assertion soon proved its truth. That very evening I met both the Duc de Joyeuse and Modemoiselle Guerchy; a slight embarrassment on his part, a little air of triumphant impertinence on hers, and an affected but insolent commiseration from Mademoiselle de Guise, told the whole. Francesca, I have heard my father say, that the shock of a gun-wound at first deadens the pain, and the suffering is lost in the shock. Mine was such a case; it was confusion, not pride, which supported me through the evening. When we were in the carriage, my mother put her arm round me and said, "I am charmed with your condect, my child; you treated *cet jeune insolent* with fitting disdain." A sudden resolution grew up in my heart, and I thought within myself, "My mother shall not be made wretched by my misery;" and, with a strong effort, I restrained the impulse which prompted me to throw myself on her neck and weep.

It is singular how little I recollect of the

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succeeding period. My existence was a blank—I neither thought nor felt; a strange impatience actuated all my actions. I longed for change—for movement; I dreaded being left a moment. I craved for pleasures which, nevertheless, I did not enjoy. I grew bitter in my words—I believed the worst of every one; nay, I sometimes doubted the affection of my kind, my indulgent parents. But let me hastily pass over this vain and profitless epoch,—the fierce tempest, and the weary calm, were but the appointed means by which I reached the harbour of faith and rest.

During our stay at Bourdeaux, I accompanied my mother to a little convent, whither had retired an early friend, one who had seen much trouble, and known many sorrows. I was aware of her history, and was singularly struck with her calm and gentle manner. I left the cell, and my chance wandering through the garden led me to the burial-ground. I sat down on one of the graves, at first from very idleness; but the still solemnity of the place gradually impressed my thoughts—the presence of the dead made itself felt. I looked over the numerous tombstones, so various in their dates,—the maiden reposed by the full of years;—all bore the same inscription—"*Requiescat in pace.*" I had before seen the words—I had never before reflected on them. What was this peace? I felt that it was the peace of hope, as well as of rest. It was not only that the turmoil of this feverish life was at an end, but that such end was only the beginning. I saw the sunshine falling over the tombs—to me it seemed like the blessing of Heaven made visible. It so happened that the place where I sat was the only one in shadow: to my excited feelings the darkness was emblematic. I stepped forth into the glorious sunshine, and prayed that even as that light illumined my mortal frame, so might the Divine grace illumine my soul! From that instant I vowed myself unto God. I know, Francesca, that you consider this but as the ill-regulated enthusiasm of a moment—and such I now confess that it was.

But out of evil worketh good. That enthusiasm led to reflection—that reflection to conviction. I became deeply penetrated with the vanity and the worthlessness of my former life. I looked at its petty cares—its bitter sorrows, and said, "Oh! that I had the wings of the dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest;" and then I learned that faith had wings even like the dove's, and that its rest was in heaven. One trial yet remained; but I trusted, in all humility, that the difficulty would make the sacrifice more acceptable. Yet, from day to day, I delayed telling my mother, that in me she saw the dedicated servant of God. Every time I sought her presence I resolved on the disclosure, but in vain; the words died on my lips, and again I had to pray for strength from above.

One morning I was summoned at an earlier hour than usual to her chamber. She received me with an expression of rejoicing affection, which showed me she had something more than usually pleasant to unfold. I had scarcely taken my accustomed low seat at her side, when, opening a casket which stood on the table near her, she took out a diamond tiara, and placing it in my hair, pointed to the glass. "Ah, my child!" she exclaimed; "you well become your future crown!" and without waiting for my reply, she informed me that my father's negotiations for my marriage had been completely successful, and that the King of Poland had demanded my hand.

The time for concealment was over. Supported by a strength not my own, I threw myself at her feet, and avowed my unalterable resolve. That dear mother has since died in my arms, blessing her child, and rejoicing that I had chosen the better path; and yet, even now, I shrink from recalling the suffering of that scene. The cloister then seemed to my beloved parent even as the grave; and, ah! my father's anger was terrible to bear, for it was an anger that grew out of love.

But if their reproaches cut me to the heart, how much more did I suffer from their entreaties? Yet I persevered even to the end, and was permitted to begin my year of noviciate in the hope that my resolution would falter when put to the trial. They knew not in what entire sincerity it had been taken. I remember a letter of remonstrance I received from Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and, among other arguments, was this: "I implore you to marry the King of Poland, if it were only to mortify Mademoiselle de Guise." She was little aware that forgiveness of even her enmity had been the earliest offering of my heart above.

I have never repented my choice; every hour I have felt my belief more perfect, and my hope more exalted. Had I remained in the world, experience could but have brought me added discontent, and more utter weariness. I had been too profoundly disabused of life's dearest illusions ever again to allow of their sweet engrossment. Only those who have looked hopelessly upon life, and turned again to the restless and gloomy depths of their own heart with a despair which is as the shadow of the valley of death,—only they can know the peace that is of heaven, and the faith that looks beyond the portals of the grave.

Once only since my abode in this convent, has my heart gone back to the things of its former life; but tenderly, not repiningly. Mademoiselle de Montpensier passed here a week in Lent, and her first intelligence was,

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that the Duc de Joyeuse had died of the wounds he had received while leading on a charge of cavalry during a sortie from Paris. He died, too, unmarried. Heaven forgive the weakness which found in that thought sweetest consolation! I was free to remember him—to pray for him—to know that to none other could his memory be precious as it was to me. Perhaps, even now, looking down from another world, better and happier than the one where we go on our way in heaviness, he knows with what truth and constancy I loved him. I now dare hope to meet him again; for, Francesca, what may we not hope from the goodness of God!

New Books.

TOUGH YARNS.

[This is a pocket volume as full of amusement as a Christmas pudding is of sweets. Its author is "the Old Sailor," of whose *Greenwich Hospital* we have some very agreeable reminiscences. The present work contains a host of naval tales and sketches, with a most entertaining sprinkling of those enchaining, riveting narratives termed *yarns*. These are, in part, related to the writer by old tars, at Greenwich Hospital, "the grand depository of human fragments—the snug harbour for *docked* remnants." Their tone is in every humour—sometimes serious, then comic and extravagant, and anon serio-comic. In the blending of these lights and shadows there is much skill shown, and every page of the book is full of what Deaf Stapleton would call "hooman natur." At this festal moment we will not quote one of the serious pages, but, with our pencil as a distaff, and the wheel of our judgment, re-spin a yarn or two for the reader to smile or laugh at, as his temperament may be.]

Land Crabs.

"It's a rum place that West Ingees. I remembers being ashore at one of the resurrections among the niggers, and the ship's corporal stuck his spoon in the wall; because, I'm thinking, it warn't very likely that a fellow would ever sup burgoo again, when his head and his body had parted company. Well, we buried him in a wild kind of a spot, where there was a few grave-stones with names chiselled on 'em, and some were cut with a knife, showing a foul anchor or a rammer and sponge, and the trees grew all over the ground, and the rank grass and weeds run up the tombs; it was a wilderness sort of a place, and here it was that Corporal Jack was laid up in ordinary. The party to which I belonged, was commanded by Mr. Quinton, a master's mate, and our bounds lay within a short distance of this here burying ground; and so, d'ye mind, the morning after they'd lowered the corporal down the hatchway of t'other world, I was posted at the point next the corporal's berth, and a shipmate was with me by way of companion like,—not that I was afeard of anything living or dead, but I had always a sort of nat'ral antipathy to being left alone on shore, particularly in the dark. There was also a nigger belonging to the plantation, who we allowed to join us just by way of being civil to him,' as he was a kind of steward's mate in the house, and used to splice the main brace for us occasionally. Well, messmates, we got knotting our yarns to keep us from getting drowsy; and to cheer our spirits, we overhauled a goodish deal about ghosts, and atomies, and hobblegoblins, and all such like justices of the peace, till the nigger—they called him Hannibal, arter the line-of-battle ship, I suppose;—I say, till the nigger declared that every hair on his head stood as stiff as a crow-bar."

"Avast there!" exclaimed Bill Jennings, "tell that to the marines an you will; why the black fellow's head was woolly and curled like a Flemish fake, and yet you say it was as stiff as a crow-bar."

"And so it was,—the more the wonder;" growled the boatswain's mate. "Would you have his honour there think I keep a false reckoning? Well, as I was a saying, his head looked like a black porcupine with his quills up. All at once we heard a tremendous rattling amongst the dry leaves of a plantain-ground; but the trees were too thick to see what it was even if there had been light enough, which there warn't, as the sun hadn't brought his hammock up, but was only just turning out.

"'Dere him debbil come agin,' cried the nigger; and away he started, as if a norwester had kicked him end-ways.

"'What's the black rascal arter,' said my messmate.

"'Nay,' says I, 'that's more nor I can tell; but not being a Christian and only a poor ignoramus of a nigger, I suppose he's afeard that the noise yonder is Davy Jones playing at single-stick, and mayhap he may think the ould gemman is hauling his wind upon this tack, and may take his black muzzle for one of his imps. But that's a pretty bobbery they're kicking up, at all events, and now it's going in the direction of the burying ground.'

"'I tell you what it is, Jack,' says my messmate, who looked very cautiously round him, as if he was rowing guard in an enemy's port, 'I tell you what it is; I never thinks they give the devil his due, for between you and me I don't know as he's half so bad as many people makes him out. Our parsons say he's black, but the niggers paints him white; but for my part, I'm thinking that the colour of a ship's paint goes for nothing. Then as for his horns, why they're ugly looking, to be sure; but though they are ugly look-

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The Gatherer.

Sweden, (says a modern traveller,) is one continued rock of granite, covered with fir: hence, the cottages, which are only one story high, and many of the superior houses, are constructed of wood, the planks of which are let into each other in a layer of moss, and the outside is painted of a red colour: the roof is formed with the bark of the birch, and covered with turf, which generally presents a bed of grass sufficiently high for the scythe of the mower. The floors of the rooms are covered with strips of young fir, which give them the appearance of litter and disorder, and the smell is far from being pleasant. Nothing can be more dreary than winding through the forests, which every now and then present to the weary eye little patches of cleared ground, where firs have been felled by fire, the stumps of which, to a considerable height, are left in the ground, and, at a distance, resemble so many large stones. Inexhaustible abundance of wood induces the peasant to think it labour lost to root them up, and they remain to augment the general dreariness of the scenery. W. G. C.

Heroic Spirit of Sympathy in a British Officer.—The following remarkable instance of sympathy is recorded by Chitty, in the preface to his work on medical jurisprudence. During the last war in the Peninsula, a general officer, in his dispatch to government, after an unassuming description of a brilliant victory obtained by him, and the troops under his command, entitled himself even to higher commendation than for his valour, by his pathetic description of the diseased state of the enemy's troops, and his powerful appeal to the consideration of our government, urgently soliciting to be afforded an immediate supply of Peruvian bark, which his experience had taught him was the only medicine to check the baneful disorder; and our government having immediately generously, and in the true spirit of war, complied with such request, that distinguished officer was enabled, in ten days, to save more lives of the enemy, than his troops had destroyed during the battle, and two antecedent years of warfare. C. H.

Entomological Anecdote.—Two entomologists were discussing at their breakfasts a point respecting butterflies, when the one declared his opponent knew nothing about them. The one to whom this rude assertion was addressed, bore it calmly. Having occasion, however, for some more butter, he found to his astonishment that his companion had eaten every morsel; on which, pointing to the empty plate, he remarked, "How can you say that I know nothing about them, when even now I find the *butter flies*." J. F.

Parsley.—Mrs. Eliza P. Reid, in her *Historical and Literary Botany*, states as follows: "If parsley be rubbed against a glass goblet, it will break it; which is a phenomenon for which we cannot account." (Vol. ii. page 153.)

Venerable Bede.—In the curious and rare work entitled the "Golden Legende," imprinted in the year 1527, by the renowned Wynkyn de Worde, is the following legend respecting the formation of an epitaph for the above mentioned celebrated man. "There was a devoute clerke which laboured in his mynde for to make his epitaphy, and in no wyse he could make true metre. Wherefore he went to the churche and prayed God to give hym connyng to make a true verse; and after, he came to his tombe and sawe there wryten by an aungell

'Hic sunt infersa
Bedæ venerabilis ossa.'"

"Then let us praye to this holy man that he may pray to God for us"—a somewhat singular instance of the delusions practised on the credulous in the olden time. C. S.

The following quaint epitaph, dated 1670, is inscribed on a tomb erected to the memory of Robert and Mary Moore and their daughter Frances, in Marnhull churchyard, Dorsetshire:

See what Death with's spade hath done to wee
Having new planted both bud, branch, and tree.
COLBOURNE.

Cons. for Naturalists.

Why should a toad in a pit be fit to eat?—Because it is toad-in-a-hole.

What bird would a Cockney be most likely to compare a male gull to?—Eagle (he-gull.)

What bird should I name when bawling to Kitty to arouse from sleep?—Kitti-wake.

Why is a day in term like a lark?—It is A-lau-da.

Why, if we intended eating a game-cock at two o'clock, should it follow that we must eat a species of Plyctolophus?—It would be a cock-a-too (cock at two.)

Why, if I were to desire William to get me a spoon, a razor, and a boat, should I mention three birds?—I should say, get me a spoon-*bill*, a razor-*bill*, and a boat-*bill*.

What serpent is most like a hog?—The boa.

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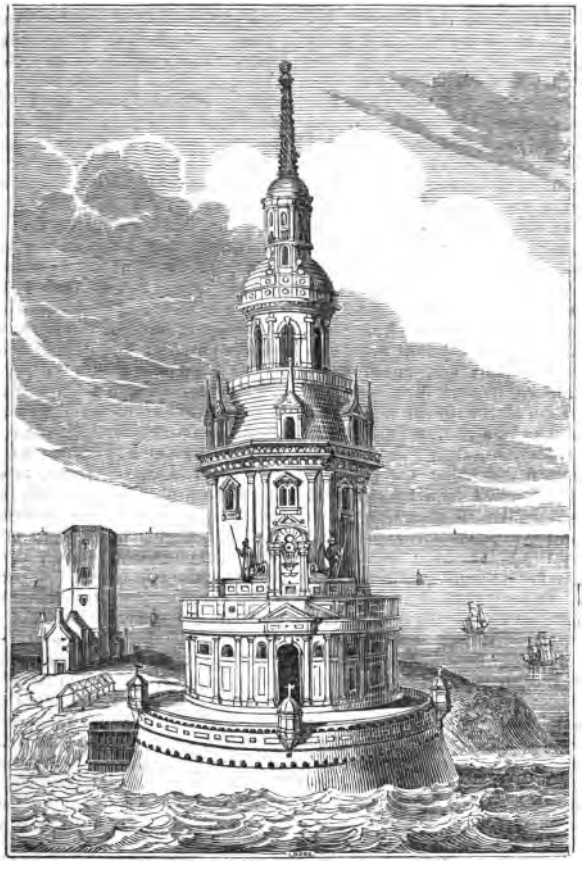
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 701.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1835. [Price 2*d*.



THE CORDUAN LIGHTHOUSE.

The better illumination of lighthouses has, for several years past, occupied the attention of the scientific world, as may be seen by reference to an excellent paper in one of our recent volumes,* and, as may be recollected by every one familiar with the proceedings of the late Parliament. In this paper, and the Report from the Select Committee on Lighthouses, ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed, August 8, 1834, the superior economy of the French method of lighting over the English, has been established so firmly as to encourage the hope of its adoption in place of our present expensive system. And, in all documents and evidence upon the Inquiry, the Tower of Cordovan, (or Corduan, as printed in the Report,) has been represented as the best illuminated lighthouse in France, and, according to general supposition, "the finest light in the world." A view of this building, and some particulars of its internal economy, may, therefore, be acceptable to our readers.

The Tower is situate at the mouth of the Garonne,† one of the noblest rivers of southern

* Mirror, vol. xxiii. p. 249.

† The Garonne rises in the valley of Adan, in Catalonia, between Valentine and St. Gandens; where its course changes from the north-west to the north-east, it receives the Ger: it receives several other small streams before it comes to Toulouse, at

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France, and adjoins the town of Cordovan. The Engraving shows the east-south-east view, and is copied from a print, the original of which was engraved by order of Louis XIII. The nature of the river rendered such a provision as a lighthouse indispensable: for, "the shoals in the Garonne, between its mouth and Bourdeaux, are innumerable, and of so dangerous a nature, that few ships that get on them are ever able to get off: the bottom being a soft mud, and sandy, they make a bed for themselves, and in a tide's time are swallowed up. The tide flows up nearly thirty leagues from the mouth of the river, and it is said that when it is flowing in, there appear two different levels on the surface; that which is towards the sea being considerably higher than that which is towards the source of the river."*

The method of lighting the Tower of Corduan is that usually adopted in France, the chief characteristic of which is the lens, while the English lights are fitted with parabolic reflectors; both systems are, however, by lamps. The French lens was first proposed (from a suggestion of Sir David Brewster,) by M. M. Arago and Fresnel, in 1818. The lantern has eight sides, which form an octagonal prism around the lamp; the centre of each side being occupied by a plano-convex lens, somewhat similar to a burning-glass. The light is in the centre of the lantern, and the lamp has three concentric wicks, the external one having a diameter of three and a-half inches. Other details of the light will be found in the paper already quoted from the *United Service Journal:* such has been its success that M. Fresnel kept a four-fold socket lamp lighted for fourteen hours without snuffing it, and the rays thrown by a lens placed before it, had at the end of this time, only diminished one-sixth of their original intensity. The light is *revolving*, and, probably, the finest in the world.

By the Appendix to the Parliamentary Report already referred to, we find that Sir David Brewster has obtained from M. Fresnel a detailed estimate of the expense of fitting up a lighthouse with the lens apparatus, including all the necessary machinery and utensils, in use at the magnificent establishment of Corduan. The optical part consists of nine lenses, thirty inches in diameter; nine smaller lenses, with their reflectors, for widening the main beam of light; and another piece of apparatus for collecting the light that falls below the lenses. The expense of this part of the apparatus was 16,500 francs, or 687*l.* 10*s.* The mechanical part consists of all the framework and revolving apparatus, with three Carcel's lamps. The expense of this part is 9,500 francs, or 395*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* making the total amount 26,000 francs, or 1,083*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* M. Fresnel then proceeds to show the comparative economy of the Corduan light over that used in our northern lights. Now, the expense of a reflecting apparatus, with twenty-four reflectors, is 1,387*l.*, making a saving of 303*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* in favour of the lenses, or of 413*l.*, reckoning 110*l.* as the value of the plate-glass cevel in the lantern for lenses. The saving will be increased to 513*l.*, because 100*l.* may be made by substituting a certain invention for the Carcel lamps, or by introducing gas. If these twenty-four reflectors be arranged in groups of six, then the brightest light which at any one time reaches the eye, is that of six reflectors, which is repeated four times in each revolution; whereas, in the lens apparatus, we have a light equal to nine reflectors, repeated eight times during each revolution, besides the additional light of the eight smaller lenses, and that of the other piece of apparatus. Hence, it is demonstrable, that the lens apparatus is not only 413*l.*, or eventually 513*l.*, cheaper than the reflector apparatus, but gives a more intense and penetrating light. But, independent of these enormous advantages, the lens apparatus is perennial, while the other requires to be renewed.†

In the Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee, we, however, find that Mr. Robert Stevenson does not think the Corduan light better than every other in England. Lieutenant Drummond, who has devoted more time to the subject than any recent inquirer, especially in connexion with his oxy-hydrogen light, thus explains the additional apparatus of the Corduan light: that portion of the light of the lamp which escapes the lens placed in front of it, is caught by another and smaller lens placed above it, and then again reflected in a horizontal line, parallel to the beam of the original lens. Lieutenant Drummond also inclines to believe that the French lamp, on the whole, will be most useful; for the greatest brilliancy of each being nearly the same, and the proportion of light to darkness in one revolution being also very nearly equal, though differently distributed, it appears that the other advantages of the French method in point of economy and facility of management, entitle it to a decided preference over the English.

which place it again turns to the north-west; it afterwards forms an island, and receives the Sarabel Granada. On its junction with the Tarn, it changes its course to the west. Several other streams fall into it, but none of any considerable note before it arrives at Bourdeaux. Below this city, it forms several islands, and receives the Dordogne, which rises in the mountains of Auvergne; after their junction both lose their names, and are called together the Gironde. The Gironde enters the sea near the town of Cordovan, by two channels; and the whole course of the river is about 250 miles. It begins to be navigable about Toulouse; from whence to Bourdeaux it carries the largest boats.—*Brewster's Cyclopædia*, art. France.

* Ibid.

† Appendix to Report II. Northern Lights. Minutes of Commissioners regarding Lens Apparatus

The Novelist.

NEW ARABIAN TALES.

[A FEW years since, M. J. J. Marcel, translated and published in Paris, from the Arabic, *Contes Arabes du Cheikh al Mohdy*. Their success has induced the editor to revise and improve them, and to add to them "Conversations in the Moristan, or Revelations of the Lunatic Asylum at Cairo." As a specimen, we find extracted and translated in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, the following history of Raffi, the squinting astrologer of Alexandria. The editor has judiciously selected this portion both because it illustrates the customs and superstitions of the East more vividly than any other, and because it introduces us to Jezzar Pacha, one of our "ancient allies," who, assisted by Sir Sidney Smith, beat off Napoleon from Acre, and thus materially aided in frustrating the French expedition to Egypt. Raffi excited the attention of his auditors by declaring that he came to the Moristan in consequence of a quarrel with the sun, moon, and stars. Such a preface appeared an evidence of insanity, but the audience heard it unmoved: and thus follows Raffi's narrative.]

I am a native of Smyrna: the circumstances of my infancy have left such a feeble impression on my memory that I can with difficulty recall them. Moreover I remember perfectly, that from my earliest infancy the first object that struck my view was a piece of red cloth, suspended from my little turban, which hung over my forehead in the shape of a tongue, falling so exactly between my eyes that the pupils were constantly directed towards it by an involuntary attraction. My mother, full of tender fears, had used this means as an efficacious talisman to ward off the danger of the *evil eye*, which might be turned upon me. I did not lay aside this amulet until I was nine years old, when, being admitted into the congregation of the faithful, I had acquired a right to the protection of our holy prophet, and the *evil eye* could no longer injure one of whom our divine religion was the parent and guardian.

My father was secretary to the kadi of Smyrna. He designed me to be his successor, when age and education had qualified me for the place. He was especially anxious to instruct me in jurisprudence, and no sooner was I able to read than he placed in my hands the works of the most celebrated Mohammedan lawyers. I had no taste for the study thus recommended to me, and I confess that I preferred the sports of my youthful companions to dry studies on law and equity. Whenever I could make my escape, I went to sport with my comrades, sometimes in the fields, sometimes in the gardens that surround the city.

Detained all day in court by his professional avocations, my father was ignorant of my constant truancy; and my mother, who loved me with all the mistaken fondness shown to an only child, was careful to conceal my faults. In our meetings, each of my companions had a nickname; they called me, I know not why, *the squinter*, and I have been so accustomed to the title that I have kept it to this day.

I had reached my sixteenth year without troubling myself much about the future, when all my father's hopes were suddenly overthrown—the kadi, his protector, was disgraced, all his property confiscated by the Divan of Constantinople, and he was forced to resign his dignity to a successor sent from the capital. The new dignitary, though a Turk by birth, showed some regard for his predecessor, and seeing that the confiscation of his property had deprived him of all resources, he generously offered him the post which my father had hitherto occupied.

The old kadi was but too happy to accept an offer which came so luckily to extricate him from his difficulties; and my father becoming the chief victim of these double reverses of fortune, was so deeply grieved, that in eight days I followed him to the tomb. My mother, who had been ailing long before, did not long survive her husband, and I suddenly found myself an orphan, with no prospect but the deepest misery.

I knew nothing; I had no means of procuring the necessaries of life; my former comrades were too young to give me any assistance; I had only some distant relations, who cruelly refused me even a lodging. One of them, more compassionate than the rest, was pleased at least to give me some advice; he counselled me to address the new kadi, implore his pity, and solicit the lowest place in his household, the meanest occupation that could afford me the means of subsistence.

I hasted to follow this advice; want, which I now felt bitterly, permitted neither hesitation nor delay. I ran to the kadi's door; I solicited and obtained permission to appear in his presence. I found him seated on cushions in a corner of a large saloon, and in the opposite corner was the old kadi discharging the duties which were once performed by my father. The physiognomy of my future protector appeared favourable, and seemed to promise a happy result. I made my request, which I deemed it right to accompany with the most extravagant eulogiums, declaring him the most illustrious of all kadis, past, present, and future, the only man on earth capable of filling such an exalted office, eclipsing the glory of all his predecessors, and depriving his successors for ever of all hope of displaying similar merit.

During my harangue, the expression of his

countenance totally changed; by degrees his brow darkened, his eyes sparkled, and, finally, his voice was raised against me with all the fury of the most violent indignation. He fiercely reproached me with having been sent by his enemies to insult him at his own tribunal, asserting that my praises were addressed to the old kadi, towards whom he declared that my looks were constantly directed, though, as I have already said, he sat at a distance on the opposite side of the room.* He would not listen to any apology or explanation, and the only result of my audience was to be forcibly ejected from the mansion where I hoped to find a refuge, with orders to quit the city immediately, and never to return.

In the course of the same evening the old kadi, who, as it seems, had made a similar mistake, sent secretly to thank me for the courage with which I had maintained his superiority over his successor, and displayed his gratitude by sending me some provisions and a small sum of money, adding that he would secure me a passage on board a vessel which was to sail the following morning.

I had lost by some unforeseen error the protection I had sought, and I did not conceive it necessary, by confessing the truth, to reject the unexpected patronage which, by the same error, I had involuntarily procured. In fact, my design was, by praising the new kadi and exalting him far above his predecessor, to take vengeance for my father and myself at the same time, whose modest place he had usurped; and assuredly I was far from imagining that he would mistake this part of my address for flattery. But by some inexplicable fatality my designs were frustrated; my praise was mistaken for reproach —my reproach for praise.

I made inquiries about the ship to which I had been recommended; she lay at the entrance of the harbour, and I instantly went on board. The captain had received notice of my coming, and employed me as his attendant during the trip. Our voyage was not long; our destination was Iskanderùn (Alexandretta), and in five days we reached that Syrian port without encountering any danger. I was engaged, as I have said, by the captain only for the trip. As soon as he had cast anchor, he informed me that he had taken me on board only out of complaisance to the old kadi, and directed me to seek a new master in the town which we had just reached. As I had no luggage, my disembarkation was easily effected; during the rest of the day I wandered through the streets and bazaars of Iskanderùn; no one spoke to me, and I did not dare to address any body.

When evening came, I sat down sorrowfully at the end of the long pier which forms the harbour, reflecting on my sorrowful position; not knowing where I could procure shelter for the night, whose shades were thickening around me, nor food for my empty stomach, which was manifesting its uneasiness by audible grumblings. My glances were mechanically turned to my left over the long promontory which, extending into the sea, closed the gulf on that side and hid from view the summits of the lofty mountains of Kribrús (Cyprus). All at once I saw near me a tall, stiff, and meagre figure, which seemed to me a real ghost. This being, whose approach I had not observed, and whose presence froze me with horror, had two piercing eyes, a countenance of cadaverous paleness; his bones seemed ready to burst through a skin as dry as parchment; his brows were thick and beetling, and a long, white beard hung in wild disorder below his chest; he wore a dark coloured robe, and his motions were as precise and regular as if they had been the result of machinery. His eyes were fixed on the starry heavens, and he directed his view successively to different stars, using instruments of curious construction, the like of which I had never seen.

I felt assured that this strange being was a magician, practising some of his diabolical arts, and I expected that the evil genii would immediately assemble around him in obedience to his necromantic spells. Fear kept me motionless: I kept my eyes fixed upon him, attentively watching his movements; they were all new to me, and I expected momentarily to become their victim. My danger appeared to increase when I saw this mysterious and awful being lower his looks to me, and his glance met mine.

After some moments of mutual and silent observation, during which drops of cold perspiration streamed from my forehead, he addressed me in a hoarse voice, whose tones, however, were not at all menacing. "Friend," said he, "I see with pleasure that you share my tastes and pursuits; during the last half hour, I perceive that your looks have been directed towards that brilliant sky which extends its splendid canopy over the summit of Mount Taurus, and now your eyes, directed to the zenith, seem anxious to penetrate through the group of nebulous stars directly over our heads. Tell me, which is the constellation that has thus engaged your attention."

Reassured by hearing a human voice from this frightful body, which I had taken for some supernatural being that haunted this solitary place, I was about to reply, but he did not give me time. "You may," he continued, "bless your fate and the constellations that protect you: I am the celebrated Abd-al-nejúm (servant of the stars), whose high acquirements in astronomy have procured him the surname *al Feleky* (the Celestial),

* The reader must remember that Raffi squinted.

".... Perceiving you just now with your eyes fixed on the starry heaven, I easily divined that you were impelled by some insurmountable impulse to my favourite study. I immediately observed with care the aspect of the heavens, I have found it favourable to you, and it has enjoined me to cultivate your taste for such exalted knowledge. Come then with confidence, my son; Abd-al-nejúm will, in your company, penetrate the palace of science; come with me, my house shall be your residence and your academy."

(To be continued.)

The Naturalist.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WALTON HALL, THE SEAT OF CHARLES WATERTON, ESQ.—BY JAMES STUART MENTEATH, ESQ., OF CLOSEBURN HALL.*

"The birds, . . .
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young."

WALTON HALL, a place that must, like Selborne, be ever dear to the lover of ornithology, from the many attractive objects it presents in the way of that engaging pursuit, is situated in the parish of Sandal-Magna, about four miles from Wakefield, in the county of York. This district of country forms part of the great coal formation of Yorkshire. The soil usually overlying the coal stratification is a clay, which, being of a stiff, tenacious texture, is unfriendly to the better kinds of herbage, unless it be extensively drained, and well mixed with calcined limestone; but the clayey soil of the park of Walton rests immediately upon a thick stratum of the coal sandstone, which, mouldering down, yields it a due proportion of siliceous earth, and makes it an excellent soil for the growth of the richer species of grasses. Trees of nearly all kinds flourish luxuriantly upon it. Among these, especially, the sweet Spanish chestnut, one of our most valuable trees, and in the present day far too little encouraged as forest timber, is this year profusely laden with fruit, not much inferior to that which is imported from the south of Europe.

The climate is equally favourable with the soil for the growth of the delicate kinds of vegetation. The vine grows on walls in the open air, and scarcely ever fails to bear each season tolerable grapes; this year there has been an abundant crop of as fine grapes as those raised under glass. The sweet-water and black Hamburgh vines are the only varieties that have been cultivated.

Walton Hall stands upon an island included in a small lake well stocked with fish, and has been the residence of the Watertons time out of mind. The present elegant Grecian mansion occupies the site of an ancient castellated house, which, encircled by water, and accessible only by a drawbridge, must have been, before the use of cannon, an impregnable strong-hold. During the civil wars of Cromwell and Charles I., this family, staunch adherents to the house of Stuart, defied old Noll's vengeance, and gallantly kept his forces for some time at bay, though the venerable castle was reduced almost to a heap of ruins.

All that now remains to tell the tale of its former chivalry is an ivy-clad tower. This tower will be visited with no small interest and curiosity by the ornithologist. The days of rapine and violence having happily passed away, never, we hope, to return, this tower, by many ingenious devices and contrivances, has been made a commodious and undisturbed habitation for many a family of the feathered race. In a snug corner, thickly grown over with ivy, can be seen in any day of the year, a pair of common white owls taking their nap; and, at night, the ears of the admirer of such music may enjoy their nocturnal serenades.

"From yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign."

During the breeding season, every movement of this industrious couple may be overlooked from the windows of the hall, as they flit to and fro to cater for their hungry young family. Though the owl finds in this tower an unmolested haunt, the pretty starling, the blackbird, the thrush, the wild duck, the wood pigeon, "sweet sequestered bird," and several others, reposing a confidence in the humane owner which is never abused, resort to this delightful retreat, either to enjoy the shelter or to bring up their young.

Leaving the venerable tower and its inhabitants to enjoy that quiet which nothing disturbs, let us enter the hospitable mansion. Its doors are ever open to the poorest visiter who craves a view of its rare and curious collection of objects of natural history; and nothing is allowed to be offered to any domestic who attends: in this Mr. Waterton sets a noble example to others, who suffer their servants to receive money.

Among the most choice of the rarities of this collection none are more interesting than the birds.

"Their plumage, neither dashing shower,
Nor blasts that shake the dripping bower,
Shall drench again or decompose;
But, screen'd from every storm that blows,
It boasts a splendour ever new,
Safe with"

the amiable wanderer, who, often at the hazard of his life, and suffering dangers by land and water, while exploring the wilds of South America, got them together.

The fierce, ill-looking cayman or crocodile,

* Abridged from the Magazine of Natural History.

on whose back Mr. Waterton fearlessly mounted,* while his men were dragging the monster of the deep from his native element; the snake of gigantic size, which nearly cost the intrepid traveller his life, when he grappled with it; splendidly beautiful plumaged species of birds; and numerous other animals, are seen, preserved in such a manner as to give them an appearance of life, which one can see in no other museum of natural history.

Among these interesing objects, none interests more the observer than the "nondescript" animal, concerning which so much has been affirmed only from conjecture. Under what genus it is to be classed, Mr. Waterton best knows; as yet he has not disclosed it: only one individual, we believe, has been intrusted with its habits, manners, and character.

On leaving the house, and its island, and its old ivied tower, we next enter upon the park. This piece of ground embraces almost 300 acres, surrounded by a high wall to keep out the poacher and other intruder. As no gun is ever fired within its precincts, that

"clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,
The explosion of the levell'd tube excites."

is never heard, nor any dog suffered to disturb its peace, it may easily be supposed it will be the favourite resort of many kinds of birds. Abounding in extensive woods and groves, and an ample space of water, every fowl can suit its own taste for a sheltering-place, for a haunt to build its nest, and rear its little brood; all those birds which elsewhere suffer from the gamekeepers ruthless gun and trap, and from those whom the bird-stuffer employs to take them prisoners, receive protection within the walls of Walton park. The owl is an especial favourite. Besides our slumbering two friends, whom we left in the old ivied tower in the island, eleven pairs of others occupy holes in trees, and other comfortable dormitories, purposely contrived and fitted up for their dwelling-places.

The rapacious birds also find a home in Walton park, and a friend in its proprietor. The raven is now and then seen, though but rarely, as the hand of the enemy has fallen heavily upon this noble bird. Great flights of the carrion crow, every evening of the year, may be seen repairing from all directions for their roosting-place in its woods; magpies in equal numbers may likewise be seen taking up in them their sleeping-quarters; different varieties of hawks resort for the same purpose, and here their "aeries build."

Some might suppose, from the presence of so many birds of prey, that no game would be found in the park: it is quite the reverse; game abounds in it. In 1833, a wood pigeon built in a tree four feet below that of a magpie; both lived in the greatest harmony, hatched their eggs, and reared their young. Many similar instances of the rapacious birds and the others living here peaceably together might be adduced. The pheasant, the partridge, the woodcock, in their season, and the hare, are very numerous. Were it not for the shelter they meet within the walls of the park, Mr. Waterton believes that they would have been ere this rooted out of his district of country, as some species of birds, such as the larger variety of woodpecker and others, have been.

The pheasant receives every attention. Except for about four months of the year, he can provide himself with food by living upon the beech mast, the sweet chestnut, acorns, and other sorts of food. To provide him with winter provisions, Mr. Waterton plants a quarter of an acre with the thousand-headed cabbage, which is sown in April, and transplanted in June. This cabbage the pheasant eats voraciously in the winter time. Beans are preferred to any kind of grain, as being less pilfered by the smaller birds.

The grasshopper,

"saltitans per herbas,
"Æstatis est chorista,"

whose sweet summer song was unceasingly heard, is now silent and scarce ever heard; this insect is a dainty repast of the pheasant.

Though the park has not been above two or three years quite inclosed by high walls, its complete privacy and security have attracted a small family of herons to form a colony on some of the aged oaks that overhang the lake: this year there have been four nests, all of which have been hatched, and some able-bodied youngsters have been sent out to swell the rising population of the heronry. The herons repay their kind landlord's assiduous care of them by destroying numbers of the water-rat, that infests all our waters, and even houses.

Being on the verge of that range of country which the nightingale visits in its annual migrations, Walton park has generally the enjoyment of the mellifluous notes of one or two of these heavenly musicians, who, each

"in his ev'ning bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring.
* * * * * *
And sings the drowsy day to rest.

When the season of the sere and yellow leaf draws on, the migratory birds, all knowing the moment when to forsake for a time their loved homes, flock into Walton park, as a place of refuge after their long voyage. Among this assemblage are seen the woodcock, the fieldfare, with its inseparable dear fellow-traveller, the redstart, and several others, emigrants from distant lands. Such are a few of the daily and occasional inhabitants of the woods and groves of Walton park.

Notwithstanding several pairs of wood

* See his Wanderings.

pigeons breed in the confines of the park, when winter sets in, immense numbers flock in to feed on the beech mast. These appear to have come from foreign countries.

If the land birds of all kinds and dispositions receive an invitation, and find a true friend in Mr. Waterton, no less so do the water birds; and that most beautiful of all the British birds, the kingfisher, which may be considered as the link which unites these two classes together.

The lake, abounding in a variety of fish, which we have described as encircling the hall of Walton, is the continual and occasional resort of many of our waterfowl. The wild duck, the wigeon, the teal, the coot, are seen on its pleasant waters in great numbers. The wild duck is a continual inhabitant of the lake. Several pairs hatch and bring up their young. But during the winter season great flocks of them migrating from the frozen north, as well as of the wigeon and of the teal, pass their inclement season here.

Though the wild ducks are seen on the waters during the day time, at nightfall they repair to the sea-side, the shores of which are distant nearly a hundred miles, for their supper; and, by return of dawn, these active travellers, far surpassing, in speed of wing, the rapidly moving locomotive steam-engine, are seen on the bosom of the lake, quietly pruning and careening their plumage. The wigeon, feeding like geese on the grasses and aquatic plants, does not go so far for his nightly meal. If, however, he be undisturbed, he will feed during the day time.

Not unfrequently the wild goose and the wild swan take up their abode in severe weather in the lake.

The seamew is also not an unfrequent visiter: the abundance of eels and other fish tempts the voracious cormorant to leave the stormy ocean, and pass his winter pleasantly at Walton. This bird usually travels with his mate; and it is interesting to observe the loving couple, an example of conjugal affection to human kind, fishing and diving in company. Tired with the sports of the deep, and finding an unmolested landing-place on the island, they often rest themselves from their labours on its pretty shores, within a gunshot from the windows of the hall.

An instance of the humane and paternal care and solicitude Mr. Waterton evinces for the comfort of the feathered family, during winter, had nearly escaped me. He encourages the growth of ivy around the stems of his trees, which not only shelters many a poor, starved, benumbed bird, when the storm rages, but offers it an agreeable place for its nest in the spring.

From these few and hastily collected observations while visiting Walton hall, it will appear that Mr. Waterton possesses the finest and most extensive zoological garden in the kingdom, or perhaps in Europe. Here roaming unconstrained and at free liberty, every bird and animal can be examined in its true character. In possession of a powerful telescope, which is often used, Mr. Waterton watches and examines the habits and movements of his varied feathered population. Almost constantly abroad, nothing escapes him.

The perfect seclusion of the park enables him to experiment harmlessly on his subjects. In the spring of 1833, he made a carrion crow hatch two rook's eggs, a magpie those of a jackdaw, and the daw those of the pie.

In concluding these very imperfect remarks on Walton hall, I am sure that every one who, like myself, has shared the hospitality and enjoyments of a visit to this second White of Selborne, will join with me in these words of the Latin poet:—

"Hinc tibi copia,
Manabit ad plenum benigno,
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

"Here to thee shall plenty flow,
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of the quiet plain."

The following particulars have been derived from another source:—

"Walton park consists of 260 acres. The wall around it is, for above a mile, 10 feet high; the remainder of it 9 feet at the lowest part. There is no public road or footpath through this park, and no gun is ever allowed, upon any score, to be fired in it. The park abounds with fine timber; and Mr. Waterton, in laying out some new grounds about twenty-six years ago, did every thing that love for birds could suggest, to make them come and settle there. This protection to the birds enables them to perform their daily functions without fear and trembling.

"In the centre of the park is a sheet of water, of 24 acres in extent; upon which, in winter, from 2,000 to 3,000 wild fowl may sometimes be seen. In the lake is a rock, and on this rock stands Walton hall; now a modern building, but, in times long gone by, a place of strength."

THE CUTTLE FISH.

(*To the Editor.*)

In looking over your twentieth volume, at page 103, the account of the natural history of the Cuttle Fish attracted my attention. As I have been much interested of late by having seen it in its fossil state, and having used the *Fossil Ink* in various instances, I therefore, send you the following simple statement.

The Fossil Sepia found on this coast in the lias and lias marl is sometimes iridescent, bearing the general form of the shield or bone of the common Cuttle Fish, and containing an ink-bag, the contents of which are sometimes jet-black; others are brown or purplish brown. I have seen some terminate

as if chambered, like the cone of the belemnite.

I inclose specimens of the prepared pigment of the Sepia, and also of the iron of the beach. S. K., *Charmouth.*

THE COWTHORPE OAK, YORKSHIRE.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

To those readers of the *Mirror* who may be unacquainted with the situation of Cowthorpe, it may be as well to commence the description of this oak, with a few particulars relative to the situation of the village, which can boast of having nurtured the growth of so large and noble a tree.

Cowthorpe is a small and insignificant village; the greatest portion of the houses are low, ill-built, and thatched with straw, but seemingly very ancient, being almost entirely of wood, excepting the interstices, which are filled up with mud-mortar,—a mode of building that was very prevalent a few centuries ago, when wood was very plentiful. Cowthorpe is distant from the market town of Wetherby, three miles; about nine miles from York, and the same distance from Harrowgate. It is situated on the banks of the beautiful river Nidd; the country around is exceedingly well wooded, and partakes alike of the hilly and woody and flat character. About a mile and a-half, or two miles distant from Cowthorpe, is Marston Moor, where the great battle between the forces of Charles I. and those of the Parliament was fought on July 2, 1644. And a curious circumstance, which seems to be well authenticated, relative to this engagement, is said to have happened within these few years:—on cutting down a wood near to Cowthorpe, belonging to Lord Petre, on one side of Marston Moor, the sawyers found many bullets in the hearts of the trees. Cowthorpe formerly belonged to the Petre family, but it has, within the last year or two, been purchased by Richard Fountayne Wilson, Esq., of Melton, near Doncaster.

There is an old church in the place, in the east window of which are the following arms beautifully stained on glass, viz.: Plumpton, Hammerton, Ross of Ingmanthorpe, Roncliff and Burgh; on the south side, Roncliff and Gore; on the north side Ashton, Hammerton, and Tempest. On the sides of the font are those of Plumpton, Roncliff, Ross, and Hammerton. And in the window of the steeple, are those of Roncliff. In the chancel are several of the same shields of arms repeated, with the addition of those of Ashton and Standish. In the choir, on a large, flat stone, are the effigies of a man and a woman, bearing between them the model of a church. This seems to have been in memory of Brian Roncliff, one of the barons of the Exchequer, and his lady, who obtained, in February, 1455, license to demolish and prostrate the old church, and erect the present one, which was completed and consecrated on August 17, 1458. The first rector that occurs for *the old church* is Richard de Ronkesburgh, instituted in May, 1289.

At a short distance from the church, in the churchyard, stands the enormous oak tree, known as "the Cowthorpe Oak," of which the accompanying cut is a correct representation, from a sketch, made in September, 1833, by Mr. W. Norrie, of Wetherby.

For many generations, tradition speaks of this oak being in decay; which may serve to confute the common assertion that an oak is one century in growing, another in perfection, and a third in decline. By a monument erected at the expense of Lord De La Warr in the New Forest, Hants, in 1745, we learn, that some remains of the oak, whence the arrow glanced that slew William II., were existing in the remembrance of persons then living; that event happening 698 years previously; and we may naturally suppose the oak a full grown one when the accident happened. Hence, we may reasonably compute that the existence of the Cowthorpe oak may attain to one thousand years.

It is certain, that of all the claims to long life, in the vegetable world, the oak and the yew, from their slow advances and solid texture, seem to stand foremost in the scale of duration. It is said of the celebrated oaks of Wanfield Chase in Cumberland, and those at Welbeck in Notts, that a coach may easily drive within their boles; but, concerning the oak now in question, it is evident from the measure, that supposing it hollowed for the purpose, two coaches might almost pass together through its bole. The trunk, or bole of the tree is completely hollow; the greatest portion of the higher part of the tree has fallen down through decay, and some of it appears laid on the ground, (*vide Cut,*) near the figures of the two men. All that remains of the higher tree, is, as it is represented in the Engraving, which, from its appearance, would lead one to suppose it to have been very lofty. Its immense arms —full grown trees, in appearance, themselves—are supported by a number of strong, forked props of timber. But, I am of opinion that these arms have grown out from the tree after the trunk began to decay, from their solid appearance and seemingly undecayed state. It is but lately, since it is remembered that the bole of this tree was a considerable height to what it now is; so that I think it will be acknowledged, that when in its prime it must have been one of the noblest and most splendid trees that England could boast of. The leading branch fell by a storm in 1718; which, being measured with accuracy, was found to contain five tons and two feet of timber. Before this accidental mutilation, its branches are said to have extended their

(The Cowthorpe Oak.)

shade over *half an acre* of ground; thus constituting, in a single tree, almost a wood itself!—which reminds one of the ancient sycamore that arrested Xerxes to admire it, when on his military march, and under whose spreading branches he and his court reposed.

The present circumference of this oak, close by the ground, I have measured, and found it to be twenty-two yards; and its principal limb extends forty-eight feet from the bole. "When compared with this, (says Dr. Hunter,) all other trees are mere children of the forest." Cowthorpe being so short a distance from the celebrated watering-place—Harrowgate, it is often visited by the company for the purpose of inspecting this "Giant of the Forests;" and, I think I can safely say, a visiter never returns, after seeing this noble and ancient tree, without being highly gratified. G. M. A. M.

Fine Arts.

PANORAMA OF PERE LA CHAISE.

As an interesting relief to the festal gaiety of the season, we recommend to our readers the view of Père la Chaise, just painted by Mr. Burford, and now exhibiting at the Panorama, Leicester-square. Its effect, in contrast with the attractions which environ it, will be as much a relief as Père la Chaise is to the frivolities of the gay city near which it is situated. It is, indeed, a wholesome scene of sober meditation and contemplation; and one in which the voluptuary may read many a powerful appeal to his oft-excited sensibilities.

We need scarcely remark that Père la Chaise is a cemetery planted with natural as well as artificial memorials of the beloved dead; and that it is the description of burial ground which is in course of establishment for many large towns of our own country. We are not, however, so confident of the success of these efforts, as to expect a Père la Chaise in England; and, instead of entering upon a delicate matter of taste and feeling, we shall merely observe that the established religions of this country and France, differ too much in their ceremonials to allow us to look for a corresponding display of affection in the two countries. Plain, simple, and unostentatious as are the memorials in our churchyards, they will not bear comparison with the architectural magnificence of the French cemeteries, which rather assimilate to the sepulchral pomp of old Rome.

Mont Louis, or as it is generally called, Père la Chaise, is the largest, most interesting, and most fashionable, (for fashion directs men in matters frail as itself,) of the four burial-grounds of Paris. It stands at the north-eastern extremity of the city, in a picturesque, lovely, and appropriate situation, extending along the slope of a hill between Belville and Charonne: it is encompassed on three sides by luxuriant valleys and gently rising grounds, and it commands, from its highest part, an extensive and richly diversified landscape. The whole interior is laid out in good taste, with due regard to the irregularities and undulations of the ground, in terraces, winding walks, and *allées*, and is planted with clumps of trees and

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shrubs, somewhat in the manner of an English pleasure-ground, to form an agreeable and well-managed relief of shade. This, in truth, is requisite; the white plaster soil of the environs of Paris having a garish and distressing effect in sunny weather, and the materials of the tombs by no means saddening this effect. The latter are placed without order or regularity, according to the taste or means of the relatives of the deceased; and we may add, that were a sumptuary funeral law passed in France, the burial-grounds of Paris, but especially Père la Chaise, would yield a rich revenue. Some of these receptacles are splendid erections, formed of, or embellished with, granite, marble, or bronze, and such as few but first-rate taste could suggest, and first-rate resources afford. Others, simple in their construction, are surrounded by iron or wooden trellis-work, the latter such as any village carpenter could put together. Within these inclosures are flowers, which bloom, fade, and die,—emblems of man's transitory life—and evergreens, which console him with the hope of immortality. Such is the general character of Père la Chaise. To its details, many objections may be made by the English visiter; especially, as we have said, in contrast with the homely churchyards of his own dear isle. The magnificence of the French grounds is not unmixed with meanness; their natural beauties are injured by juxtaposition with *artificialness*, and emblems in questionable, if not reprehensible, taste. Notwithstanding these objections, the general effect of the whole place is grateful, striking, and affecting, and such as has caused us to linger some few hours amidst the melancholy stateliness, and the sombre shades of Père la Chaise, ever and anon sucking melancholy too from from the distant view of the glittering city of Paris—the vanity-fair of France.

The history of the present ground is somewhat singular: it formerly belonged to the Bishop of Paris; in the fourteenth century it was purchased by a grocer, named Regnaud, who built here for himself so magnificent a house that it acquired the name of Regnaud's Folly. In 1626, the house and ground became the property of the Jesuits, and acquired the name of Maison de Mont-Louis, in honour of the young King, Louis XIV., who, on July 2, 1652, witnessed from it the battle in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, between the armies of Marshal Turenne and the great Condé. It afterwards became the property of the celebrated Père la Chaise, confessor of Louis, who, with Mde. de Maintenon, at that time, governed France The house was then rebuilt in superb style, and the gardens relaid out; the mansion, during the lifetime and after the death of the Father, being the focus of political intrigue. In its scandalous chronicles, it is recorded that here the project was formed for revoking the edict of Nantes, and for the burning of Charenton: hence issued the dragonnades, which deluged the Cevennes with blood, and the vile *lettres du cachet*, by which the Jesuits imprisoned, proscribed, and tortured a multitude of Jansenists, their adversaries. At the suppression of the community, the estate was sold, and after passing through several hands, was at length sold for its present use. This took place in 1804, when, by an Imperial decree, burying within towns was prohibited, and public cemeteries were formed near Paris; other decrees regulating the disposition of the graves, expenses of funerals, &c. At first, the project of Père la Chaise did not meet with much encouragement; and at the close of ten years, the whole number of monuments erected there was but 833. From this period, however, fashion came to its aid; and it was as requisite for the man of fortune to possess his tomb in Père la Chaise, as his country-house, or his box at the opera. During the late war, the holy ground was more than once attacked; and, in 1814, when the allied armies approached Paris, formidable batteries were erected on the ground, which were bravely defended by the pupils of the school of Alfort; but, after the capitulation of Paris, the Russians encamped in the cemetery, and cut down many fine trees for fuel.

We have more than once regretted our inability to obtain any comprehensive view of this picturesque burial-ground; and Mr. Burford has experienced similar difficulty. His Panorama was taken from a considerable elevation, at a short distance from the celebrated tomb of Abeillard and Heloisa, and near a piece of ground recently added to the cemetery; a spot better calculated for general effect than the higher and more ancient parts, where the closeness of the tombs, and the thickness of the foliage, necessarily limit the view. From this point, the view is extremely interesting: splendid mausolea of every form occupy the foreground, shadowed by the yew, the cypress, and the willow, intermixed with small inclosures, studded with orange-trees, roses, oleanders, and choice exotics; though the orange-tree is one of the least characteristic of mortality, for it glories in long life; unless it render, by contrast, the frailty of the rose a more fitting emblem of our brief existence. Beyond the walls of the cemetery, the eye embraces a superb and varied scene, including the whole country from Vincennes to St. Cloud: northward are seen the heights of Menil-Montant and Montmartre, the latter, the Primrose Hill of Paris, and crested with windmills; southward are Bicetre and Meudon; eastward, the cemetery rises to its extreme height, tomb above tomb peeping from the trees, the whole crowned by the magnificent monument of General Foy; and west-

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ward rise, as in a vast amphitheatre, the proud towers and domes of the fair city of Paris: Nôtre Dame, with its twin heights of 204 feet, and its mighty bell of 36,000 lbs. —the noble lantern of the Pantheon, crowning the ashes of some of the greatest men of modern France—and the gaily glittering crest of the *Invalides*. The Parisian, or well-informed tourist, may trace minuter buildings of the capital; and the stay-at-home traveller, or the visiter to Mr. Burford's Panorama, will there not fail to recognise these vast features of Paris, nearly as readily as he would identify his own Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral in a Panorama of London.

The forms and styles of the monuments defy description. Temples, chapels, pyramids, and obelisks, with inscriptions in every language, rise to the memory of marshals, divines, statesmen, poets, players, and *cooks*; for cookery in France is a science. Altars and urns are in better taste; and in better still are the humble headstone, the mound of turf with its wooden cross—the emblem of suffering and hope—and the tiny garden, stored with nature's fleeting beauties, which are ever and anon replenished by the heart and hand of love and friendship, gratitude and sympathy. Here a single rose-bush may be seen planted over a dear relative: there garlands hang about the tombs; and voluntary offerings to the departed denote the recent visits of friends; and no where, apparently, are the dead forgotten. Yet the place has none of the vulgar terrors of the field of death; but parties of pleasure wander through its mazes, and, on Sunday, it is the promenade of some of the gayest company of Paris. On the day of All Souls, or *Fête des Morts*, a day set apart by the Romish Church for the commemoration of the dead, the scene is changed: whole families in mourning make a pilgrimage to the graves of their relations, and the cemetery is filled by devoted thousands, who may, on all sides, be seen on their knees, in prayer for the dead.

Of the execution of the Panorama of this remarkable place, we are enabled to speak in the highest terms. The scene is of great picturesque beauty, and is admirably painted. The peculiarity of the white plaster soil is very successful. In short, the whole is full of characteristic truth. In the details, the tomb of Abeillard and Heloisa will be first sought, and easily recognised: its triangular pediments and enriched pointwork, capitals, medallions, and cornices, being beautifully painted; and of their accuracy, the artist assures us he made an elaborate study. High in the opposite distance, is the crest of the tomb of Foy, its white marble columns and colossal statue being embosomed in trees. Foy was the darling hero of France; he was wounded at Waterloo, but remained at his post till the close of the engagement: he died in 1825, when the French people erected the above superb monument to his memory, and provided for his widow.

The ground surrounding Foy's tomb has been aptly termed the *quartier des marchaux*. Here are splendid tombs to Marshals Serrurriere and Kellerman; two majestic pyramids to Suchet and Massena; a sumptuous catafalque covers Marshal Lefebvere, which was raised by his wife by the sale of her diamonds; a chapel incloses the remains of Cambacères; a sarcophagus bears the name of Lebrun; a column of white marble is raised to Caulincourt; and handsome tombs to Marshals Macdonald, Labedoyère, Murat, Gourgaud, Boyer, Bassano, Manuel, and B. Constant; at no great distance lie the philanthropic Abbé Sicard, the amiable Mad. Cottin, and the Marchioness Beauharnois.

The Public Journals.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

By John Herand, Esq.

FAIR as the Sabbath morn,
In the seventh heaven's beatitude,
The Eternal Throne before,
A Seraph-Angel stood—
The Angel of a Child new-born,
To whom 'tis given, for evermore,
To see the Father's face;
Then, bowing to adore,
Prayed for his Charge a grace.

"From the highest heaven,
Throughout the seven,
Descend; and in mysterious wise,
Prepare him through the seven to rise.
Give him will and give him wing,
Give him withal a voice to sing,
And him through each and all up-bring,
Into my presence triumphing."

Glad heard the Seraph in that realm of Being,
Where every being seeth the All seeing,
The Sabbath of the Worlds; then down descending
On the next orb, where Will with Will is blending,
Made for the sphere of Consciousness his way,
And gave his plumes free motion and full play.
Three heavens are past—remain but four—
God speed thee, Seraph, evermore!

And now he meets, in happy season,
Meeting him, the seraph Reason;
And soon his cherub-twin embraces,
And both dominions eager traces—
And now upon the world of knowledge lands,
And his dropt wings hides with his arms and hands.
Six heavens are past—remains but one—
God speed thee, Seraph, thy flight is done.

And now thy toilsome task commences—
To walk, not fly, befits the Senses:
And there, in swaddling bands embraced,
The Infant in his cradle lies:
Small the room where he is placed,
Small circle for his energies.
But the Seraph-Angel on his eyes
Sheds euphrasy and rue;
Sets wide the portals of his ears,
And makes him feel in every nerve,
Of touch and taste too exquisite,
And from all odours win delight;
But each predestined to subserve
What the poetic Mind reveres—
The holy Muses' due.

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The Seraph now, one gorgeous eve,
The boy-bard teaches to perceive,
How differed from all other plants,
One sacred, though not such to see,
Divine and sovereign for all wants,
And bade him name it Hœmony.
Thus taught to judge, full soon he might
Essay to speculate aright,
And thence in Contemplation's car,
Seek worlds beyond the furthest star:
Self-conscious still, however far
He soared, and feeling in his heart
No impulse but of his own will;
Yet framing all his travels' chart
By heavenly observations still.
For there was heaven, and there he well
Aye listened to heaven's oracle;
And therefrom he responses gave,
Of power to slay and power to save.
Thus he, while dwelt his body here,
Was versant with another sphere.
What, though the world might do him wrong?
He turned him to the angels' song.
What though the earth consumed in strife?
He lived and loved—all love, all life;
A seraph, like his seraph guard,
Earth might not merit nor reward.

The Seraph stood again before
The Throne and bowed him to adore.
"My task is done, both will and wing
I gave him, and a voice to sing:
And hither, Father, him I bring
Into thy presence, triumphing."
And thereupon, a chorus blended
Of sacred harps, a Sabbath hymn,
To hail the Poet-Sage attended,
Borne on the plumes of cherubim.

Fraser's Magazine.

DUNBRODY ABBEY.

(From Sketches on Irish Highways. By Mrs. S. C. Hall; in the New Monthly Magazine.)

I RARELY see an Irish beggar, and I never hear of an *Irish natural* or *Innocent*, without calling to mind one of the most unoffending of the latter class, whose acquaintance I made amid the beautiful ruins of Dunbrody Abbey. This splendid relic of the olden time is situated in the barony of Shelbourne, on the banks of the river Barrow, and well repays the traveller for the trouble of visiting its extensive remains: the site is well sheltered, and possesses the advantages of inland navigation — those jolly monks had right good taste, and chose the situation of their monasteries with both wit and wisdom. The interior walls of the church are in a beautiful state of preservation, and on each side of the chancel are three vaulted chapels. The great aisle is divided into three parts, by a double row of arches, supported by square piers; the inside of those arches is ornamented by a rich moulding, which springs from beautiful consoles, and conveys an idea of the enormous care and expense that must have been bestowed upon the building. The tower appeared to be rather low in proportion to the extent of the whole, but it is supported by a magnificent arch: there is a sort of narrow walk on the summit of the walls, which commands a superb and extensive view of the adjacent country. The cloisters appear to have been spacious, but their foundations alone remain, and it was curious to trace them out amid the weeds and long grass which waved and triumphed in all the pride of summer existence over the relics of antiquity. Nearer to the centre of the abbey are a number of ruined walls, which indicate where the hall, the refectory, and the dormitory stood. I can fancy nothing appealing more powerfully to the imagination than these noble ruins.

"Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite with grass o'ergrown!
Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before.
Out upon time, who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which has been, and o'er that which must be;
What we have seen our sons shall see—
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone raised by creatures of clay!"

We all value, while we mourn over, the ruins of the past—and the greater the desolation the greater our regret. The western window of this noble pile is of an uncommon form, and, though nearly entire, gives symptoms of a decay which a little care and attention on the part of the proprietor might easily prevent. The door immediately beneath it is very magnificent, being adorned with filagree open work, cut out of the solid stone, and so raised as to allow a finger easily to pass under its carvings. It was a fine day in August when we walked up the avenue leading to this time-honoured ruin; the dimness of the morning had brightened into sunshine, and the dark masses of ivy contrasted brightly with the grey stone and light green of the fresh grass, while the many-tinted mosses appeared like an exquisite mosaic of rich and curious tracery.

As we entered one of the outward courts, a troop of innocent calves, frightened at our appearance, crowded beneath a gateway, where, perhaps, Richard, Earl of Pembroke, had often stood in his shining armour, and looked upon the increasing walls that now crumbled beneath our feet. The silvery Barrow murmured on its way, and could have told us much of what its waters witnessed in the olden time of fray and foray, of banquet, fast, and stately pageant. While we paused and looked upon Dunbrody with that species of awe which enforces silence, the puny sound of a tin trumpet quivered upon the air, and would have made little impression upon us, had it not been followed by a shout of loud yet heartless laughter.

The church is protected by a gate; and as we wound round one of the towers to gain the entrance, we encountered the idiot, who had been making merry within the sanctuary. He was a tall, slight youth, with large, lustreless eyes, not unlike "poor Johnny, poor Jack," of Wexford memory, save that in his person he was delicately clean, and his dress was so fantastic, that I cannot resist the temptation of describing it.

He wore what are called Hessian boots, with white pantaloons. His jacket was tight; but, with the exception of the sleeves, it was impossible to tell what materials it was composed of; for behind hung a sort of rude, short cloak, made of the fur of hare, rabbit, fox, and, I really believe, every animal "that ever wore a hairy skin." Around his neck were suspended a tin trumpet and various baubles; amongst them shone conspicuously a huge, leaden watch, upon which, poor fellow! his eye often rested. His flat, fur cap was adorned with a number of long, scarlet tassels, that floated over his shoulders as he moved restlessly from place to place. There was an air of gentility in his manner, a gentle courtliness in his salutation, and a tastefulness in his piebald costume, which conquered both the dread and dislike I feel towards "Irish naturals." We speedily became acquainted. He told me his name was Johnny Welch; answered every question I chose to ask.—"Where did he live?" He lived here; he loved the ould Abbey; he knew every stone, every turn of it. It was a fine old place—a *pleasant* place to live in. "Where did he sleep?"

"In there," (pointing to a low, vaulted room,) "in there he slept *with the dead men:* there was a heap of their bones."

"Was he not afraid?"

He laughed wildly. "No; what had he to be afraid of? Would he root up some of the dead men's bones for my honour to look at?" and before I had time to reply, he threw himself upon a heap of clay, and insinuated his long, muscular fingers into the earth so effectually, as to bring up bone after bone with the rapidity of lightning. These relics of mortality he briefly descanted upon, as he tossed them from him to "root" for others. "There's a skull—a fine skull—a big skull—hould a dale o' brain: the people long ago had a power o' wit! There's a bone—a thigh-bone—a great soldier, may be—a strong bone! I sleeps upon dead men's bones. The Abbey's a pleasant place! There's a *weechy* bone—a lady's arm—a pretty bone! Shall I root more for ye?—Another skull! There's a hole in it; a murdered skull! Hurrah for the fight!—hurrah for the fun! Shall I root more for ye?"

I felt my heart sicken; it was such a painful lesson to see that poor idiot boy sporting so fearlessly with the relics of mortality; to note the eagerness with which he disinterred those memorials of decay; to see folly and rags fluttering like a butterfly over what once contained the essence of God's own spirit.

I was really sick, and leaned for some moments against a pillar before I could leave the painful spot. At last he turned his head, and looking up kindly in my face, he exclaimed, "Lady grow pale!—bury the bones!" which he did so quickly and so effectually, that in three minutes the sun's rays rested only on a mound of fresh-turned earth.

Amongst other things that were slung round his neck was a fox's head. We wanted him to sell it. "No, he would not—Colonel Piggott and the gentlemen of the hunt would go mad with him if he parted with it. He loved hunting—he often went hunting with the gentlemen—they were very good to him—why then should he give away their fox's head?" Not even a bright shilling should tempt him to part with it. Poor fellow! I shall long remember Johnny Welch as the most pleasing fool, (notwithstanding his taste for bones,) I ever encountered. The generality of Irish naturals are the most disgusting specimens of humanity produced in any country; but Johnny was clean, and (but for the vacancy of look, and the universal habits that idiots possess of turning in their toes,) exceedingly handsome, and even graceful in his appearance; he solicited no charity—pleaded neither hunger nor poverty—and though he followed us over the abbey, he did not speak except when spoken to, and evinced a mild and gentle temper.

I learnt from two shepherd-boys that Johnny's mother was a respectable widow—that she would give "the world and all if her son would stop at home with her, which he was too fond of the ruins of Dunbrody to do—that he was born *innocent*—and that every body liked him."

This I could readily believe, for as we were about to enter our carriage I felt sorry to think I should never see poor Johnny again. I turned to bid him adieu as he was seated on the wall which separates the lands of Dunbrody from the road, looking a fantastic figure to so magnificent a background; there he sat, his broad, flat watch resting on his open palm, while his gaze was earnestly fixed on its motionless hands.

Notes of a Reader.

THE SWEEP'S COMPLAINT.

"I like to meet a sweep—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep, peep,* of a young sparrow."—ESSAYS OF ELIA.

"A voice cried, 'Sweep no more! Macbeth hath murdered sweep.'"—SHAKSPEARE.

ONE morning, ere my usual time,
I rose about the seventh chime,
When little stunted boys, that climb,
Still linger in the street;
And as I walk'd, I saw, indeed,
A sample of the sooty breed,
Though he was rather run to seed,
In height above five feet;
A mongrel tint he seemed to take,
Poetic simile to make,

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Day through his Martin 'gan to break,
White overcoming jet—
From side to side he crossed oblique,
Like Frenchman who has friends to seek,
And yet no English word can speak,
He walk'd upon the fret!

And while he sought the dingy job,
His lab'ring breast appear'd to throb,
And half a hiccup, half a sob,
Betray'd internal woe:—
To cry the cry he had by rote
He yearn'd, but law forbade the note,
Like Chanticleer, with roupy throat,
He gaped—but not a crow!

I watch'd him, and the glimpse I snatch'd,
Disclos'd his sorry eyelids, patch'd
With red, as if the soot had catch'd,
That hung about the lid;
And soon I saw a tear-drop stray,
He did not care to brush away;
Thought I, the cause he will betray,
And thus at last he did,

Well, here's a pretty go! here's a Gagging Act if ever there was a gagging!
But I'm bound the members as silenced us, in doing it had plenty of magging.
They'd better sent us all off, they had, to the school for the Deaf and Dumb,
To unlarn us our mother tongues, and to make signs and be regularly mum.
But they can't undo natur—as sure as ever the morning begins to peep,
Directly I open my eyes, I can't help a calling out sweep,
As nateral as the sparrows among the chimbley pots that say cheep!
For my own part, I find my suppressed voice very uneasy,
And comparable to nothing but having your tissue atopt when you are sneezy.
Well! it's all up with us! tho' I suppose we mustn't cry all up.
Here's a precious merry Christmas, I'm blest if I can earn either bit or sup!
If crying sweep of mornings is going beyond quietnesses border,
Them as pretends to be fond of silence, oughtn't to cry hear, hear, and order, order.
I wonder Mr. Sutton, as we've sut on too, don't sympothize with us,
As a Speaker what don't speak, and that's exactly our own cus.
God help us! if we don't cry, how are we to pursue our callings?
I'm sure we're not half so bad as other businesses with their bawlings.
For instance, the general postmen that at 6 o'clock go about ringing,
And wake up all the babbies that their mothers have just got to sleep with singing.
Greens oughtn't to be cried no more than blacks—to do the unpartial job,
If they bring in a Sooty Bill, they ought to have brought in a Dusty Bob.
Is a dustman's voice more sweet than ourn, when he comes a seeking arter the cinders,
Instead of a little boy, like a blackbird in spring, singing merrily under your winders?
There's the omnibus cads as plies in Cheapside, and keeps calling out Bank and City,
Let his worship the Mayor decide if our call of sweep is not just as pretty.
I can't see why the Jews should be let go about, crying Old Close through their hooky noses,
And Christian laws should be ten times more hard than the old stone laws of Moses.
Why isn't the mouths of the muffin men compelled to be equally shut?
Why, because Parliament members eat muffins, but they never eat no nut.
Next year there won't be any May-day at all, we shan't have no heart to dance,
And Jack-in-the-Green will go in black, like mourning for our mischance;
If we live as long as May, that's to say, through the hard winter and pinching weather,
For I don't see how we're to earn enough to keep body and soul together.
I only wish Mr. Wilberforce, or some of them that pities the niggers,
Would take a peep down in our cellars, and look at our miserable starving figures,
A sitting idle on our empty sacks, and all ready to eat each other,
And a brood of little ones crying for bread to a heart-breaking father and mother.
They haven't a rag of clothes to mend, if their mothers had threads and needles,
But crawl naked about the cellars, poor things! like a swarm of common black beadles.
If they'd only inquired before passing the act, and taken a few such peeps,
I don't think that any real gentleman would have set his face against sweeps.
Climbing's an ancient respectable art, and if History's of any vally,
Was recommended by Queen Elizabeth to the great Sir Walter Raleigh,
When he wrote on a pane of glass, how I'd climb if the way I only knew,
And she writ beneath, if your heart's afeard, don't go to venture up the flue.
As for me, I was always loyal, and respected all powers that are higher,
But how can I now say God save the King, if I an't to be a Cryer?
Lord help us! what's to become of us, if we mustn't cry no more,
We shan't do for black mutes to go a standing at a Death's door,
And we shan't do to emigrate, no, not even to the Hottentot nations;
For as time wears on, our black will wear off, and then think of our situations!
And we should not do, in lieu of blackamoor footmen to serve ladies of quality nimbly,
For when we were drest, in our skyblue and silver, and large frills, all clean and neat, and white silk stockings, if they pleased to desire us to sweep the hearth, we could never resist the chimbley.

Hood's Comic Annual for 1835.

LACONICS.

(From Francesco Carrara.)

Conversational Errors.—Those who depend much on others for their amusement are always curious, especially when conversation is a great staple of entertainment. People are apt to mistake this, and fancy the attention given to their details is a proof of the interest taken in themselves; it is merely that their auditors are attracted by novelty.

Fear.—We are so much the creatures of habit, that any great change has the effect of a moral chill. We dread the future, unless it comes upon us imperceptibly;—whenever we anticipate, unless under some strong excitement of joy, we always fear. There are so many dangers, so many disappointments, and so many sorrows, ready to beset the human path, that we cannot but expect some at least to fall to our lot.

Friends.—Generally speaking, we are incredulous of the good fortune of our friends, and, even though loving them, undervalue their qualities; the success of our greatest intimates takes us by surprise.

Talking.—Talking is the business of the

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idle. We do not talk out of the careless gaiety of the heart, which indulges its hopes, or expresses its feelings—we talk for amusement; we are not interested in the doings of others, but we are entertained—always supposing, as the narrator may very well contrive, there is something a little absurd in them. We live together in society—strangers, rivals, and enemies, hiding the envy and hate, which it would be impolitic to exhibit. We care nothing for each other; society could not exist a day now, did the dislike or the indifference rise to the surface. Talking is an ingenious contrivance for hiding all this. An agreeable compliment conceals carelessness; a pointed phrase gives vent to many a suppressed emotion; and we can veil our perfect disregard to what people feel, by a most studied attention to what they say. Talking is more than an amusement—it is a necessity.

Cardinal Mazarin's Love of Art.—The love of art, which was with Mazarin a passion, seems to have been the only sign in him of that poetry which is part of the Italian character; but there is no mind, however worldly, without some ideal enjoyment; and his was in his superb collection of paintings. He pointed out the "glorious spoil which hung his storied walls" to a friend on his death-bed, and said, "Is it not hard to leave all these behind?"

Memory.—There is an inexpressible charm to politic and care-worn age in the hopes which can never more be its own, and the illusions which can never again lend a grace to the beaten path of existence. It is memory that makes the old indulgent to the young.

Secret of Success.—It is the man who is feared—not the man who is loved—that succeeds in the world. Refuse a favour, and all your gracious smiles, your kind words, ay, and even your really kind feelings, are utterly forgotten. But be necessary; let men have aught to hope from you; forward in any way their interests—and it matters not how you do it; be harsh, abrupt, insolent, and it will only be "your way." People would, to be sure, rather obtain their object by trampling upon you; but, sooner than not obtain it, they will let you trample upon them. Civility is not only troublesome, but it is waste. To vary the old simile, people in general are like sweet herbs—they require crushing, not for their sakes, but for your own.

Absence.—Absence, like every other pang, weakens by repetition; the friend who has once returned in safety may return so again—we soon draw precedents from the past.

Courage in Adversity (*Francesca*).—It is the adverse circumstance that gives the triumph. Were I a man, I should delight in difficulties—I should desire toil, exertion, and obstacles. Let the world be before me, and I would make my way in it. I cannot understand sinking under any shape that adversity could take; I should enjoy the struggle, in my strong belief of the success.

Unbridled Imagination, like a spring confined to one spot, collects its pure, clear waters, and is at once a beauty and a blessing; but, allowed to spread abroad in every direction, it oozes through the marshy earth, becomes stagnant, and is habited by the loathsome reptile. That which would have been a green haunt, with its fair fountain, is a dreary and useless quagmire.

Loneliness of Cities.—"Great God!" exclaimed Francesca, stepping softly to the window, which commanded the view of many streets, "to think, amid this multitude of human beings, we have neither kindred nor friends—not one to care for our welfare, not one to rejoice in our joy, not one to sorrow in our sorrow."

Sarcasm always leaves its doubt and its depression. Human nature avenges itself by suspicion. First there comes the internal and unerring whisper, "As others have been used, so shall we; and, secondly, we are in our hearts a little ashamed of our own enjoyment,—we feel how contemptible it is, thus to revel in, and exult over, our neighbour's faults, follies, and misfortunes. Our very selfishness rebukes us.

Prayer and Penance.—The superstition which once taught us to believe that prayer and penance brought down their blessing on some beloved one, was at least a kindly one. The affections of earth grew at once more tender and more spiritual, thus elevated and purified by an intercourse with heaven. The court was dissipated, worldly, false,—even as human nature has ever been from the beginning, and will be even unto the end; but there, also, human nature asserted its better part, and had its deeper feelings and its higher hopes. Many a young and lovely woman, whose feet knew but the pleasant paths of prosperity, and whose ear was familiar but with the voice of the flatterer, would voluntarily offer up a portion of her time, as her holiest sacrifice; and on the straw pallet, and in the serge robe, take a profound lesson of the vanities which made up ordinary existence. To these vanities, it is true, they returned; but surely not without a stronger humility, and some thoughts which, even in the world, were God's own.

The Gatherer.

Wholesome Truth, (by *Theodore Hook.*)—The swaggerer is invariably an impostor—the man who calls loudest for the waiter, who treats him worst, and who finds more fault than any body else in the room, when the company is mixed, will always turn out to be the man of all others the least entitled, either by rank or intelligence to give himself airs. People who are conscious of what

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is due to them never display irritability or impetuosity; their manners insure civility, their civility secures respect; but the blockhead or the coxcomb, fully aware that something more than ordinary is necessary to produce an effect, is sure, whether in clubs or coffee-rooms, to be the most fastidious and captious of the community, the most overbearing in his manners towards his inferiors—the most restless and irritable among his equals—the most cringing and subservient before his superiors.—*New Monthly Mag.*

Coincidence of Numbers.—"I have heard," says Mr. Noble, in his *Orientalist*, "of certain individuals being regulated in all important events of their lives by certain peculiar numbers, which fell out to them respectively, with a strangeness of accuracy which it is almost impossible to reckon altogether the effect of chance. The following account which is taken from the work of an Arabian historian, affords a very remarkable example of this sort of fortuitous combination in the horoscope of a particular individual. The historian Sebl Aljouzi, in the book called the *Mirror of the World*, relates that the Khalif Almotasem was born in the year one hundred and *eighty*, in the *eighth* month of it, and died the *eighteenth* night, being the latter part of the month Ramazan; and he was the *eighth* of the Khalifs of the sons of Abbas; also he gained *eight* victories, and he made *eight* kings stand before his gate, and he slew *eighty* enemies; and his life was forty-*eight* years; and his reign *eight* years, *eight* months, and *eight* days; and he left *eight* sons and *eight* daughters, and *eight* hundred million dinars, and *eight* hundred million dirhems, and *eighty* thousand horses, and *eighty* thousand camels, and mules and beasts of labour, and *eighty* thousand tents, and *eighty* thousand male slaves, and *eighty* thousand female slaves; and he built *eight* palaces; and the sculpture on his seal was ALH'MD'LL'H, (Praise be God!) *eight* letters, and his number from his horoscope was *eight* in every thing." L.

Tapestry in the House of Lords.—(*To the Editor.*)—Observing an account of the origin of this tapestry in No. 698 of the *Mirror*, it may not prove an uninteresting appendage to state a fact which is very little known. Most of the figures on the tapestry, were portraits of the officers who attacked and vanquished the boasted invincible Spanish Armada. Those who signalized themselves greatly on the occasion, were drawn most conspicuously, full front faces; others who did less, were drawn side-ways; and those who "fought rather shy," were drawn in profile; while a few whose valour resembled that of Acres, in the *Rivals*, were drawn with their heads turned from the spectator.—What a satirical reproof! I. P.

A Dramatic Couple.—Mr. and Mrs. J——, when in the Glasgow company, lived unfortunately very much after the fashion in which *Mr.* and Mrs. Milton, Dr. and Mrs. Sherlock, and many other great personages are said to have existed: with the exception that Mr. J—— adopted the permission accorded by Judge Buller, and generally silenced Mrs. J—— by the *argumentum baculinum*. One evening, after certain fustigatory performances at home, Mr. and Mrs. J—— performed the Duke and Duchess in Tobin's *Honeymoon*; in one of the scenes of which Juliana has to say that she presumes, if she disobeys his orders, he will beat her; to which the Duke replies—

"I'll talk to you; but I'll not beat you.
He that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 'twere gross flattery to call a coward."

Mr. J—— had scarcely begun this commonplace claptrap, when his spouse, dismissing the recollection of her scenic character, and smarting with her wrongs, darted a look at him, accompanied by an undercurrent exclamation thus—

Mr. J. as Duke.—He that lays his hand upon a woman—
[*Mrs. J.* gives an indescribable glance, and exclaims—Ugh! you brute!]
Mr. J. (proceeding)—*Save when she richly deserves it*—is a wretch,
Whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward.

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Cons. for Naturalists.

When is a "barker" at an auction like a bird?—When he is a puffin.

What fish should I mention, when desiring a fisherman to catch me a number of fish?—Cachalot (catch a lot.)

What species of baboon is most like a larva?—The mag-ot.

What quadruped might we suppose, from its name, to be allied to the human race?—Manis.

Why is a donkey like a duck?—Because it is An-as.

Which genus of palmated birds would be most likely to reply to a question.—Anser.

Why is Anna when neat and clean like a flock of ducks?—She is Anatidæ (*Anna tidy.*

What plant is the foot of a young horse like?—Coltsfoot.

Like what bird is a sable-coloured bonnet?—Black-bonnet.

What genus of birds does a vender of tea-trays pronounce when crying them about the streets?—Tetrao (*tea-tray, oh!*)

JEMMY *.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE LAST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

REACHING THE GRAND MULET ROCK.

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LAST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Mont Blanc,* as every one familiar with European geography must remember, is the loftiest mountain of our quarter of the earth. It is one of the summits of the Pennine Alps, which, perhaps, may rank fourth to the Himalayah, the Andes, and Caucasus, among the mountain chains of the globe. Though inferior to Chimboraço in its elevation *above the sea*, Mont Blanc is considered to be the highest mountain of the two; as it rises 12,300 feet above the valley of Chamonix; Chimboraço not more than 11,600 feet above the plain of Quito. There is another important feature in Mont Blanc: its line of perpetual snow is nearly 7,000 feet *below the summit*; that of Chimboraço is only 2,400 feet, according to Humboldt.

The ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc has only been accomplished within the last sixty years, during which period it has been an adventure of comparatively rare occurrence. The first ascent was made in 1786, by Doctor Pacard, of Chamonix, and his guide James Balma. In August, 1787, De Saussure ascended it with eighteen guides, and remained on the summit five hours. In 1818, Messrs. Howard and Van Reussalaer from New York; and in 1825, Doctor Clarke and Captain Sherwill ascended it;† and in 1827, the ascent was made by John Auldjo, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge:—up to this date, fourteen ascents had been made; since which, in 1830, Captain E. B. Wilbraham made the perilous journey; and, in the autumn of last year, the ascent was accomplished by Dr. Martin Barry, whose Narrative we are about to present to the reader. We make no apology for this introduction, though the ascent of Mont Blanc be not a novelty in the records of enterprise: for every ascent abounds with fresh adventures and incidents, as we trust the subsequent details, in comparison with those of former journeys, will attest.

On September 15, 1834, Dr. Barry reached the Col de Balme, in passing from Martigny to the Priory of Chamonix, where Mont Blanc presented itself for the first time, and came suddenly and magnificently into view in its whole extent. On arriving at the Priory, Dr. Barry consulted the guides as to the probable practicability of an ascent. It was objected that the season was too far advanced, and that some snow had recently fallen, which had not had time to harden: as a consequence of the first obstacle, that the days were too short, and that the fissures had probably widened; and of the second, that the way would be rendered not only more difficult, but more dangerous also, from the recent snow lightly covering the smaller crevices. The advice of the experienced guides did not, however, deter Dr. Barry from his projected attempt; and as a set-off to these difficulties, he observed that the weather had never, perhaps, presented a more favourable opportunity; the moon was nearly full; the Doctor was in excellent "training" from having lately climbed some of the heights in Switzerland; and additional interest was given to the undertaking from the lapse of four years since the last ascent by Captain Wilbraham, as registered at the Priory. Dr. Barry therefore resolved to make the attempt; and having procured six guides, he set out on the morning of the 16th, at half-past eight o'clock. The start was quite an event in the valley; and a number of the inhabitants, as well as strangers, assembled at the Union Hotel to witness the departure.

Passing through the pine wood, eastward of the Buissons glacier, the party reached Pierre l'Echelle by twelve at noon, where some men employed by the guides had conveyed part of the baggage, consisting of wood, charcoal, extra clothing, and blankets, with several culinary utensils, and provisions for three days. After accompanying the party a short distance, these men took their leave, and returned to Chamonix. Several chamois were now seen bounding over the rocks for a few moments. At this spot the party dined, and soon afterwards entered upon the ice, at the foot of the Aiguille du Midi.

Crossing the glacier de Buissons, and obliquely ascending, they proceeded in a south-west direction to the Mulets, an isolated chain of rocks, on one of which they hoped to pass the night.

The difficulties in crossing this glacier have been particularly described by preceding tourists, and Dr. Barry refers to Mr. Auldjo's Narrative for a true picture.‡ On the pre-

* Or White Mountain—from the immense mantle of snow with which its summit and sides are covered.

† A few particulars of Captain Sherwill's ascent may be found at p. 258, vol. vi. of the Mirror.

‡ It was the avalanche alone that we had hitherto to fear, but now new dangers arose, from the crevices, those deep clefts in the ice formed by the constant movement of the body towards the valley, which separates immense parts of it. The higher masses, meeting with some slight opposition, remain stationary; the lower, proceeding in their course, widen the breach; and thus, throughout the whole glacier, in every direction, are formed tremendous fissures. * * * * We were surrounded by ice piled up in mountains, crevices presenting themselves at every step, and masses half sunk into some deep gulf; the remainder raised above us seemed to put insurmountable barriers to our proceeding: yet some part was found where steps could be cut with the hatchet, and we passed over these bridges, often grasping the ice with one hand, while the other, bearing the pole, balanced the body, hanging over some abyss into which the eye penetrated, and searched in vain for the extremity. Sometimes we were obliged to climb up from one crag of ice to another, sometimes to scramble along a ledge on our hands and knees, often descending into a deep chasm on the one side, and scaling the slippery precipice on the other.—*Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, on the 8th and 9th August, 1827, by John Auldjo, Esq. of Trinity College, Cam-*

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sent occasion, the great width of the fissures constituted a principal difficulty; often compelling the party to retrace their steps, or to pass by ridges of uncertain solidity, on each side of which yawned an abyss of tremendous and unknown depth.

The immediate approach to the Grand Mulet having become interrupted by an almost perpendicular wall of solid ice, the party found it an exceedingly laborious task to reach it. At length, two of the guides gained the rock; and then, by means of cords, drew up the rest of the party, as well as the baggage. In this perilous undertaking, the guide who took the lead in ascending the ice-cliff, did so by a circuitous course, secured with a rope held by those below, as a false step would certainly have otherwise proved fatal, from the proximity of a precipice over which he must have fallen. (*See the Engraving.*) Dr. Barry speaks in high terms of the intrepidity, experience, and judgment of his guides, the principal of whom had been up eight times before: he being one of the four swept away by an avalanche in Dr. Hamel's attempt of 1820, and the only one of them whose life was saved.

Having, at length, gained the Grand Mulet rock, but at a point much lower than usual, and, as it appears from a memorandum of the principal guide, with a degree of difficulty that he had seen equalled on no former occasion, a long and perilous climb was required, over the almost perpendicular layers, to bring the party to that part proposed as their resting-place for the night,—a narrow ledge, usually selected, as being out of the reach of avalanches. They reached this rocky lodging by half-past six o'clock. It consists of a flat surface of a few square feet, forming a sort of open shelf on the south-west side of the rock; its margin being a precipice. The batons of the party, inclined against the rock, served as rafters for the roof of a little cabin, which was completed with canvass; two or three blankets having been spread on its floor. Dr. Barry found the height of the barometer *here*, at three-quarters past six o'clock, to be = Eng. inches 21·235; the *attached* thermometer = 45° 50 F. A fire was made at a short distance from the tent, and the party supped with good appetites around it. At nine o'clock, having tripled some parts of their clothing, and provided particularly for the feet, they crept into their cabin, and soon found that, by lying very closely together, they were sufficiently warm.

Dr. Barry was not, however, so fatigued as to sleep long; for he rose at midnight to enjoy the silent sublimity of the scene. "It was a brilliant night," says the Doctor, "the full-moon had risen over the summit of the mountain, and shone resplendent on its snowy surface. The guides asleep, I stood alone at an elevation of ten thousand feet; just below me, lay piled, in the wildest confusion, the towering masses of ice we had been climbing, and whose dangers we had narrowly escaped; around and above, was a sea of fair but treacherous snow, whose hidden dangers we had yet to encounter. The vale of Chamonix was sleeping at the foot of the mountain; and, interrupted only by the occasional thunder of an avalanche, the profoundest stillness reigned. The scene was exquisite: and I remained contemplating it, until at the end of an hour and a half, a recollection of the coming day's fatigues, rendered it prudent again to take repose."

At five on the morning of the 17th, the party left the Grand Mulet. Proceeding at first across the icy valley that lay between them and the Dome du Gouttet, they reached almost the base of the latter; and then ascending more directly, often by a zig-zag course, arrived at the Grand Plateau by nine o'clock: another great stage of the journey being thus accomplished.

The newly-fallen snow, from a foot to eighteen inches in depth, had rendered the way fatiguing: it had been requisite for the leader to ascertain the safety of every step with the baton, and the party had proceeded in a line united, two or three together, with cords, following carefully the same track. Latterly their path had lain over vast fields of snow, but the early part of it had presented scenery even more magnificent than that of the preceding day. "Chasms of unfathomable depth,—towers of ice,—caverns with almost crystal walls,—splendid stalactites guarding the entrance. Such scenes live in the memory, but cannot be adequately imparted by word. No wonder if I often turned, and turned again, not knowing how to leave them."*

Danger and difficulty succeeded to this scene of sublime beauty. After repeatedly changing their route, the party commenced a long ascent that afforded the last forlorn hope. Four years having elapsed since Mont Blanc was ascended, they knew not but that from the shifting nature of the snow masses, changes had occurred to render the undertaking hopeless. The ascent of this part having, however, been gained, a vast fissure succeeded, that would certainly have obliged them to return, but for a bridge of snow, or rather of ice, discovered at some distance. They made for it—it bore them over, and their hopes brightened. But they had next to pass some very treacherous ice, among

bridge, second Edition.—To which work Dr. Barry recommends those who may desire to see a more particular account.

* Among the beautiful phenomena here observed by Dr. Barry was the blue-green colour of the ice, when occurring in large masses.

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holes covered up with recent snow, concealing the dangers of the track. On reaching the Grand Plateau, however, they felt pretty confident of success, as the weather was encouraging, they, therefore, sat down to breakfast at this spot in very good spirits.

There are three plains of snow, called the first, second, and third Plateau. The third is the highest or Grand Plateau. It was on the second or middle one that De Saussure, with eighteen guides, passed the second night in his ascent in 1787. Speaking of it, he says it is 90 toises, (575 English feet,) higher than the Peak of Teneriffe.

The party left the Grand Plateau before ten o'clock. Above it are the Rochers Rouges, where the fatal avalanche fell in Dr. Hamel's attempt of 1820. De Saussure's course lay to the west of these rocks: Dr. Barry went eastward of them, by the new route discovered in 1827, when his countrymen, C. Fellowes and W. Hawes ascended, and by which route a very dangerous part is avoided.

Great dryness of the skin was now observed, thirst became intense, and it seemed scarcely possible even to alleviate it. The inconvenient glare of the snow was obviated by the use of green spectacles, which indeed were found almost indispensable.

A dipterous insect was found dead on the snow, at about 1,500 feet below the summit, and a living hymenopterous one 300 feet higher; both having probably been carried up by the wind.

Two large birds were seen at a distance, passing over the shoulder of the mountain, from Piedmont to Savoy.

The progress of the party, after leaving the Grand Plateau, at first obstructed by the passage of some very formidable cliffs of ice, had latterly been impeded only by the depth of the soft snow; but now they reached the foot of a declivity of 35° to 40° with the horizon, and many hundred feet in length. It was the "epaule droite" of the summit. The snow here had hardened sufficiently to prevent their advancing a single step, without holes being first cut with the hatchet; yet it had not become so hard as to render firm the footing thus obtained. It was found continually giving way; and when they had reached a tolerable height, this became exceedingly dangerous. In no part of the ascent were the cords, by which the Doctor was attached to the guides, more serviceable than here. But, their progress was so slow, that he suffered not a little from the cold; a keen breeze prevailing at the time. His feet felt as if all but frozen, on which account the footing became doubly insecure. This ascent brought the party above the Rochers Rouges; the next, a slope of 28° to 30°, apparently not very difficult, was to take them to the summit.

At this interesting point, we must leave our *ascendants* for the present, with the promise of their re-appearance in our horizon of next week.

NIGHT AND DAY.

(*From the German of Herder.*)

NIGHT and Day strove with one another for mastery. The fiery and brilliant child Day began to dispute.

"Poor, dark mother!" said he, "what hast thou like my sun, my heaven, my flowers, and my busy, restless life? I awake what thou hast destroyed to a new feeling of existence, what thou puttest to sleep, I raise up."—"And who will thank you for this?" said the modest, veiled Night. "Must not I quicken what thou hast dulled? and how otherwise can I do this but by causing them to forget thee? Whilst I, the mother of gods and men, take what I produce with contentment to my bed—when the hem of my garment touches them, they forget all thy delusions, and softly bow down their heads. Then do I comfort and nourish the wearied soul with heavenly dews. To the eyes which under thy sunny beams can never raise themselves upwards toward heaven, I disclose a countless multitude of suns, innumerable forms, new hopes, new glittering stars."

She touched noisy day with the hem of her garment; and silent and weary he sank into her beclouded bed. But Night sat with quiet, majestic mien, in her crown and mantle of stars. H. S.

FRIENDSHIP.

(*From the German of Krummacher.*)

Two youths, friends like Damon and Pythias, were walking arm in arm through a wood, on a beautiful spring day. "Let us seek an emblem of friendship," said one to the other: "Man loves to find his inmost soul typified in some of nature's forms."

"Look there," said one, "at the ivy which twines round the young oak. Nobly, in the power of youth, the tree raises itself, like a temple column hung round by youths and maidens with the early wreaths of spring. The tender ivy clings round the oak as if striving to become one with it: without the oak it would have lain in the dust."—The other youth looked on and replied: "The form is beautiful, and a most lovely ornament is the fresh green to the oaken stem. So doth the strong, if ennobled by love, raise up the tender and weak. So upon the strong-nerved arm of noble Hercules doth childlike innocence lean. 'Tis a beautiful union. But it is not the emblem of friendship."

"Look at yonder hill: the cultivator of the vineyard hath bound the vine to the elm-tree! A prudent union! the strong supports the

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weak and the useful, to produce the most useful of fruits for man. It fills our cups with joy! Let us be thankful for it."—"But are they not united by the hand of man?" said the youth. "The object is gain. May not the weight of the grapes break the supporting tree? or the vine's broad foliage suffocate the leaves of the elm? The form is beautiful—it is the semblance of the union of man's power in social communities—but it is not the emblem of friendship."

"The union of souls in friendship hath not its like in heaven or earth," said one. They stood where the shade of two young oaks was united. They looked at the tall and mighty trees. "What noble trees!" said the other: "Their roots are closely intertwined, their heads are raised to a like height toward heaven! Both strive upward; they will mutually withstand the storm; and, if overpowered, they will fall together. Is this an emblem of our friendship?" They looked on the noble trees, and embraced in their shade. H. S.*

* With thanks. Others may be alike acceptable.—Ed.

Manners and Customs.

KREW COUNTRY, AFRICA.

The following interesting and original details, relating to the Krew country, are given by Sir G. R. Collier, in his Report to the Admiralty, respecting his Majesty's settlements on the coast of Africa:—The precise boundaries of the country possessed by the Krew men I do not know; the anchorage off their towns is not the best, and the beach here is broken by several clusters of rock. I attempted a landing in the Tartar's life-boat, but the excessive surf forbade it; and as I was not at that time acquainted with the coast, nor the character of the natives, I judged it prudent to relinquish my intention of visiting their chief; more especially as in all visits of Europeans to these people, presents of cloths and spirits, (and these frequently to some amount,) are indispensable to insure civil reception and a safe return; for, without these, an African chief considers all visiters as intruders or spies. And this leads me to notice, that a commanding officer may often find great convenience in possessing the means of ready communication with the African chiefs, by having at his disposal a few pieces of cloth and other trifling articles, to be applied at his discretion.

The Krew people, though the most intelligent class of Africans, have the misfortune to be governed by a most arbitrary chief. They are of a race entirely different from their more northern neighbours, and excepting the woolly head, have none of the characteristic of the negro. The forehead is large and bold, the eye intelligent, the nose not unfrequently prominent, the teeth regular and beautifully white, and the lips not so thick as the more southern negro. The face of the Krew man is, however, always disfigured with a broad, black line, from the forehead down to the nose, and the form of the barb of an arrow on each side of the temple. This is so decidedly the Krew mark, that instances have occurred of these men being claimed and redeemed from slavery, only from bearing this characteristic mark of independence; since it is by no means unusual for vessels under the Portuguese and Spanish flags, (and it was not uncommon formerly with British,) to invite entire canoe-crews on board, and carry the whole into slavery; and this happened very recently on the Gold Coast, in the instance of a vessel under Spanish and American colours.

The complexion of the Krew men varies much, from a dark brown to a perfect black; yet in all, the Krew mark is distinguished. It is formed by a number of small punctures in the skin, and fixed immovably by being rubbed, when newly punctured, with a composition of bruised gunpowder and palm-oil. The body is usually marked in a very extraordinary manner, and by the like means. The general stature of the Krew man is about the middle size, and of very athletic form; he is hardy and robust, of most excellent disposition, clear, comprehensive understanding, and much attached to the naval service of Great Britain; and, for this service, many of these people are hired, during the customary period of his Majesty's ships remaining upon the Coast; but they will not engage for an unlimited time, nor will they willingly serve during the season of rains, when they prefer their own country, complaining of the want of clothing as the rains set in; and, if exposed to these, they are subject to ague, of a lasting, though not of a very violent description; but this complaint they always dread. The attachment of these people to the English is unbounded, and their confidence in a British naval officer so great, that to some of them, whom, from ill health, it was necessary to part with, the Commodore's promise that their wages should either be sent to them, if not given to their own head man or Captain, or left with the Governor of Sierra Leone for their own use, was satisfactory. I found some of the Krew men in distress at St. Thomas's, and at Princess Island, begging a passage to their native country, and complaining of having been turned on shore from English and Danish vessels, without compensation.

When these men are embarked, a head man usually accompanies them, and he becomes responsible for the return of the whole. In their absence, their wives and children are put in care of the Pines, or magistrates,

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of the country; and one half of the earnings of each man is claimed by the King or chief, as remuneration for the care and expense of his family during his absence. The slightest attempt at fraud in the payment is punished with certain death, and confiscation of the delinquent's property. The head man on board the Tartar complained of this, and other arbitrary proceeding of their King, and regretted the Krew men were not under British protection. These people all speak the English language with correctness, and therefore, had no difficulty in making known to us their distresses and wishes.

Like all the uninstructed natives of Africa, the Krew men are extremely superstitious: what is called Fetishism is the prevailing form of religion along the whole line of this sea-coast, and it is the most barbarous of all idolatry. To protect them from the power of the evil spirit, whom they dread as the author or agent of all misfortune and calamity, the chief priest, (similar to the Succombe Woong Choong of the great river on the Gold Coast,) sells the Krew men amulets or charms, said to possess all the virtue necessary to protect them. But the amulet, which, of all others, the Krew men hold in the highest estimation is the skin of a weazel, bandecoote, or marten, stuffed and covered up, and thus worn round the neck. The ignorant Krew man, possessing this treasure, will face any danger, or encounter any peril, however great; and if he falls under the paw of the hyena of that country, or is caught within the jaws of the shark, (which abounds in this sea,) his friends consider he has offended his Fetish, either by inattention or want of faith, or by not dedicating to him a share of every meal. I mention this to show only, that if the Krew men could be better informed, how strictly they are likely to adhere to improvement; but they are bigoted to their superstitions beyond description. W. G. C.

The Novelist.

THE SQUINTING ASTROLOGER OF ALEXANDRIA.

(*Concluded from page* 21.)

The astronomer then took me by the hand. Delighted by such an unexpected invitation, I permitted him to lead me in silence, dreading that too speedy an explanation might lead him to change his benevolent purpose. We passed through several narrow streets in the meanest quarter of the town, and after several turnings stopped before a small house, whose appearance was far from sumptuous. Abd-al-nejúm opened the door himself; a circumstance which convinced me that he had neither slaves nor servants. Taking me again by the hand, he led me in the dark to a confined spot, where he desired me to sit down. Having lighted an old lamp, he turned to examine his new guest. He appeared surprised at the poverty of my dress, which the darkness had hitherto prevented him from noticing; his tone immediately changed, his kind proffers gave place to stern and imperious questions. Not being able to avoid a reply, I related without disguise the circumstances that had brought me to the place where he found me; and where my glances were vaguely directed over the surface of the western waters, instead of being elevated, as he supposed to the brilliant sky of the east. I testified my gratitude for the kind offers he had made, but did not conceal that food was with me a more pressing want than lessons in astronomical science. . . . . Abd-al-nejúm sat down on a wretched mat, which was almost the only article of furniture in his room, and resting his head upon his hands, seemed lost in thought. At length he proposed to take me into his service, on condition that I should ask no wages, but be content with bed and board, promising that if I proved faithful he would make me his heir.

I lived with him very miserably for twelve years; when I asked him for instructions, he said that nature herself had forbidden me to become an astronomer. Every day, he repeated that the stars promised him great wealth and length of life; but, nevertheless, I found him one morning dead in his bed, and conformably to his promises I was his sole heir. The inheritance, however, was only some few articles of furniture, and his mathematical instruments. The owner of the house soon gave me notice to quit; I made a little money by the sale of the furniture, and carefully preserving the astronomical instruments of my deceased master, I sought another lodging.

I obtained it in the house of an old woman who lodged in the suburbs, to whom I had sold some pieces of paper covered with figures, on which my master had written his scientific calculations, which she purchased as talismans, to increase the fertility of her pigeons and keep them from vermin. I had no difficulty in persuading her that I had inherited the knowledge as well as the instruments of my old master; and her neighbours of both sexes flocked to obtain the aid of my astrological talents. All my master's old papers on which he had scribbled figures were successively sold as talismans.

Finding this new trade very successful, I resolved, like Abd-al-nejúm, to draw horoscopes, and predict future events from the stars. I had picked up from his conversation the names of some of the constellations, but I did not know what was their position in the sky; however, I hoped that I would easily acquire this knowledge by making use of the instrument. In vain I tried in every

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way to imitate what I had so often seen my master do; but somehow or other I could never distinctly see through the telescope the stars that my master saw, or perhaps only pretended to see. I have always thought that he designedly injured the instruments before his death, for fear lest the fame of my science might eclipse his own. . . . My reputation increased every day, and unfortunately for me it extended too far. My fame reached the governor of the city. He was about to become a father, and summoned me to draw the horoscope of the unborn child. I went boldly, pretended to make some observations, drew some whimsical figures, made some idle calculations, and unhesitatingly declared that he would soon be the father of a boy. I did not know that my new employer had brought at a great expense another astronomer from Antakyeh (Antioch). He was posted in another part of the house, and announced that the child would be a girl. They brought us together, that we might compare our different horoscopes. I could make nothing of my adversary's scheme; he easily demonstrated that mine was composed only of figures drawn at random, calculations either absurd or insignificant, and marks that had no connexion or relation. For want of good argument, I overwhelmed my adversary with reproaches, and he retorted as well as he could. From words we were about to come to blows, when we received a piece of news which put an end to our quarrel. The women who had been summoned to attend the lady announced that she was not pregnant, but dropsical.

[Rafíf then relates, that being banished as an impostor, he fled to Syria, where he fell in with a band of robbers, who carried him bound to Acre, and set him at liberty on condition of his remaining in the city and presenting himself every evening at the great fountain which supplies the town with water. He obtained admission to the house of a Jew, by promising him an amulet that would protect him from the tyranny of the pacha, deservedly called Jezzar (the butcher). The Jew's daughter—who unfortunately was but—

" A sign-post likeness of the human race
That is, at once resemblance and disgrace."

fell in love with the astrologer; but he rejected her advances on the plea that the stars prohibited their union. She accepted the excuse, and continued her kindness. During a fortnight Rafíf presented himself regularly at the fountain, but the weather continuing cloudy, his services were not required. At length, one fine evening, he met at the rendezvous the captain of the robbers by whom he had been seized, and we shall now let him continue the recital of his adventures.]

" Here you come," said a voice which I knew too well; " I was waiting for you. If you have not your astronomical instruments, run and get them; and take care that you do not keep me long waiting." Terrified and confounded, I hasted to execute his orders with all expedition, and speedily returned. " Follow me," said he; " do not tremble thus: fear nothing; no evil will befall you, unless you bring it on your own head. Above all things, keep perfectly silent until you reach your destination." Then, without any further explanation, he began to walk towards one of the corners of the inclosure. I followed my mute guide without saying a word, endeavouring to persuade myself into reliance on the promise he had made.

We soon reached a low and shabby-looking portal: it was opened without noise at a scarcely perceptible signal, and I was handed over by my guide to two other conductors as, silent as himself. These new personages, who seemed to me either slaves or domestics, gave me in charge to two others in a second chamber; they again resigned me to a new pair in a third room, and thus I was transferred from the hands of one pair to those of the next, until I reached the presence of their master.

I have said *from the hands*, but this is an inaccurate expression; not one of those whom I encountered in my passage had retained possession of his entire person. One had lost a hand, another a foot; this had been deprived of an eye, the next wanted a nose or ears. Among them there was not one complete man; they were rather " the ruins of humanity "—ruins more or less mutilated and disfigured. No where could there be found such a collection of the halt and maimed; it seemed that a person in full possession of his limbs was incompatible with the arrangements of this extraordinary mansion. " Great God!" thought I, with a shudder, " am I doomed to wear the livery of this miserable band?"

These involuntary reflections were cut short by my admission into the last room. It was badly lighted by a single lamp, and the corners were shrouded in almost total darkness; the furniture was mean and scanty: but when I glanced around I beheld the glitter of scimitars, daggers, and swords, and through the shade along the walls I saw about twelve soldiers perfectly motionless, standing in frightful silence. At the extremity of the room, in the corner farthest from the door, there was seated on a miserable carpet, supported by filthy and torn cushions, a man already old, of haughty and ferocious aspect. His eyes were sunk in his head, but light flashed from them through the thick and shaggy brows by which they were covered, like the glare of the hyena thirsting for carnage. His savage appearance, and his brows rigidly contracted, announced the violent passions of a merciless heart. His

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beard was in disorder, his turban of coarse stuff badly arranged, his dress soiled and worn. In his girdle there was a large dagger and two enormous pistols; before him lay a naked sabre, and several other instruments of destruction. He smoked from a pipe of common clay, whose stem was a simple reed. In the midst of the clouds of smoke that surrounded him, I seemed to see some fantastic spectre, and I thought for a moment that Eblis stood before me in his proper person. His eyes at length were fixed on me; a shudder of mortal terror shook my limbs; I discovered that I was in the presence of the cruel Pacha of Acre, the terrible Jezzar. . . . . I then comprehended perfectly the cause of all the mutilations I had met since my entrance into his palace; I was in the lion's den. . . . .

"Jezzar looked at me for some time in silence, without changing his position. Then raising his voice, and softening a little the tiger-like ferocity of his countenance, "You are an astronomer," said he; "I have need of you."

These few words banished my fear, and restored my courage. I knew that these men so cruel and irritable towards their dependants, often exhibit despicable weakness to those whom they deem necessary to them, and on whom they depend in turn.

The pacha immediately rose, and ordered me to accompany him to one of the terraces of his palace. When we reached it, he pointed out a brilliant star of ruddy aspect, with whose name I am unacquainted, but which was on my right. "There is my star," said he; "observe it, and tell me what it predicts."

I turned my instrument to the specified star, but soon the pacha asserted that my looks were turned to the side opposite that which he indicated, and that I was observing a star on the left, different from his. Twice he warned me, twice I assured him that he was mistaken, and even dared to add, "I know what I see, and I would know it though I saw it not." Scarcely had I spoken, when my third warning was a terrible blow of his scimitar, which deprived me of that part of my arm you see wanting."

[Raffi fell to the ground senseless. The servants of the pacha finding him in this condition, believed him dead, and threw him into the street. Luckily he was found by his Jewish host, who took him home and bound up his wounds. When he was sufficiently recovered to tell his story, the Jew expressed his astonishment at the mercy with which he had been treated, assuring him that he was the only person to whom Jezzar had ever vouchsafed two warnings. In spite of all the entreaties of the Jew, Raffi resolved to leave Acre; and well was it for him that he did so, as he learned shortly afterwards that the pacha had seized the Jew, and condemned him to the horrible death of impalement. Raffi came to Cairo, and soon obtained large sums by the sale of amulets and talismans. Intoxicated by success, he believed that he had somehow or other become really learned, and presented himself to be publicly examined in astronomy by the body of the ulemas. His blunders were so very extraordinary, and his blustering efforts to hide his ignorance so ludicrous, that the whole assembly believed him insane, and he was consigned to the Moristan.]—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. xxviii. which see for other specimens of these entertaining tales.

The Naturalist.

STRONG WINDS.

The Rev. W. B. Clarke states, in the *Magazine of Natural History*, that "the power of the wind alone, has driven a tenpenny nail more than three-fourths of its own length through a thick plank; and has forced a deal board more than a foot into a solid wall of masonry, both which circumstances were recently related to me by a gentleman who witnessed them at Barbadoes, during the hurricane of 1831. My informant told me other facts equally striking; remarking that he would not bear testimony to what he had seen of the force of the wind in that and other islands, except to an intimate friend, lest ignorant persons, who knew not his estimate of truth, should doubt occurrences so wonderfully contrasted with what is known here in cases of elemental commotion. Professor Winthorp relating an account of the whirlwind at Cambridge, in New England, on July 10, 1761, says: "Some *nails* that were in a cask in the east chamber, were driven, in great numbers, into the trees on the eastern side of the house."—J. H. F.

DOUBLE FISH.

The annexed Cut represents a pair of catfish, which were taken alive in a shrimp net, at the mouth of Cape Fear river, near Fort Johnston, North Carolina, in August, 1833, and presented to Professor Silliman. One of them is three and a half, the other two and a half inches long, including the tail,—the smallest, emaciated and of sickly appearance. They are connected in the manner of the Siamese twins, by the skin at the breast, which is marked by a dark streak, at the line of union. The texture and colour otherwise, of this skin is the same as that of the belly. The mouth, viscera, &c., were entire and perfect in each fish, but, on withdrawing the entrails, through an incision made on one side of the abdomen, the connecting integument was found to be hollow, and nothing resisted a flexible probe in passing through from one to the other. This operation was performed with great care, with the tender

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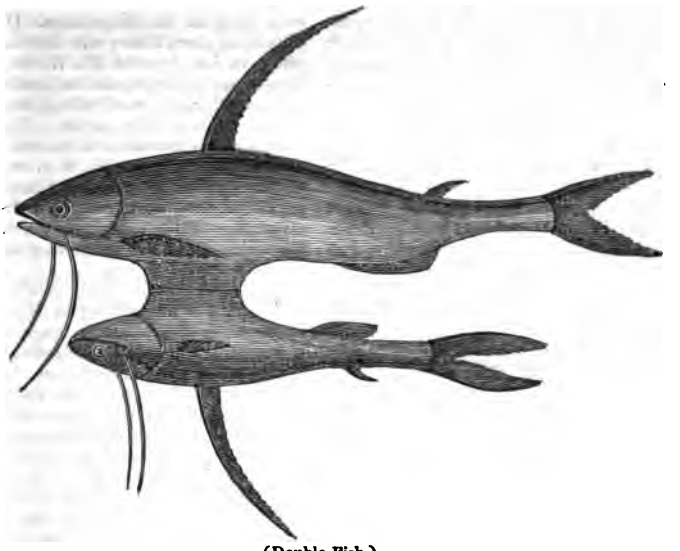

(Double Fish.)

and soft end of a spear of grass drawn from a green plant. But there was no appearance of the entrails of one, having come in contact with those of the other, for the integument was less than one tenth of an inch in its whole thickness, and in length from the body or trunk, of one fish to the other, it was three tenths, and in the water, when the largest fish was in its natural position, the small one could, by the length and pliancy of this skin, swim in nearly the same position. It was not ascertained whether they were of different sexes, or of the same.

When these fish came into existence it is probable they were of almost equal size and strength, but one "born to better fortune," or exercising more ingenuity and industry than the other, gained a trifling ascendancy, which he improved to increase the disparity, and by pushing his extended mouth in advance of the other, seized the choicest and most of the food for himself. Yet though he probably hated the incumbrance of his companion, and wished the "marriage *tie* cut asunder," he afforded protection to his "weaker half," and could not *eat it* without *swallowing himself*.

New Books.

VOYAGE TO THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC OCEAN, IN H. M. SLOOP, CHANTICLEER.

[This is, in many respects, one of the most interesting of all the recent voyages of discovery, and its results to science have been more important than many enterprises of our time. The command of the Expedition was entrusted by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to Captain Henry Foster, who, in 1827, received the Copley Medal of the Royal Society, for his philosophical experiments in the Arctic Regions, and who, in 1828, sailed in the Chanticleer. The principal objects of the voyage were experiments with the pendulum, and, next to them, the determination of longitude by means of the chronometer; thus stated in the early pages of the narrative.]

The principal object of the voyage was to ascertain the true figure of the earth, by a series of pendulum experiments at various places in the northern and southern hemispheres. This method of solving a problem which still occupies the attention of scientific men, depends on the force of gravity at different parts of the earth's surface in producing a greater or less number of vibrations of the pendulum in a certain space of time, which is found to vary according to the distance of the place of observation from the earth's centre. From these observations the radius of the earth is obtained in various northern and southern latitudes, from which its figure is inferred by calculation. Another object contemplated in the present voyage, and one of the first importance in navigation, was to measure accurately the meridian distances by means of chronometers between the various places visited by the Chanticleer. Several other inquiries, relating to meteorology, the currents of the ocean, magnetism, and the usual detail connected with navigation, were combined with the foregoing, and served to render the voyage highly interesting to men of science.

[The details of these results, together with other remarks of a nature interesting to the

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navigator, are appended to the present narrative, but are scarcely of popular interest enough for our readers; and, valuable as they are in a scientific view, we prefer passing to the incidents of the voyage, as recorded in the private journal of Mr. W. H. B. Webster, surgeon of the sloop.

The equipments being completed, and the instruments on board, the Chanticleer left Portsmouth April 21, 1828, and on May 10, arrived at Madeira; sailed thence to Teneriffe, the Cape Verd Islands, touched at Fernando Noronha, and on July 16, she harboured in Rio Janeiro, which she left after twelve days' stay, and next anchored off Monte Video on August 15. The Chanticleer then sailed southward, and made for Staten Island and Deception Island: thence she had a boisterous passage to Cape Horn, the southern termination of South America: she next had a tolerably long voyage from one great continent to another, across a vast ocean, or, from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope; but, favoured with delightful weather and a continued succession of fair winds, the distance began to diminish before Captain Foster thought even of measuring it: on June 21, the celebrated Table Mountain of the Cape of Good Hope was seen from the mast-head: the distance from cape to cape is 4,000 miles, and it had been performed in twenty-seven days. The Chanticleer was, however, buffeted about for another week, and was glad to bear up at the end of that time for Mossel Bay, which she left on July 7, and within ten days she moored in Table Bay. The stay of the crew extended to four months, and on Dec. 13, the Chanticleer left the Cape; on Dec 26, she anchored off James Town, St. Helena; on Feb. 10, she left St. Helena, and after a delightful four days' passage arrived at Ascension Island, which she did not leave until June 6, within a few days of which she made the Island of Fernando Noronha. Thence she sailed, on July 18, for the coast of South America, and in a few days arrived at Maranham, or St. Louis. On Sept. 5, 1830, the Chanticleer sailed up the Amazon river for Para: she next arrived at Port Spain of Trinidad; and on Dec. 13, she anchored off La Guayra, a seaport belonging to the province of Caraccas: on the 22nd she arrived at Porto Bello, whence Captain Foster dispatched Lieutenant Austin across the Isthmus of Darien, that extraordinary neck of land which forms the grand connecting link of the two continents — North and South America, and which is so narrow, that in one part the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, that wash each side of it, approach within twenty-eight miles of each other. Upon the return of Lieutenant Austin, Captain Foster left the Chanticleer, and proceeded as Austin had done, for Panama; and now we approach the melancholy close of the Expedition. On leaving the Chanticleer, Foster was cheerful and gay, but gave his keys to Mr. Webster, ordered him to pay his debts, and bequeathed various articles, which he most valued, to his friends. Half recanting, he proceeded to Panama, had completed his astronomical observations there, and was returning to his ship, when he fell from his canoe into the river Chagres, in the gulf of Mexico, and thus perished. Such is an outline of the voyage, of which we shall proceed to note a few interesting incidents.]

Slaves at Rio Janeiro.

A stranger on landing at Rio Janeiro is immediately struck by the great number of slaves, which may be said to infest the streets. As he leaves the landing-place, his ears are assailed by their monotonous shouts and the rattling of chains which proceed from the various parties of them as they perform their work. These unfortunate creatures supply the place of the beasts of burden to the people of Rio, and are to be seen linked together drawing carts and sledges, and performing other laborious duties, with an apparent unconcern and a degree of hilarity which are hardly credible.

It is the custom of the slaves, and it appears to be general among negroes, to accompany their labours with their own native music, at least with such as their voices afford. This has no doubt the effect of inspiring them to greater efforts; and the streets resound with the echo of their uncouth song and the rattling of their chains. They are accompanied and superintended in the performance of their duties by an armed military force; but their number now amounts to a fearful height, being two-thirds of the whole population of the city; and the inhabitants of Rio Janeiro, like those of imperial Rome, may one day suffer from the effects of their temerity. A precedent is afforded in the New World, and at no great distance from them; the awful tragedy of St. Domingo, with all its horrors, appalling as they are, may yet be repeated in the capital of Brazil.

Some of the slaves go about in these working parties entirely naked, exhibiting shocking proofs of ill-treatment on the back, face, and neck; and from the number of these scars which a slave carries about him, a tolerably correct opinion may be formed of his character, as well as that of his master. Among the slaves are the best artisans and mechanics which the country can boast, and many who are often entrusted with the business of their owners, and fill the office of confidential servants. Some lead a happy life in the quiet circle of their masters' families, others are not so fortunate; but the natural buoyancy of spirit which they all possess renders them capable of undergoing

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any kind of living; and in the midst of their hardships, and while labouring under the severity of their toils in a broiling sun, the joyful laugh, the animated gesture, and the song of mirth, characterize them as contented and happy.

So predominant is this feeling among them, that those still on board the vessels in the harbour, just torn from their native land, are equally as unconcerned for their condition. It is always painful to contemplate sights such as these, and we are prompted to ask of ourselves,

"Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes and fettered to the soil?"

But a benevolent Providence has made them contented with their lot; they know no repining, and appear happier than is imagined by our most considerate philanthropists.

Zoology of Rio Janeiro.

The tree-ferns on the Corcovado (polypodium Corcovadense) may be classed among the most elegant productions in the vegetable kingdom. These ferns grow to the height of twenty feet, and are frequently entwined with lesser ferns, thus clothing their stems with all the elegance of ivy. The anvil bird (proenias ventralis) is perched on its branches, and repeats its singular note, which sounds like the blow of a hammer on an anvil. The beauty of plumage, which forms the peculiar feature in the birds of Brazil is well known; Nature may be truly said to have lavished her favours in decking out the feathered tribes of these regions, for they are all remarkably handsome, and objects of admiration to every visiter. The insects are equally so, particularly the various descriptions of butterflies, many collections of which are sent to Europe. Fireflies, beetles, grasshoppers, are plentiful; the webs of some of the spiders are strong enough to entangle a little bird; and ants are so large that they are fried and made into a delicate dish. Snakes are very common and plentiful; every variety of these creatures is to be had, from the boa constrictor of thirty-five feet in length, to the little delicate green snake, the length of which does not exceed four inches. Rio is tolerably supplied with fish. The shrimps are very large, and when made into pies are an excellent dish.

Storms at Monte Video.

Sometimes the thunder-storms are accompanied by hail-stones of a considerable size, which not only break windows, but kill poultry; they often terminate in a pampero, the well-known hurricane of the country. It is said that in a pampero, sand and small gravel are blown on board the ships in the roads, a distance of seven or eight miles from the shore.

Execution at Monte Video.

While we remained at Monte Video, the execution of a culprit, who bore a most depraved character, took place. He was represented to have fled his country to avoid the punishment of a parricide, and that while he remained at Monte Video, his daring villany had rendered him a pest to society; for, although frequently detected, he had gone unpunished. At length his misdeeds brought him under the sentence of the law which he had so often broken with impunity. He was convicted of having robbed and murdered a respectable citizen near the town in open day. When he was apprehended, he insulted the governor of the town, and when imprisoned he attempted the life of the jailor. For all this, it was with some difficulty, and no little reluctance on the part of the authorities, that he was condemned to suffer death. The man, with the most palpable effrontery, asserted his innocence, from which it would appear the difficulty arose; for the law requires either a confession of the crime, or proof by witness, not admitting the strongest circumstantial evidence. But the well-known baseness of the prisoner led his judges to pronounce the sentence of death against him, in the hopes that a confession of his guilt might be extorted from him, when he saw that his situation was hopeless.

The reverend fathers of the Church ministered to him, and, as the object of their mission, begged for his confession in vain. Days passed on in avowing his innocence on the altar; nor was it until the hopes of pardon and that he might live were held out to him, that he unfolded the catalogue of his crimes. Horror-struck at the enormity of his offences, the priest left him, recommending penitence and prayer. The confession was sufficient; it was communicated to the authorities; and on the following day he was led to the great square, amidst a cavalcade of soldiers and priests. Arrived at the place of execution, he was seated apparently in an arm-chair, his head and neck resting against an upright post, his arms and legs were well secured, and a small iron collar was placed round his neck. Everything being ready, a turn or two was taken with a small winch, and the next moment he was suffocated. It appeared to be a quiet and sedate mode of death; not only were no convulsive throes observed, but it really seemed divested of all horror. Indeed it appeared to be considered quite an amusement to the numerous spectators, who chiefly consisted of women; for all of them were gaily attired to witness the spectacle.

The Fuegian Rush.

The Fuegian rush has a large and elegant flower, and much resembles our common rush. But the Fuegian rush has some pecu-

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liar and valuable qualities which induce me to recommend it to the particular attention of agriculturists. It will grow in waste and boggy soils; it is very strong, and the baskets and mats formed with it are little inferior in strength and durability to those of cane; and it is not liable to crack and break. The introduction of this rush into England would give beneficial employment to our industrious peasantry in the manufacture of excellent baskets. The lower parts of the stem are very sweet; and the rushes when dead have the flavour of hay, and would no doubt form good fodder for cattle.

Red Snow.

Some specimens of red snow were brought on board (at Clarence Land) by the party; but I must confess that it did not come up to my ideas of that phenomenon which is found in the north; and yet I examined it tolerably closely with a good glass, and paid much attention to this interesting subject only to be disappointed. It appeared to me to have been soiled by birds which had been nestling in it and feeding on shell-fish, some of which were brought along with it. I was very anxious to see the phenomenon of red snow; but after every allowance for excitement, and a determination to make it so, I could come to no other conclusion than that the appearance proceeded from the fresh fæces of the penguins, which are of a very red colour from the nature of the shell-fish which form their diet.

(*To be continued.*)

The Public Journals.

TRADITIONAL BALLAD.—BY MARY HOWITT.

THE HUNTER'S LINN.

The hound is sitting by the stone—
The large black hound, and moaning ever—
And looking down, with wistful eyes,
Into the deep and lonesome river.

Afar he looks, and, 'mong the hills,
The castle's old grey tower he spyeth;
Yet human form he seeth none
O'er all the moor that round him lieth.

The hound he moaneth bitterly—
The uneasy hound, he moaneth ever—
And now he runneth up and down,
And now he yelleth to the river.

Unto the shepherd on the hills
Comes up the lonely creature's sorrow,
And troubleth sore the old man's heart,
Among his flock, the long day thorough.

The afternoon grows dark betime;
The night-winds ere the night are blowing;
And cold grey mists from out the sea,
Along the forest-moor are going.

The castle looketh dark without;
Within the rooms are cold and dreary;
The chill light from the window fades;
The fire it burneth all uncheery.

With meek hands crossed beside the hearth,
The pale and anxious mother sitteth;
And now she listens to the bat,
That, screaming, round the window flitteth.

And now she listens to the winds
That come with moaning and with sighing;
And now unto the doleful owls
Calling afar and then replying.

And now she paces through the room;—
And "he will come anon," she sayeth;
And then she stirs the sleeping fire,
Sore marvelling why he thus delayeth.

Unto the window now she goes,
And looks into the evening chilly;
She saw the misty moors afar,
And sigheth, "Why cometh not my Willie?"

The gusty winds wail round about,
The damps of evening make her shiver,
And, in the pauses of the wind,
She hears the rushing of the river.

"Why cometh not my Willie home,
Why comes he not?" the mother crieth:
"The winds wail dismally to-night,
And on the moors the grey fog lieth."

She listens to a sound that comes
She knows not whence, of sorrow telling—
She listens to the large black hound,
That on the river side is yelling.

The hound he sitteth by the stone—
The uneasy hound he moaneth ever;
The homeward shepherd sees him there,
Beside the deep and lonesome river.

The mother listens eagerly—
The voice is as a doleful omen;
She closed the window, speaking low,
"It groweth late—he must be coming!

"Rise up, my women, every one,
And make the house so light and cheery;
My Willie cometh from the moors—
Home cometh he, all wet and weary!"

The hound he moaneth bitterly—
The moaning hound he ceaseth never;
He looks into the shepherd's face,
Then down into the darksome river.

The shepherd's heart is troubled sore,
Is troubled sore with woe and wonder;
And down into the linn he looks,
That lies the broken granite under.

He looks into the deep dark pool;
Within his soul 'mid terror waking—
The hound sent forth a hollow moan,
As if his very heart were breaking.

The shepherd dimly sees a cloak—
He dimly sees a floating feather—
And farther down a broken bough,
And broken twigs of crimson heather.

The hound clings to the granite crags,
As o'er the deep dark pool he bendeth,
And piteous cries, that will not cease,
Into the darksome linn he sendeth.

Upon his staff the shepherd leans,
And for a little space doth ponder;
He looks all round, 'tis drear and dim,
Save in the lit-up castle yonder.

"Ah!" said the old man, mournfully,
And tears adown his cheek were falling,
"My lady watcheth for her son—
The hound is for his master calling!"

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

POMPEII BY TORCHLIGHT.

(*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*)

Every one who has travelled must have remarked how, after a long absence from scenes which have afforded us peculiar pleasure, the comparing notes with some one who had wandered over the same route, or paused in admiration before the same objects, has polished up some little, forgotten,

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and rusty corners of the memory, or warmed into life some torpid souvenir from its hybernaculum. Just after the same fashion, and as if I had been talking over past pleasures with a friend, Mr. Bulwer's charming romance of "The Last Days of Pompeii," has routed out and restored in all its brilliancy, a delightful day, or rather night, which I once spent among the ruins of that "city of the dead;" and its chiaro-oscuro recollections have flashed upon my mind, mellowed, perhaps, by time and distance, but almost as vividly as if all had occurred yesterday, and I had still around me the companions of last night's pleasure.

It happened that, some years ago, I passed the spring at Naples with a Prince of the Royal house of Bavaria, and one fine May afternoon it was proposed at the dinner-table that we should spend the evening and sup by torchlight amidst the ruins of Pompeii. There was something charming in the idea itself—in visiting those relics of almost another world, not as mere sight-seers are wont—led by the nose, and gulled by the improbabilities of a cicerone—but as if we were to be assembled there, the old inhabitants and lawful owners of the place, feasting in our own palaces, and pouring libations in our own halls—a little the worse for the lapse of centuries, perhaps—but what of that? In short, there was something romantic in the plan, so different from the gawky curiosity of its usual visiters; something there might be also in the special permission accorded to the Prince, the guard of honour and the torchlight; one hardly cares to own this to one's self, but it added, perhaps, zest to our pleasure, that none others could enjoy it after the same fashion. All this gave a charm to the proposal, and we hastened to put it in execution.

We started, a party of six in number, about half-past five in the evening, when the sun, which had been riding cloudless all day in a bright Italian sky, was getting down towards the west, and under the influence of that ruddy tinge which the sun of the south alone can give and Claude only can imitate, we drove through Portici, Resina, and Torre-del-Greco, on our way to the ruined city. To the left, villas and gardens lay scattered here and there steeped in the sunshine; beyond, as far as the eye could reach, the blue water of the bay, with the islands of Capri and Ischia breaking out bold and hard from its bosom; while on the right rose, tier over tier, Vesuvius, with its cone of ashes, whence a thin, spiral column of smoke streamed up in the clear, bright sky. But every one knows all this, every one, at least, who has visited Naples, or read the thousand and one books which have been written on the subject. Away we clattered over the rough chaussée, through a country smiling with vineyards and gardens, and stopped, at last, at the foot of a small hill, on which stood the dwelling of one of the overseers of Pompeii; on the terrace of this house we seated ourselves, and watched the setting of the sun until the reflection of his last beams ceased to stream along the waters—quaffed a few glasses of excellent lacryma Christi to the glorious old Titan who was sending forth smoke in the distance—and with our imaginations thus raised to that pitch when one sees everything to the best advantage, we rose to commence our promised night of pleasure.

As the night drew in, we ordered our torches, the only light which now was left us, save the glimmer of a myriad of stars in the unclouded sky; and, accompanied by the due proportion of lazy and ignorant guides, proceeded through the vineyards to the entrance of the town of Pompeii. After being saluted by the military guard placed there to do honour to the Prince, we entered the road to the city, known as "the Street of Tombs." Far on was the gate of the city, and, on each side, the marble monuments gleamed up almost like the ghosts of their departed occupants; and in the flicker of the torchlight one might imagine that the evening breeze waved the toga of some ancient senator, or that some Roman warrior of old, cuirassed and helmed, looked out once again, from his everlasting resting-place. On the right was the mausoleum of the family of Diomede, and immediately opposite, his house. This was the rich merchant of "The Last Days of Pompeii;" here were his gay halls—here his Lucullan feasts—and here, amidst his wine-jars and his wealth, were found those fearful remnants of mortality which marked the awful fate of the agonized, struggling wretches suffocated in the vaults. The house, which had been of three stories in height, and not in accordance with the usual style of building in those days, was, even in its ruins, splendid. The fresco painting on the walls, some of the pillars that had supported the arcades, and even the cool marble baths were still existing. In the cellars below, fair specimens of Diomede's good cheer, large amphoræ of wine, stood in rows against the wall. Unfortunately, the form of the beautiful bosom of Julia, found here as it had remained moulded in the hardened ashes, with the golden ornaments which had decorated her person, (oh! that they should still exist, as if in mockery of her dreadful death,) had been removed to the Neapolitan museum.

On through the gates we passed, (for the Street of Tombs is but a suburb of the city,) and, but for the jagged and ruined outlines which stood up in strong relief against the sky, we might have imagined ourselves in a living and breathing city, wrapped in the slumber suited to the hour, and we the revel-

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less disturbing its repose. On each side of the street were innumerable shops and private dwellings; and the interior of those we examined gave us some idea, in their fresco paintings and mosaic floors, of the wealth and luxury of those bygone days. The public baths are in a much better state of preservation than most of the buildings that have yet been cleared; but, unfortunately for the general effect, and even much of the interest of the rooms themselves, the furniture and ornaments found in them have been removed. They are in the Museum at Naples.

Mr. Bulwer's friend, Sallust, was a gentleman and a scholar, although, unfortunately, too much given to the "creature comforts;" for the house which bears his name appears to have been one of the best arranged and most tastefully adorned of those yet discovered. We remained some time in his mansion, and examined, with much interest, what was left of mosaic floors and paintings; for here again the insatiable museum had swallowed up those specimens of art which the eruption had spared. However, nature and accident supplied us with a scene almost as interesting as the house in its original state would have afforded; for our torches glared upon the painted walls, lighting up this column and that cornice, while, beyond, the dim light of the heavens brought out the perspective of room and colonnade in most remarkable contrast. Above us was that deep, ultramarine blue sky, spangled with its stars; and in the distance, what had been by day a column of pale, grey smoke, now a bright flame, flashing upwards from the summit of Vesuvius.

In another case, (that of the Quæstor, I believe,) we were much struck at the singular effect produced by two large masks of transparent marble, ornaments on either side a bath of elaborate workmanship. Behind these masks, torches had been purposely placed, and as the bright light shone through, bringing out every muscle and feature, almost to the appearance of life, the apertures which represented the eyes glared horribly as the flame flashed through them, reminding one of Moore's Makannah, or the deadly goul of some Arabian tale.

From hence we adjourned to the splendid mansion which had last been cleared, and which, from the circumstance of a son of Goethe's being present at its discovery, had, in compliment to the great poet, been named the "Casa di Goethe." The objects which principally attracted our attention in this most perfect as well as most magnificent of these extraordinary ruins, were two mosaic floors of singular beauty. The one, a battle-piece, (almost a picture,) represented the victory of the Granicus. The other, of much smaller proportions, was simply a lion's head—but what a lion!—all the power, the majesty, the grandeur of the lord of the forest, sparkled in the eye, and Landseer himself would have been charmed with the stern, calm, resolute expression of mouth which the artist had imparted to a number of little, paltry stones.

Well, alack for human wants and human appetites! the clink of a few plates and glasses dissolved in a trice the dreams of forgotten art and by-gone luxury, and away we skurried into the adjoining hall, where our supper was prepared. It were almost a profanation upon the Apician feasts of the former lords of these palaces to find half-a-dozen respectable gentlemen in long-tailed coats, boots, and beaver hats, seated at supper in the same hall where many a guest had centuries before lolled in luxurious ease upon his couch, wrapped in the full and graceful folds of their picturesque costume, and delicately criticising the far-travelled viands in a language of other days. Be that as it may, it would have been impossible for those distinguished individuals to have chased away the night more gaily than did we in that hall.

We, too, had our guests; for three officers of the Neapolitan guard were invited to join us, and, by way of spectators of our banquet, a crowd of the neighbouring peasantry. Indeed, I can hardly recollect any thing more brilliant, more gay, more picturesque than our supper of that night. We, seated joyously at our supper-table, where torches shone, and glasses beamed with sparkling wine, in that old hall with the sky for canopy; while beyond, in various groups, peasants, pretty girls, fiddlers, and buffoons, in all the gay attire of Italy—tinsel and ribands flaunting in the night air—some, seated round a blazing and crackling fire, chatting as they watched the preparation of the punch, of which they were to be partakers, while the fire-light played upon their gay costume, bright eyes, and cheerful faces — others, laughing and talking in the torchlight, which produced that flickering, chiaro-oscuro effect to be conceived, but never painted—so gay, so uncertain, so ever-changing. Here the opaque body of a man between us and the fire, which just lit up the outline of his form; while there, in the strongest contrast, it played full upon the person of his companion—here in the dark, a bit of tinsel only caught the reflection; while, on the other side, the full and graceful form of a dark-haired Italian maiden stood out clear and well-defined in the blaze. In the background, at the entrance of the house, the arms and accoutrements of the soldiers of the guard of honour just glanced back the red torchlight, while, ever and anon, a shower of bright sparks dashed up into the sky as the blazing wood was stirred. * * Off they went in the gay tarantella, with the crackling

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castanet and the joyous tambourine, one joining in after another, ever-varying, and almost never-ending—while, as the punch went round and their spirits rose, their movements became more agile, their laugh, their joy more unrestrained; at last, carried away by the feelings of the moment, they seized torches, and, like the Bacchanals of old, whirled round in a wild, Bacchante dance, till the old walls, unaccustomed to such sounds, re-echoed with their shouts. We all, with one accord, toasted the Prince and his absent Duchess, with a *feu de joie* reverberating from the hills around, and the gay hurzas of the joyous crowd.—And over all, tinging each object with her beams, sedately rose the calm, pale moon.

The size and magnificence of the place may be conceived from its containing three theatres; and it was to visit these that we now addressed ourselves.

On our way to the amphitheatre we passed through the Forum, which, white and clear, now lay open in the moonlight, and we paused a moment before the temple of Venus, to admire its tall colonnade, and that fine but ruinous flight of steps which once led up to the shrine of the goddess.

I sat on the fragment of a fallen column, and looked out upon the Forum; but my companions soon shook me out of my reverie, and away we went to the Amphitheatre. The exterior of this magnificent structure looked grand and striking in the moonshine; the innumerable, tall arches, most of them perfect, though some were crumbling into ruin—the uniformity of their ranks being only broken by those massive flights of steps which led to the upper benches of the interior—produced those strong and singular effects of light and shade, without which no building is either picturesque or imposing. We entered the body of the theatre, and from around the circus in which we stood rose everlasting tiers of stone benches, almost as perfect as when the inhabitants of the Campanian city had looked down from them upon the games in the arena below; while above, over all, opened at intervals those arches, which had formerly served as entrances for the frequenters of the upper seats. Through these apertures streamed, in broad beams, the moonshine, while, hanging far overhead, the moon flung down her whole radiance, and flooded the vast space with light. A number of the benches which I have described were covered with groups of the peasants who had accompanied us hither, and the torches they still bore, looked, in the unbroken mass of silver light, like small, red specks, as if just dying out: nature was too much for them—they were fairly out-blazed; and it was only when their tiny flame shone with a contrasted red tinge on the person or dress of the bearer, that one could conceive they were intended to give light at all. In the area below, a band of musicians from a neighbouring village played, from time to time, some of the charming airs of Italy; and now and then, as the mood took them, or some gay air struck their fancy, the spectators broke again into the wild and graceful movements of the tarantella.

We visited, in succession, the two other theatres—the greater and the less, and we sauntered away half an hour, with no little pleasure, in the temple of Isis. But just about this time, the grey streaks of dawn in the horizon began to warn us that our night, at least, was at an end. Orders were given for moving homeward, torches were being extinguished, so we quaffed one bowl (oh! reader, not of Falernian) by way of farewell Pompeii, and having dismissed our multitude of attendants, well rewarded for their trouble, we mounted again into the Prince's carriages, and rolled off rapidly towards Naples, somewhat stilled, perhaps, and overcome by that sort of listless feeling which is almost the necessary reaction of a night of pleasure, especially such a joyous one as ours.

In the slight sketch which I have attempted to give of the buried Campanian city, I have not dared to venture upon detail—my memory would scarcely serve me for such a purpose; and I am unwilling to draw from other sources what might complete the descriptive perhaps, but mar the picturesque. Thus, then, I have endeavoured only to give what I myself recall—to convey the impressions of the moment, and to impart, as nearly as I am able, those singular and varied effects—those powerful and brilliant scenes, which that monument of antiquity afforded when seen under the influence of such remarkable adjuncts. But I cannot close this article, meagre as it is, without one word of Mr. Bulwer. I am indebted to him for a gratification of no common kind. He has thrown a double charm over my recollections—he has breathed life into my imaginings—he has furnished those dead walls, and peopled them with animate beings. I retrace my steps, and in lieu of darkness and desolation, I find light and life—its business and its pleasures. Glaucus, Diomede, Sallust—all live and move in the places they were wont; and even the being of my mind's eye, who left behind her of her beauties but the mould of her exquisite bosom, is embodied, (somewhat unwillingly, I own,) in the vain, coquettish, and passionate Julia.

The Gatherer.

Mrs. Waylett and Mrs. Fitzwilliam.—When the "Loves of the Angels" was produced at the Strand Theatre, it was proposed to Mrs. Fitzwilliam, then lessee of Sadler's

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Wells, to produce a piece upon the same subject at her theatre. Mrs. Fitzwilliam said, "No, no; mine's not a celestial figure. Mrs. Waylett may be the Angel at St. Clement's, if she likes; but I won't be the Angel at Islington."—*New Monthly Mag.*

Lord Abinger. — Abinger, (whence the new Chief Baron of the Exchequer derives his title,) is a very small village adjoining Wotton, in the hundred of that name, between Dorking and Guildford, in West Surrey. Aubrey conjectures this parish to have been named from the Saxon Abin, an eminence or rising ground, part of the parish being the most elevated spot in the county, and but a short distance from the more celebrated Leith Hill, 1,000 feet high. The little church has a low wooden tower, with a pyramidical spire, and with cottages clustering about it, is an interesting object in the landscape. The manor has been in the possession of the Evelyns, of Wotton, for upwards of two centuries. In the above parish is Abinger Hall, the seat of the new peer, not such a mansion as its name imports, but a commodious residence, delightfully placed on an eminence, surrounded by a fine lawn, plantations, and shrubbery, with a river and cascade in front. It has been in the possession of Sir James Scarlett for upwards of twenty years. In the neighbourhood is Tanhurst, formerly the retreat of the lamented Sir Samuel Romilly, who is known to have passed many happy intervals in the rides and walks of this delightful country.

Tom Cooke the Leader.—Tom Cooke is certainly the most facetious of fiddlers, and is the only person at present connected with theatres who smacks of the olden says of quips and cranks. Some of his conundrums are most amusing absurdities; for instance:—"Which is the best shop to get a fiddle at?" asked a pupil. "A chemist's," said he: "because if you buy a drug there, they always give you a *vial-in*.

Once, whilst rehearsing a song, Braham said to Cooke, who was leading, "I drop my voice there at night," (intimating that he wished the accompaniment more *piano*.) *You* drop your voice, do you?" said Cooke, "I should like to be by and pick it up."

During the run of Manfred lately, he said, "How Denvil keeps sober through the play I can't think; for he is calling for *spirits* from the first scene to the last!"—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Alexander loved his horse Bucephalus; Numa a lap-dog; Augustus a parrot; Caligula a horse; Virgil a butterfly; Nero a starling; Commodus an ape; Heliogabalus a sparrow; Honorius a chicken.—*Times.*

The late Duke of Gloucester.—The following passage respecting the military conduct of the late Duke of Gloucester during a campaign in Holland, is extracted from Fell's *Tour through Batavia*:—"The French who served against the English during this campaign, speak in the highest terms of the bravery of the British soldiers; but their report of the generals is less favourable. There is one exception, however, to this—the conduct of Prince William of Gloucester excited particular admiration in the French, and he is mentioned with much respect and praise, as a general who will one day be an honour to the British nation, if the early proofs he has given of his courage and military talents are to be relied on as prognostics of the future." J. H. F.

Mrs. Siddons. (*To the Editor.*)—Observing in No. 696 of the *Mirror*, a short account of the late Mrs. Siddons, I beg leave to add a few particulars. On Nov. 24, 1773, Mr. Siddons was married to Miss Kemble, in St. Michael's Church, Coventry. Her father, Roger, was then performing here with his company, in a large room in the Bridewell, Half Moon Yard. Miss Farren, about this time, or subsequently, was one of the company. In the *Coventry Mercury*, there are a number of advertisements of plays, &c. performed by the company here under the management of Kemble. Stephen Kemble, of Falstaff notoriety, was apprenticed then to a Mr. Gibbs, surgeon, of this place: he, with a fellow apprentice, ran away, and joined a company of players at Wolverhampton; the fellow apprentice returned and served out his time at Coventry, but Stephen kept to the stage to his death: he was manager of a company here, about thirty years ago. Stephen had a volume of MS. poetry of his composition—was it ever published?

Coventry. A FRIEND.

Antiquity and Value of Poetry.—The most barbarous nations, (says Racine,) have always had some sort of poetry. * * * Horace says, that a child's first preceptor should be a poet. It is he that must frame the unskilful tongue, inspire the tender ear with aversion from low conversation, and scatter the dangerous passions of the youthful heart.

Origin of the word Wilderness. — The amusing author of the *Philosophy of Nature* states in a note at page 59, that the word wilderness is derived from three different languages. *Wild* from the Dutch, *der* from the British *dur* meaning water, and *ness* from a Saxon word, signifying a termination of a tract of land. J. F.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 703.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1835. [Price 2*d*.

CHARLES LAMB.

Somewhat less than two years since, we noted the publication of "the Last Essays of Elia," and gave to them our humble tribute of praise, not unmixed with sorrowing reflection upon the ominous "Last," and the Preface written by a late friend, "Elia being dead." This was a fiction of serious humour: our present purpose is one of literal truth; for, we have the sad duty to record the death of the ingenious author of these Essays—an amiable man and excellent writer, and one who could ill be spared in green old age from an enthusiastic circle of friends and admirers. Among the latter we number ourselves: and, several of his best productions having from time to time graced the volumes of this Miscellany, we tender the above portrait-sketch in grateful recollection of the many merits of the deceased—"the deepest and most apprehensive of critics—the noblest of humanists—the purest, most modest, and most delightful of all prose-writers—respected, admired, and loved Charles Lamb!"

Charles Lamb was born in the year 1774, of Lincolnshire family, as we gather from one of his sonnets, "the Family Name:"—

What reason first imposed thee, gentle name—
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach? We trace our stream no higher;
And I, a childless man, may end the same.

Perhaps, some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks,
And arch allusions of his fellow-swains,
Perchance from Salem's holier fields return'd,
With glory gotten on the heads abhorr'd
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took HIS meek title in whose zeal he burn'd.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!"

At the age of eight years, Charles Lamb was sent to Christ's Hospital, where he remained seven years. Among his schoolfellows was the late Mr. Coleridge, with whom he was in close intimacy until his recent death, and whom he once invoked in these impassioned words: "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—logician, metaphysician, bard!"

Soon after quitting Christ's Hospital, Charles Lamb obtained the situation of a clerk in the India House. From his earliest years he had shown a strong predilection for literature; but this fondness was never suffered to interfere with the active duties of his situation. He entered the India House at a small salary, and remaining there thirty-six years, receiving a considerable stipend, until about the year 1825, when he retired with the liberal provision of two-thirds of his accustomed salary. So long a period of devotedness to commercial employment is, indeed, a rare record in the life of a man of genius. But Charles Lamb's friends were nearly all selected from authors, and were rarely individuals connected with trade. In early life, his intimacies and friendships were principally among that class of writers designated "the Lake Poets," with Southey as their leader. Lamb did not, however, join in the wild extremes of this artificial school; though, whatever he saw of genius in these writers he admitted, and he remained on terms of friendship with most of his Lake acquaintance until his death.

In 1798, Charles Lamb appeared before the public in conjunction with his friend and schoolfellow, Charles Lloyd; the volume which they gave to the world being entitled *Blank Verses*. In the same year followed *Rosamond Grey and Old Blind Margaret*; but a tragedy entitled *John Woodvil*, a work of singular power and beauty, which came out in 1801, may be said to have established the writer's fame. It is true that Coleridge complained of "a certain over-imitation of the antique in the style" of this tragedy; but Lamb, in his Dedication to Coleridge, maintains, that when he wrote *John Woodvil*, he never "proposed to himself any distinct deviation from common English:" he continues, "I had been newly initiated in the writings of our elder dramatists; Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, were then a *first love*; and from what I was so freshly conversant in, what wonder if my language imperceptibly took a tinge? The very *time*, which I had chosen for my story, that which immediately followed the Restoration, seemed to require that in an English play, the English should be of rather an older cast than that of the precise year in which it happened to be written." In this Dedication also, there is a noble outburst of Lamb's friendship for Coleridge: "Some of the Sonnets, (which the volume contains,) which shall be carelessly turned over by the general reader, may happily awaken in you remembrances, which I should be sorry should be ever totally extinct—the memory

Of summer days and of delighted years—

even so far back as those old suppers at our old * * * * * Inn,—when life was fresh and topics exhaustless,—and you first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness—

What words have I heard
Spoke at the Mermaid.

"The world has given you many a shrewd nip and gird since that time; but either my eyes are grown dimmer, or my old friend is the *same*, who stood before me three-and-twenty years ago—his hair a little confessing the hand of time, but still shrouding the same capacious brain,—his heart not altered, scarcely where it alteration finds."

Besides the poetical works already mentioned, Charles Lamb published *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets; Miscellaneous Pieces*, in 2 vols. 1818; *Elia*, 1823; *The Last Essays of Elia*, 1833; *The Adventures of Ulysses*; and *Tales from Shakspeare*. He likewise made a second series of Gleanings from the Old Dramatists, for his friend, Mr. Hone; which were published under the title of the *Garrick Papers*, in the *Table Book*. He also wrote an unsuccessful farce called *Mr. H.*, which was acted at Drury-lane Theatre, in 1806. Latterly, he published but little save in periodicals. About four years since, he wrote a volume of *Album Verses*, with the kind intention of introducing a young publisher; and, during the last year, Mr. Lamb has contributed to the *Athenæum*, occasional quips and pleasant conceits under *Table Talk, by the late Elia*. We have before remarked, that few of Mr. Lamb's papers grace the Annuals. In periodicals, he may be said to have built up his fame as a prose-writer. He hated political subserviency; and it was his lofty abhorrence of calculating a writer's talents by his political creed, that made Charles Lamb alike a contributor to the *London Magazine*, *New Monthly*, and *Blackwood's*, though each publication supported opposite political parties. The bare mention of the signature Elia, in the first of these

works must call up thousands of pleasant recollections.

Charles Lamb's works, though so various, are mostly original, and his essays and criticisms equal to any of modern times: perhaps, the first are superior to any that have been produced by his contemporaries. His Elia sketches are charming specimens of their kind; and his remarks on the works of the contemporaries of Shakspeare gave a new tone to the criticism of the day, and even were the means of reviving and bringing into general estimation that great body of dramatists. They introduced the public, as it were, into the very literary atmosphere that Shakspeare inhaled. It was Mr. Lamb's masterly estimate of the genius of Shakspeare, that drew from an accomplished living writer* the eulogistic words quoted at the opening of this sketch.

The conversation of Charles Lamb was very pregnant with matter from his extensive reading, particularly on those subjects which were his hobbies. It would be no great difficulty, in this bookmaking age, to compile a volume out of the conversations of an evening or two spent in his society. He was a great humorist, even in his more serious opinions, and displayed at times, a fund of drollery. In every thing, however, even in his philosophy and in his jokes, humanity was paramount; and no man believed more devoutly in the axiom of Shakspeare, that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil." He was the least obtrusive man in existence, and lived amidst the dreams of the past time. Antiquity was his idol; he could not fling himself forward into the future, and build his image of poetic glory in an approaching optimism of things: he was content to think the past good enough for his quiet, unambitious spirit, and to desire to re-embody the dust which he worshipped. He disliked novelty of every kind, and had no vulgar artifice or cant about him. To describe an old building, portrait, or his school-days at Christ's Hospital, was his greatest enjoyment. In reading, it was the same. Few of the books on which he delighted to dwell, have been written since the first year of the last century. The English authors, down to the year 1700, were his revel. Over old John Bunyan, or Melancholy Burton, he would expatiate by the hour. All around him was tempered with a simplicity peculiarly his own; he was plain in manners, with somewhat of singularity in his carriage. He was a connoisseur in pictures of a peculiar class; but his knowledge of art was confined, like his favourite study of poetry, to one peculiar line. He was, in every sense of the word, a Londoner, and lived among its old localities, connecting them with associations of past things. We learn from one of Mr. Lamb's friends in the *Athenæum*, that he had, amongst other residences, chambers in the Temple, lodgings in Russell-street, Covent-garden, the first floor over the shop now occupied by Mr. Creed, the print-seller, and we may add, the very locality of Will's and Button's coffee-houses. He occasionally resided in the suburbs,—a house at Islington, on the border of the New River, —lodgings at Dalston, or Shacklewell — at Enfield Chase, and finally, at Edmonton, where he died, on December 27th last, in the sixty-first year of his age. "He fell, accidentally, in the road, and having wounded his face considerably, an erysipelas ensued, which put a period to his valuable life."†

Mr. Lamb had one brother, John, of the South Sea House, who died some years ago. He had also one sister, who survives him. The reader may recollect one among his sonnets, to his brother, commencing—

John, you were figuring in the gay career
Of blooming manhood with a young man's joy,
When I was yet a little peevish boy.

Mr. John Lamb was also the James Elia, as his sister is the Bridget Elia, of Charles Lamb's pleasant essays. Miss Lamb possesses strong intellect, and a heart the counterpart of her late brother's in humanity. This lady has written several poetical pieces, and some works for youth, as *Mrs. Leicester's School*, one of the most popular juvenile books, in which she was assisted by her brother: a pretty little volume of *Poetry for Children* is likewise attributed to Miss Lamb's accomplished mind; and, it has been observed that the next best thing to reading a book from the pen of Charles Lamb, was the listening to a conversation between him and his sister.

Probably, we cannot better conclude this hasty sketch than by quoting a racily drawn portrait of Charles Lamb, by one of his distinguished contemporaries.‡

"Charles Lamb had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as fine a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. There is a caricature of him sold in the shops, which pretends to be a likeness. The face is a gross misrepresentation. Mr. Lamb's features were strongly, yet delicately, cut: he had a fine eye, as well as forehead; and no face carried in it greater marks of thought and feeling. It resembled that of Bacon, with less worldly vigour and more sensibility.

"As his frame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of every thing as it is, both from tenderness of heart and

* Mr. Walter Savage Lander, in the paper quoted at page 62 of the present sheet.

† Athenæum, Jan. 3, 1835.

‡ Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries. By Leigh Hunt, 4to. 1829.

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abhorrence of alteration. His understanding was too great to admit an absurdity; his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humour, which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He would hear a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. His humour and his knowledge both were those of Hamlet, of Molière, of Carlin, who shook a city with laughter, and, in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself. Yet he extracted a real pleasure out of his jokes, because goodheartedness retains that privilege, when it fails in every thing else. I should say he condescended to be a punster, if condescension were a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, 'Very well; I'll Lamb-pun him.' His puns are often admirable, and often contain as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names. He would have been worthy of hearing Shakspeare read one of his scenes to him, hot from the brain. Common-place found a great comforter in him, as long as it was good-natured: it was to the ill-natured or the dictatorial only that he was startling."

* * * * *

"He was fond of telling wild stories to children, engrafted on things about them; wrote letters to people abroad, telling them that a friend of theirs had come out in genteel comedy; and persuaded G. D. that Lord Castlereagh was the author of Waverley. The same excellent person, walking one evening out of his friend's house into the New River, Mr. Lamb, (who was from home at the time,) wrote a paper under his signature of Elia, (now no longer anonymous,) stating that common friends would have stood dallying on the bank, have sent for neighbours, &c.; but that he, in his magnanimity, jumped in and rescued his friend, after the old, noble fashion. He wrote, in the same Magazine, two lives of Liston and Munden, which the public took for serious, and which exhibit an extraordinary jumble of imaginary facts and truth of by-painting. Munden he makes born at "Stoke-Pogeis," the very sound of which is like the actor speaking and digging his words. He knew how many false conclusions and pretensions are made by men who profess to be guided by facts only, as if facts could not be misconceived, or figments taken for them; and, therefore, one day, when somebody was speaking of a person who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man, 'Now,' said he, 'I value myself on being a matter-of-lie man.' This did not hinder his being a man of the greatest veracity, in the ordinary sense of the word; but, 'truth,' he said, 'is precious' and ought not to be wasted on every body.' Those who wish to have a genuine taste of him, and an insight into his modes of life, should read his Essays on Hogarth and King Lear, his article on the London Streets, on Whist-playing, which he loved, and on Saying Grace before Meat. He said once to a brother whist-player, who was a hand more clever than clean, and who had enough in him to afford the joke, 'M. if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!'"

Mr. Hunt excuses the brevity of his friend's character, by adding, that there was something in Mr. Lamb's modesty as well as wisdom, which hinders him from saying more. "He had seen strange faces of calamity; but they had not made him love those of his fellow-creatures the less."

Our portrait* is from the octavo edition of Mr. Hunt's work: he appears to think that "the artist has done more justice to the moral than to the intellectual character of Mr. Lamb; which, in truth, it is very difficult to do with pencil or with pen. A celebrated painter has said, that no one but Raphael could have done full justice to Raphael's face; which is a remark at once startling and consolatory to us inferior limners."

MOORE'S EARLY POETRY.

(To the Editor.)

ACCIDENTALLY looking over a volume of your agreeable and instructive publication for 1830, I chanced to fall upon a contribution in which the writer transmits you a copy of some verses that appeared many years ago — I believe nearly forty — in an Irish Magazine. They are written by Thomas Moore, but were not so announced in the Magazine, being merely signed with the initials T. M. Your contributor observes that in sending them for insertion in the *Mirror*, he believes he is introducing them for the first time to the English public.

Your resources appear to be so numerous, and you are so excellent a caterer of forgotten lore, that you can, better than many of your more ambitious contemporaries, afford to be just. I recollect having read the same verses, I think two years before the date of your volume — somewhere about the summer of 1828 — in the Atlas newspaper, extracted from the same source, and prefaced by some observations which I commend to your attention. — A READER OF THE MIRROR, WHO HAS PROFITED BY ITS MOSAIC PAGES.

CATCHLAND.

(To the Editor.)

IN reading an antiquarian work a short time since, I met with the following description of a curious custom. After enumerating

* Painted and engraved by Henry Meyer.

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many singular customs common through the county, the work continues as follows:—"In Norfolk, there are some lands whose parishes are unknown, so that the clergyman who first seizes the tithe, does, by the right of possession, enjoy it for that year. For this reason, the land is denominated Catchland." I have transcribed the above statement for the purpose of inquiring whether the custom still exists? and also, whether there are lands in any other part of England in a similar situation?

I have asked many Norfolk "folk" whether they could give me any information on the subject, but, in reply, have invariably had an unsatisfactory answer. If yourself, or any correspondent of the *Mirror*, can give me an answer to the inquiry, it will oblige

E. J. Hytch.

THE LAST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

(Concluded from page 36.)

We left Dr. Barry and his intrepid companions upon the Grand Plateau, where the Doctor verified the testimony of preceding travellers, by experiencing the exhaustion, consequent on very slight exertion, in an atmosphere whose density was so exceedingly reduced. This inconvenience was not felt, by Dr. Barry, at least, before arriving at this point, (about 14,700 feet above the sea,) and he had not observed it in any of the guides. Only a few steps could now be taken at a time; and these became both fewer and slower. Two or three deep inspirations appeared sufficient at each pause to enable the Doctor to proceed; but, on making the attempt, he found the exhaustion return as before. Dr. Barry even felt a degree of indifference, which a sight of the summit just within reach, did not suffice to remove. Slight faintness also came on, so that he had at last to sit down for a few minutes: when a little wine having been taken, one more effort was made, and, at a quarter past two o'clock, the whole party stood on the highest summit, having been seen to reach it, as they afterwards found, both from the valley of Chamonix, and from Mont Bréven opposite.*

After a few minutes of rest on the summit, all the exhaustion, faintness, and indifference had ceased, and Dr. Barry felt fully prepared to contemplate the magnificent and all-repaying prospect around and beneath. Of this panorama, whose centre is the highest point in Europe, Dr. Barry says little more than that it was not obscured by a cloud. As, however, the nearer objects, at such an elevation, were necessarily much diminished, distant ones, by the human eye, could be but indistinctly traced. Dr. Barry dwelt with peculiar satisfaction on the host of inaccessible aiguilles projecting darkly through seas of snow, immediately around, and forming, indeed, part of the range of Mont Blanc, their summits now lying at the feet of the beholders. There were pointed out to the Doctor, the Maritime Alps, the chain of the Jura from end to end, the Lake of Geneva, the Buet, the Gemmi, the St. Gothard, the Furka, the Matterhorn, the beautiful Mont Rosa, the chain of the Appenines, Mont Cenis, the mountains of Tuscany, and other heights, with the valleys and plains between. All the mountains of the Bernese Oberland, the Finster-aar-horn, and the Jungfrau, together, formed but an inconsiderable portion of the mighty whole.

The height of the mountain, according to the calculation of De Saussure, is 14,700 French, or 15,666 English feet (one French foot being = 1·06575 English). The extreme summit is a ridge nearly 200 feet in length, its direction east and west; the slope of the north side forming an angle, estimated by De Saussure (in 1787) at 40°—50°; that on the south 15°—20°. This estimate, which applies to the covering of snow, may be considered as not materially different at the present time.

Dr. Barry found the height of the barometer to be = 17,052 English inches, the attached thermometer indicating 32° F., suspended and screened by the incasing wood from the sun's rays: a breeze blowing from the south.

De Saussure found the boiling point of water at the summit of Mont Blanc to be 68°,993 R. (=187°,234 F.) Naturally wishing to repeat this interesting experiment, Dr. Barry had a fire lighted in a chauffer, provided for the purpose. With the aid of bellows, the materials, wood and charcoal, were kindled with less trouble than had been anticipated, the principal guide assuring the Doctor that this had never been done before.† In a culinary utensil of water, in full ebullition, Dr. Barry immersed a thermometer, which he had procured at Chamonix (his own thermometer having been broken), and carefully observed the height of the mercury when it ceased to rise; but the scale was found to be loose, and the graduation inaccurate, so that Dr. Barry could not obtain the desired result.

The report of a pistol, twice fired, was found very feeble. It may be worth noticing, in connexion with the subject of sound, that when within a few hundred feet of the summit, in ascending, the snow being hard and its surface glossy, and some of the guides

* "It requires seventeen hours' march to reach it (the summit), but the difficulties which are met with lengthen the route, retard the march, and render this calculation of the distance very uncertain. Indeed, it is generally estimated at eighteen leagues." (Appendix to the Narrative by Mr. Auldjo, already quoted.)

† Dr. Barry has since ascertained, that De Saussure had a charcoal fire made on the summit; but finding it very difficult to support it, he used it only for the purpose of melting snow. A spirit-lamp was employed by him for the boiling of water.

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considerably in advance, the creaking noise produced by the points of their batons in the snow, as it reached Dr. Barry, could be compared to nothing but the distant lowing of cattle.

While on the summit, the guide procured specimens from the highest southern rocks; consisting of granite, sienites of blackish hornblende and white felspar, hornblende with veins of asbestus, and a compound of hornblende and felspar, with glassy bubbles on the surface, which De Saussure attributed to lightning.

In his way down, Dr. Barry procured specimens of two little masses of granite or protogine, projecting through the snow, near the middle of the last slope, and, therefore, very near the summit on its north side. Fragments, doubtless the effect of lightning, lay around them on the snow. The felspar, generally whitish, forms about three-fourths of the mass; the quartz is grey, with a tinge of violet; and chlorite and talc occupy almost exclusively the place of mica. De Saussure has given a most minute description of the composition of these — the highest rocks which at that time had been examined by naturalists;—he stated also the dimensions of one of them, to enable future travellers to ascertain whether the snow continued to deepen on the summit. From what Dr. Barry recollects, this rock projects just about as much now, as it did at the time of De Saussure's visit, or nearly half a century ago.

Dr. Barry intends sending specimens of all these rocks to the Museum of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. They are interesting, as being from the highest visible rocks in Europe.

Dr. Barry next proceeded to verify the observations of other travellers regarding the blackish-blue colour of the sky, particularly in and near the zenith, as seen from these lofty regions. He was much struck with the depth of this colour, when in a valley many hundred feet below the summit, encompassed with high walls of snow. It appeared to result from the simultaneous reception of rays from the snow, for when the latter were purposely excluded from the eye, *the tinge of black more or less completely disappeared.* To make this observation, Dr. Barry lay on his back, and closed his eyes for some moments; he then opened them on the zenith, the snow being shut out from view, by a cylinder formed with both hands.

The party had all left the summit by half-past three; several of the guides having descended sooner, a few hundred feet, to a more sheltered situation. One of them had headach, probably from some brandy he had taken. The rest individually assured Dr. Barry that they were perfectly well, and they all said that their breathing had never been affected while *at rest* on the summit. It was not found needful to take any stronger drink during the journey, than wine, a little better than the *vin ordinaire*, or table beverage of the country. Lemonade was found very refreshing. No inclination was felt to eat while on the summit; but unquenchable thirst was experienced.

The descent was, upon the whole, very rapid; the guides sometimes sliding down fields of snow, supported by their batons; but, as the steel points of Dr. Barry's shoes prevented his following their example, the Doctor was sometimes drawn after them with cords in a sitting posture. In passing over a dangerous part he stepped with one foot into a hole concealed by snow, and communicating with a cavity of unknown depth. This shews the necessity of two or three persons being constantly attached together with cords.

The party returned to the Grand Mulet by a quarter past six, *i. e.* in little more than one-fourth of the time it had taken to ascend from this rock to the summit. It was afterwards found that a spectator descending from the Breven, had, with the assistance of a glass, counted the party—seven in number—into these their quarters for the night. The scene at sunset, both on this and the preceding evening, was splendid, the sun's disk appearing, as noticed by others, very much smaller than when seen from lower regions. At half-past six o'clock, the barometer was =21·225 inches English, its attached thermometer being =44°·37 Fahrenheit.

A fire was again made, the cabin re-constructed on the same ledge as the preceding evening, the party supped and retired to rest. Two of the guides again passed the night without a shelter, but without sustaining any harm. Had a storm arisen, it is probable that all would have done the same, for a gust of wind would have blown away the batons and sheet, which formed the cabin.

The next morning, 18th, on this rock, the barometer, at a quarter past six, stood at 21·198 inches English, the *attached* thermometer being =39°·87 F. Specimens were collected of the plants within reach. Specimens also were taken of a micaceous rock occurring here, containing iron pyrites; also of gneiss with asbestus. A small bird was observed on the rock. The party were gratified, just before starting, with the sight of a splendid avalanche, which occurred at a distance, as estimated by one of the guides, of "une demi-heure," (=1½ mile English,) and in a few moments a shower, resembling sleet, that resulted from it, reached them.

They left the Grand Mulet at half-past seven, A. M., and retraced their steps as nearly as possible across the glacier; here and there, by a shorter passage, saving part of the distance. At the foot of the Aiguille du Midi, numerous fragments of ice, very newly fallen, covered the ground for a consi-

derable distance, and they hastened over it in dread of more.

Having safely re-crossed the glacier, all serious danger was past. The undertaking had been particularly well-timed: for, it was not until De Saussure's *third* attempt, and after he had contemplated the ascent for six-and-twenty years, that he succeeded; and the indefatigable Bourrit was obliged to return at *five* different times, and never accomplished his object.

It was very interesting to Dr. Barry, just before reaching the valley, to meet with Jacques Balmat, an old man of 73, who, in an attempt to ascend this mountain in the year 1786, having passed a night alone and unsheltered in a storm upon the snow, discovered a way—probably the only way—of reaching the summit, and the same year conducted Dr. Paccard to it. He was De Saussure's principal guide in 1787, and has been surnamed "Mont Blanc."

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the party arrived at the Priory, not having met with any accident, and having had three days without a cloud. The barometer brought down from Mont Blanc stood at 26·918 English inches at 5 P. M., the attached thermometer = 71°·37 F.; hence Dr. Barry found that it had sustained no injury, and that the observations taken at the summit, &c. might be relied on.

It appeared, by the list at the Priory, that Dr. Barry's was the sixteenth ascent, and later in the season by seven days than any former one. By the same document, Dr. Barry found himself to be the twentieth person, (guides not included), and the twelfth Briton, who had reached the summit. A certificate of having accomplished the ascent was, as is usual, received from the Sindic of Chamonix, attested by the guides.

Of those who have reached the summit up to the present time, there appeared to have been one Savoyard, two Swiss, twelve Britons, one Courlandais, one German, one Pole, two Americans,—in all, twenty.

Dr. Barry has communicated this interesting narrative of his ascent, from Heidelberg, dated Nov. 1, 1834, to the 35th number of Professor Jamieson's *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, whence we have condensed these particulars.

Dr. Barry adds in a postcript, he understands that Count Tilly, an Austrian, is reported to have reached the summit of Mont Blanc "on the 9th of October," *i. e.* twenty-two days later; but the Doctor laments to say that the Count's feet were frozen in coming down.

John Kemble being asked one day if he had seen Kean as Othello, replied, "I did not see Mr. Kean, but Othello."

The Naturalist.

THE PENGUIN.

READER, this is not a cut from Hood's *Comic Annual*, but a veritable sketch from nature, the originals of which may be seen at the southern termination of South America; and, for the fireside traveller, are engraved in Mr. Webster's entertaining Narrative of the *Voyage of the Chanticleer*, already introduced to our readers. Mr. Webster saw this singular race of amphibious birds in great numbers on Staten Island. They form the only genus of the feathered race that are there, and live in the water, like seals. Instead of wings, they have strong flippers, which assist them in swimming, but which afford them no means of flying. The annexed sketch represents eight of them as Mr. Webster saw them congregated together.

Their feathers are very different from those of other birds: being short, very rigid, and the roots deeply imbedded in fat; they are, in general, flat and bent backwards, those on the breast being of a satin or silky white, and those on the flippers so short and small, as to approach the nature of scales, overlaying each other very closely. The skins are loaded with fat; their feet are not regularly webbed, but present a broad, fleshy surface, more adapted for walking than swimming.

These birds, when strutting about on shore, with waddling gait, erect posture, and coarse voice, have a very curious and uncouth appearance. Old Sir John Narborough, seeing a row of them standing on the shore, quaintly enough compared them to a company of little children, with their pinafores tied on.

Penguins generally live at sea, except in the spring, and during the time of their incubation, and when they moult in autumn. Mr. Webster saw them at the distance of 200 miles from the land, swimming with the rapidity of the dolphin, the swiftest of fishes. They come up to the surface every two or three minutes for fresh breath; they make a croaking noise, dipping their beaks frequently into the water and playing and diving about near the surface, like the bonita. They pair early in the spring, and come on shore loaded with fat and in good condition; they lay their eggs on the ground, excepting one species, vulgarly called the jackass penguin, which lays them in small tufts of grass. Penguins have great powers of abstinence, and are able to live four or five months without food. Stones have been occasionally found in their stomachs, but they generally live on shrimps and crustacea, gorging themselves sometimes to excess. They are easily captured. When pursued, they run and jump with all their speed towards the water. Sometimes, they throw themselves

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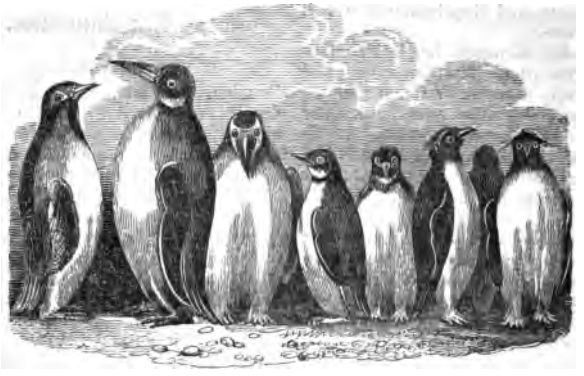

(Penguins.)

on their breasts, and propel themselves forward by means of their fins to elude the pursuit of hunters. They are very tenacious of life, and will undergo beating with a bludgeon a long time; and even when to all appearance they may be dead, they will afterwards revive.

To these particulars from the *Chantieleer* narrative, we may add, Mr. G. Bennett lately reported to the Zoological Society, that a colony of penguins covers an extent of thirty or forty acres, at the north end of Macquarrie Island, in the South Pacific Ocean. The number of these birds collected together in this spot is immense, but it would be almost impossible to guess at it with any near approach to truth, as, during the whole of the day and night, 30,000 or 40,000 of them are constantly landing, and an equal number going to sea. They are arranged, when on shore, in as compact a manner, and in as regular ranks as a regiment of soldiers, and are classed with the greatest order, the young birds being in one situation, the moulting birds in another, the sitting hens in a third, the clean birds in a fourth, &c.; and so strictly do birds in a similar condition congregate, that should a bird that is moulting intrude itself among those which are clean, it is immediately ejected from among them.

Useful Arts.

USE OF DIABLOTINS, OR (WATERLOO) CRACKERS OF FULMINATING POWDER.

TRAVELLERS in Germany use these crackers for the purpose of being awakened by the detonation when any one attempts to enter the room without permission. They are fastened across the crack of the door as if to seal it.

These explosive papers are made by taking strips of half an inch to an inch wide, and of a convenient length. By means of a little gum-water or paste, a small quantity of coarsely pounded glass is attached to one end, on one side of each strip about one-fourth of an inch. A little fulminating powder is spread over the glass and the moistened end of the paper, and it is dried in the air: two of these strips are then laid with their covered surfaces nearly in contact, and so that their uncovered ends may project different ways. A narrow strip of paper or parchment is then wrapt round the coated ends and fastened to one of them, but not binding them so tightly as to prevent their being drawn, by taking hold of the projecting ends, one over the other. The friction occasions their detonation.

The quantity of fulminating powder must be proportioned to the effect intended.—*From the French.*

A TRIED RECIPE FOR BURNS.

KEEP on hand a saturated solution of alum, (four ounces in a quart of hot water,) dip a cotton cloth in this solution, and lay it immediately on the burn. As soon as it shall have become hot or dry, replace it by another, and thus continue the compress as often as it dries, which it will, at first, do very rapidly. The pain immediately ceases, and in twenty-four hours under this treatment the wound will be healed, especially if the solution be applied before the blisters are formed. The astringent and drying quality of the alum completely prevents them.

The deepest burns, those caused by boiling water, drops of melted metal, phosphorus, gunpowder, fulminating powder, &c. have all been cured by this specific.—*Idem.*

TO REMOVE A HARD COATING OR CRUST FROM GLASS AND PORCELAIN VESSELS.

IT often happens that glass vessels, used as pots for flowers and other purposes, receive an unsightly deposit or crust, hard to be re-

moved by scouring or rubbing. The best method to take it off, is to wash it with a little dilute muriatic acid. This acts upon it, and loosens it very speedily.—*Idem.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIAN INK.

Boil in water, some parchment or pieces of fine gloves, until it is reduced to a paste. Apply it to its surface while still warm, a porcelain dish which has been held over a smoking lamp: the lamp-black which adheres to it, will become detached and mingle with the paste or glue. Repeat the operation until the composition has acquired the requisite colour. It is not necessary to grind it. It flows as freely from the pencil as Indian ink, and has the same transparency.

INDIA RUBBER CARPETS.

Having some India rubber varnish left, which was prepared for another purpose, the thought occurred to the writer, of trying it as a covering to a carpet, after the following manner.—A piece of canvass was stretched and covered with a thin coat of glue, (corn meal size will probably answer best,) over this was laid a sheet or two of common brown paper, or news paper, and another coat of glue added, over which was laid a pattern of house papering, with rich figures. After the body of the carpet was thus prepared, a very thin touch of glue was carried over the face of the paper, to prevent the India rubber varnish from tarnishing the beautiful colours of the paper. After this was dried, one or two coats, (as may be desired,) of India rubber varnish were applied, which, when dried, formed a surface as smooth as polished glass, through which the variegated colours of the paper appeared with undiminished, if not with increased, lustre. This carpet is quite durable, and is impenetrable to water, or grease of any description. When soiled, it may be washed like a smooth piece of marble or wood. If gold or silver leaf forms the last coat, instead of papering, and the varnish is then applied, nothing can exceed the splendid richness of the carpet, which gives the floor the appearance of being burnished with gold or silver.

MATERIALS FOR PAPER.

By a series of experiments it has been ascertained that paper, of an excellent quality, can be prepared not only from the husks of Indian corn, but also from a pulp made from various kinds of wood and bark, particularly from the bark of several kinds of poplar, and from the wood of birch and some other trees.—In conducting experiments, the plan has been, first to select the vegetable matter, then, if it required whitening, to bleach it in chlorine gas, and afterwards to reduce it to a fine pulp, by pounding, and filing in water. When properly prepared, a small portion of the pulp is to be placed between polished steel plates, slightly warmed, and strongly compress them by screw power; the degree of consistency and polish, assumed by the pulp, under such compression, would indicate the quality of paper capable of being prepared from the vegetable matter used. The writer trusts that the time will soon arrive, when rags will not be considered as indispensable in the manufacture of paper, and will be, when economy or convenience requires it, superseded by different kinds of vegetable substances, which are so cheaply, bountifully, and universally furnished by nature.—*Silliman's Journal.*

New Books.

TOUGH YARNS.

Here is one of the Old Sailor's serious yarns relating the ill-starred affair of

Nelson and Prince Caraccioli.

It was at the time when there was a mutiny among the people at Naples, and Prince Caraccioli was compelled to join one of the parties against the court; but afterwards a sort of amnesty, or *damnification*, I think they call it, was passed by way of pardon to the rebels, many of whom surrendered, but they were all made prisoners, and numbers of them were executed.

Well, one day I was standing at the gangway, getting the barge's sails ready, when a shore-boat came alongside full of people, who were making a terrible noise. At last they brought a venerable old man up the side; he was dressed as a peasant, and his arms were pinioned so tight behind that he seemed to be suffering considerable pain. As soon as they had all reached the deck, the rabble gathered round him, some cursing, others buffeting, and one wretch, unmindful of his grey hairs, spat upon him. This was too much to see and not to speak about; the man was their prisoner and they had him secure,—the very nature of his situation should have been sufficient protection; so I gave the unmannerly fellow a tap with this little fist (holding up a hand like a sledge-hammer) and sent him flying into the boat again without the aid of a rope. "Well done, Ben!" exclaimed a young midshipman, who is now a post-captain; "Well done, my boy, I owe you a glass of grog for that; it was the best summerset I ever saw in my life." "Thank you for your glass o' grog, sir," said I, "you see I've made a *tumbler* already;" and indeed, your honour, he spun head over heels astonishingly clever. I was brought up to the quarter-deck for it, to be sure, because they said I had used the *why-hit-armis*; but I soon convinced them I had

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only used my fist, and the young officer who saw the transaction stood my friend, and so I got off.

Well, there stood the old man as firm as the rock of Gibraltar; not a single feature betraying the anguish he must have felt. His face was turned away from the quarter-deck, and his head was uncovered in the presence of his enemies. The Neapolitans still kept up an incessant din, which brought the first lieutenant to the gangway; he advanced behind the prisoner, and pushing aside the abusive rabble, swore at them pretty fiercely for their inhumanity, although at the same time seizing the old man roughly, he brought him in his front. "What traitor have we here?" exclaimed the lieutenant; but checking himself on viewing the mild countenance of the prisoner, he gazed more intently upon him. "Eh, no!—it surely cannot be:—and yet it is!"—his hat was instantly removed with every token of respect, as he continued —"it is the prince!"

The old man with calm dignity bowed his hoary head to the salute, and at this moment Nelson himself, who had been disturbed by the shouting of the captors, came from his cabin to the quarter-deck, and advancing quickly to the scene, he called out in his hasty way when vexed, "Am I to be eternally annoyed by the confusion these fellows create! What is the matter here?" But when his eye had caught the time-and-toil worn features of the prisoner, he sprang forward, and with his own hands commenced unbinding the cords. "Monsters," said he, "is it thus that age should be treated?—Cowards, do you fear a weak and unarmed old man?—Honoured prince, I grieve to see you degraded and injured by such baseness, —and now," he added, as the last turn released his arms, "dear Caraccioli, you are free!" I thought a tear rolled down Nelson's cheek as he cast loose the lashings, which having finished, he took the prince's hand and they both walked aft together.

They say the devil knows precisely the *nick* of time when the most mischief is to be done, and so it happened now; for a certain lady followed Nelson from the cabin, and approached him with her usual bewitching smile. But, oh! your honour, how was that smile changed to the black scowl of a demon when she pierced the disguise of the peasant, and recognised the prince, who on some particular occasion had thwarted her views and treated her with indignity. It had never been forgiven, and now—he was in her power. Forcibly she grasped Nelson by the arm and led him from the deck.

"His doom is sealed," said one of the lieutenants, conversing in an undertone with a brother officer, "no power on earth can save him." "On earth," rejoined the other, "no, nor in the air, nor in the ocean; for I suspect he will meet his death in the one, and find his grave in the other." "Yet surely," said the surgeon, who came up, "the admiral will remember his former friendship for the prince, who once served under him. Every sympathetic feeling which is dear to a noble mind must operate to avert his death." "All the virtues in your medicine-chest, doctor," rejoined the first, "would not preserve him many hours from destruction, unless you could pour an opiate on the deadly malignity of ———," here he put his finger upon his lip, and walked away.

Well, your honour, the old man was given up to his bitter foes, who went through the mockery of a court-martial,—for they condemned him first and tried him afterwards. In vain he implored for mercy; in vain he pleaded the proclamation, and pointed to his hoary head; in vain he solicited the mediation of Nelson, for a revengeful fury had possession of his better purposes, and dammed the rising tide of generosity in the hero's soul; in vain he implored the pardon and intercession of ———; but here I follow the example of my officer, and lay my finger on my lip.

The president of the court-martial was Caraccioli's personal enemy, and the poor old man was not allowed time to make a defence; he was sentenced to be hung, and his body to be thrown into the sea. I was near him, your honour, when he entreated Mr. Parkinson, one of the lieutenants, to go to Nelson and implore that he might be shot. Oh, if you had but have seen him grasp the officer's hand as he said, "I am an old man, sir, and I have no family to leave behind to lament my death. Indeed, I am not anxious to prolong my life, for at the utmost my days would be but few; but the disgrace of hanging,—to be exposed to the gaze of my enemies,—is really dreadful to me!"

But every attempt to obtain a mitigation or a change of the sentence was unavailing, and at five o'clock that afternoon the brave old man, the veteran prince, in his eightieth year, hung suspended from the fore-yard-arm of a Neapolitan frigate he had once commanded, — for he was an admiral, your honour. Never shall I forget the burst of indignation with which the signal-gun was heard by our crew, and a simultaneous execration was uttered fore and aft.

Nelson walked the deck with unusual quickness; nay, he almost ran, and every limb seemed violently agitated. He heard the half-suppressed murmurs of the men, and a conviction of dishonour seemed to be awakening in his mind. But oh, sir, where was pity, where was feminine delicacy and feeling? The lady approached him in the most seducing manner and attracted his attention: he stopped short, looked at her for a moment

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with stern severity, and again walked on. "What ails you, Bronté?" said she; "you appear to be ill," and the witchery of her commanding look subdued the sternness of his features;—he gazed upon her and was tranquil. "See!" said she, pointing out at the port to where the body of Caraccioli was still writhing in convulsive agony, "see! his mortal struggles will soon be over. Poor prince! I grieve we could not save him. But come, Bronté, man the barge, and let us go and take a parting look at our old friend." I shuddered, your honour, and actually looked down at her feet to see if I could make out any thing like a cloven hoof. "The devil!" exclaimed a voice in a half-whisper behind me that made me start, for I thought the speaker had certainly made the discovery; but it was only one of the officers giving vent to his pious indignation.

Well, the barge was manned, and away we pulled with Nelson and the lady round the ship where the unfortunate prince was hanging. He had no cap upon his head, nor was his face covered; but his white hair streamed in the breeze above the livid contortions which the last death-pang had left upon his features. The Neapolitans were shouting and insulting his memory; but they were rank cowards, for the truly brave will never wreak their vengeance on a dead enemy.

Nelson and the lady conversed in whispers; but it was plain to be seen his spirit was agonized, and his fair but frail companion was employing every art to soothe him. She affected to weep, but there was a glistening pleasure in her eyes as she looked at the corpse, which had well nigh made the boat's crew set all duty at defiance. Nelson,—and no man was better acquainted with the characteristics of a sailor,—saw this, and ordered to be pulled on board. She upbraided him for what she called his weakness, but his soul was stirred beyond the power of her influence to control his actions.

The body of the prince was taken out to a considerable distance in the bay, where it was thrown overboard with three heavy double-headed shot lashed between the legs; and, as the lieutenant said, "he met his death in the air, and had his grave in the ocean."

About a fortnight after this, a pleasure party was made up by the royal family and nobility for an excursion on the water, and the barge, with Nelson and the lady, took the lead. It was a beautiful sight to see the gilded galleys with their silken canopies and bright pennons flashing in the sun, and reflecting their glittering beauties on the smooth surface of the clear blue waters, whilst the measured sweep of the oars kept time with the sweet sounds of music. Not a cloud veiled the sky, scarcely a breath curled the transparent crest of the gentle billow; all was gaiety, and mirth, and laughter.

After pulling for several miles about the bay, we were returning towards the shore, when a curious-looking dark object,—something like a ship's buoy, appeared floating a-head of the barge. The bowmen were ordered to lay-in their oars, and see what it was; so the oars were laid in, and they stood ready with their boat-hooks, the coxswain steering direct on to it. As soon as the barge was near enough, the bowmen grappled it with the boat-hooks, but in an instant their hold was loosened again, and "A dead body! a dead body!" was uttered in a suppressed tone by both. The boat held on her way, and as the corpse passed astern, the face turned towards the lady and showed the well-remembered countenance of poor Caraccioli. Yes, as the officer had said, "the ocean had been his grave;" but that grave had given up its dead, and the lady seldom smiled afterwards.

Nelson hailed one of the cutters that were in attendance, and directed that the body should be taken on board and receive the funeral ceremonies suitable to the rank which the unfortunate prince had held whilst living. The music ceased its joyous sounds for notes of melancholy wailing, and the voice of mirth was changed to lamentation and sadness.

Years passed away, and Nelson fell in the hour of victory; but the lady, ah! her end was terrible. The murdered prince was ever present to her mind; and as she lay upon her death-bed, like a stranded wreck that would never more spread canvass to the breeze, her groans, her shrieks were still on Caraccioli. "I see him!" she would cry, "there, there!—look at his white locks and his straining eye-balls! England,—England is ungrateful, or this would have been prevented! But I follow—I follow!" and then she would shriek with dismay and hide herself from sight. But she is gone, your honour, to give in her dead-reckoning to the Judge of all. She died in a foreign land, without one real friend to close her eyes; and she was buried in a stranger's grave, without one mourner to weep upon the turf which covered her remains.

FRANCESCA CARRARA.—BY L. E. L.

(*Concluded from page* 31.)

[We have detached a few more scenes, sketches, situations, and sentiments, from this lovely mosaic work:]

A Clever Woman.

Let no one dispute the influence of good and evil stars, after witnessing the progress of Madame la Marechale. She commenced life as a washerwoman, and now, in its meridian, was residing in one of the best hotels in Paris, wife to a man of the highest rank, surrounded by the élite of the court, Louis at

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her fête, and herself wearing a set of pearls larger than the Queen's; but this was a delicate subject, for it was well known that Anne piqued herself on the size of her set. Now, it is not so much La Marechale's matrimonial achievements that prove the good graces of her ruling planet, as her success in society. It was not so wonderful that the very pretty girl should marry a man whose years and wealth had alike multiplied; nor that the still prettier widow should turn the head and heart of De l'Hôpitai, both being a little the worse for use. The wonder was, how well she succeeded in her new element. Her house was one of the most frequented in Paris, and even *la superbe* Mademoiselle deigned to pronounce that she was "*une bien bonne femme*;" and yet nothing could be more prominent than her ignorance, more *pronounced* than her vulgarity. Perhaps, if she had been more refined, she would have been less successful. Though there was a want of information, there was no want of talent. She had a good sort of coarse cleverness, admirably fitted to get on in the world; she possessed those two first requisites, a good constitution and a good temper; she had little feeling and less delicacy; she soon saw that even people of the utmost refinement sometimes permitted themselves to be amused by its very reverse—and she cared little for affording amusement even at her own expense. Let those laugh who win, is the very axiom of vulgar policy, and on that hint she acted. It was now settled that every body was to be amused by her coarse jest and her odd expressions, and therefore every body was amused. Moreover, there was another great secret of her popularity; all in her company luxuriated in a little complacent sense of their own superiority,—one of the most agreeable of the senses to indulge.

Self-deception.

We know but little even of our most intimate friends—and yet this does not originate from want of sympathy; it is rather owing to the extreme sensitiveness of all our more imaginative feelings. How many emotions rise in every heart which we never dream of communicating! They are too fine, too fragile, for expression, like those delicate hues on the atmosphere, which never yet could painter embody. Moreover, there is an odd sort of satisfaction which we all take in making ourselves other than we are. This is a species of deception which defies analysis, and is yet universally practised. Some make themselves out better, some worse, than they really are; but none give themselves their exact likeness. Perhaps it is that the ideal faculty is so strongly developed in us, that we cannot help exercising it even upon the reality of ourselves.

The Festive Throng.

It is curious, in any great festival, to note the various motives that animate its crowd. Some—and these are the very young—are joyful in the mere delight of being dressed, and of going out; some—and these are the very happy—look forward to meeting the individual at once their dream and their destiny. Ah! the anxiousness of the question, "Will they be there?" and the delicious knowledge of seeing them the first, the only object in the throng! A third set go for the credit of the thing—it is a sort of social trophy to be seen at such a place. Others go as a matter of course; society is the business of their life, and attendance on a fête is a moral duty. Some go to see—more, to be seen; some to be flattered,—others, to flatter. Some go for the sake of their jewels—others, for themselves; and at the close of the festival, how few come away but worn out with lassitude and discontent!

The Miniature.

It is a singular sensation the first time that we see the portrait of a friend after death. There is something of mockery in the very pleasure that it brings. The face, which we know to be mouldering in the dust, looks upon us, fresh with hues of health; there are the jewels, and the robe round the graceful form, now decaying in its shroud. Why should the work of man's hand outlast that of his maker's?—why should we have the semblance of life, whose breathing reality is no more? We are not half thankful enough for the forgetfulness inherent even in our affections: did the first agony continue in all its keenness, who could endure to live?

But the emotion exhausts itself—the presence of our grief grows fainter; other thoughts force themselves upon the mind—other hopes involuntarily arise; and grief is forgotten rather than consoled. But the memory remains, though in a darkened cell of the heart; though no longer a perpetual shadow, the dead are fondly and mournfully recalled. Then how dear is any token of their former existence! The coloured ivory which bears their features is then more precious than fine gold; and we take comfort in the calm and fixed smile which is now the semblance under which the beloved face rises upon the mind.

The Ancient Inn.

The reputation of an inn for cheerfulness must, like "merrie England's" reputation for gaiety, have been acquired long ago. The traveller—shown into his solitary apartment, with the Sporting Magazine, some two years old, the sole volume—a small, narrow street for his observation—his time upon his hands—"no nothing to do," and the evening be-

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fore him,—will surely not find the prospect very animated. So much for the occupant of the *britscha*, who waits, as all the horses are out at a ball or a scrutiny. Neither is the wanderer of a lower degree placed in a more enlivening position: true, in the common room he has companions; but to every man is allotted his own table, his own candle, and his own thoughts. Silence and suspicion are the order of the day; and civility is the surest sign of a swindler. But in the good old times, (though, perhaps, their great goodness may be debatable ground,) the inn kitchen was a cheerful place; and guests of every rank took a contented seat on the oaken settles by its blazing hearth, and did not relish the savoury mess, on which mine hostess piqued herself, at all the less because they had witnessed somewhat of its preparation. The degrees of society were more strongly marked; but then there was less fear of confusion. After all, the English hostel owes much of its charms to Chaucer; our associations are of his haunting pictures—his delicate Lady Prioress, his comely young squire, with their pleasant interchange of tale and legend, rise upon the mind's eye in all the fascination of his vivid delineations.

A Rime Frost.—A Funeral.

They had just entered one of the (New) forest-roads; both had been so pre-occupied by their thoughts, that beyond their first shivering glance, when they mounted, at the white world around, neither had noticed that peculiar and brilliant landscape, a wooded country covered with a rime frost. But now the first fog of the morning had cleared away; the shelter of the dense boughs made it much warmer; and the round, red sun, looked cheerfully as it shed its crimson hues amid the topmost branches. The light snow lay on the narrow and winding path before them, pure as if just fresh winnowed by the wind. The outline of every tree was marked with the utmost distinctness by the frost which covered it; but every spray drooped beneath the weight of the fairy and fragile tracery that gemmed them; while the gossamer threads, like strung and worked pearls, only still more transparent, seemed to catch every stray sunbeam, and glitter with the bright and passing hues of crystal. Every tree was as distinguishable as in summer. The oak might be known by the weight of snow supported in its huge arms; the ash, by the long and graceful wreaths that clothed its pensile branches; and the holly wore a long icicle, clear, and radiant with many colours, at the end of every pointed leaf; while the noiseless manner in which they moved along, from the light fall on the paths, added to the enchantment of the scene.

* * * * * * *

Again they rode along in silence, though less abstractedly than before; for every now and then, some far vista, like the aisle of a mighty temple upreared in giant marble, caught the eye, to rest with delight on the clear, blue sky to which it opened; or, perhaps, most beautiful in the rapidly approaching dissolution, they marked some singularly slight and graceful tree, covered with its white wreaths and icicles, every one a rainbow in the colouring sunshine.

Suddenly a distant sound of music came upon the air—a far and melancholy sound, like the wailing poured forth for defeat or death,—when even the trumpet, so glorious in its rejoicing, shows how mournful can be the voice of its lament. Francesca turned to Arden, who could only express his surprise. She then questioned the boy who led the horse with the baggage, with some difficulty—for to hear and to comprehend were two very different things; but from him she could obtain no information; he evidently knew nothing about it, and fear was all it excited. Still the sounds came nearer and nearer; and as they turned off into the road before mentioned, a long and evidently funeral procession, was winding slowly along.

They drew up in a small, open space, beneath the shelter of a huge beech, to allow it to pass by, for the foremost horsemen were already beside them. A band of troopers, two and two, in the buff jackets, large boots, and slouched hats, which marked soldiers in the Parliamentary service, rode first; their arms were reversed, and every eye bent gloomily on the ground—sorrow was obviously no mere form, to be observed and forgotten. The trumpeters came next, and their wild lament filled the air; then two pages, dressed in black, led a gallant steed; but there was no need of a rein, for the head of the noble creature drooped, and it seemed to have an almost human consciousness, that it was now paying its last duty to its master. An open bier, drawn by four horses, whose tossing heads, covered with plumes, tangled the white boughs, and shook down the glittering icicles at every step, followed; and on it was the coffin, covered with a velvet pall, on which lay the sword and gloves of the dead who slept below. Behind came a concourse of vassals and spectators; but Francesca only saw the young cavalier who rode bareheaded behind. His long, fair hair hung to his shoulders, but the wind blew it aside, and, pale and careworn, she instantly recognised the face of Robert Evelyn.

Early Love.

Lucy was still in the early and golden time of affection—vague, visionary, and believing. She never dreamed that in her lover was the greatest obstacle to their happiness. No

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remembrance of falsehood was treasured bitterly in her memory—a warning for the future which we are better without; for what avails distrust? It only deprives us of life's greatest enjoyment—being deceived. Made up of illusions, as our existence is, alas for the time when we come to know those illusions beforehand!

Lucy's cheek was pale with the sickness of hope long deferred: and her imagination, wearied with exertion, sometimes sank down, languid in its utter solitude. Still she hoped and trusted, and, in so doing, was far happier than she deemed. Gentle fancies waited around her; the poetry of her youth was over all the associations of her attachment—the days to come rose beautiful before her, for they were of her own creation; and absence was sweetened by expectation.

In all things there is one period more lovely than aught that has gone before—than aught that can ever come again. That delicate green, touched with faint primrose, of the young leaves, when the boughs are putting forth the promise of a shadowy summer—the tender crimson of the opening bud, whose fragrant depths are unconscious of the sun, these are the fittest emblems for that transitory epoch in the history of a girl's heart, when her love, felt for the first time, is as simple, as guileless, as unworldly as herself. It is the purest, the most ideal poetry in nature. It does not, and it cannot last. It is only too likely that the innocent and trusting heart will be ground down to the very dust. Falsehood, disappointment, and neglect, form the majority of chances; and even if fortunate—fortunate in requited faithfulness and a sheltered home—still the visionary hour of youth is gone by. There are duties instead of dreams—romance exhausts itself—and the imaginative is merged in the common-place. The pale green returns not to the leaf, the delicate red to the flower, and still less, its early poetry to the heart.

Consumption.

The buds now putting forth on every branch would not more surely open into flower and leaf, than Guido would perish. Day by day he grew weaker. The luxuriant hair relaxed with the damps that rose on the white forehead, as if the moisture of the grave were already there. The blue veins shone on the temples with unnatural clearness; and often, when Francesca's lips were pressed to them in affectionate but vain endeavour to soothe their burning pain, she started at the loud and rapid beating of their feverish pulses. His hand was wan and slender as a woman's, with the same delicate pink inside; and the like feminine fairness extended over his face, and rendered more striking the terrible yet lovely red that burnt its small circle on his cheek—the death-rose of consumption. Formerly, his large, black eyes were wild and restless; now, larger and clearer than ever, there was a calm and settled brightness, like the luminous aspect of some still summer star, whose light is poetry—poetry, which is the faint echo of the mysteries of the universe—the beautifier and the unraveller! All the stormier passions had died away, like the winds on the blue surface of some unruffled lake, which mirrors nothing but the lone and lovely sky. Their deep, calm orbs had no anger, no envy, no discontent to convey—no vain repinings and yet vainer longings. The shadow of mortality had disappeared before the awakenings of the spiritual life, which is dulled and distracted by the daily cares and fretfulness of ordinary existence. Sometimes, a mist arose upon their placid brightness—while yet here, the soul must be troubled; and when he met Francesca's sad and anxious look, all the tenderness of our struggling life returned upon him—and with tenderness ever comes bitterness. He had no tears for himself—he had them only for her. Yet as he approached the grave, he looked beyond it; there they met again, and to part no more. What were a few brief years to one whose hope was in eternity?

The Public Journals.

THE CONFESSIONS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

"With this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart."

[Such is the title of the opening paper of the *New Monthly Magazine* for the current month. Its author is Mr. Walter Savage Landor, whose *Imaginary Conversations* are worth a thousand real ones of other writers. It is the first of a series of papers, in which Mr. Landor proposes to educe from the neglected sonnets of Shakspeare the poet's personal character, with the authenticated circumstances of his life. We need scarcely observe that such a project promises to make the *New Monthly Magazine* for the present year the most brilliant volumes of that deservedly successful miscellany. It holds out much to our expectation; but the delightful tone of the specimen before us is an earnest of its realization. It would be injustice on our part to quote this paper entire, even were it suited to our limits; so that we abridge it by half.]

About the year 1583, a licensed company of comedians was first formed in London by her Majesty the Queen. She was at that time in the fullest pride of her womanhood, and walked amid the gallant service of the Sidneys and the Raleighs. But the endowment of this company of poor players turned out, beyond all these, the most graceful feather in her cap. High fellows they were;

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poor as a queen's servants may be, but proud as creators of kings and queens have a good right to be. Poverty had no vulgar terrors to them.

Now among these gentlemen actors there happened to be several from Warwickshire. Richard Burbadge, their great tragedian,—Thomas Green, their best comic actor and writer,—Hart and Heminge,—were all Warwickshire men. It may be supposed what a stir their new reputation must have made in their native county. Think of "no one being counted a gentleman that knows not Dick Burbadge!" What little emotions of ambition must not that have given birth to among the youths who heard of it! As for the women, no wonder it soon fell out that there was not "a countrywoman that could dance Sillenger's round, but could talk of Dick Burbadge and Tom Green." But there were mightier results to follow. Green's native place was Stratford-upon-Avon, and at Stratford-upon-Avon young Shakspeare lived:

"I prattled poesie in my nurse's arms;
And, born where late our Swan of Avon sung,
In Avon's streams we both of us have laved."*

As time passed, it had found the pleasant and light-hearted Green in deeper waters, through which his slight sail of mirth and wit was yet bearing him merrily. It is delightful to think that, as he then remembered his young townsman, and invited him to join the troop in London, he may have anticipated, with a beautiful unselfishness, the greater glories that greater genius would achieve. Suddenly, about the year 1586, William Shakspeare left his home at Stratford, his wife and his three infant children, and started for London alone—with what mighty, but indistinct, anticipations!

He joined the Blackfriars Theatre, and became an actor there. It is impossible to suppose that he had not now within his mind gleaming foreshadows of the creations with which he afterwards enriched and blessed the world. But their time was not yet come. His marvellous genius, which told him all things, told him to win his way quietly, modestly, unobtrusively. He offered to alter plays, to amend and rewrite scenes. One production was brought to him after another. Fancy the amazement of the poor original authors when their works came back with the touches of that divine hand! It soon fell out that plays altered by him had a surer market than plays written by others. Then sprang up envy, even in his modest and gentle way. "There is an upstart crow," says an ill-natured writer, alluding evidently to Shakspeare, "beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart, wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in the country."

This was in 1591. His fellow-actors were now prepared for him. In 1593 he threw off the restraint of labouring for others, and burst out upon the town in the full plenitude of his own power and genius. What he was at the end he was at the beginning. His youth knew no imperfection; his more advanced years knew no decay. When the bowl indeed was broken, it was broken at the fountain! Never did such a career open upon any of the sons of men as now opened upon young Shakspeare. He did, indeed, shake every scene in the country; and the naked room of every theatre, with the rough blankets that hung therein for curtains, became, under his divine influence, "a field for monarchs"—and for creatures, greater than monarchs, whose majesties were destined to outlive all chances of the world, and whose glories could never grow dim. Every passion he subdued to his use;—all the vices and all the virtues stood plain before him;—the world of Nature laid all her treasures at his feet;—the world of spirits revealed her most fantastic beauties and her deepest mysteries;—the oaks of Ardenne for him put on their green;—and at his bidding the circling spirits hovered round the ship in a tempest far at sea! But what seemed stranger than all, was the absence of all trace of "authorship" from these glorious writings. All the men of genius then had their separate characteristics. Shakspeare alone was universal. The various works of his contemporaries had always a certain personal stamp of style, and sometimes, through the shadow of imaginary forms, they painted but the secret workings of their own hearts. He alone stood above all reach of personal recognition. Like a God, and not "a man of our infirmity," he called forth A WORLD into separate existence, and set it spinning through the clear heaven of intellect, as one entire and perfect sphere of humanity. When its glorious creatures came successively in sight, men's thoughts were not of Shakspeare.

"Oh wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!"

And the modest creator sat, meanwhile, it might be, at the Mermaid, or fretted his hour upon the stage at Blackfriars, a gentle and an unassuming man! I have the strongest assurance that we must take the very glory of Shakspeare's genius, its wonderful universality, as the secret of his own want of entire appreciation among his great contemporaries. For surely, beautiful as some of the tributes are that they have paid to him, they cannot have been paid as to the author of the works on which two centuries have set their seal as the rarest that ever came from man. Personal

* A prologue spoken by Green.

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affection, as it seems to me, predominates in these tributes, rather than that higher feeling of reverent and loving homage which should have been his, and his alone. Else why, in addition to these, have we no personal records of the life of Shakspeare? No one cared to write about him even the scantiest records of his life, till the affectionate zeal of Betterton took him to Stratford, in the succeeding age, to make inquiries for the poet Rowe, who thereupon built up a biography, which Mr. Malone has laboriously thrown down,—writing a large book about Shakspeare to prove that nothing can be written, and adducing whole troops and squadrons of facts to prove that no fact can be stated with certainty, except those momentous two which are furnished by the register of Stratford and authenticated by Nature herself,—that he was born and died. * * * * * *

(*To be continued.*)

The Gatherer.

Parke, the hautboyist of Covent Garden theatre, relates that in 1775, then a boy of thirteen, having had an accident with his sky-blue inexpressibles, he was dispatched to old Forest, the family tailor, living in a small house in Market-court, Bow-street, Covent Garden, to get them repaired. Having knocked at his door two or three times, it was, at length, opened by a female, (the tailor being from home,) with an infant in her arms. The lady, who displayed a fine figure and an expressive countenance, inclining to melancholy, kindly took his message and his inexpressibles, promising to deliver them to the landlord. Judge, then, of Parke's surprise, when a few years afterwards, in 1782, he discovered that the lady who had previously favoured him, was the theatrical star, "the grace and ornament" of the British stage, Mrs. Siddons, who had formerly lodged in the tailor's little first floor.—*Georgian Era*, vol. iv.

Rich, the actor, had the vulgar habit of calling everybody Mister, which offended Foote so, on his being thus addressed, that he asked Rich the reason of his not addressing him by name. "Don't be angry," Rich replied, "for I sometimes forget my own name." "Indeed!" rejoined Foote, "that is extraordinary; I knew you could not write your own name, but I did not suppose you could forget it."—*Ibid.*

Quin being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, he replied, "It is in conformity with the arrangements of Nature, madam; we always see more of heaven than of earth."

Foote.—A charitable committee calling one day upon Foote, at his hotel in Paris, he called out very loudly to his servant, "Peter, don't let any body come up stairs, without first acquainting them that there is a gentleman here ill of the small-pox." Immediately on hearing this, away went the committee without importuning the actor.

Mrs. Woffington was president of the Beefsteak Club, then held in the green-room of Covent Garden Theatre; and, after she had been portraying on the stage,

The fair resemblance of a martyr queen,

she was to be seen in the green-room holding up a pot of porter in her hand, and crying out, "Confusion to all order, let liberty thrive."

Mossop, in acting, is said to have frequently worked himself up to a belief that he was the very person he represented; and one night, after playing King Richard, he flew into a violent passion with his servant, who appeared before him with a small candle, and asked him if that was a taper fit to light his majesty to bed. This reminds us of Elliston, who, in personating George IV., is known to have looked royally around him, exclaiming, with kingly emphasis, "Bless you, my people! Bless you, my people!"

Grimaldi was once asked to a dinner party, and when the cloth was removed, was requested to sing, but persisted in declining. "Why, Mr. Grimaldi," said the host, "I invited you on purpose to hear a song!" "Did you, sir," replied Grimaldi, "good evening," and he instantly left the house.

A Quick Observer.—We remember an account of the geology of the country betwixt Cork and Dublin, having been read before a certain learned society, from observations made by a certain learned and reverend doctor, from the top of a mail-coach.—*Brown's Edition of White's Natural History*, p. 74.

Essence of Roses.—We read in the history of the Moguls, by Père Catrou, that the famous Princess Nourmahal had a canal entirely filled with rose-water, over which she used to walk with the Great Mogul. The heat of the sun separating the essential oil from the water, it floated on the surface; this being remarked, caused the discovery of preparing essence of roses.—*Reid's Hist. and Lit. Botany.*

Liston and Mathews.—Liston, when at Covent Garden, in 1809, asked Mathews to act for him. Charles excused himself, as he was obliged to play the same night at the Haymarket; "And you know," said the mimic, "I can't divide myself." "I'm not sure of that, rejoined Liston: "I've seen you play in a great many *different pieces.*"

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OF

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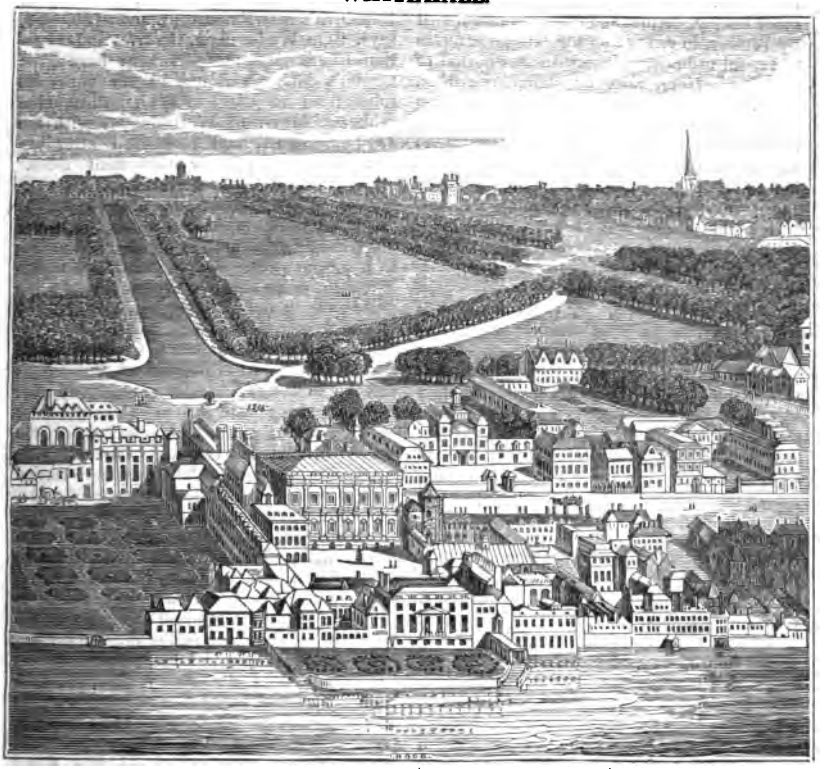
WHITEHALL.



WHITEHALL, IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

Probably, neither of our metropolitan palaces is more rife with interesting associations than the ancient Palace of Whitehall. Its celebrity rose and fell within two centuries; a rapidity, which may be said to increase rather than detract from the interest of its history.

Occasional notices of this palace have appeared in the *Mirror*; but these have been in connexion with events which have occurred within the walls rather than descriptive of the situation and extent of the building. Our present purpose will be, therefore, to furnish the reader with a brief sketch of the origin, and the past condition of the ancient "palace at Whitehall."

The site of Whitehall was originally occupied by a noble mansion erected by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and Chief Justice of England in the reign of Henry III.; and we find this possession described in a grant from the monks of Westminster, as "the inheritance of certain houses, a court, chapel, &c. in the town of Westminster." On the death of Earl Hubert, in 1242, he left this estate to the church of the Black Friars, near "Oldborne," in which he was buried. Soon afterwards, that brotherhood sold it to Walter Gray, Archbishop of York, who made it his town residence, and, on his death, in 1255, bequeathed it as an archiepiscopal palace to his see; whence it acquired the name of York Place. Here, Wolsey, on his promotion in 1514, to the see of York, lived in gorgeous hospitality and courtly pomp: here, as his gentleman-usher, Cavendish, tells us, Wolsey, ranking himself with princes, was, to all that sought him, "sweet as summer," and here,

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shining in "the full meridian of his glory," he attained "the highest point of all his greatness." His household, according to his checker roll, amounted to "about the sum of 500 persons; besides his retainers and others, being suitors, that most commonly were fed in his hall."* Many important councils were held here, particularly that of bishops and other learned divines and casuists, summoned by Wolsey, to consult on the King's scruples in regard to his marriage with Katharine of Arragon. Here, also, on Allhallows Day, 1527, King Henry and the French Embassy were sumptuously banquetted on their return from mass at St. Paul's Cathedral, in confirmation of a treaty which the political priest had negotiated with Francis I. at Amiens. Upon Wolsey's disgrace, the King required from him the surrender of York Place, (the Cardinal having previously quitted it for Asher,) and, in the deed, in which Wolsey complied with the King's demand, dated 1530, the estate is stated to consist of one messuage, two gardens, and three acres of land, with appurtenances.

Henry having thus secured the inheritance of this demesne to the Crown, he immediately began to enlarge and improve it, by erecting additional buildings, and connecting them with the adjoining park of St. James; where also, about the same period, he built a new palace on the site of the ancient hospital, to this day, the seat of the Court.

The removal of Henry and his Court to York Place, was mentioned in our last volume. The royal improvements are described as "many distinct, beautiful, costly, and pleasant lodgings, for His Grace's singular pleasure, comfort, and commodity;" among which was an elegant gate-house across the street, and a sumptuous gallery which overlooked the tilt-yard, and formed the communication between York Place and St. James's Park. On the Park side also, he built a tennis-court, cock-pit, and bowling alleys. The gate-house is generally considered to have been designed by Holbein, whom the King had lately taken into his own service, at 200 florins per annum, with apartments in the palace; and the pencil and talents of this great artist were employed to decorate the interior of York Place.

One of the most important events, in its consequences, that ever, perhaps, was recorded in history, was the marriage, at Whitehall, of King Henry and Anne Boleyn, in 1533; of which, many curious particulars have been assembled and collated by an ingenious Correspondent.†

Henry VIII. signed his will in the "*Palays* of Westminster," (Whitehall,) on the 30th of December, 1547; and he died there January 28, 1547—8.

* Shakspeare, Henry VIII. acts 3 and 4.
† See *Mirror*, vol. xlii. p. 131.

It does not appear when the name of Whitehall was first given to this palace: it is established that one of the buildings was so called in Henry's time; but it is equally certain that it was not generally applied to the palace till Queen Elizabeth's reign.‡ At this period, Whitehall was the very focus of regal splendour. Holinshed, speaking of Elizabeth's first Parliament, anno 1559—60, says, "On Wednesdaie, the five-and-twentieth of Januarie, the parlement began, the Queen's Majestie riding in hir parlement robes, from hir palace of Whitehall unto the Abbeie Church of Westminster, with the Lords Spirituall and Temporall attending hir, likewise in their parlement robes." Elizabeth likewise caused to be built a superb banquetting house, for the reception of the Commissioners from France, to treat of a marriage between the Queen and the Duc d'Anjou, in 1581. Hentzner, who came to England in this reign, styles Whitehall a palace "truly royal," and enumerates many things there "worthy of observation."

The accession of James I. to the English throne was first proclaimed at Whitehall; and one of his first acts of sovereignty after reaching the palace, was to confer the order of knighthood upon 300 persons, in the garden there. In this and the following reign, the pleasures of the Court were carried on here with much taste and magnificence. "Poetry, painting, music, and architecture, were all called in to make them rational amusements. Ben Jonson was the laureate; Inigo Jones, the inventer of the decorations; Laniere and Ferabosco composed the symphonies; and the King and Queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes."§

One of the earliest of these pageants was the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert, (the King's favourite,) with Lady Susan Vere, on December 27, 1604—5. That ceremony was performed in the Chapel at Whitehall; the nuptial dinner was served in the Great Chamber; the masque was played in the Hall; and the newly married couple were lodged in the Council Chamber. On the following Twelfth-day, the young Prince Charles was created Duke of York, with

‡ Mr. Brayley observes: "It is not improbable that the *White Hall*, properly so called, was erected by Wolsey, and obtained its name from the newness and freshness of its appearance, when compared with the ancient buildings of York Place. Shakspeare, in his play of *King Henry VIII.*, makes one of the interlocutors say, in describing the Coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn:—

'So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To *York Place*, where the feast is held.'

To this is replied:—

'Sir, you
Must not call it York Place, that is past;
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the King's, and called—Whitehall!'"
Londiniana, vol. iv. p. 27.*

§ Walpole's Works, vol. iii. p. 271, 4to.

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great pomp, at Whitehall; and at night was a masque which cost 3,000*l.* In another masque, in 1610, we read of a tilting-match, a gallant sea-fight, and fireworks, which were seen by almost half a million of people. In 1612—13, the marriage of the Princess Elisabeth with the Elector Palatine was celebrated here: there were masques by the Lords and Inns of Court; a new temporary marriage-room; and fireworks in the gardens and on the Thames, which cost 9,000*l.*

Whitehall having now become ruinous, James I. ordered Inigo Jones to furnish a plan for a magnificent palace upon the site. Splendid designs were, accordingly, prepared by the architect: but the extravagance of the Court rendered the scheme abortive, and no part of the intended structure was erected, except the Banquetting House, which is almost the only part of Whitehall Palace that now remains. It occupies the site of the house built by Queen Elizabeth, which being "old, rotten, and slight-builded," was pulled down in 1608; in the following year, another house was built here, and this being destroyed by fire, was succeeded by the present Banquetting House. Of this "model of pure and beautiful taste," as Walpole calls it, notices will be found in our previous volumes;* and it is accurately measured and described in one of the Bagford MSS. in the British Museum.†

We have now arrived at the date of the annexed engraving of the Palace, "as it appeared about the reign of James I.;" and by aid of a ground-plan engraved by Vertue, from a survey made some fifty years later, we may be enabled to point the reader's attention to the appropriation of the principal buildings in the View.

Ascending from the Thames, beside the small garden are the palace Stairs, at which Wolsey took barge for Putney, "and so to Asher," when he quitted York Place for ever. Above the Stairs and Garden are the Great Hall and Chapel; the apartments of the Court and its offices are to the left; and to the right are the offices, all which are named in Vertue's plan, even to the buttery, bakehouse, wood and coal yards, charcoal-house, spicery, cider-house, &c. the only office near the royal and noble apartments being the wine-cellar, which, in the plan, is as large as the chapel, a proportion in strict accordance with the age. This spacious cellar is at the back of the large building above the central Garden, adjoining the Court, on the opposite side of which is Inigo Jones's splendid Banquetting House, with the King's Privy Cellar, and other cellars beneath. The building abutting on the left corner of the Court is the Council Office; and in the opposite corner is the palace Gate, opening to the present Parliament-street: opposite are the Horse Guard stables and yard, leading into St. James's Park; to the left are the Foot Guard House and the Tilt Yard; to the right is Wallingford House, where the business of the Navy was transacted until 1723, when the present Admiralty office was commenced; behind is the gambling-house in Spring Gardens. Returning to the river, the left bank rises by a terrace into the Privy Garden, laid out in parterres, and ornamented with marble and bronze statues. To the right of the parterres is indicated the curious dial, constructed for King Charles when Prince of Wales.‡ This dial must not, however, be confounded with the "curious dial" set up in Charles the Second's time, and already described in our Miscellany;§ as the latter dial stood facing the Banquetting House. Charles subsequently built a stone gallery to flank the Privy Garden, and below it suites of apartments for his Beauties.

Above the Privy Garden is the street, with a carriage, (of too modern construction,) and on the opposite side are the Tennis Court, at the back of which is the Cock-pit. To the right of the buildings, and at the left corner of the Banquetting House, are seen the octagonal turrets of Holbein's Gate, which was not removed until the year 1750. It was built of stone and squared flints, and ornamented with busts in *terra cotta*; "three of which, considered to be those of the Henries VII. and VIII., and Bishop Fisher, are now at Hatfield Priory, near Witham, in Essex."‖ This Gate-house was used as the State Paper Office many years before its removal, and was called the Cockpit Gate.

In the distance of the Engraving are seen St. James's Park and Palace, and the north-east portion of the Park, or Spring Gardens, with St. Martin's Church,¶ scarcely even then "in the Fields." In the extreme distance to the left, is Arlington House, on the site of which stands Buckingham Palace.

* See *Mirror*, vol. xii. p. 420; and vol. xiv. p. 436.

† Printed by Malcolm, in his *Londinium Redivivum*, vol. iv. p. 272. The original designs of Inigo Jones's Whitehall were bequeathed by Dr. Clarke, of All Souls' College, Oxford, to the Library of Worcester College, wherein, most probably, they are to this day.—Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. ii.

‡ By Edmund Gunter, Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College, of which, by command of King James, he published a "Description" in 1624, in quarto. The masonry was wrought by Nicholas Stone, who was paid 46*l.* for his labour. "These dials were placed," Gunter says, "on a stone, which at the base was a square of somewhat more than four feet and a half, the height three feet and three quarters, and, unwrought, contained above eighty feet, or five tonne of stone. Five dials were described on the upper part, viz. one on each of the four corners, and a fifth in the middle, which was the chief of all, the great horizontal concave. Besides the dials at the top, there were others on each of the sides, east, west, north, and south."

§ See *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 345, for Engraving and Description, and the same volume, p. 437, for further notice.

‖ *Londiniana*, vol. ii. p. 56.*

¶ Taken down in 1721.

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BUTTERFLIES.

"Roving for ever from flower to flow'r,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet!"
T. Haynes Bayly.

"*Anima*, vagula, blandula."—*Adrian.*

These beautiful insects possess charms both for laughing infancy and sober age: the earliest instruction a child receives in Natural History is a delightful *living* lesson,—it catches a butterfly!—and this characteristic exploit is performed almost as soon as it is out of leading strings. Buttercups and butterflies are the first objects of infantine notice and ambition; and the taste thus early acquired is seldom eradicated by the succeeding cares of life. The old man, tottering on the verge of existence, when his dim vision can perceive little besides, seldom fails to observe their flitting beauties; and, as his depressed eyeballs endeavour to trace their devious course, past joys irradiate his memory, and future solemnities chasten his meditative pleasures. With the glimpse of youthful days, which the passing ephemera unveils, he also partially penetrates the deep obscurity of an approaching eternity, and beholds a fair and impressive emblem of the resurrection. The butterfly has always been regarded as a striking image of the final triumph of the just over their last terrific enemy, "the pale monarch of the tomb,"—born from the grovelling, insignificant caterpillar, at its great change it seems to burst from its confinement like the soaring of the human spirit to a more felicitous and enduring destination;—the classic Rogers, in his elegant address to the "papillon," has embodied this idea:—

"Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept!
And such is man, soon from his cell of clay,
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!"*

The ancients, unaided by the blessed and glorious dawn of Christian revelation, were evidently of this opinion: they placed the semblance of a butterfly at the head of their gravestones, as an image of their *Psyche*—the everlasting soul! thereby doubly intimating transient mortality, and that it would again appear "to flourish in immortal youth,"† with greater effulgence in a new and sinless world. This happy thought has in some measure been followed by our modern inscription of "*Resurgam*" on escutcheons, monuments, &c.

We must now, for the sake of observation, (as far as regards the image,) reverse the order of nature; for though the following remark is somewhat inferior in beauty, it is, perhaps, not so in truth.—It has been said, in reference to the indurating effects of long intercourse with the world, that men begin life as the butterfly, and retire from its busy scenes like the chrysalis: *i. e.* their entry is fluttering in all the freedom and freshness of unsuspecting generosity and uncalculating confidence, unguardedly open to every varying impulse, nicely susceptible of each impression; but, alas! in a short time, the flush, the openheartedness of youth and inexperience, are, to some extent banished, and the coldness and timidity of cautious age creep almost insensibly upon the spirit, freezing up the generous sentiments and making callous the finer susceptibility of our nature, until all genuine, unsophisticated emotions are concealed beneath the artificial superstratum of frigid indifference, or suspicious reserve.

Almost every bard who sings of rural life, has introduced this pre-eminently beautiful insect in his effusions. The noble *Childe*, in one of his "glorious imaginings"‡ faithfully assimilates a butterfly chase and its after fate to the alluring attractions of beauty for "children of a larger growth," who, alas! too often desert the unfortunate victims to their previous unhallowed gratification. The pious Watts reminds us, in one of his moral songs against vanity, that the most costly and splendid habiliments, (the production of an howsoever fashionable and experienced *modiste*,) are inferior to the dresses in which that all-profuse mistress, Nature, has clothed the silkworm and *the butterfly*. The ingenious fabulist Gay, in a certain mythic illustration,§ compares the vulgar arrogance of the prosperous upstart towards his less fortunate fellows, with the seeming pride of the newly-born butterfly, when it hovers in its magnificent apparel over the as newly blown rosebud or tulip—its parallels among flowers. Again, the popular lyrist, Haynes Bayly, (last though not least,) in one of his elegant ballad trifles, considers the life of this insect wonder, though evanescent, almost as the perfection of happiness, unclouded as it appears to be by care or want, and unabridged its liberty in the pursuit of pleasure.

But, a bare tithe of such notices could not be here quoted. Apart from such associations, butterflies excite our curiosity and command our admiration by their consummate beauty, fragile form, delicate habits, and light, aërial motion. Mrs. Trollope, speaking of the summer charms of North America, remarks:—"In a bright day, during any of the summer months, your walk is through an atmosphere of butterflies, so gaudy in hue and so varied in form, that I often thought they looked like flowers on the wing. Some of them are very large, measuring three or four inches across the wings; some have wings of the most dainty lavender colour, and bodies of black; others are fawn

* Vide also Kirby and Spence—*Introduction to Entomology*, vol. i. p. 78.
† Addison's Cato.
‡ The Giaour.
§ The Fable of the Butterfly and Snail.

and rose-coloured; and others again, orange and bright blue: their gay and noiseless movement as they glance through the air, crossing each other in checkered maze, is very beautiful." It is in sweet accordance with such real charms that the "insect queens"* seem to be the mildest creatures in existence; gentle, but not insipid, they interest the better feelings of the heart, and these are still further heightened when we watch them with silent rapture alternately expanding and closing their sylph-like pinions, quietly but luxuriously sipping the pure nectar of spring flowers;—when, lo! the shadow of a passing cloud disturbs the exquisite banquet, and they instantaneously vanish from the sight, almost with the swiftness of the departing sunbeam!—Γεωργιος.

CHARLES LAMB.

BY HAZLITT.

[The reader who has accepted in good part our slight sketch of Charles Lamb, will receive the following quotation with much higher enjoyment. It consists of a few pages of one of Mr. Hazlitt's neglected works, the *Spirit of the Age: or, Contemporary Portraits:* we say *neglected*, because this work never rose into popularity commensurate with its sterling merits: it was, we believe, received with comparative apathy by the public, just as if the author, in writing the Spirit of the Age, had left the age spiritless.—In this character of his noble-minded Contemporary, written about ten years since, Mr. Hazlitt, after referring to Mr. Lamb's devoted and judicious partisans, proceeds:—]

Mr. Lamb has borrowed from previous sources, instead of availing himself of the most popular and admired; he has groped out his way, and made his most successful researches among the more obscure and intricate, though, certainly, not the least pithy or pleasant of our writers. Mr. Lamb has raked among the dust and cobwebs of a remote period, has exhibited specimens of curious relics, and pored over moth-eaten, decayed manuscripts, for the benefit of the more inquisitive and discerning part of the public. Antiquity after a time has the grace of novelty, as old fashions revived are mistaken for new ones; and a certain quaintness and singularity of style is an agreeable relief to the smooth and insipid monotony of modern composition. Mr. Lamb has succeeded not by conforming to the *Spirit of the Age*, but in opposition to it. He does not march boldly along with the crowd, but steals off the pavement to pick his way in the contrary direction. He prefers *by-ways* to *highways*. When the full tide of human life pours along to some festive show, to some pageant of a day, Elia would stand on one side to look over an old book-stall, or stroll down some deserted pathway in search of a pensive inscription over a tottering door-way, or some quaint device in architecture, illustrative of embryo art and ancient manners. Mr. Lamb has the very soul of an antiquarian, as this implies a reflecting humanity; the film of the past hovers for ever before him. He is shy, sensitive, the very reverse of every thing coarse, vulgar, obtrusive, and *common-place*. He would fain "shuffle off this mortal coil," and his spirit clothes itself in the garb of elder time, homelier, but more durable. He is borne along with no pompous paradoxes, shines in no glittering tinsel of a fashionable phraseology; is neither fop nor sophist. He has none of the turbulence or froth of new-fangled opinions. His style runs pure and clear, though it may often take an underground course, or be conveyed through old-fashioned conduit-pipes. Mr. Lamb does not court popularity, nor strut in gaudy plumes, but shrinks from every kind of ostentatious and obvious pretension into the retirement of his own mind.

His convictions "do not in broad rumour lie," nor are they "set off to the world in the glistering foil" of fashion; but "live and breathe aloft in those pure eyes, and perfect judgment of all-seeing *time*." Mr. Lamb rather affects and is tenacious of the obscure and remote: of that which rests on its own intrinsic and silent merit: which scorns all alliance, or even the suspicion of owing any thing to noisy clamour, to the glare of circumstances. There is a fine tone of *chiaro-scuro*, a moral perspective in his writings. He delights to dwell on that which is fresh to the eye of memory; he yearns after and covets what soothes the frailty of human nature. That touches him most nearly which is withdrawn to a certain distance, which verges on the borders of oblivion:—that piques and provokes his fancy most, which is hid from a superficial glance. That which, though gone by, is still remembered, is in his view more genuine, and has given more "vital signs that it will live," than a thing of yesterday, that may be forgotten to-morrow. Death has, in this sense, the spirit of life in it; and the shadowy has to our author something substantial in it. Ideas savour most of reality in his mind; or rather his imagination loiters on the edge of each, and a page of his writings recalls to our fancy the *stranger* on the grate, fluttering in its dusky tenuity, with its idle superstition and hospitable welcome!

Mr. Lamb has a distaste to new faces, to new books, to new buildings, to new customs. He is shy of all imposing appearances, of all assumptions of self-importance, of all adventitious ornaments, of all mechanical advantages, even to a nervous excess. It is not

* Byron.

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merely that he does not rely upon, or ordinarily avail himself of them; he holds them in abhorrence, he utterly abjures and discards them, and places a great gulf between him and them. He disdains all the vulgar artifices of authorship, all the cant of criticism, and helps to notoriety. He has no grand, swelling theories to attract the visionary and the enthusiast, no passing topics to allure the thoughtless and the vain. He evades the present; he mocks the future. His affections revert to, and settle on the past; but then, even this must have something personal and local in it to interest him deeply and thoroughly; he pitches his tent in the suburbs of existing manners; brings down the account of character to the few straggling remains of the last generation; seldom ventures beyond the bills of mortality, and occupies that nice point between egotism and disinterested humanity. No one makes the tour of our southern metropolis, or describes the manners of the last age, so well as Mr. Lamb—with so fine, and yet so formal an air—with such vivid obscurity, with such arch piquancy, such picturesque quaintness, such smiling pathos. How admirably he has sketched the former inmates of the South Sea House; what "fine fretwork he makes of their double and single entries!" With what a firm, yet subtle, pencil he has embodied *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist!* How notably he embalms a battered *beau;* how delightfully an amour, that was cold forty years ago, revives in his pages! With what well-disguised humour he introduces us to his relations, and how finely he serves up his friends! Certainly, some of his portraits are *fixtures*, and will do to hang up as lasting and lively emblems of human infirmity. Then there is no one who has so sure an ear for "the chimes at midnight," not even excepting Mr. Justice Shallow; nor could Master Silence himself take his "cheese and pippins" with a more significant and satisfactory air. With what a gusto Mr. Lamb describes the inns and courts of law, the Temple and Gray's Inn, as if he had been a student there for the last two hundred years, and had been as well acquainted with the person of Sir Francis Bacon, as he is with his portrait or writings! It is hard to say whether St. John's Gate is connected with more intense and authentic associations in his mind, as a part of old London Wall, or as the frontispiece (time out of mind) of the Gentleman's Magazine. He haunts Watling-street like a gentle spirit; the avenue to the play-houses are thick with panting recollections, and Christ's Hospital still breathes the balmy breath of infancy in his description of it! Whittington and his Cat are a fine hallucination for Mr. Lamb's historic Muse, and we believe he never heartily forgave a certain writer who took the subject of Guy Faux out of his hands. The streets of London are his fairy-land, teeming with wonder, with life and interest to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood; he has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance!

Mr. Lamb's taste in books is also fine, and it is peculiar. It is not the worse for a little *idiosyncrasy*. He does not go deep into the Scotch novels, but he is at home in Smollett and Fielding. He is little read in Junius or Gibbon; but no man can give a better account of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, or Sir Thomas Brown's Urn-burial, or Fuller's Worthies, or John Bunyan's Holy War. No one is more unimpressible to a specious declamation; no one relishes a recondite beauty more. His admiration of Shakspeare and Milton does not make him despise Pope; and he can read Parnell with patience, and Gay with delight. His taste in French and German literature is somewhat defective: nor has he made much progress in the science of Political Economy, or other abstruse studies, though he has read vast folios of controversial divinity, merely for the sake of the intricacy of style, and to save himself the pain of thinking. Mr. Lamb is a good judge of prints and pictures. His admiration of Hogarth does credit to both, particularly when it is considered that Leonardo da Vinci is his next greatest favourite, and that his love of the *actual* does not proceed from a want of taste for the *ideal*. His worst fault is an over-eagerness of enthusiasm, which occasionally makes him take a surfeit of his highest favourites.—Mr. Lamb excels in familiar conversation almost as much as in writing, when his modesty does not overpower his self-possession. He is as little of a proser as possible; but he *blurts* out the finest wit and sense in the world. He keeps a good deal in the background at first, till some excellent conceit pushes him forward, and then he abounds in whim and pleasantry. There is a primitive simplicity and self-denial about his manners; and a Quakerism in his personal appearance, which is, however, relieved by a fine Titian head, full of dumb eloquence! Mr. Lamb is a general favourite with those who know him. His character is equally singular and amiable. He is endeared to his friends not less by his foibles than his virtues; he ensures their esteem by the one, and does not wound their self-love by the other. He gains ground in the opinion of others by making no advances in his own. We easily admire genius where the diffidence of the possessor makes our acknowledgment of merit seem like a sort of patronage, or act of condescension, as we willingly extend our good offices, where they are not exacted as obligations, or repaid with sullen indifference. The style of the Essays

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of Elia is liable to the charge of a certain *mannerism*. His sentences are cast in the mould of old authors; his expressions are borrowed from them; but his feelings and observations are genuine and original, taken from actual life, or from his own breast; and he may be said (if any one can) "to have coined his heart for *jests*," and to have split his brain for fine distinctions! Mr. Lamb, from the peculiarity of his exterior and address as an author, would, probably never have made his way by detached and independent efforts; but, fortunately for himself and others, he has taken advantage of the Periodical Press, where he has been stuck into notice, and the texture of his compositions is assuredly fine enough to bear the broadest glare of popularity that has hitherto shone upon them. Mr. Lamb's literary efforts have procured him civic honours, (a thing unheard of in our times,) and he has been invited, in his character of Elia, to dine at a select party with the Lord Mayor (Waithman.) We should prefer this distinction to that of being poet-laureat.

A friend, a short time ago, quoted some lines from *John Woodvil*, which meeting Mr. Godwin's eye, he was so struck with the beauty of the passage, and with a consciousness of having seen it before, that he was uneasy till he could recollect where, and after hunting in vain for it in Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other not unlikely places, sent to Mr. Lamb to know if he could help him to the author!

The Sketch Book.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.—MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

[Mr. Waterton relates, in the *Magazine of Natural History*, the following story to show that, in the case of an attack of a lion, nonresistance was the only plan to be pursued, when escape from death seemed utterly hopeless. The principals in this affair were a brave young British officer and a full-grown lion of India. Mr. Waterton was at Frankfort on the Mayne in August, 1833, and he heard the subsequent account from the officer's own mouth.]

In the month of July, 1831, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle, some twenty miles distant from the cantonment of Rajcoté, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang, were stationed. An elephant was despatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morrow, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and elated with the hope of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighbouring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions, in case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell, to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country. The officers now pursued him on horseback, as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this, the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and, having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindermost seat. They now proceeded towards the heart of the jungle, in the expectation of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them. The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last, he became somewhat more tractable; but, as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden, the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his hinder parts with his teeth, and hung on them, until the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

The lion retreated farther into the thicket; Captain Woodhouse, in the mean time, firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail; as the jolting of the elephant, and the uproar of the moment, prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting. Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him; and, after searching about for some time, he saw the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged

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his rifle at him; but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him; for he saw the lion retire, with the utmost composure, into the thicker parts of the brake. The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle, joined their companion, on hearing the report of his gun.

The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to the elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket, and, as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track, at all hazards. The Indian gamefinder, who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of the gun. This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

Lieutenant Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him. This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) "in most magnificent style." Captain Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps, in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making: wherefore, he instantly resolved to stand still, in the hopes that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived; for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm, at the same moment, being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his desperate antagonist. While these two brave and sturdy combatants, "whose courage none could stain," were yet standing in mortal conflict, Lieutenant Delamain ran up, and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, while Lieutenant Delamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to craunch the captain's arm; but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a couching position, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward situation, the captain, unthinkingly, raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time; craunched it, as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring. The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint showed that he had learned to profit by the painful lesson.

He now lay, bleeding and disabled, under the foot of a mighty and an irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its flitting honours, was on the point of vanishing for ever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance; but he was totally at a loss to account for them. He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder, in order to be quite sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean.

The two lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching; but, unfortunately, they were in a wrong direction; as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that, if his friends fired, the balls would hit him, after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, "to the other side! to the other side!" Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave comrade in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side, and Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior.

The lion merely quivered; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim

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The lieutenant's aim was so good and true, that it puts one in mind of what happened at Chevy Chase:

"Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft was set,
The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet!"

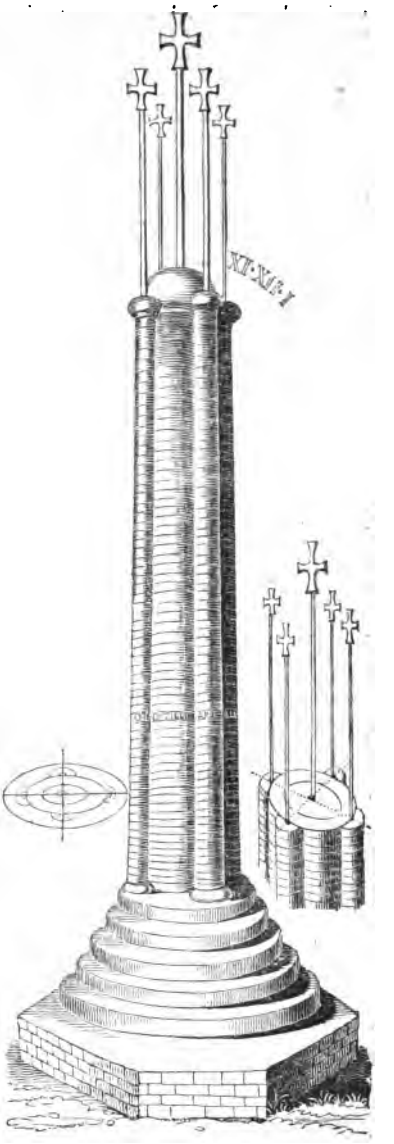
Thus ended this ever-memorable homoleonine encounter. From what has been related, a proof may be drawn of the utility of lying quite still, when we have the misfortune to be struck to the ground by an animal of the cat tribe.

Antiquariana.

DONCASTER CROSS.

[We copy this singular monument from a large print by Vertue, in Vol. ii. of *Vetusta Monumenta*, published by the Society of Antiquaries, in 1752; engraved upon which plate, on each side of the shaft of the Cross, are the following details of its history.]

This draught of Doncaster Cross was taken from an old painting, formerly in the collection of the learned antiquary, Ralph Thoresby, of Leeds, Esq., who mentions it among his curiosities, and has printed the inscription round the pillar in his *Museum*, p. 489. His father, Alderman Thoresby, of Leeds, in the year 1672, purchased the collection of coins, paintings, and other curiosities of the Lord Fairfax, and his son, Sir Thomas, among which was this painting. It is now in the hands of Dr. Richard Rawlinson, a member of this society; together with a fragment in manuscript relating to it, which also belonged to the alderman, and contains the following account of the Cross:—"This is the fashion of the Cross as it was first built; which was defaced in the year of our Lord, 1644, by the Earl of Manchester's army, coming out of the south to the siege of York, and was after beautified with four dials, ball and fane, by William Paterson, Mayor of Doncaster, 1678. And the said Earl of Manchester's men, endeavouring to pull the whole shank down, got a smith's forge-hammer, and broke off the four corner crosses; and then fastened ropes to the middle cross, which was stronger and higher, thinking by that to pull the whole shank down; but a stone breaking off and falling upon one of the men's legs which was nearest it, and broke his leg: so they troubled themselves no more about it." As there is no date nor name to this paper, it is not certain, when, or by whom, it was written. Though, by what the writer says, it is plain that he remembered the Cross before the damage it received by the soldiers; and that the painting truly represents it in its former state. Our historians leave us in the dark, with regard both to the time and



(Doncaster Cross.)

occasion of erecting this cross. Leland does not so much as mention it, nor any edition of Camden, except the last, by Bishop Gibson, which has likewise the inscription, written in the ancient Norman language. But there is a mistake of the artist, in joining together the letters TILLIAKI, for the latter name of the person, as if the whole was one

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word: whereas Mr. Thoresby very justly separates them into three different words, TILLI: A KI. With this emendation, the whole inscription may be thus rendered in English: "This is the Cross of Ote de Tilli, to whose soul God shew mercy. Amen." The words KI, whose, and ALME, soul, are so spelt in several manuscripts of our old statutes; and the rest are attended with no difficulty.

The present inscription, which differs in some of the words being modern, can be of no moment in this inquiry, and therefore need not be recited. As to this Ote de Tilli, who built the Cross, it appears that Otto or Ote de Tilli was "senescallus comitis de Conibroc," and witness to a grant of Hamelin, Earl of Warren, *Monast. Angl.* i. p. 406. He was likewise a witness to the charter of the foundation of Kirkstal Abbey, 17 Steph. A. D. 1152. ibid. p. 857. And he afterwards attested two grants, made by Henry de Lacy to the same abbey, ibid. p. 862. His name also appears to several other grants and writings of different kinds, during the two following reigns; which are too many to be here enumerated. So that this Ote de Tilli must have lived to an advanced age, and very probably was the same person who erected the Cross, as he was steward to the Earl of Conisborough, and witness to several grants of lands not far from Doncaster; since it was customary for such writings to be attested by the neighbouring inhabitants, and generally by those who were nearest of kin.

The Cross stands at the south end of the town, in the road towards London, so that carriages may pass on either side of it. It is composed of five columns, a large one in the middle, and four small ones around it, answering pretty nearly to the cardinal points. The numeral figures in the area, on the right side of the cross, near the top, seem to have been placed there in the painting to show the hours, when the sun shone upon the south face of it. The circumference of the column is eleven feet seven inches, and its height eighteen feet. The sections on each side the Cross are not in the painting.

New Books.

VOYAGE TO THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC OCEAN, IN H. M. SLOOP, CHANTICLEER.

(*Continued from page 44.*)

[WE resume our extracts from this very entertaining work, in the confident hope that their extent will be warranted by their interest.]

Vastness of Icebergs.

If the magnitude of some icebergs produces astonishment in the beholder, how much would this be increased, when we consider that only one-seventh part of them may appear above the surface of the water! Thus an iceberg two hundred feet high above the surface, may have fourteen hundred feet below it, making a total height of sixteen hundred feet. This conclusion has been formed from experiments in the north, made with solid cubic pieces of ice; but it is one that cannot hold good entirely with icebergs, because they are far from being cubes, and must in consequence of their varied forms have much less weight above water, and consequently will not float so deep. Having made some experiments of this nature, I deduced from them that in cubic pieces of ice one-seventh part only remained above the surface of the water. I also placed a cone of ice on a cubic piece from the same iceberg, and found that the cube easily floated and sustained the little pyramid, the height of which was more than double the depth of the cube below the water. I also floated irregular-shaped masses, and found their heights above the surface to vary considerably, in some it was equal, in others greater than the depth below it; proving that no inference can be safely drawn as to the depth to which an iceberg extends from the surface with reference to its height above it, and that all depends on its form.

In corroboration of this I may further observe, that while we were in contact with the iceberg off the island, we determined its height by a reference to the vessel's masts to be not less than fifty feet. Now this would have required a depth of three hundred and fifty feet to float in, according to the conclusion deduced from a cubical piece; but it was floating in ninety-six feet; for we obtained soundings at the same time with sixteen fathoms of line.

Icebergs are justly termed marine avalanches, and are formed in deep ravines, being a collection of snow and ice accumulated in some sheltered precipice. In course of time the part next to the precipice becomes melted, and it is launched by its own weight with a prodigious crash into the sea beneath it.

Sailors' Comparisons.

Sailors are very ready to familiarize themselves with objects about them. They see so great a variety of scenery, and such a constant succession of fresh objects, that to them nothing comes amiss; they are quite at home with all they see, and are ever ready to find resemblances in anything to objects with which they may have been familiar. For instance, there is a mountain near the entrance of the harbour of Rio Janeiro, which has received and still bears the appellation of "Lord Hood's Nose," from the circumstance of the peculiar outline which it presents when seen from the sea, resembling that feature in

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his lordship's face to which they were well accustomed. The Paps is a term very commonly applied to two round hills anywhere connected by lower land, and bearing a similar character of feature to the female breast; and many other terms are also applied from similar reasons. The inventive minds of our men were speedily at work, and each remarkable feature in Deception Island had its cognomen: Crimson Hill, Iceberg Hill, and others were successively named; and the small cones so plentifully scattered about were termed brick-kilns.

The Cape Pigeon,

Which had accompanied us even from the eighteenth degree of south latitude, did not forsake us at Deception Island. Indeed they are constant and unwearied attendants of ships on the longest voyages, notwithstanding the practice of some unfeeling sailors, who repay this attention by catching them as they would fish, with a hook and line. They eagerly swallow the hook, baited with anything, as it follows the track of the ship, and thus become an easy prey. It is said that they are good eating, and are frequently seen more than two thousand miles from the land.

Climate of South Shetland.

The summer may be compared to a dull November in England, and the winter considered as one long, starless and desolate night. A perpetual gloom prevails, which the glorious sun seldom or never penetrates so as to be distinctly seen for many hours together; and as for the stars, they and the moon are scarcely ever visible. Fine days are, "like angels' visits, few and far between." Situated in a high southern latitude and surrounded by a wide expanse of sea, the atmosphere of South Shetland is loaded with vapour, and everything is damp and humid. The sun's rays act feebly at all times; but in their most powerful form, there is nothing to collect or to acknowledge their genial influence, masses of snow and ice repress and overpower their effect.

The sea in the basin of Deception Island is generally at a low temperature, only two or three degrees above the freezing point in the midst of summer. During the months of January and February, in which we were here, the warmest months of the year, we had frequent heavy falls of snow. A black-bulbed thermometer was exposed to the sun at every opportunity, and the greatest height of the mercury, under the most favourable circumstances of an unclouded meridian sun, was 77°. The general range and average of the intensity of the sun's heat was only 66°. It was found that putrefaction does not readily take place in the climate of Deception Island; for on opening a grave, which had attracted the attention of one of our officers, the body was found entire, and free from any unpleasant odour, although we had reason for believing that it had lain there some years. It was supposed to have been deposited by the crew of some sealing vessel. We observed also that the carcasses of seals on the beach, and pieces of the flesh of penguins, were converted into a soft, greasy mass, without further decomposition taking place. The climate may be considered as very healthy.

The Fuegians.

The Fuegian wigwam is probably one of the most wretched of this kind of structure. The North American Indian has his birch bark, and contrives to thatch the sides of it so as to render it impervious to the rain, which, however, it must not be forgotten, finds its way into it through the aperture left in the top for the escape of the smoke. The African negro has his hut of clay, which, although it may be suffocating and ill calculated for the tropical climate, nevertheless protects him from the inclemency of the weather. Even the Esquimaux has his snow hut, and is equally secure from the effects of the intemperate regions in which it is his lot to be placed; but a few green boughs of trees is all that the Fuegian can find to construct the habitation which is to protect him from the cold, wet, and boisterous climate of Tierra del Fuego. It is of a circular form, generally not larger than will afford room for a family of five or six persons, who squat themselves round a fire in the middle in listless apathy. This miserable habitation boasts not the meanest or most common utensil, and the bare ground forms its floor. Here they sit, with occasionally a seal-skin covering thrown over their shoulders, and sometimes an apron of some animal's skin tied round their middle; but neither of these appear by any means to be indispensable articles of dress, and many are in a state of nudity; all suffering alike from the effects of smoke on their eyes. The dog, the faithful companion of man in every clime, lives on terms of the most intimate friendship with them, sharing alike their bed and board. The Fuegian dog is an animal of a good size, and of a better appearance than might be expected from the nature of his food. The animal bears considerable resemblance to a fox in his general appearance; he is very ferocious, and not unlike an Esquimaux dog.

In one of my visits to their wigwams, with the view of instructing them how to be useful to themselves and to each other, a red pocket-handkerchief attracted their attention. This I presented to the youngest female in the company, which consisted of five persons. The girl, to my great surprise, deliberately tore it into ribands, and began to ornament her hair with it; she also tied some pieces round her wrist, having previously offered me

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some dried fish in return for my present. We had given them fish-hooks, lines, knives, needles, and thread, scissors, &c., and I endeavoured to instruct them how to use the latter articles, so essential to the economy and manufacture of dress among ourselves. The Fuegians are decidedly a tractable and docile people, fully capable of receiving instruction; and I took no small pains in teaching one of the women the art of using a needle and thread to the best of my humble abilities in that line. I thought I should have succeeded by the attention which was paid to me by my pupil; for, although my performance was none of the best, it was still sufficient to "teach the young idea." But, alas, it was all to no purpose. I might have spared my trouble; for the woman on whom my pains had been bestowed, deliberately made a hole with the needle and then drew the thread out of it, and proceeded quietly to insert it into the hole the needle had made. This was the more provoking, because, in spite of all my instruction, she still persisted in doing it.

These people betrayed great apathy and indifference at our appearance. In the course of our attempts to obtain a knowledge of their character and disposition, we found them uniformly mild and good-natured, with most frequently a smile on their countenance. There was nothing ferocious either in their manners or appearance, but at the same time we found no symptoms of fear or cowardice among them. They would scarcely listen to the sound of a flute, but they would join in a song, or rather endeavour to follow the air with their voices, and gave us the opportunity of hearing that they were soft and melodious. On our showing a glass to one of the women, after looking at herself in it, she rubbed it over her face and then laid it aside.

The only emblem of cleanliness which we could discover was the jaw of a porpoise, for it appears that the minuteness and regularity of the teeth enable them to use it as a comb, a contrivance which cannot be considered but as highly creditable to these people. The children are in general potbellied, but good looking.

The only weapons we observed among these people were slings, bows and arrows. The latter are neatly made, and pointed with obsidian. Their bows and arrows are employed for the destruction of birds; warfare appears not to trouble these people; happily for them it has not reached their shores. They use a dried lichen as tinder, and procure fire by the friction of two pieces of pyrites, a fire-stone with which their country abounds. One night we fired some rockets for the purpose of obtaining difference of time, and the poor Indians were so alarmed by them, that they fled into the woods and stayed there the whole night. In fact they were so alarmed by them, that they forsook us early the ensuing morning, and never returned again, imagining that we were in possession of an evil spirit which we could always let loose among them at pleasure.

Scurvy in the Navy.

The memorable voyage of Anson in 1741, is a sad tale in naval history: it was off Staten Island that the five ships forming the squadron had encountered the most severe weather; snow, sleet, and rain, with adverse winds and a turbulent sea, added to a privation from fresh provisions, and a long continuance on salt diet, produced that dreadful disease the scurvy, now scarcely known in the British navy; and when we reflect that out of four hundred and fifty men, who had composed the crew of Lord Anson's ship when she passed through the strait of Le Maire, twenty effective hands only were capable of doing their duty two months afterwards, we have good reason to be thankful that, with all our buffeting about, we have escaped so well. One half of Anson's crew had died, and the rest were ill in their hammocks: the sufferings they endured must have been dreadful indeed, when we reflect that fractured bones, which had knitted together and had long been well, are stated to have parted asunder. We had traversed much of the same route in the Chanticleer at the same season of the year, we had encountered the same boisterous elements and were equally exposed to them, and were much longer on salt provisions, as long as ten months, and yet we had escaped. This signal delivery, for so I cannot help calling it, is a fair instance of the great advantages we enjoy in the present day over our naval ancestors; and our gratitude is due to those scientific and able men who have devoted their time and attention to the improvement of our resources at sea, both in our diet and the mechanical inventions which they have introduced. The name of Cook stands eminently conspicuous on this list of benefactors to their country; for by his judicious and excellent regulations to preserve the cleanliness and ventilation of his ship, and by the attention which he paid to the dress and diet of his crew, he was the first to keep the scurvy out of the list of diseases incident to a nautical life. It is not very long ago that I was shown in Sir Ashton Lever's museum a piece of dried salt-beef; the shreds of which it was composed exactly resembled rope-yarn, and, having been round the world, it was very properly treasured up as a curiosity.

The Car of Venus.

At particular seasons of the year fleets of the argonaut, or paper nautilus, are wafted into Mossel Bay. They frequent more especially the mouth of the little river St. Blaize, near which they are thrown on the beach in

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considerable numbers. The acknowledged beauty of this delicate shell has obtained it the appropriate name of the Car of Venus. Nothing can be more interesting than to see it sailing on the rippling surface of the ocean; and in contemplating its beauties, it is easy to imagine how it was fabled in the olden time as the vessel of the Paphian Queen, sprung from the ocean's bed, spotless as its form, fragile as its bubble, and pure as the glistening dew-drop which it contains. The argonaut, or paper nautilus, has afforded an instructive example to those who pursue naval architecture; its semicircular keel, its curvilinear ribs, its capacious body, and its inimitable poop, are all subjects for admiration. For my own part, I am so decided an admirer of the works of Nature, that I always consider them as those of the greatest possible skill, presenting the best examples for the imitations of man. And I know no better mode of instruction for him to pursue, than that of examining all the perfect structures and innumerable contrivances in the economy of the animal kingdom. No example of the application of mechanics can be found more complete than that exhibited in the nautilus, thin and fragile as it is. A few years ago, a hundred pounds were offered by the British Museum for a perfect specimen of this shell with its inhabitant entire; and Mr. Thomson, a merchant of Cape Town, procured one, and obtained the reward.

The Public Journals.

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE GIPSIES.

Sons of witchcraft! tribe of thieves!
Whom the villager believes
To deal with Satan,
Tell us your customs and your rules:—
Whence came ye to this land of fools
On whom ye fatten?

"Whence do we come? Whence comes the swallow?
Where does our home lie? Try to follow
The wild bird's flight,
Speeding from winter's rude approach;
Such home is ours. Who dare encroach
Upon our right?

Prince we have none, nor gipsy throne,
Nor magistrate nor priest we own,
Nor tax, nor claim;
Blithesome we wander, reckless, free;
And happy two days out of three;
Who'll say the same?

Away with church-enactments dismal!
We have no liturgy baptismal
When we are born;
Save the dance under greenwood tree,
And the glad sound of revelry
With pipe and horn.

At our first entrance on this globe,
Where Falsehood walks in varied robe,
Caprice, and whims,
—Sophist and bigot, heed ye this!—
The swathing bands of prejudice
Bound not our limbs.

Well do we ken the vulgar mind,'
Ever to Truth and candour blind,
But led by Cunning;
What rogue can tolerate a brother?
Gipsies contend with priests, each other
In tricks outrunning.

Your "towered cities" please us not;
But give us some secluded spot,
Far from the millions;
Far from the busy haunts of men,
Rise for the night, in shady glen,
Our dark pavilions.

Soon we are off; for we can see
Nor pleasure nor philosophy
In fix-éd dwelling;
Ours is a life, the life of clowns,'
Or drones who vegetate in towns,
Far, far excelling.

Paddock and park, fence and inclosure,
We scale with ease and with composure:
'Tis quite delightful!
Such is our empire's mystic charm,
We are the owners of each farm,
More than the rightful.

Great is the folly of the wise,
If on relations he relies,
Or trusts in men;
"Welcome!" they say, to babes born newly,
But when your life is eked out duly,
"Good evening!" then.

None among us seeks to illude,
By empty boast of brotherhood,
Or false affection;
Give, when we die, our souls to God,'
Our body to the grassy sod,
Or "for dissection."

Your noblemen may talk of vassals,
Proud of their trappings and their tassels,
But never heed them;
Ours is the life of perfect bliss—
Freedom is man's best joy, and this
Is PERFECT FREEDOM!"

—*From* BERANGER, *in Fraser's Magazine.*

THE BRIDE OF THE CYMBALEER.—A BALLAD.

(*From the French of Victor Hugo.*)

My lord, the Duke of Brittany,
Has summoned his barons bold—
Their names make a fearful litany!
Among them you'll not meet any
But men of giant mould.

Proud earls, who dwell in donjon-keep
And steel-clad knights appear,
Whose forts are girt with a fossé deep;
But none excel in soldiership
My own loved cymbaleer.

Clashing his cymbals forth he went,
With a bold and gallant bearing;
Sure for a captain he was meant,
To judge from his accoutrement,
And the cloth of gold he's wearing.

But in my soul since then I feel
A fear, in secret creeping;
And to Saint Bridget oft I kneel,
That she may recommend his weal
To his guardian-angel's keeping.

I've begged our abbot, Bernardine,
His prayers not to relax;
And, to procure him aid divine,
I've burnt upon St. Gilda's shrine
Three pounds of virgin-wax.

Our Lady of Loretto knows
The pilgrimage I vowed:
"To wear the scollop I propose
If health and safety from the foes
My lover is allowed."

No letter (fond affection's gage!)
From him could I require,
The pain of absence to assuage—
A vassal-maid can have no page,
A liegeman has no squire.

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This day will witness, with the duke's,
My cymbaleer's return:
Gladness and pride beam in my looks,
Delay my heart impatient brooks,
All meaner thoughts I spurn.

Back from the battle-field elate,
His banner brings each peer;
Come let us see, at the ancient gate,
The martial triumph pass in state,
And the duke and my cymbaleer.

We'll see from the rampart walls of Nantz
What an air his horse assumes;
His proud neck swells, his glad hoofs prance,
And on his head unceasing dance,
In a gorgeous tuft, red plumes!

Be quick, my sisters! dress in haste!
Come, see him bear the bell,
With laurels deck'd, with true love graced;
While in his bold hand, fitly placed,
The bounding cymbals swell!

Mark well the mantle that he'll wear
(Embroidered by his bride)!
Admire his burnished helmet's glare,
O'ershadowed by the dark horse-hair
That waves in jet folds wide!

The gipsy (spiteful wench!) foretold,
With voice like a viper hissing
(Though I had crossed her palm with gold),
That from the ranks a spirit bold
Would be to-day found missing.

But I have prayed so hard, I trust
Her words may prove untrue;
Though in her cave the hag accurst
Muttered, "Prepare thee for the worst!"
With a face of ghastly hue.

My joy her spells shall not prevent.
Hark! I can hear the drums!
And ladies fair from silken tent
Peep forth, and every eye is bent
On the cavalcade that comes!

Pikemen, dividing on both flanks,
Open the pageantry;
Loud as they tread their armour clanks,
And silk-robed barons lead the ranks—
The pink of gallantry!

In scarfs of gold, the priests admire;
The heralds on white steeds;
Armorial pride decks their attire,
Worn in remembrance of a sire
Famed for heroic deeds.

Feared by the Paynim's dark divan,
The Templars next advance;
Then the brave bowmen of Lausanne,
Foremost to stand in battle's van
Against the foes of France.

Next comes the duke with radiant brow,
Girt with his cavaliers;
Round his triumphant banner bow
Those of the foe. Look, sisters, now!
Now come the cymbaleers!"

She spoke—with searching eye surveyed
Their ranks—then pale, aghast,
Sunk in the crowd! Death came in aid—
'Twas mercy to that gentle maid:
THE CYMBALEERS HAD PASSED!

Fraser's Magazine.

THE CONFESSIONS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

(*Concluded from page 64.*)

SHAKSPEARE himself *has* written of himself; Shakspeare himself *has* told of his loves and his friendships, and of those inner thoughts that alone stamp the character; Shakspeare himself has described the wayward moods of his mortal mind, and the wayward turns of his mortal fate; Shakspeare himself has unconsciously left for the world's gaze a picture, to contrast strangely, but in deep truth, with his glories of the theatre, and with his gaiety of the Mermaid and the Mitre; Shakspeare himself, from the sublime solitude into which the very might of his genius must have ever and anon have plunged him, has sent forth audible sighs which are breathing still, and may still be heard amidst the throbbings of his mighty heart! Shakspeare, in one word, has written down his confessions, AND THESE CONFESSIONS STILL REMAIN.

It was, I find, about the year 1598 that an allusion first appeared in some writings of Shakspeare, undesigned for publication. In that year a book named "The Wit's Treasury" was published, written by one Meres, who indulged himself in an illusion to the poet after the following strain:—"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare." Witness, Mr. Meres proceeded, startling greatly all who had not heard of them, witness "his sugared sonnets among his private friends."

Now in those days there lived a certain bookseller of doubtful authenticity, a sort of Edmund Curll, in truth, whose ungentlemanly transgressions beyond the honour of the business greatly shocked the sober Lintots and judicious Tonsons of the time. But Providence selects its instruments, and Mr. Jaggard has found favour with posterity. As soon as he saw this "note of Meres," he set to work to ferret out these sonnets, and scrape them together for a volume. He succeeded in collecting several, and published them accordingly, in defiance of the author and of all remonstrance, the following year. I fear he would scarcely have been incited to this but for some little matters of personal scandal that were in them, and for that the person whom they affected mainly was now becoming of some substance in the world, having just appeared as in part proprietor, as well as actor, of the Globe theatre. This I gather from a curious document produced lately by the ingenious and learned Mr. Collier, in which the name of Shakspeare stands fifth in a list of the owners and actors of the Globe. It was not till 1609 that another publication of these sonnets took place, when a certain W. H., as I take it, performed the office of collector to those that had been written between that year and 1590, and carried the whole to Thomas Thorpe, who, in gratitude, dedicated the volume to his nameless benefactor.

These sonnets, then, are the PERSONAL CONFESSIONS of Shakspeare. They record his loves, his friendships, and his character, as I have already described them. They express (as it has been finely said the sonnet is fitted to express) "some fee grief due to

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the poet's breast;" they are sighs uttered from the fulness of his heart, which breathe forth its secretest emotions; they record the sweetest pieces of self-denial, and of jealous self-watchfulness; they tell us a variety of personal anecdotes of all sorts; they are, in short, transcripts of the writer's own mind in all its changes from joy to sorrow, and in the loftiest aspect of its intellect as in the lowliest of its daily fortunes. Into what wonderful secrets do they not admit us, what strange incidents do they not disclose! Think of the very inmost feelings of such a heart—of the depths of such a peculiar and solitary spirit, solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies! If the reader may find it worth his while to follow me, I venture to think that I am able to derive from these sonnets such a series of personal experiences, and such personal lessons of exquisite truth and wisdom, as it has rarely been permitted to man to breathe to himself, or to leave unconsciously on record to succeeding men. And how recorded! With what disinterested sentiment, what profound thought, what refinement, what love of nature! What glory does he not add to his thoughts of love, with what exquisite beauty does he not redeem his sorrows! They tell of obstacles, of severe struggles, of poverty, of contumely, of neglect—yet they are not dark with tears. For see, beyond, even out of these splendid colours, these noble words, these lovely thoughts, the rainbow of hope springs up. At least the reader *shall* see it—if he will take me for his guide. I believe I have discovered many of the most hidden allusions in these poems, though there are many that must still remain impenetrable. For surely, in such a soul as that of Shakspeare, there must ever be unsounded abysses, which it would be but questionable philosophy to undertake very readily to fathom.

It shall be the object of a second paper to throw into succinct arrangement a most remarkable piece of autobiography (the most remarkable, perhaps, ever placed on distinct record), derived from these sonnets. Meanwhile, the space which remains shall be occupied with some remarks on a few of those thoughts and allusions that are in them, which I find explained even by the little that is known to us of the actual circumstances of Shakspeare's life.

* * * * *

How many shillings a week had Shakspeare for his acting? But a more interesting question is, What sort of acting was it? I have a shrewd suspicion, from the evidences of these sonnets, and from other sources I will name, that it must have been fine—as far in advance, indeed, of his contemporaries and of his audience, as his writing was. At least, if this may not be conceded, Lingo's amusing plea will, perhaps, be allowed: "A scholar! I am a master of scholars!" Shakspeare was unquestionably, if not an actor, a master of actors. Witness his noble advice to the players in *Hamlet*; that admirable dialogue on acting and "playing the big tragedian," between Richard and Buckingham; and a thousand other evidences throughout his plays. But this is not all. The author of the "*Roscius Anglicanus*" distinctly states, on excellent authority, that Shakspeare himself specially taught Taylor to play Hamlet, and Lowin to play Henry VIII: he himself was content with the Ghost. Rowe says it was his top performance: and a noble performance I imagine it to have been. What a sense of the poetry, what an awful and most imaginative impressiveness must have been there! I would venture much that, as Taylor in Hamlet described the "piteous action" of Shakspeare in the Ghost, the audience must have felt, as it were humanly in their hearts, even that awful visitation. Another of his parts, too, known to have been acted by him, was that of Adam in *As you Like It*. How characteristic of the heart of the man (as the other had been of his imagination) to select this piece of beautiful and pathetic devotion! How sure a proof that he was equal to its noblest expressions! Aubrey distinctly states indeed, that he "did act exceedingly well." I am very sure of it; but we have seen in what way his jealous self-watchfulness fancied acting might hurt his mind, and there may have been other reasons to disgust him with the profession. Honest John Davies, of Hereford, wrote to him jocosely,—

> "Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
> Hadst thou not played some kingly parts in sport,
> Thou hadst been a companion for a king,
> And been a king among the meaner sort!"

but there was truth in this jest; and it is impossible to think that it can have other than revolted his fine nature to exhibit himself "a motley to the view" of the fops who, in those days, had the privilege of sitting on the stage; to be hustled, perhaps, and impertinently addressed by a noble pimp of a fellow with his "tobacco-pipe in his mouth," in "a jerkin cudgelled with gold lace," with "a hat scarce pipkin high," and "a poniard on his thigh,"—as they are graphically described for us, sitting on the stage laughing, it might be, in the face of Macbeth or Lear. Add to all this the suggestion—that his acting was probably in advance of his time. And what is an actor without applause? The war-horse without the trumpet. An actor must feel his living triumph, for but a slight one can survive him. At all events, Shakspeare seized the first opportunity of quitting the stage. In 1603 he played Sejanus in Ben Jonson's play; and this is the last date at which I find his name. When Volpone was acted, in 1605, his name does not appear.

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The truth is, that, in 1603, he appears, from the license dated in that year, to have accomplished the purchase of a larger share in the Globe theatre, and the first use he made of his new power was to take his own name from the list of actors!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Elizabeth Islands.—The Elizabeth Islands are about sixteen in number. They extend from near the south-westerly part of Falmouth, North America, and lie in a row of eighteen miles in length, on the south-east side of Buzzard's Bay. The principal islands are Nashawn, Nashawnna, Cuttyhunk, Pasque, Nonymesset, Panaguese, and Uncatana. The surface of these islands is generally uneven; the soil is of good quality, but better adapted to grazing than tillage. With the exception of five or six small farms, the land is uninclosed, and affords pasturage for large numbers of sheep, cattle, and horses. Some parts of the islands are rocky, but most of the stones are of a convenient size to be used in the construction of stone walls. There is not much wood on the islands. Nashawn, a few years since, contained extensive forests of oak, but they were principally cut off about sixteen years ago, and sold for timber and fuel. There are two lighthouses on these islands; one to Cuttyhunk, the most western island, and the other on the south-west side of Tarpaulin Cove. That at Nashawn is built of rough stone, procured in the vicinity. The keeper's house is of the same material, and both are built in a very substantial manner. Nashawn is the largest of the group, being about seven miles in length, and averaging about one in breadth. The present proprietor obtains an annual income of three thousand dollars from it. Like the other islands, it is mostly improved for pasturage. There are on the island a number of sheep and cattle besides horses. Deer are found in considerable numbers; but the proprietor does not allow them to be hunted and killed, except at particular seasons of the year, and then in limited numbers. Near Tarpaulin Cove, in the southerly part, the surface is very uneven and rocky; in the south-west and north-east, it is more level, and free from stones. W. G. C.

Kean and Rae.—On the first rehearsal of Richard III., Rae, who played Richmond, and little suspected his adversary to be a better fencer than himself, asked him "where he should hit him?" "Where you can, sir," replied Kean; and he is said to have driven poor Rae about the stage for a quarter of an hour, before he would suffer him to make the final thrust.—*Georgian Era*, v. iv.

Charles Lee Lewes was less celebrated as an actor than for his recitations of Steevens's Lecture on Heads, and Johnny Gilpin. On one occasion he received scarcely any applause, when a friend observed that if he had worn a comical citizen's wig, and thrown it off, in describing Gilpin's fall from the horse, he would have made all the people laugh. "My dear sir," replied Lewes, "it is not wigs the people want now-a-days, but heads."

Follett and Sheridan.—Follett, the Clown (of Covent-garden Theatre), was an extravagant, dissolute man, and always either in "gaol or in jeopardy." He was one day locked up at Hirst's, the sheriff's officer, in Took's-court, when Sheridan was brought in, who either did not know, or did not choose to recognise, Follett: but the pantomimist was not to be denied; and slapping the dramatist on the shoulder, he exclaimed, "They talk of an enlightened age, Mr. Sheridan; and here are two such men as you and I locked up for a few paltry pounds."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

A Scotch Auditor.—Such was their devotion to name and to "known bodies" in bonny Dundee, that when a stranger made his *debût*, and some unthinking Sawney was beginning to applaud him, his friend caught his arm and exclaimed, "Hoot, mon! what are you about? Bide a wee bit; *naebody kens who he is.*"—*Ibid.*

Scotch Method of Preserving Eggs.—Dip them, during one or two minutes, in boiling water. The white of the egg then forms a kind of membrane, which envelopes the interior, and defends it from the air. This method is preferable to the varnish proposed by Reaumur.

Coleridge's Remorse.—In this play, written and presented to Drury at Sheridan's urgent request, there occurs a scene in which one of the characters, waiting in a cavern, is listening to the dropping of the dank dews into the deep abyss below, the poet has given him this line—

"Drip, drip, drip, a ceaseless sound of water-drops."

When Sheridan heard the tragedy read, he exclaimed at this line—

"Drip, drip, drip, here's nothing here but *dripping!*"

Beginnings.—Dowton, in his evidence before the Dramatic Committee, when asked where he first acted publicly, replied, "In a barn at Ashburton, in Devonshire, or a cow-house, I believe; it was not so good as a barn." Mr. Powell once played Young Norval in *pattens*, (because the stage was flooded from recent rains,) in a wretched shed in which the company held forth. And Kean acted Sir Giles Overreach on a billiard-table in a small room at Abergavenny.

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The Mirror

OF

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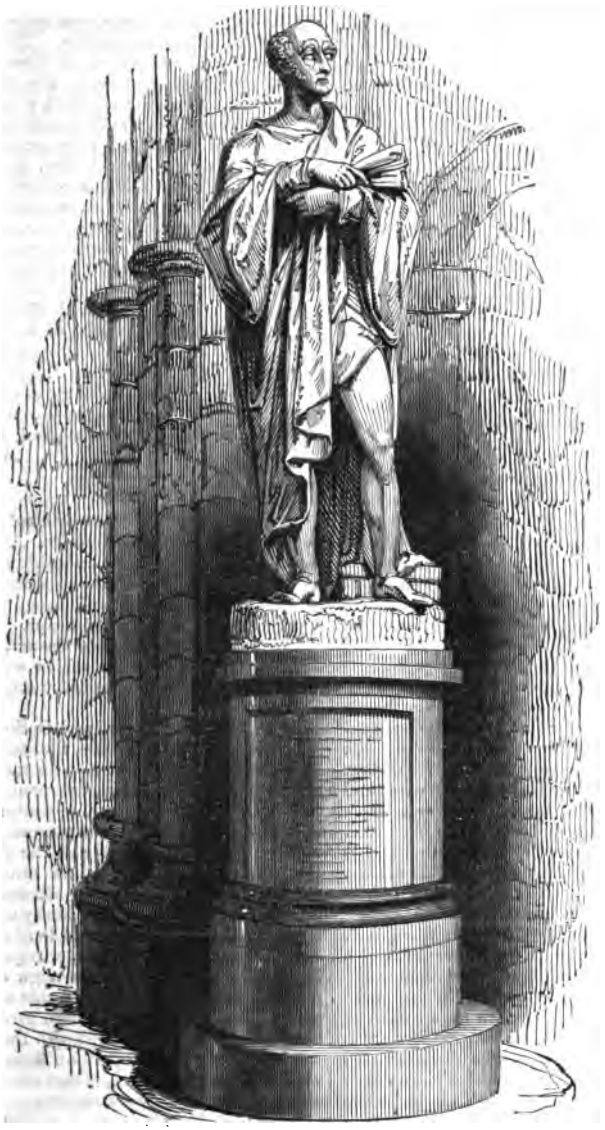

STATUE OF MR. CANNING, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(BY CHANTREY.)

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This majestic statue—in "monumental marble,"—has lately been placed in the north transept of Westminster Abbey, about four feet from the slab beneath which are deposited the remains of that illustrious orator and statesman — George Canning. The pedestal bears the following inscription:—

"George Canning, born the 11th of April, 1770; died the 8th of August, 1827. Endowed with a rare combination of talents, an eminent statesman, an accomplished scholar, an orator surpassed by none, he united the most brilliant and lofty qualities of mind with the warmest affections of the heart. Raised by his own merit, he successively filled important offices in the state, and finally became the first minister of the crown. In the full enjoyment of his sovereign's favour, and of the confidence of the people, he was prematurely cut off when pursuing a wise and enlarged course of policy, which had for its object the prosperity and greatness of his country, while it comprehended the welfare and commanded the admiration of foreign nations. This monument was erected by his friends and countrymen."

HERBERT.—A FRAGMENT.

How grateful do sweet sounds fall upon the ear, and how rapidly the brain weaves a chain of fond remembrances and past pleasures, if those sounds have been ever heard before: as in the *Ranz des Vaches*, that wild air so often echoed back from the mountains of Switzerland, when their shadows trail in immeasurable length over whole cantons, while the sun is setting in his pomp, shedding a purple light upon their snowy tops, and the cattle, heedful and expectant of the summons, slowly wend homewards at the shepherd's call. The *Ranz des Vaches* has such powerful charms upon the wandering Swiss, that his heart responds to it in whatever quarter of the globe it might reach his ear; and among the Swiss troops when serving in foreign pay, it was forbidden to play their national air, as it produced a peculiar illness arising from the love and recollection of their own wild homes. How singular and how beautiful are the mysterious sounds of distant and unexpected midnight music, when mellowed and wafted over the surface of water. It is wild and enchanting—the soul wakes up from the stillness in which it had been reposing, and earth seems to be an echo of sounds from heaven. Poor Herbert, who had lately lost his wife, who died delirious within the honey moon, travelled in company with his friend to dissipate his sorrows, by order of his medical attendant. It was a still but moonless summer night when they retired to their beds at the Red Lion, a small public house at Hythe, a village on the banks of the Southampton Water, nearly opposite to Netley Abbey. Herbert, whose mind was naturally sensitive, suffered severely in his health, and despondency was settling on all his actions. His friend informed me, that about midnight the distant sounds of melody came wafted upon the air, for wind there was none; yet the breeze as it swelled the sound and then died away again, was more like the respirations of the atmosphere. The music grew more and more distinct, floating like waves, now strong, then weak. The execution was as excellent as the selection was choice. Herbert listened,—it was the music of *Oberon* —the airs of which his late accomplished wife had sung in her delirium, only a few hours before he was left a widower. The suddenness of these strains, as well as their touching excellence of performance, amid the stillness of the night, came like a mystery upon poor Herbert, harrowing up the bitterest recollections, and causing the most tumultuous feelings in his fevered and tortured frame. Gasping for breath, as he listened and eagerly caught every note, he passionately exclaimed, "Oh Heaven! oh Heaven! it is *her*—it is *her!*" then sinking exhausted, he covered up his face and spoke no more. Within a week he was consigned to earth and rest for ever! Miles.

HONEY.

Honey is said to be extremely conducive to health. The Roman Emperor, Augustus, asked an old man in his hundredth year how he had been able to attain so advanced an age. "By oil without, and honey within," was the old man's reply and recipe.

In the province of Guadalaxara, in Old Mexico, there is a species of bee without a sting; hence they are called "*angelitos*," —little angels.

The finest honey is produced in Sicily and Minorca; also, in Narbonne, the neighbourhood of which town abounds with rosemary.

The abundance of honey produced at Malta, is the reason why this almost barren rock was called Meliteo: it possesses medicinal qualities. The honey on the banks of the Euphrates partakes of an intoxicating nature, to which Xenophon alludes in his account of the Retreat. The honey of Guriel has the same quality, and is as hard as sugar.

Honey was formerly in greater request than in the present age, and in the reign of Charlemagne it formed a considerable article of trade. The Romans used it in great quantities; much was adulterated with the heavier weighing wax, and he was an honest man who sold the honey *pure*, (*sine cerâ*,) without wax; hence the word *sincere*.

A fanciful Abbé is of opinion that amber is honey, melted by the sun, dropped into the sea from the mountains of Ajan, and congealed by water!

In some parts of France there are barges,

or rafts, fitted up as apiaries, which constantly move from mead to mead to afford fresh food to the industrious insects. Rogers, in his Pleasures of Memory, alludes to them:

" So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,
The light raft dropping with the silent tide."

The Grecians cultivated bees, and Solon enacted a law that every man's stock should not be nearer than 300 feet from his neighbour's.

Bees were wrought on the coronation robes of Charlemagne, and Napoleon had the same emblem. Pope Urban VIII. chose three bees for his armorial bearings.

The custom of destroying a whole colony of these wonderful and industrious insects, in order to obtain their honey, is adding barbarous murder to cruel robbery; and that man deserves a noble monument from humanity, who first introduced the plan of obtaining the sweets without the wilful destruction of life. The martial leader slays his thousands, and a monument commemorates his deeds of slaughter; but one monument to him who saved the life of a little nation would be dearer to the heart and feelings —though it were made of bees-wax!

" I wish," said Seneca, " that anger, like the bee, could sting but once." MILES.

CONTRAST.

CONTRAST is the spring of happiness, and it is the rule of Nature as well as constant change. Daylight is appreciated in opposition to darkness—the cool of evening is refreshing when compared with the heat of noon—the pleasures of rest are enjoyed in contrast with the fatigues of labour. Scenery is delightful by contrast—the flat desert wearies the eye—the swelling land breaks the monotony of the level—the shade relieves the glare. The sea reflects the varied tints of clouds, contrasting the darkest with the lightest tints. Human joys are by contrast, and without the knowledge of misery who could feel the delights of pleasure? The rich snatch with eagerness at any novelty to break the tame and endless monotony of life, rendered so monotonous by the possession of wealth, which procures for them every want and induces idleness,—a life so highly polished that it glides like a billiard-ball and becomes stationary till a fresh impetus sets it again in motion. Nature is in constant action and in perpetual change. The worlds and planets hold on their giant courses, each revolving on its own axis,—the component parts of these vast globes are obeying the same laws. The sea is ever restless—the minutest portion its wide waters have formed and will form through all eternity into ceaseless waves, which break, and other forms arise from the one destroyed. It chafes and rubs itself along the shore, altering the form of the sands, or shingle, or undermining lofty eminences till they totter into the raging gulfs below. Myriads upon myriads of countless little animals, (the corallines,) are raising islands to the surface, whereon man will walk and grow sugar for his palate, or rum for his excesses. On earth the forest flourishes, and all is teeming with life and change—the leaves form, fall, and become earth—the gases are seizing upon decomposition to engender other life—the mite is active in his cheesy kingdom, and the monarch rules his day, to perish like the rest of human nature—the blood runs through his veins, his pores respire,—the sap in the trees runs from the earth to the topmost twig which waves in the storm, and the leaves absorb the gas of health. Waters of unknown extent are flowing in the bosom of the earth—gases are forming, material is formed thereby, collisions of gases explode in the depths beneath us, the pie-crust of the earth is rent or shivered, fresh forms arise, or waters stretch their level where mountains raised their peaks—life and death, like day and night, succeed each other. Not a blade of the smallest grass is the same in substance as it was the day before; the rivers flow, but the waters are not the same—the sea waves roll upon the beach, but the tides have substituted other water—lakes dry up, vegetation follows—the antiquary discovers a bulb root in the coffin of an Egyptian mummy, and it buds once more. All is alive—all is moving—all is contrast—all is beautiful—but man, in his vanity, is discontented, cold, and querulous. MILES.

LADY PLACE.

To the notice respecting Hurley Hall, (Berks.) which appeared in vol. xix. of the *Mirror*, p. 419, we are enabled to supply the following addenda from personal observation.

Lady Place, by which name this superb palace of the Elizabethan age is generally known in its neighbourhood, presents, perhaps, one of the most perfect specimens of Perpendicular English Architecture in the kingdom;—because apparently remaining unmolested by modern improvements, exactly as built by Richard Lovelace. It is impossible to walk round the house, and behold its projecting wings, its oriel and bay windows, with their slender white transoms and mullions, its portico and false entrances, ornamented with square and circular flights of steps, now worn, dilapidated, and green with the moss of many years, its dripstones, corbels, arms, and other architectural adornments, without having the mind carried back to the times and the court of "glorious Queen Bess." This illusion is increased by the noble hall, to which a scenical effect also is given by the Corinthian pillars, which, at the upper end, support its ceiling—that ceiling, exquisitely moulded and judiciously relieved, presents to the charmed eye a series

of oval and circular niches, bordered with rich wreaths of fruit, foliage, and flowers. Soon, alas! will decay have destroyed every vestige of this beautiful work; and it is to be indeed lamented that our modern-built houses of the great, will, in future ages, have nothing similar to offer to the inspection of the eye of taste.

A light gallery runs nearly round the hall; access to which, (and to the upper apartments,) is attained by a broad, oaken staircase. Perchance in this gallery, musicians were sometimes placed to give zest to the princely banquet, or motion to the forms of the noble, beautiful, and young, met in gayest throngs below them; or, it may be, that from it, the courtly masque and pageant were beheld, by crowds of Britain's aristocracy, in days when these were to them, Almack's and the Opera. A magnificent chimney-piece, with arms profusely carved, painted, and gilt, adorn the hall; this apartment is partitioned off at the upper end from two or three ante-rooms, which originally, perhaps, formed part of it, and on whose use it is difficult to decide, unless, as is supposed, they were found more eligible for the transaction of justice-business than the hall; or they may have been dining and drawing rooms.

Ascending the grand staircase, we come upon the principal chambers of the mansion; in the building and arrangement of which, there may possibly be order and design. But to the casual visiter, they are a mere labyrinth, from the closet to the saloon, and to the rarely well-sized dormitory; a ghostly labyrinth of rooms and closets, some quite shut up, all low, dark, and dingy; and here may be found, together with the crypts presently to be noticed, sliding panels, secret passages between the walls, gaping wide in all the naked horrors of beams, bricks, and mortar; and, in short, the whole efficient scenery of a Radcliffian romance. In fact, whilst surveying a mansion like Lady Place, the old superstition of the dwellers in old houses may very rationally be excused, and partly accounted for: in the first place, it were no easy task to keep closed all the doors of these countless and many-doored rooms; several would be left open, and the jar of one banging to, would probably cause the rest also to echo like so many thunder-claps through the resonant house; and the wind too, howling between the walls in the secret passages, would produce tones awful and varied, corresponding mental illusions;—above all, it is easy to see, (not to describe,) how the many doors of these numerous and connected apartments, must have favoured the vanishing of apparitions, raised by the clever collusion of scheming parties. The very small panels of all these chambers are coloured in imitation of various woods and marbles; but most worthy of attention is the Painted Saloon, that elaborated room whose rich, wild landscapes glow around the spectator, (spoiled as they are said to be, from Salvator Rosa's original execution, by the *rifacciamento* of a modern artist,) and whose Olympus, opening overhead, seems to "disclose a momentary glimpse of heaven." Painted ceilings also adorn the lobbies or ante-chambers opening into the Saloon; and we particularly remarked their splendid, imposing effect; because the disuse of this truly aristocratic decoration is much lamented by the lovers of art. Within one room, or rather closet, we remarked a couple of panels missing from their places at the bottom of the wall.—"What means this?"—"It is the entrance," replied the worthy guide, "to the secret staircase between the walls, through which the old monks used to squeeze themselves, and carry with them, perhaps, to the dungeon, or burying ground in the vaults below, such persons, living or dead, as they wished to dispose of from above ground." But this account is a little apocryphal, since Lady Place, as it now stands, was built on the site of the ancient Benedictine monastery; wherefore, though indubitably the monkish crypt, dungeon-cell, and mural staircase remain, these must have been used for many long years by later residents, and for, we trust, better purposes. Nevertheless, in England's "iron age," who shall say that this singular mansion, contrived, it should seem, for the cherishing of conspiracy, crime, and concealment, has not witnessed the enactment of many a secret tragedy, vying in atrocity with the deeds of darkness, perpetrated at Cumnor Place, Charlecot House, &c. Having descended into the crypts, and viewed the secret stair, within the narrow, massy stone cell, all dimly lighted by the flickering rays of a—a—a—tallow candle, this thought would press itself upon us:—"Who knows what may not have been occurring in those ghastly chambers above, and in these sepulchral vaults below, while the intermediate hall glowed with radiance, and rung with music and revelry?" Certes, at that moment, a vision rose up before us, of the illegal, unbridled, and malignant power of man, little creditable to our species; nor was it dissipated by the sight of sundry dungeon nooks and corners in these vaults, with iron staples yet remaining in the walls, and little hollows in the pavement, the presumed sites of strong rings and bolts for fastening unhappy prisoners to the ground. How died those three Benedictines, and wherefore were they buried here,—whose bodies, when accidentally found in repairing the vaults, were re-interred at the foot of one of the massy, low, stone pillars; and the stranger reads this fact on the flat stone which now covers their ancient grave. The

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regular cemetery of the monks was "*Paradise*," — a piece of land attached to the large, detached building appropriated in after times to domestics and domestic offices— (the stables in this edifice are formed from the monastic chapel,) though now degraded into a kitchen-garden. Very recently, a curious coffin-handle had been dug up in this place: but let the reader turn to *Marmion*, and combining with the terrible doom of Constance de Beverley, the description of the vault in which that doom was pronounced and executed — let him reflect that similar *souterraines* for penance and punishment were invariably attached to ancient monastic edifices; and the fate of the Benedictines, though milder, is pretty clearly ascertained, as well as the uses of the antique crypts of Hurley (Lady) Place. A remnant of the foundation-wall of the monastery is here to be seen; it is above a thousand years old, and a piece will crumble to sand and dust in the hand. The inscriptions respecting the Orange conspiracy, and the visit of his Majesty George III. to this curious old hall, are shown in these vaults. Upon emerging from them, and being told that the interior of the mansion presented nothing more worthy of inspection, we proceeded to survey the exterior; but first noted that the singularly blank and desolate appearance of the house was to be attributed to an entire absence of furniture in all the rooms.

The appearance of the exterior of this really palatial mansion we have endeavoured to describe; and shall merely remark that the grounds are in tolerable keeping with the house, which stands upon a lawn. There does not appear to have been any attempt to create a garden, if we except a green alley, now quite wild, forming a carriage-drive up to the house; and a considerable wilderness of garden-flowers and weeds, China-rose bushes and brambles, &c., which fill up interstices on the sides of the edifice, and flourish with picturesque effect. The remnant of a terrace may, perhaps, be traced on a mound at the further end of the lawn, on which a couple of trees are planted; if so, it was exceedingly short for a promenade, and might have been merely raised by way of curb-stone, to keep carriages from driving straight up the middle of the plat to the hall-door. On one side the lawn, a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, with many stems proceeding from the original trunk, spreads its drooping branches; and the central ornament is, or was, the dark statue of a negro in a crouching attitude, with hands raised rather higher than his head. This "sable son of woe" looked to us, suspiciously like a sun-dial, or, at least, its supporter; but tradition asserts it to be, the effigy of a black man, who, in times past, lived with some former possessor of Lady Place, and was celebrated for feats of agility. One day, he undertook, for a trifling wager, to run to London, (a distance of between thirty and forty miles,) and back again, bringing with him a cheese for dinner, or for supper: this task he actually accomplished, and more; for, to prove that he was not tired, he spent the night in dancing with his fellows in the servants' hall, until, utterly exhausted, he fell down, and instantly expired. The statue, it is said, was cast, and placed on the lawn in memory of him, and the event.

The remnant of a paved, but open court-yard, extending from one wing of the house to the other, may be traced in an area of broken, bricky ground; a wall and moat surround the premises; and on these stand, closely contiguous to Lady Place, the large, detached, barrack-like looking edifice, appropriated to domestics, offices, stables, &c. This is in too dangerous a state to be explored; but through the stables, in a small yard, may be seen, and should by the visiter be inquired for, some curious inscriptions relative to the Place, put up by a recent possessor, (Mr. Wilcox,) but copied from old charters, &c. Built into the walls of Hurley Church, immediately adjoining, are a couple of splendidly ornamented arches, by some considered Roman, by others Saxon, or they may be Anglo-Norman.

A history of Hurley Hall and its possessors, will be found in a volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published about three or four years back; from whence we learn, that it was recently in the possession of the Kempenfelt family; the arms of Bishop Kempenfelt adorn, in stained glass, one of the oriel windows on the ground-floor, and he was, we believe, brother to the unfortunate admiral who went down in the Royal George: Lady Place has now the doom of destruction hanging over it, and, perhaps, is in too dilapidated a state to admit of repair, and to be made safely habitable, under an enormous expense; yet, until very recently, it was in use as a residence, and quite lately, we met in society a gentleman by no means elderly, who said he had spent much time as a youth, with a friend who then lived in "Lady Place, one of the finest old houses in the kingdom."

M. L. B.

Anecdote Gallery.

BUONAPARTIANA.

THERE was formerly a monk of the name of Bonaventure Buonaparte, who lived and died in a cloister. The poor man reposed peaceably in his grave, and was quite forgotten, until Napoleon mounted the throne of France. The courtiers then found out that the deceased possessed virtues which were never before known, and proposed to the Emperor to have

him canonized. "For the love of God," replied Napoleon, "spare me this ridicule: as the Sovereign Pontiff is now in my power, the world would not fail to say that I have compelled him to make a saint of one of the members of my family."

During the reign of Napoleon, a poet anxious to acquire favour, produced a poem, wherein he pretended to prove the descent of the Buonapartean family from the kings of the Ostrogoths. "I feel much honoured," said the Emperor, on hearing this circumstance detailed; "but the poet should henceforward learn, that I date my lineage from the eighteenth Brumaire."

At a period when almost all the crowned heads in Europe came to the Tuileries, to do homage to their Chief, a chamberlain having by mistake one morning let the hour go by when it was usual to call Napoleon, said to the Emperor with much spirit, in excuse for his delay, "Pardon me, sire, but I have fallen amongst a crowd of kings." This well-timed excuse gratified the ambition of the Emperor, and obtained pardon for the dilatory chamberlain.

I have contributed in no small degree, (said Napoleon, in speaking of Dr. Gall,) to bring his system into disrepute. Corvisart was one of his most zealous followers; he, and all those of his way of thinking, have a strong bias towards materialism. Gall might have enlarged their science and extended its sphere; but nature is not so poor, nor is she to be confined within a narrow boundary. Had she been so gross as to announce herself by outward forms, we should have proceeded quicker in the science, and have become wise much earlier. Her secrets, on the contrary, are most ingenious, acute, and fugitive; so much so, as entirely to escape us all. A little hunchback often exhibits an amazing genius, while a tall, handsome man is by comparison a complete nincompoop. A large head and brain, and quantity, is sometimes found deficient in ideas, while in a smaller one is seen a vast intelligence. Now see the fallacy of Gall: he attributes to some protuberances a source of crime and inclinations that are not in nature; but are generated in society, and by agreement of mankind. *Par exemple.* What would become of the organ of theft, if property was a thing in common? the organ of drunkenness, if there were no fermented liquors? that of ambition, if it had no existence in society? Both reason and experience prove, (and I have been placed so as to have great practice,) that all those exterior signs are only so many lies and forgeries, against which we cannot too securely guard ourselves; and there is, in fact, no other means of judging with certainty of men, than by seeing, trying, and making use of them.

"With me," said Napoleon to M. de Bourrienne, "immortality is the recollection left in the memory of men. That idea prompts to great actions. It would be better for a man never to have lived, than not to leave behind him traces of his existence."

One of Napoleon's courtiers was extolling, in his presence, the beauty of one of the ladies of the court, and in his enthusiasm, exclaimed, "She has the most enchanting eyes, lips like a rose, arms like alabaster, and the form of a queen." "I agree with you," replied Buonaparte, "but do add, the foot of a king." This lady actually had a large foot, which was her only defect.

Napoleon entering one day into the apartments of the Empress, found a young lady sitting down with her back turned towards the door: he made a sign to those facing him to take no notice, and approaching gently behind, covered her eyes with his hands. M. Bourdier, physician to the Empress, an aged and most respectable man, was the only person who could use such familiarity towards her; she therefore supposed it could be no one but him: "Come, be quiet, M. Bourdier," she cried, "do you think that I don't know you by your thick, clumsy hands? (The Emperor's hands were very small and handsome.) "Thick, clumsy hands," repeated Napoleon, instantly taking them away, "you are very difficult, madam, to please." The young lady was so confused, that she was obliged to take refuge in another apartment.

Napoleon would sometimes, (says Mademoiselle Avrillion,) give us a slap, or pull our ears; but these were favours which he did not bestow upon every body, and we could judge of the degree of his good humour by the greater or less pain he put us to. One day, when he seemed to be in better humour than usual, he pinched my cheek so hard as to make me scream, and, as I was plump, I retained for several days a visible mark of his Majesty's satisfaction. I need hardly say that the Emperor had no intention of hurting us on these occasions. He often used the Empress in the same way, while we were dressing her. He preferred slapping her on the shoulders, and though she continually exclaimed, "Have done, have done, Buonaparte," yet he continued this amusement as long as he pleased. The Empress forced a laugh, but I have more than once seen Napoleon thus bring tears into her eyes.

The following is a copy of Napoleon's baptismal act from the register at Ajaccio:—"In the year 1771, on the 21st of July, the prayers and holy ceremonies were performed by me, the undersigned, on Napoleon, the son born in lawful wedlock of Signor Carlo Buonaparte, son of the late Signor Guiseppe, and of the Signora Maria Letizia, his wife; the water of baptism was given him, by permission, in the house of the very Reverend

Luciano Buonaparte. He was born on the 15th of August, 1769. There were present at the holy ceremony, as godfather, the illustrious Lorenzo Giubega de Calvi, Procureur du Roi, and as godmother, the Signora Geltruda, wife of Signor Nicolo Paravasino, the father of the child being also present; who have all signed this act. Signed—Giovanni Battista Diamento, Economo d'Ajaccio, Lorenzo Giubega, Geltruda Paravisino, Carlo Buonaparte."

Madame Maria Letizia Buonaparte has resided at Rome ever since 1815, where she lives in dignified retirement. Though wholly absorbed by grief, (says a recent writer,) she scarcely ever utters a complaint, and remains in strict seclusion. She sees only the members of her own family and such foreigners of the highest distinction as urgently request to be introduced to her. But she leads a life of solitude, and it is untrue that she keeps open house. Her half-brother, the Cardinal, spends every evening with her. Whilst the Princess Borghese was alive, she was also a constant visiter to her mother, as was likewise Lucien, when at Rome; but he habitually resided at Tusculum. The most poignant of her present afflictions is the fact that the Emperor's remains have not been restored to France. It is a source of pain which embitters the last fleeting moments of her approach to eternity; and of this I will adduce a remarkable proof. The news of the revolution of July, 1830, gave her a mental shock which is easily accounted for; her grandson was still alive and at Vienna. In a short time she became so dangerously ill, that she performed the last duties of religion, and received the extreme unction. She was in that state which immediately precedes dissolution. Her family stood round her bed. Her brother, her children, and her daughters-in-law looked upon her and wept as they perceived her praying; for they were but too well acquainted with the particular feeling which, in her dying bosom, absorbed every other. The Prince of Montfort having been detained by the arrival of a courier from France, had not yet joined this solemn family meeting. Scarcely had he read in the Paris papers an account of the decree, the execution of which has done honour to the French nation, than he ran to his mother's palace, entered her bed-chamber, and gently approaching the bed, said in a whisper, "Mother, do you hear me?" She made a sign in the affirmative. "Well! the Chamber has just issued a decree for the replacing the Emperor's statue on the top of the Column." Madame Mère made no reply; but something extraordinary seemed passing within her. She clasped her hands—her eyes continued closed—she was evidently praying—and big tears rolled down her cheeks. They were tears of joy. An hour after she received this intelligence, she asked for some broth and in two days quitted her bed.

The following is the inscription engraved on the *socule* of the statue of Napoleon, placed on the triumphal pillar, in the Place Vendôme, Paris:—"On the 28th of July, 1833, the anniversary of the Revolution of July, in the third year of the reign of Louis Philippe I., King of the French, by a royal ordinance dated 8th of April, 1831, issued upon the proposition of M. Casimir Perier, and of the Council of Ministers, the statue of Napoleon was replaced on the column of the grand army, M. Thiers being Minister of Commerce and Public Works."

The plain of Ivry is celebrated for that great victory which opened to Henry IV. the way to a throne, that was for a long time disputed by the enemies of the state. It is to the history of modern times, that we must look for a detailed narrative of these events. A pear-tree still stands, under which the king, exhausted through fatigue, fell asleep; and it was close by this spot that, in the last century, the Duke of Penthievre erected a monument in commemoration of the victory of the conqueror. During the revolutionary excesses this monument was destroyed. On the 29th of October, 1802, Buonaparte, then First Consul, on his departure from Evereux, took the rout through Ivry, in order to see the field of battle. He rode on horseback to survey the different positions, and the ruins of this monument having particularly attracted his attention, he gave orders that an obelisk should be erected on its site, upon which are the following inscriptions:

In Front.

Napoleon, Emperor,
To the memory of Henry the Fourth.
After the Battle of Ivry,
The King rested here, and slept under a pear-tree.

On the Opposite Side.

Great men honour those who resemble themselves.

When Napoleon took possession of Holland, he visited Dordt, and, as was usual with him, made numerous and minute inquiries regarding the imports and general commerce of the place. Amongst others, he addressed abruptly Mr. Gerrard Mauwritz, afterwards British consul at Dordt, asking him, "Well, what number of windmills have we here?" "Five hundred, sire," was as inconsiderately and as abruptly answered. "And what number of cubic feet of timber arrive here annually?" upon which Mr. Mauwritz, as incorrectly but as promptly, named a round number. This smartness, which Napoleon took for intelligence, so much pleased him, that next day the Emperor's secretary waited upon Mr. Mauwritz with the order of the Legion of Honour, and a most complimentary letter. Mr. Mauwritz had previously been informed by a friend who

knew Napoleon's temper that he must not seem to hesitate, or even consider, when addressed or asked a question by the Emperor, but, right or wrong, speak frankly, boldly, and with confidence. Mr. Mauwritz took, and profited by the hint: in fact, Napoleon had asked the burgomaster a question about the number of criminals annually convicted at Dordt, and while the magistrate was calculating and thinking, in order correctly to answer, Napoleon turned round upon his heel, and, with rather a supercilious curl of the lip, suddenly asked, and was answered, the questions mentioned above.

Napoleon, when travelling in Holland, after he had subdued it, one day visited the house of a peasant. The Emperor was accompanied by two aides-de-camp, when the following dialogue took place:—Aide-de-camp —"Here comes the Emperor," (addressing himself to the Dutchman.) Peasant—"What's that to me?" Napoleon (entering the house).—"Good morning, my good man." Peasant (taking his hat off, but retaining his seat).—"Good morning." Emperor.—"I am the Emperor." Peasant.—"You?" Emperor.—"Yes, I." Peasant.—"I am glad of it." Emperor.—"I will make your fortune." Peasant.—"I do not want for anything." Emperor.—"Have you any daughters?" Peasant.—"Yes, two." Emperor.—"I will provide husbands for them." Peasant.—"No, I will do that myself." The conqueror of Marengo was so chagrined at this uncourteous reception, that he turned quickly on his heel, and left the house.

When Napoleon was on a journey, he was usually addressed by the heads of the civil authorities of the countries through which he travelled. In the first years of his government, all the addresses displayed a natural style and tone of language, suitable to the respect due to the chief of the state, and to the dignity of the magistrate who uttered it. But, as it is in human nature for one person to act differently from his neighbour, the repetition of the same thing became tiresome: an attempt was made at more elevated language; rhetorical figures and historical quotations were adopted. Every resource of this art had, in short, been so completely exhausted, that Paris was called in to assist in supplying fresh ones. Addresses were ordered from the capital, so as to be received in time for the day on which they were to be delivered. The Emperor having been informed of the circumstance, no longer suffered any to be uttered in his journeys; or, he cut the orator short as soon as he perceived that a ready set language was held to him. He had no desire to hear what was not a candid and spontaneous expression of feelings. The Dutch, more than any other people, adopted these means.—W. G. C.

New Books.

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1835.

By Thomas Hood, Esq.

[HERE is the veritable fountain of fun. Late in the race, though early in the year, but

(Cribbage.—"Two for his heels, and one for his Nob.")

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(Fancy Portrait—Mrs. Trimmer.)

always welcome, right witty Thomas Hood! what a glorious Thomas's Day is that of thy publication: how, in thy brightness, dost thou eclipse the St. Thomas's Day of the City Parliament: would that every ward in every city had a councilman as witty as thou; then would good humour be more common among the no-starters at feasts, called cits. True it is, racy Editor, that thou hast hoodwinked the old year, but thy merry budget will enliven the new one. How could regularity be expected in so eccentric a body as thou art! Yet, how thou hast kept in the very spiderhood of suspense, scores of critical telescopes ever and anon on the look-out to bring thine appearance within their fields of observation. But, in sober fact, Mr. Hood has turned his delay to fun in one of the liveliest of prefaces, wherein he ridicules, with deserved severity, the folly of publishing books for 1835 in 1834, and proves that a day before the fair is as bad as a day after it. Besides, had Mr. Hood been "in good time" it would have been bad for his book: he would not have turned the Great Conflagration to account, as he has done, in 64 pages of "other accounts;" thus showing that it must be a bad fire, or an ill wind, that brings or blows no one good. We quote "another account," though not so much for any humorous description of the catastrophe, as for the very droll outline of that peculiar species —the fire-hunter—peculiar, we believe, to our metropolis.]

The writer of these lines, who resides in Lambeth, was first awakened to a sense of conflagration by a cry of "Fire" from a number of persons who were running in the direction of Westminster Bridge. Owning myself a warm enthusiast on the subject of ignition, and indeed not having missed a fire for the last fifty years, except one, and that was only a chimney, it may be supposed the exclamation in question had an electric effect. We are all the slaves of some physical bias, strange as it may appear to others with opposite tendencies. It is recorded of some great marshal that he disliked music, but testified the liveliest pleasure at a salvo of artillery or a roll of thunder, and the rumble of an engine has the same effect on the author of these lines. To say I am a guebre, or fire-worshipper, is only to confess the truth. I have a sort of observatory erected on the roof of my house, from which, if there be a break-out within the circuit of the metropolis, it may be discovered, and before going to bed I invariably visit this look-out.

Every man has his hobby-horse, and, figuratively speaking, mine was always kept harnessed and ready to run to a fire with the first engine. Many a time I have arrived before the turncocks, though I perhaps had to traverse half London, and I scarcely remember an instance that I did not appear long before the water. Habit is second nature—I verily believe I could sniff a conflagration by instinct; and if I was not, I ought to have been, the trainer of the firemen's dog, which at present attracts so much of the public attention by his eager running along with the Sun, the Globe, the British, and the Hand-in-Hand.

Of course I have seen a great many fires in my time—Rotherhithe, the theatres, the Custom-house, &c. &c. I remember in the

days of Thistlewood and Co., when the metropolis was expected to be set on fire, I slept for three weeks in my clothes in order to be ready for the first alarm; for I had the good fortune to witness the great riots of 1780, when no less than eight fires were blazing at once, and a lamentable sight it was. I say lamentable, because it was impossible to be present at them all at the same time; but my good genius directed me to Langdale's, the Distiller, which made (excuse the vulgar, popular phrase) a very satisfactory flare-up.

The Rotherhithe fire, not the recent little job, but some fifteen or twenty years ago, was also on a grand scale, and very lasting. The engine-pipes were wilfully cut; and I remember some of my friends rallying me on my well-known propensity, jocularly accusing me of lending my knife and my assistance. The Custom-house was a disappointment; it certainly cleared itself effectually, but it was done by daylight, and consequently the long room fell short of my anticipations. Drury-lane and Covent-garden were better; but I have observed generally that theatres burn with more attention to stage effect. They avoid the noon: a dark night to a fire is like the black letters in a benefit-bill, setting off the red ones.

The destruction of the Kent Indiaman I should like to have witnessed, but contrary to the opinion of many experienced amateurs I conceive the Dartford Mills must have been a failure. Powder magazines make very indifferent conflagrations; they are no sooner on fire than they are off,—all is over before you know where you are, and there is no getting under, which quite puts you out. But fires, generally, are not what they used to be. What with gas, and new police, steam, and one cause or other, they have become what one might call slow explosions. A body of flame bursts from all the windows at once, and before B 25 can call fi-er in two syllables, the roof falls in, and all is over. It was not so in *my* time. First, a little smoke would issue from a window-shutter, like the puff of a cigar, and after a long spring of his rattle, the rheumatic watchman had time to knock double and treble knocks, from No. 9 to No. 35, before a spark made its appearance out of the chimney-pot. The Volunteers had time to assemble under arms, and muffle their drums, and the bell-ringers to collect in the belfry, and pull an alarm-peal backwards. The parish engines even, although pulled along by the pursy churchwardens and the paralytic paupers, contrived to arrive before the fire fairly broke out in the shape of a little squib-like eruption from the garret window. The affrighted family, fourteen in number, all elaborately dressed in their best Sunday clothes, saved themselves by the street-door, according to seniority, the furniture was carefully removed, and after an hour's pumping, the fire was extinguished without extending beyond the room where it originated, namely, a bed-room on the second floor. Such was the progress *in my time*, of a fire, but it is the fashion now to sacrifice every thing to *pace*. Look at our race-horses, and look at our fox-hounds,—and I will add, look at our conflagrations. All that is cared for is a burst—no matter how short, if it be but rapid. The devouring element never sits down now to a regular meal—it pitches on a house, and *bolts* it.

But I am wandering from the point. The announcement of both Houses of Parliament being in flames thrilled through every fibre. It seemed to promise what I may call a crowning event to the Conflagrationary Reminiscences of an Octogenarian. I snatched up my hat, and rushed into the street, at eighty years of age, with the alacrity of eighteen, when I ran from Highgate to Horsley-down, to be present at the gutting of a ship chandler's. As the bard says—

"Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted *fires*."

and I could almost have supposed myself a fireman belonging to the Phœnix. My first step into the street discouraged me, the moonlight was so brilliant, and in such cases the most splendid blaze is somewhat "shorn of its beams." But a few steps re-assured me. Even at the Surrey side of the river the sparks and burning particles were falling like flakes of snow—I mean of course the red snow formerly discovered by Captain Ross, and the light was so great that I could have read the small print of the Police Gazette with the greatest ease, only I don't take it in. I, of course, made the best of my way towards the scene, but the crowd was already so dense that I could only attain a situation on the strand opposite Cotton Gardens, up to my knees in mud. Both Houses of Parliament were at this time in a blaze, and no doubt presented as striking objects of conflagration as the metropolis could offer. I say "no doubt,"—for getting jammed against a barge with my back towards the fire, I am unable to state anything on my own authority as an eye witness, excepting that the buildings on the Surrey side exhibited a glowing reflection for some hours. At last the flowing of the tide caused the multitude to retreat, and releasing me from my retrospective position allowed me to gaze upon the ruins. By what I hear, it was a most imposing sight—but in spite of my Lord Althorp, I cannot help thinking that Westminster Hall, with its long range, would have made up an admirable fire. Neither can I agree with the many that it was an Incendiary Act, that passed through both houses so rapidly. To enjoy the thing, a later hour and a darker night would certainly have been chosen

Firelight and moonlight do not *mix well*:—they are best *neat*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SENEX.

[The next great gun of fun is the Sweep's Complaint, quoted a few weeks since. Sketches on the Road are clever, as usual; we have marked "the Run-over," but it must *stand over* for another sheet. Our next quotation is (by the courtesy of the publishers) illustrated:—]

TRIMMER'S EXERCISE,

FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.

HERE, come, Master Timothy Todd,
Before we have done you'll look grimmer,
You've been spelling some time for the rod,
And your jacket shall know I'm a Trimmer.

You don't know your A from your B,
So backward you are in your Primer;
Don't kneel—you shall go on *my* knee,
For I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

This morning you hindered the cook,
By melting your dumps in the skimmer,
Instead of attending your book,
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

To-day too, you went to the pond,
And bathed, though you are not a swimmer,—
And with parents so doting and fond—
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

After dinner you went to the wine,
And helped yourself—yes, to a brimmer;
You couldn't walk straight in a line,
But I'll make you to know I'm a Trimmer.

You kick little Tomkins about,
Because he is slighter and slimmer;
Are the weak to be thump'd by the stout?
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Then you have a sly, pilfering trick,
Your schoolfellows call you the nimmer,—
I will cut to the bone if you kick!
For I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

To-day you made game at my back,
You think that my eyes are grown dimmer;
But I watched you, I've got a sly knack,
And I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Don't think that my temper is hot,
It's never beyond a slow simmer,
I'll teach you to call me Dame Trot.
But I'll have to know I'm a Trimmer.

Miss Edgeworth or Mrs. Chapone,
Might melt to behold your tears glimmer;
Mrs. Barbauld would let you alone,
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

[An Ode to J. S. Buckingham, Esq. M. P., occupies twenty pages; the subject being the Report of the Committee on Drunkenness, and the motto, "Steady boys, steady." The humour of this piece will not raise Mr. Hood to the chair of a temperance society: but his moral is worth quoting:

'Tis based in charity—that men are brothers,
And those who make a fuss
About their temperance thus,
Are not so much more temperate than others.

At all events, in this Ode, the subject of intemperance is handled very drily. We pass over several smart things to come to the learned pig, whom we all remember as first in the run of intellect, before the present litter of learning, and before books were as now—thick in Paternoster-row as leaves in Vallombrosa.]

THE LAMENT OF TOBY, THE LEARNED PIG.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—*Pope.*

O HEAVY day! oh day of woe!
To misery a poster;
Why was I ever farrow'd—why
Not spitted for a roaster?

In this world, pigs, as well as men,
Must dance to fortune's fiddlings;
But must I give the classics up
For barley-meal and middlings?

Of what avail that I could spell,
And read, just like my betters,
If I must come to this at last,—
To litters, not to letters?

O! why are pigs made scholars of?
It baffles my discerning,
What griskins, fry, and chitterlings
Can have to do with learning.

Alas my learning once drew cash,
But public fame's unstable;
So I must turn a pig again,
And fatten for the table.

To leave my literary line
My eyes get red and leaky;
But Giblett doesn't want me *blue*,
But red and white, and streaky.

Old Mullins used to cultivate
My learning like a gard'ner;
But Giblett only thinks of lard,
And not of Doctor Lardner.

He does not care about my brain
The value of two coppers;
All that he thinks about my head
Is, how I'm off for choppers.

Of all my literary kin
A farewell must be taken;
Good by to the poetic Hogg!
The philosophic Bacon!

Day after day my lessons fade,
My intellect gets muddy;
A trough I have, and not a desk,
A sty—and not a study.

Another little month, and then
My progress ends, like Bunyan's;
The seven sages that I lov'd
Will be chopp'd up with onions!

Then over head and ears in brine
They'll souse me, like a salmon;
My mathematics turned to brawn,
My logic into gammon.

My Hebrew will all retrograde,
Now I'm put up to fatten;
My Greek, it will go all to grease,
The dogs will have my Latin.

Farewell to Oxford! and to Bliss!
To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop,
I now must be content with chats,
Instead of learned gossip!

Farewell to 'Town!' farewell to 'Gown!'
I've quite outgrown the latter;
Instead of trencher-cap, my head
Will soon be in a platter!

O! why did I at Brazen-Nose
Rout up the roots of knowledge?
A butcher that can't read will kill
A pig that's been to college!

For sorrow I could stick myself—
But conscience is a clasher;
A thing that would be rash in man,
In me would be a rasher!

One thing I ask,—when I am dead,
And past the Stygian ditches—
And that is,—Let my schoolmaster
Have one of my two flitches.

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'Twas he who taught my letters so
I ne'er mistook or miss'd 'em;
Simply by *ringing* at the nose,
According to *Bell's* system.

[Of the some eighty cuts, we do not attempt any analysis, but have rather quoted specimens. The subjects, altogether, are equal to those in former volumes, and the letter-press as amusing as ever.]

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LATE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

By John Britton and E. W. Brayley, FF. S. A. &c.

[We announced this work with anticipations which have been realized in the First Part now before us. It commences the "Genuine History of the Palatial and Parliamentary Buildings of Westminster," their origin, appropriation, and architectural characteristics; the historical evidence being adduced from ancient records, and from the Monastic Chronicles, which the authors promise "with the most scrupulous attention to names, dates, and references, as the only specific mode of satisfying the critical antiquary and historian." Yet the work will be popular and suited for the general reader. Its text will not be over-interpolated with quotations in the olden phraseology; neither will its embellishments be technical nor unpicturesque. But the aim will be to popularize antiquity, by rendering its details authentic and attractive. Such is the spirit in which the present portion of the work is executed; and the character of the authors is sufficient guarantee for their adherence to this plan throughout the undertaking. We need not enter more into its design, but shall proceed to a few quotations as specimens of the execution.

We perceive that Messrs. Britton and Brayley do not implicitly believe in the existence of a palace at Westminster before the time of the Confessor. Their reasons for this disbelief are sufficiently strong to invalidate a statement in our last volume, (p. 273.) Next are some very interesting particulars of]

Edward the Confessor and his Palace.

That the palatial buildings at Westminster formed the principal residence of King Edward may be inferred from the fact of our early chroniclers having assigned the occurrence of several of his recorded visions to that spot. Those of the drowning of a Danish King who had undertaken to invade England; of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus; and finally, of the grievous afflictions which his country would undergo after his own decease, were of this number; and tradition has even identified the chamber where he died, as that which after generations called the *Painted Chamber*, and by which name it is even yet distinguished.*

The simplicity and piety of Edward the Confessor, his munificence towards the church, and above all, to use the phraseology of the times, his "abstraction from fleshly delights," rendered him a great favourite with the monkish historians, and they have not scrupled to attribute numerous miracles to his sanctity. He was so much in love, they tell us, with retirement and devotional reflection, that being once disturbed at a country seat by the singing of nightingales, he prayed that they might no more be heard in that place; which petition, continues the legend, was granted accordingly. Even the time of his death, say these fabulists, was made known to him by the delivery of a ring and message from St. John the Evangelist; and within six years after his decease, according to Ailred and Matthew Paris, the following miracle was performed at his tomb.

In the time of William the Conqueror, when all English prelates were "sifted to the branne," a Synod was held in the church at Westminster, by Archbishop Lanfranc, (anno 1074,) to examine, avowedly, into the qualifications and conduct of the clergy, "yet with the covert design of making room for the new-come Normans," by ejecting such of the Bishops and Abbots as had but little learning and influence. At this Synod, Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, was charged with being "a most illiterate and foolish man, and unfit for the station he held; a very idiot, unacquainted with the French language, and incapable either to instruct the church, or counsel the king." His pastoral staff and ring were therefore demanded of him by Lanfranc, in the king's name; but Wulstan, grasping his staff with an unmoved countenance, made this reply: "I know, my lord archbishop, that I am entirely unfit for, and unworthy so high a station, being undeserving of the honour, and unequal to the task; however, I think it unreasonable that you should demand that staff which I never received from you, yet in some measure I submit to your sentence, and will resign it; but consider it just to make that resignation to King Edward, who conferred it on me." Thus ending, he left the synod, and crossing the church to Edward's tomb, said, whilst standing before it, "Thou knowest, O holy king! how unwillingly I undertook this office, and even by force, for neither the desire of the prelates, the petition of the monks, nor the voice of the nobility prevailed, till your commands obliged me; but see! a new king, new laws; a new bishop pronounces a new sentence. Thee they accuse of a fault for making me a bishop, and me of assurance for accepting

* In the ceremonial of the marriage of Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward the Fourth, in the year 1477, the Painted Chamber is spoken of by the appellation of *St. Edward's Chamber*; and Sir Edward Coke, in his fourth Institute, states, that the causes of Parliament were in ancient time shown in *La Chambre Depeint*, or St. Edward's Chamber.

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the charge. Nevertheless, to them I will not, but to thee I resign my staff." Then raising his arm, he placed the staff upon the tomb, which was of stone, and leaving it, went arrayed as a monk, and sat with them in the chapter-house. When this became known in the Synod, a messenger was sent for the staff, but he found it adhere so firmly to the stone that it could by no means be removed; nor could either the king or the archbishop himself disengage it from the tomb. Wulstan was then sent for, and the staff readily submitted to his touch; which being considered as a consummation of the miracle, he was allowed to retain his episcopal dignity.—Such implicit credit was given to this story, that, according to the annals of Burion Abbey, King John urged it to Pandulph, the Pope's legate, as a proof of the right of the English kings to nominate bishops."*

Henry I.

Held his court at Westminster, at many different times, and the records of his presence there are so numerous, that we may fairly consider it as having been his principal abode. He was crowned at Westminster, according to the Saxon Chronicle, on Sunday, the 5th of August, 1100, after having sworn at the altar "to annul all the unrighteous acts that took place in his brother's time." At the festival of St. Michael, 1102, he held a great Council, at Westminster, at which were present "all the chief men of England, both clergy and laity."† In August, 1108, he again held a Court at Westminster, where he filled up so many vacant bishoprics and abbacies, both in England and Normandy, "that there was no man," says the Saxon Chronicle, "who remembered that so many together were ever given away before."‡ The good Queen Maud, King Henry's consort, who died in this palace on the kalends of May, (May the first,) 1118,§ was buried in the "old chapter-house" of St. Peter's church; to which, in the time of Lent, she had been accustomed to walk barefoot, in a garment of hair, to perform her devotions, and wash the feet of the poor.

[It likewise appears doubtful whether Becket ever repaired the Palace at Westminster; for, upon reference to Fitzstephen, we find the Palatial Seat at *London* referred to, which Messrs. Britton and Brayley suggest to have been the Tower, committed to Becket's custody in the early part of Henry's reign. In the succeeding reign of]

Richard I.

In Brompton's Chronicle, under the date 1193, it is stated that "King Richard the First, being at dinner at Westminster, in the Hall which is called the *Little Hall*, received tidings that King Philip of France had entered Normandy, and besieged Vernoil, whereupon he swore that he would never turn away his face until he had met him and fought with him; and having directed an opening to be made in the wall, (the remains of which, according to the Chronicler, were visible when he wrote,) he immediately made his way through it, and proceeded to Portsmouth."

John.

We now advance to a period in which the documentary memoranda respecting this palatial residence become more specific and accessible—chiefly in consequence of the recent publication of "The Close Rolls,"‖ the originals of which are preserved among the invaluable national archives in the Tower of London. These records include many curious entries concerning the "King's Houses," (Domus Regis), as they were then denominated at Westminster.

The following entries on the Close Rolls give us some information as to the state of the palatial buildings in the time of King John.

On the 19th of October, 1205, (7th John,) "the sum of 10*l.* was directed to be paid to the king's treasurer, Robert de Leveland, for the repair of the *king's houses* at Westminster, by the view and testimony of lawful men;"¶ and on the twelfth of July, 1207, (9th John,) "100 shillings, if need be, were ordered to be paid to the same person, to

* Brayley's "History, &c. of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster," vol. i. p. 25, 4to. 1818.

† In the same year, as appears from Eadmer and other annalists, a Synod was held in the abbey church at Westminster, by Archbishop Anselm.

‡ Saxon "Chronicle," Ingram's translation, p. 330.

§ Ibid. p. 329.

‖ The records "intituled *Rotuli Litterarum Clausarum*, or *Close Rolls*, are a series of Parchment Rolls, commencing with the sixth year of the reign of King John, anno Domini 1204, on which are recorded or inrolled all mandates, letters, and writs of a private nature. They are denominated *Close*, in contradistinction to another series of Rolls called *Patent*. The entries registered on the Close Rolls are letters addressed in the King's name to individuals, for special and particular purposes, and were folded, or *closed up*, and sealed on the outside with the Great Seal."

The most ancient of the Close Rolls now extant is that of the sixth of King John, anno Domini 1204; and there is reason to believe that the Roll in question is the first of that species of Rolls. It was not then, however, styled a *Close* Roll, that term being first applied to a Roll of the eighth year of the same king. The custom of recording documents on rolls of parchment, though of ancient date, commenced here after the Norman conquest; for, during the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, transfers of property and legal grants were registered in the "Land-boc," or in the vacant leaves of mass-books belonging to churches and monasteries. The exact time when the practice of making regular inrolments was introduced, is uncertain; but it appears probable that it prevailed shortly after the Conquest, and that it was first adopted in the Court of the Exchequer. Vide "Rotuli Litterarum Clausarum in Turri Lond. Asservati," edited by Thomas Duffus Hardy, Esq."

¶ Close Rolls," p. 555.

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cover (or roof) the said houses."* In the autumn of the latter year also, "the barons of the Exchequer were ordered to account with Robert de Leveland for what he had expended for laying *fine sand* in the king's houses at Westminster, when the king slept there on the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday next before the feast of All Saints.† Again, on the 2nd of October, 1214, "the sheriff of London was commanded to allow the keeper of the king's houses at Westminster to have carpenters for the repair thereof."‡ On the 3rd of January, in the same year, "the treasurer and chamberlains of the Exchequer were commanded by writ to deliver to the abbot and convent of the Holy Cross at Waltham, the *tin lavatory*, ('stagneum lavatorium,') which was constructed in the king's house at Westminster in the time of his father, and was afterwards removed."

A wardrobe account, preserved in the British Museum, dated the 7th of May, in the 14th of John, (anno 1213,) states that "a payment of sixpence was made to *Roger Aquarius* for a *bath* for the king's use at Westminster, on the eve of the preceding Christmas:§ the same account, under the date December 24th, mentions a payment on Christmas eve, by the king, at Westminster, of three marks, for three *barrels of honey;* thus proving that King John spent his Christmas at Westminster in both the above years.‖

On the 2nd of October, 1214, (16th of John,) the sheriff of London was commanded "to allow the keeper of the king's houses at Westminster, to have *carpenters* for the repair thereof." From the very few records, however, which are extant, bearing teste by King John at Westminster, it may be deduced that this palace was but little inhabited by him during the whole of his reign.

[The Close Rolls are rich in entries of the repairs of Henry III.; but we have only room for an extract relating to the King's tyranny over the Londoners.]

On the 26th of May, 1223, (7th Henry III.), the sheriff of London was commanded by writ to convey the timber of the *king's gibbet* from his houses at Westminster to the elm trees where robbers were accustomed to be hung.¶ This probably was the "great gibbet" which Stow mentions the king had caused to be made in the preceding summer, after the house of the abbot's bailiff of Westminster, (and other buildings,) had been razed to the ground by the citizens of London, whose ire had been excited by the treacherous conduct of the bailiff at a great wrestling match in St. Giles's Fields.** Hubert de Burgh, the Chief Justiciary, took a summary and severe revenge on the citizens, three of whom were hanged, and many had their feet and hands cut off; and the king "tooke of the citizens sixtie pledges, which he sent to divers castles, and he deposed the maior, appointing a keeper over the cittie;" but "after heavy threatenings, the citizens were reconciled, paying to the king many thousand marks." Henry, indeed, appears to have constantly acted on the ungenerous principle of increasing the prosperity of Westminster at the expense of the inhabitants of London.

On the 29th of May, 1223, the Treasurer and Chamberlains were commanded to pay 150*l.* for the discharge of the expenses incurred when the king was ill at Westminster, in the same year.

[The present Part contains four Plates, from drawings by Mr. R. W. Billings, a young artist of high promise; and three of the plates are engraved by the same ingenious hand. The Title Plate has been grouped under the superintendence of Mr. Britton, and is a very pleasing composition, engraved by T. Clark. It consists chiefly of parts of St. Stephen's Chapel and Cloister, with the fine east window for a centre, flanked by niches in Oratory figures from the Hall, surmounted by the Chapel Frieze. The whole is beautifully engraved in outline, save a vignette of the late Fire, in admirable light and shade, within a kind of flattened mullion. The subjects of the other plates are, a portion of Westminster Hall, the Painted Chamber, the upper Cloister, part of St. Stephen's Chapel, &c.]

* Ibid. p. 87 b. On the same day "the bailiff of Cheshunt was commanded to allow shingles for the roof to be made in the wood at Cheshunt." Ibid.
† Ibid. p. 95. ‡ Ibid. p. 174.
§ Vide Ayscough's "Catalogue," 4573, art. 62.
‖ Ibid. art. 66.
¶ Close Rolls, p. 548.

** There is a mandate extant, bearing date at St. Alban's, on the 22nd of May, 4th of Henry III., by which the king "orders the sheriff of Middlesex to cause to be made, without any delay, in the place where the gallows were formerly erected, namely, at the Elms, (ad ulmellos,) two good gibbets of strong and excellent timber, for hanging robbers and other malefactors; the cost to be accounted for by the view and testimony of lawful men at the Exchequer."

The Public Journals.

THE RAVEN.

(From a delightful Review of Audubon's Ornithological Biography, in Blackwood's Magazine.)

AUDUBON is unwilling to think ill of any bird—and says a good word for him who is popularly conceived to be the devil incarnate—the Raven. Nobody, indeed, ventures to despise either of the two gentlemen in black—but Audubon and North have a positive liking to the latter—which, under favourable circumstances, might relax into friendship. We like him for the sake of his birth-places and his places of resort. "These are," says Audubon, "the mountains—the abrupt banks of rivers—the rocky shores of lakes, and the

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cliffs of thinly-peopled or deserted islands. It is in such places that these birds must be watched and examined before one can judge of their natural habits as manifested amid their freedom from the dread of their most dangerous enemy, the lord of creation. There, through the clear and rarified atmosphere, the raven spreads his glossy wings and tail, and as he onward sails, rises higher and higher each bold sweep that he makes, as if conscious that the nearer he approaches the sun, the more resplendent will become the tints of his plumage." He speaks with enthusiasm of "the musical inflections," (*vulgo vocatæ*—croaks) by means of which they hold converse together in their aerial amatory excursions. These musical inflections—he says—doubtless express their "pure conjugal feelings, confirmed and rendered more intense by long years of happiness in each other's society." More faithful monogamists never sailed the sky. "Till death do us part," is the close of their nuptial oath —nor were they ever known to break it. Audubon is not only inclined to believe that high up in heaven they can recall the pleasing remembrance of their youthful days, and recount the events of their life, and express the pleasure they have enjoyed (and thus far we can go along with him) but that (and there, we fear, he lays himself open to a charge of heterodoxy) "they perhaps conclude with humble prayer to the author of their being for a continuation of it." However that may be, Wordsworth has not scrupled to speak "of the *pious* bird with the scarlet breast;" and why may not the raven have as deep a sense of natural religion—though he may not show it in the same way —as the robin? But hear Audubon.

"Now, their matins are over; the happy pair are seen to glide towards the earth in spiral lines; they alight on the boldest summit of a rock, so high that you can scarcely judge of their actual size; they approach each other, their bills meet, and caresses are exchanged as tender as those of the gentle Turtle Dove. Far beneath, wave after wave dashes in foam against the impregnable sides of the rocky tower, the very aspect of which would be terrific to almost any other creatures than the sable pair, which for years have resorted to it, to rear the dearly-cherished fruits of their connubial love. Midway between them and the boiling waters, some shelving ledge conceals their eyry. To it they now betake themselves, to see what damage it has sustained from the peltings of the winter tempests. Off they fly to the distant woods for fresh materials with which to repair the breach; or on the plain they collect the hair and fur of quadrupeds; or from the sandy beach pick up the weeds that have been washed there. By degrees, the nest is enlarged and trimmed, and when every thing has been rendered clean and comfortable, the female deposits her eggs, and begins to sit upon them, while her brave and affectionate mate protects and feeds her, and at intervals takes her place.

"All around is now silent, save the hoarse murmur of the waves, or the whistling sounds produced by the flight of the waterfowl travelling towards the northern regions. At length the young burst the shell, when the careful parents, after congratulating each other on the happy event, disgorge some half-macerated food, which they deposit in their tender mouths. Should the most daring adventurer of the air approach, he is attacked with fury and repelled. As the young grow up, they are urged to be careful and silent: —a single false movement might precipitate them into the abyss below; a single cry during the absence of their parents might bring upon them the remorseless claws of the swift Peregrine or Jer-falcon. The old birds themselves seem to improve in care, diligence, and activity, varying their course when returning to their home, and often entering it when unexpected. The young are now seen to stand on the edge of the nest; they flap their wings, and at length take courage and fly to some more commodious and not distant lodgment. Gradually they become able to follow their parents abroad, and at length search for maintenance in their company, and that of others, until the period of breeding arrives, when they separate in pairs and disperse.

"Notwithstanding all the care of the Raven, his nest is invaded wherever it is found. His usefulness is forgotten, his faults are remembered and multiplied by imagination; and whenever he presents himself he is shot at, because from time immemorial ignorance, prejudice, and destructiveness, have operated on the mind of man to his detriment. Men will peril their lives to reach his nest, assisted by ropes and poles, alleging merely that he has killed one of their numerous sheep or lambs. Some say they destroy the Raven because he is black; others, because his croaking is unpleasant and ominous! Unfortunate, truly, are the young ones that are carried home to become the wretched pets of some ill-brought-up child! For my part, I admire the Raven, because I see much in him calculated to excite our wonder. It is true that he may sometimes hasten the death of a half-starved sheep, or destroy a weakly lamb; he may eat the eggs of other birds, or occasionally steal from the farmer some of those which he calls his own; young fowls also afford precious morsels to himself and his progeny;—but how many sheep, lambs, and fowls, are saved through his agency! The more intelligent of our farmers are well aware that the Raven destroys numberless insects, grubs, and worms; that he kills

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mice, moles, and rats, whenever he can find them; that he will seize the weasel, the young opossum, and the skunk; that, with the perseverance of a cat, he will watch the burrows of foxes, and pounce on the cubs; our farmers also are fully aware that he apprizes them of the wolf's prowlings around their yard, and that he never intrudes on their corn-fields except to benefit them;—yes, good reader, the farmer knows all this well, but he also knows his power, and, interfere as you may, with tale of pity or of truth, the bird is a Raven, and, as La Fontaine has aptly and most truly said, 'La loi du plus fort est toujours la meilleure!'"

The Gatherer.

Flogging in the Navy.—Number of corporal punishments inflicted in the Navy since 1829:

1830 - - - -	2,022
1831 - - - -	1,727
1832 - - - -	1,762
1833 - - - -	1,502

Parliamentary Return.

Mount Pilate, in Switzerland, affords a singular phenomenon. At the elevation of 5,000 feet, (says Archdeacon Coxe,) and in the most perpendicular part of the mountain, is observed in the middle of a cavern, hollowed in a black rock, a colossal statue of white stone. It is the figure of a man in drapery leaning on a pedestal, with one leg crossed over the other, and so regularly formed, that it cannot be a lusus naturæ, and yet it is *absolutely inaccessible*. This statue is called "Dominic" by the peasants, who frequently accost it from the only place in which it is to be seen; and when their voices are echoed from the cavern they say in the simplicity of their hearts "Dominic has answered us."

In the wilds of America there is a tribe, where the mother, after losing her infant, goes for some time daily to the recent grave, and with silent and pathetic eloquence, which shames all noisy grief and pomp of funeral, presses some milk from her bosom upon the grass beneath which her babe reposes.

Rubens.—Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say that a single picture of Rubens was sufficient to illumine the darkest gallery in Europe.

"In this world," says Bishop Taylor, "men thrive by villainy. Lying and deceiving are accounted just—to be rich is to be wise, and tyranny is honourable; and though little thefts and petty mischiefs are interrupted by the laws, yet if a mischief become public or great, acted by princes and effected by armies, and robberies be done by whole fleets, it is virtue—it is glory!"

The hieroglyphic, among the ancient Egyptians, to denote a soul, was a chrysalis, from whence we may infer their belief in a future existence. And the Greeks, clothing the borrowed idea in the poetry of their imagination, described Psyche (the soul), under the form of a lovely female, ornamented with the wings of a butterfly. The allegory of Cupid and Psyche is beautiful:—love mingling with the soul.

Love and admiration are two passions frequently confounded with each other, though both are different in origin and results. What we love, becomes endeared by possession—what we admire, ceases to be admired when it is no longer new.

A Persian epitaph in honour of the sultan, of Mahomed Khan, compares life to a flower. It blossoms in the spring, attains the full lustre of resplendent beauty in the summer light, it droops in the autumn air, and perishes in winter.

Ovid says—

"neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest—"

which is to say, "Time and tide wait for no man."

Pope alludes to the shortness of beauty in his fine compliment to Jervas the painter:—

"Beauty, frail flower, that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years."

Scratched on a window at the Maidenhead Inn, Uckfield, is the following record of misery—

"I am very unhappy—very—
W. Snaggs, June 8, 1814."

Inn Poetry—At the Star and Garter, Brighton:—

"Wm. Vear
Slept here,
Octr. the 1st.,
Last year."

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXIV.

(*From the Sunday Times, February* 1, 1835.)

"The present volume maintains its supremacy among the class to which it belongs. It has long distanced its earlier competitors, and ranks deservedly high in the estimation of the reading public."

(*From the Sunday Herald, No.* 225, *February* 1, 1835.)

"This work led the way to all that has been done in the matter of cheap periodicals and the diffusion of knowledge; its plan was the type, and its success the spur to several other works of various degrees of merit: and, notwithstanding, it is still at the head of its class, still unsurpassed for the quality and quantity of its matter, and the taste and verisimilitude of its wood-cuts. It were superfluous to wish the work a continuance of the success it has hitherto enjoyed; for, while conducted as it has uniformly been, it is sure to command success."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 706.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1835. [Price 2d.

THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

Scarcely had the ruins of the late Parliamentary buildings at Westminster ceased to smoke, when the attention of his Majesty's Government was directed to the provision of accommodation for the approaching Session of Parliament. The Conflagration had reduced the House of Commons to a roofless, open-sided shell, but had, at the same time, unveiled its pristine, architectural beauty to the admiring antiquarian. The walls of the House of Lords and of the Painted Chamber were found to be entire; and, as circumstances would not allow the removal of the ruins, and the rebuilding of "the Houses," without the concurrence of Parliament itself, it was resolved to appropriate the last named structures for the temporary accommodation of the two branches of the legislature. Accordingly, Sir Robert Smirke was commissioned to construct within the walls of the Painted Chamber an apartment for the Peers; and within the walls of the former House of Lords, accommodation for the Commons: and the Two Engravings in the present sheet represent the style in which the architect has executed his commission.

In converting the Painted Chamber into a House of Lords, it was found advisable to heighten the walls by at least one-third; they were then roofed with slate, and the internal fittings were commenced. It now presents an apartment 50 feet long, 18 or 20 feet wide, and nearly 28 feet in height. The flooring on each side is raised by two, low steps for the seats, which are of solid and beautifully grained English oak, and are covered with superfine crimson cloth. The space allows of three tiers on each side, over which is a gallery, capable of holding two tiers of seats, supported by an octangular column and iron brackets, cased with composition. These brackets are tastefully enriched, as is the front of the galleries, which is filled with quatrefoils and centre shields, every six or seven feet, divided with square oak stanchions, and surmounted by an iron railing of two longitudinal bars. The ascent to each gallery is by a handsome, geometrical staircase: and over this end of the apartment is a large gallery for strangers, reporters, &c., which immediately communicates with the Reporters' Gallery in the House of Commons.

The accommodation below the Bar for Members of the House of Commons, who attend to bring up Bills, is larger by four feet than formerly, and at least 150 gentlemen may attend on these occasions without incon-

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venience. On the left of the Bar is a door leading to four new committee-rooms, formed out of the long gallery, and the passage connecting them leads to the lobby of the Commons. On the right of the Bar, is the entrance for the Lords, which communicates with the House of Commons by a passage leading to the door on the right of the Speaker's chair.

In the pier between the two windows at the extreme end of the present apartment, or "House," is placed the throne, upon the identical carpet of its predecessor, which had been taken up for cleaning previous to the late fire, and was thus saved. The throne is not new; it being that built for George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, in the Gold Room at Carlton House. It has, however, been considerably altered, and newly embellished.

On the right of the throne is the King's entrance-doorway, and on the same side is a window, fronting a blank wall: nearly facing are two other windows, which command an interesting scene of the dismantled walls and picturesque ruins of St. Stephen's Chapel; the removal of the brick buildings and remains of Mr. Lee's offices opening the view of this beautiful specimen of olden architecture. Over the throne, Sir Robert Smirke has filled up the small, original window, and opened, higher, another of five lights. The ceiling of the apartment is of wood, divided by moulded ribs and binders, with a boss or pendention at every other intersection; from which points will be suspended splendid chandeliers. The walls are boarded, grained, and varnished to the height of nine feet above the gallery, whence they are crimson papered, as is also the end above the throne, to the ceiling.

The Royal Entrance remains as before; but, instead of first proceeding to the Painted Chamber, (now the House of Lords,) his Majesty will proceed at once to the Library, whence a passage leads direct to the throne.

In connexion with the alterations of the Painted Chamber, generally, it may be interesting to turn to the Engraving of the Interior of that ancient apartment, at page 377, vol. xxiv. of the *Mirror*.

An Engraving and Description of the New House of Commons will be found at page 104 of the present sheet. For the dimensions and other details, our acknowledgments are due to the *Sunday Times* of January 24.

THE PENGUIN.

(*To the Editor.*)

I was much pleased with the account in the *Mirror*, No. 703, page 55, of that curious bird the Penguin, and greatly amused with the *Hoodish* cut representing a group of them.

My object in addressing you is, to state that the name is taken from the Welsh word, *Pengwyn*, Whitehead — (*pen*, head; *gwyn*, white,) and was most probably given to the bird, by some Welsh sailors, on seeing its white breast. In the cut you gave, the heads of the birds appear black, but that may arise from the artist's wish to give effect to the light and shade. The question would be solved, if any of your readers could assert, from actual observation, whether the heads be white or not. Davis, who discovered, in 1585, the straits which are called after his name, was of Welsh parents, although born in Devonshire: might he not have given the name of *Pengwyn* to the bird? I. P.

TO THE FALLING FLAKES OF SNOW.

Fair children of the icy cloud, descending
To the damp sod that soon must be your grave!
Why so precipitately are ye wending
Your airy way? Ill-fated! can ye save
Yourselves from dissolution? Ye are tending
To your last bourn—only while 'round you rave
The fitful breezes, then a moment pending,
Ye hold the being those light lovers gave;
That aerial being fails, and quickly ending
Your trackless voyage, Earth's dusky breast ye lave,
Till lost for evermore, ye sink in the dark wave.

Fitly are ye the life of man portraying—
The wanderer, unknowing where or why,
A moment shines 'mid clouds and darkness straying—
A little moment lingers on the eye;
Upheld by Hope's high gales around him playing,
Or Love's deceitful airs that flutter by,
Or Passion's whirlwind, his descent upstaying
To speed his final fall, when he shall lie
A wreck upon the earth, like you decaying,
Who, like you, had his being from on high:
So fare the bright and pure, when outcasts of the sky.

The Naturalist.

THE YEW-TREE.

Description of an ancient Yew-tree, in Warblington Churchyard, near Portsmouth, with some Remarks on Yew-trees generally, by Henry William Dewhurst, Esq., *Professor of Zoology and Natural Theology.*

(Read to the Verulam Philosophical Society, Jan. 7, 1835.)

Through the kindness of the Rev. William Norris, Rector of Warblington, one of our Honorary Associates, I am enabled to exhibit to your notice, an original portrait of a very ancient yew-tree, in Warblington Church yard. "It measures," says this gentleman, "twenty-six feet in circumference, in the largest part of its trunk, and although it occasionally shows symptoms of decay, it is not hollow. It seems to possess the power of renewing itself, and supplying any decay from its natural resources. It is believed by all judges to be many centuries old; some think it may have witnessed the Conquest:

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but there is no story or tradition respecting it."*

The *Taxus Baccata*, or yew-tree, is a native of Europe, North America, and Japan, particularly in mountainous woods, or the clefts of high calcareous rocks. It is indigenous in England and Scotland, and is supposed formerly to have grown wild in Ireland also, by the numbers found there in a fossil state; but at present there are none but planted yews growing in that country.

It was a custom with our ancestors to plant yews near their houses and churches. Dr. Aikin supposes it to have been planted near houses, merely for the absurd purpose of forming it into grotesque figures; the yew being particularly submissive to such treatment. Dr. Hunter informs us, that they were placed there to be at hand for the sturdy bows of our warlike ancestors,

"who drew,
And almost joined the horns of the tough yew."

Both may, in some degree, be correct: they may have furnished bows, whilst bows were in fashion with our warriors, and afterwards have been converted into the figures alluded to by Dr. Aikin. It would be, I think, exceedingly incorrect to state that these two fashions could have existed at once; for, on the eve of a new war, it would have been almost lamentable to have witnessed the yews divested of their natural beauty, and destroyed; besides, the wood would not have been immediately in a proper condition for the construction of bows. Again, for the custom of planting the yew in churchyards, Dr. Aikin considered it very probable that it arose from the circumstance of its being an evergreen, and thereby furnishing the churchwardens with boughs for the internal decoration of their churches. This supposition, however, is incorrect: for the yew does not appear to have been commonly used for that purpose. Mr. Brand † informs us, that the plants chiefly employed for this purpose at the Christmas season, are the bay, rosemary, holly, ivy, and mistletoe. Cypress is added upon one occasion, and Mr. Brand observes: "In this account, the cypress is quite a new article: indeed, I should as soon have expected to see the yew as the cypress used on this joyful occasion." The Editor of Mr. Brand's work has inserted a note on this passage, saying that Coles, in his Art of Simpling, affirms that "in some places, the setting up of holly, ivy, rosemary, bays, yew, &c. in churching at Christmas, is still in use; and that Parkinson speaks of houses being adorned with box and yew." This passage makes it appear that yew was not very generally used at the Christmas festival; and had a tree been planted in churchyards for that use, it would more likely have been the holly, which was never omitted in Christmas decoration.

Sir Thomas Browne supposes the planting of yews in churchyards to derive its origin from ancient funeral rites, being, on account of its perpetual verdure, used as an emblem of the resurrection of the dead. Mr. Evelyn is of the same opinion. Dr. Hunter thinks that the best reason which can be given is, that the branches of the yew were often carried in sacred processions on Palm Sunday, instead of the palm, and gives from Coxton's Directions for keeping all the feasts of the year, as decisive on this point:—

"Wherfor holy Churche this daie maketh solemne processione, in mynde of the processione that Christe mayde this daie: butt for eucheson that we have none olive that beareth greene leaf, algate therefore we take yew instead of palm and olive, and beare about in processione: and so is this daie called Palm Sundaie."—"As a confirmation of this fact," adds Dr. Hunter, "the yew-trees in the churchyards of East Kent are to this day called palms."

Dr. Hunter supposes the yew to have been planted in churchyards for the purpose of making bows, and such places particularly chosen, because fenced from cattle. But to this Mr. Brand very justly objects, that other plantations also are fenced from cattle, adding, Why, too, should there usually be but one yew-tree in each churchyard.‡ These were evidently placed near the church for some religious purpose, from the great value set upon a consecrated yew, in comparison with another yew-tree that was unconsecrated, in a list of the comparative value of trees, taken, as Martyn tells us, from the ancient laws of the principality of Wales.§

"Our forefathers," continues Martyn, "were particularly careful to preserve this funereal tree, whose branches it was usual to carry in solemn procession to the grave, and afterwards to deposit therein, under the bodies of their departed friends. Mr. Ray states, that our ancestors planted the yew-tree in churchyards as an evergreen tree, because it was a symbol of that glorious immortality which they hoped and expected for the persons there deposited. For the same reason, this and other evergreen trees, are even yet carried in funerals, and thrown into the grave with the body; in some parts of England, and in Wales, planted with flowers upon the grave itself.‖

Sir Thomas Browne observes that the Christian custom of decking the coffin with bay (or yew) is an elegant emblem; because this last-mentioned tree, when apparently dead, has frequently been known to revive

* Extract of the Rev. W. Norris's letter, July 21st, 1824.

† Brand's Popular Antiquities, 4to. vol. i. p. 408.

‡ Ibid.

§ For this List see *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 310.

‖ Martyn's Edition of Miller's Gardener's Dictionary.

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from its root, and ultimately resume its former verdure and beauty. From the following passage in Shakspeare, we may naturally suppose that the sprigs of yew were put *within* the coffin also:

"My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it."

Dr. Blair, in addressing himself to the grave, thus observes:

"Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heeled ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan, cold moon, (so fame reports,
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.)
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine."

Churchill thus alludes to

"The yew, which, in the place of sculptured stone,
Marks out the resting place of men unknown."

Harte very appropriately places yew and cypress in the same avenue, leading to the palace of Death:

"Dark cypresses the skirting sides adorned,
And gloomy yew-trees, which for ever mourned."
Vision of Death.

Sir Walter Scott thus beautifully describes the dull and melancholy appearance of the yew-tree:

"But here, 'twixt rock and river grew
A dismal grove of sable yew,
With whose sad tints were mingled seen,
The blighted fir's sepulchral green:
Seemed that the trees their shadows cast
The earth that nourished them to blast;
For never knew that swarthy grove
The verdant line that fairies love;
Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower,
Arose within its baleful bower;
The dank and sable earth receives
Its only carpet from the leaves,
That, from the withering branches cast,
Bestrewed the ground with every blast."
Rokeby, Canto ii.

Clorin, in John Fletcher's *Faithfull Shepherdesse*, having retired from the world after the loss of her lover, thus sings:

"Yon same dell,
Ore topt with mourning cipresse and sad ewe,
Shall be my cabin, where I'le early rew,
Before the sunne hath kist this dew away,
The hard, uncertaine chance which Fate doth lay
Upon this head."

The toughness of the yew-tree, with its uncommon pliancy, made it a very proper substance for the construction of bows; and those made of yew were esteemed superior to every other. The flexibility of this tree is such, that it was considered without a rival for topiary works. Spenser terms it—

"The eugh obedient to the bender's will."

In the days of archery, the wood was in such request, that not finding at home a sufficient supply for the bowyers, the merchants were obliged by law to import four staves of it for every ton of goods coming from places whence bow-staves had formerly been brought. By an Act of Parliament passed in the fifth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, it was directed that every Englishman in Ireland, and Irishman dwelling with Englishmen, should each have an English bow of his own height, made of *yew*, wych, hazel, ash, or awburne.*

Formerly, observes the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, the yew was what the oak is now, the basis of our strength. Of it, the English yeoman made his long-bow, which he vaunted no body but an Englishman could bend. In shooting, he did not, as in other nations, keep his left hand steady, and draw his bow with the right; but, keeping his hand at rest upon the nerve, he pressed the whole weight of his body into the horns of his bow. Hence arose the English phrase of *bending* a bow, and the French of *drawing* one.

The yew bow was not by any means confined to our ancestors, however; though the English bow could be bent only by an Englishman. (Ulysses probably never made the attempt.) It is mentioned by Virgil, in his second Georgic:

"Ityræos taxi torquentur in arcus."

"The yews were bent into Ityræan bows."

Professor Martyn observes that the Ityræi were a people of Cœlo-Syria, famous for shooting with a bow.

The extraordinary celerity of two youths in a race, is beautifully expressed by a comparison with the flight of an arrow shot from a bow of yew, by Harte in his Statius:

"Each, like an arrow from the Parthian yew,
Sent with full force, along the circus flew."

Spenser tells us, that when St. George fought with the dragon, the monster pounced upon him, snatched him and his horse from the ground, and

"Long he them bore above the subject plain,
So far as yewen bow a shaft may send;
Till struggling strong did him at last constrain
To let them down before its flightes end."

The yew is thus alluded to by Browne—

"The warlike yewgh, by which, more than the lance,
The strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd France"

Chaucer and Fairfax poetically designate the tree as

"The shooter yew."

* Supposed to be the alder.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Sketch-Book.

MARY MARCH.—A TALE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

[The following story, in its outline, is well known;* but its details may be new to the reader. We find them quoted in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, (just published,) in an Analysis of "the Private Journal kept on board H. M. S. Favourite, on the Newfoundland Station." By Captain H. Robinson, R. N.]

* It will be found in a note to an interesting Journey in Search of the Red Indians, in the *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 150.

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From the war of extermination waged against the natives of Newfoundland by the Mic Macs, who had settled near St. George's Bay, and frequently came over in considerable numbers from Nova Scotia, and from the barbarous treatment which they formerly received at the hands of our early settlers in Newfoundland, they had entirely deserted the sea-coast, and by keeping within their woods and fastnesses, avoided all intercourse with strangers. Captain Buchan's attempt, in 1808, ending in the murder of his two marines left as hostages, appeared also to have put an end to the hopes that were entertained of civilizing this barbarous race. They had, however, of late years, frequently ventured down to the houses in the Bay of Exploits, for the purposes of plunder or of mischief; and, at length, Mr. Peyton, a settler, having suffered much from their depredations, went up the river with a party of ten or twelve men, to recover his property, and, if possible, communicate with his spoliators. Having travelled seventy miles on the snow, he surprised three natives at a little distance from their wigwams; one man, who appeared a chieftain, was very untractable, rejecting all overtures of friendship, and at last attacked old Peyton in so ferocious a manner, that the young man, to save his father's life, was obliged to shoot the savage. The woman who was in company, and was, as it afterwards appeared, the wife of the poor victim, did not fly, shed no tears, (a savage seldom weeps;) but, after a few minutes' violent struggle of emotions, which were visible in her intelligent countenance, anguish and horror appeared to give place to personal fear, and she went to the murderer of her husband, clung to his arm as if for protection, and, strange to say, a most devoted attachment appeared from that moment to have been produced towards him, which only ended with her life. To him alone, she was all gentleness, affection, and obedience; and the last act of her "brief, eventful history," was to take a ring from her finger, and beg it might be sent to John Peyton.

The tribe were in the neighbourhood of this disastrous meeting, and it was necessary that the Peytons should secure their retreat; they had a sley drawn by dogs, in which Waunathoke, or Mary March, (as she was afterwards named, and as we may now call her,) immediately placed herself, when she understood she was to accompany the party, and directed them by signs to cover her over, holding her legs out to have her moccassins laced; and both here and subsequently, by her helplessness, by the attention she appeared habitually to expect at the hands of others, and by her unacquaintance with any laborious employment, indicated either a superiority of station, or that she was accustomed to a treatment of female savages very different from that of all other tribes. She was quite unlike an Esquimaux in face and figure, tall and rather stout-bodied, limbs very small and delicate, particularly her arms; her hands and feet were very small, and beautifully formed, and of these she was very proud; her complexion, a light copper colour, which became nearly as fair as a European's, after a course of washing and absence from smoke; her hair was black, which she delighted to comb and oil; her eyes larger and more intelligent than those of an Esquimaux; her teeth small, white and regular; her cheek-bones rather high; but her countenance had a mild and pleasing expression, (her miniature, taken by Lady Hamilton, is said to be strikingly like;) her voice was remarkably sweet, low and musical. When brought to Fogo, she was taken into the house of Mr. Leigh, the Church Missionary, where, for some time, she was ill at ease, and twice during the night attempted to escape to the woods, where she must have almost immediately perished in the snow. She was, however, carefully watched, and in a few weeks was tolerably reconciled to her situation, and appeared to enjoy the comforts of civilization, particularly the clothes; her own were of dressed deer-skins, tastefully trimmed with martin, but she would never put them on or part with them; she ate sparingly, disliked wine and spirits, was very fond of sleep, never getting up to breakfast before nine o'clock; she lay, rolled up in a ball, in the middle of her bed. Her extreme personal delicacy and propriety of conduct were very remarkable, and appeared more an innate feeling than any exhibition of tact or conventional usage. Her power of mimicry was very remarkable, and enabled her quickly to speak the language she heard; and before she could express herself, her signs and dumb show were curiously significant. She described the servants, blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker, a man who wore spectacles, and other persons whom she could not name, with a most happy minuteness of imitation. It is a beautiful provision, that savages and children, who have much to learn, should be such good mimics, as without that faculty they could learn nothing, and we observe it usually leaves them when they no longer want its assistance: to this we should often ascribe family resemblances, which we think are inherited.

But to return to Mary March;—she would sometimes, though rarely, speak freely to Mr. Leigh, and talk of her tribe. They believe in a Great Spirit, but seem to have no religious ceremonies. Polygamy does not appear to be practised. They live in separate wigwams, Mary's consisted of sixteen; the number was discovered in rather a curious manner. She went frequently to her bed-

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room during the day, and when Mr. Leigh's housekeeper went up, she always found her rolled in a ball, apparently asleep; at last, a quantity of blue cloth was missed, and from the great jealousy that Mary showed about her trunk, suspicion fell upon her; her trunk was searched, and the cloth found, nicely converted into sixteen pairs of moccassins, which she had made in her bed: two pair of children's stockings were also found, made of a cotton nightcap. Mr. Leigh had lost one; but Mary answered angrily to all questions about her merchandise, "John Peyton, John Peyton;" meaning that he had given it her: at last, in the bottom of her trunk, the tassel of the cap, and the bit marked J. L, were found, when, looking stedfastly at Mr. Leigh, she pointed to her manufacture, and said slowly, "Yours," and ran into the woods; when brought back, she was very sulky, and remained so for several weeks. The poor captive had two children, and this was probably the tie that held her to her wigwam; for though she appeared, in many respects, to enjoy St. John's when she was taken there, and her improved habits of life, she, on the whole, but "dragged a lengthened chain;" for all her hopes and acts appeared to have a reference to her return. She hoarded clothes, trinkets, and any thing that was given her, and was fond of dividing them into sixteen shares. She was very obstinate, but was glad to be of any service in her power, if not asked to assist; she was playful, and was pleased with startling Mr. Leigh, by stealing behind him softly; her perception of anything ridiculous, and her general knowledge of character, showed much archness and sagacity: an unmarried man seemed an object of great ridicule to her. When she was taken to St. John's, on entering the harbour, she said to Messrs. Leigh and Peyton, "You go shore, Mr. Leigh—you go shore, John Peyton—when go shore, no emamoose, (wife or woman,) ha, ha, ha, ha!" She was quite indifferent to music, did not seem to perceive it; liked exhibiting herself to strangers, and was very fond of putting on and taking off all the dresses, ribbons, and ornaments that were given her. Mr. Leigh once drew on a bit of paper a boat and crew, with a female figure in it, going up a river, and stopping a moment at a wigwam, and described the boat, freighted as before, returning. Mary immediately applied the hieroglyphic, and cried out, "No, no, no, no." He then altered the drawing, taking the woman out, and leaving her behind at the wigwam, when she cried very joyfully, "Yes, yes, good for Mary." A variety of representations, more obscure than this, she perceived with great quickness, and had much satisfaction in the mode of communication.

She remained a short time at St. John's, and acquired such facility in speaking English, that sanguine hopes of conciliating and opening a communication with her tribe, through her means, were entertained; and when Sir Charles Hamilton despatched Captain Buchan to the Bay of Exploits, to make the attempt, it was hoped for this poor, devoted handful of Indians that the measure of their sufferings was full, and that they were at last to be brought within the influence and blessings of civilization and Christianity. It was ordered otherwise; the change of dress, or change of living, or whatever it may be, that operates so fatally on savages separated from their native habits, spared not poor Mary. She left St. John's with a bad cough, and died of consumption, on making the Bay of Exploits, aged twenty-four. Captain Buchan, after a laborious march, reached the wigwams, but found them empty; and he deposited there the coffin of Mary, with her presents, dresses, moccassins, &c. The experiment, I think, was hazardous; the Indians, on returning, may possibly perceive the truth, or they may, as more in accordance with their past experience, fancy poison, insult, or any of the barbarities practised on their forefathers, the tradition of which they carefully preserve.

Useful Arts.

THE FIRST SILK MILL.

The original mill, called "The Silk Mill," to denote its pre-eminence, being the first and largest of its kind ever erected in England, stands upon an island in the river Derwent, in Derbyshire. Its history is remarkable, as it denotes the power of genius, and the vast influence which even the enterprises of an individual have on the commerce of a country.

The Italians were long in exclusive possession of the art of silk-throwing: the merchants of other nations were, consequently, dependent on that people for their participation in a very lucrative article of trade, and were frequently deprived of their fair profits by the exorbitant prices charged for the original material. This state of things continued till the commencement of the last century, when a person named Crocket, erected a small mill, near the present works, with the intention of introducing the manufacture of silk into England; but his machinery being inadequate to the purpose, he soon became insolvent, and the design was for some time abandoned. At length, about the year 1715, a similar idea began to expand in the mind of an excellent mechanic, and draughtsman, named John Lombe, who, though young, resolved on the perilous enterprise of travelling into Italy, to procure drawings or models of the machines necessary for the undertaking. In Italy he remained some time, but as admis-

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sion to the silk mill was prohibited, he could only obtain access by bribing two of the workmen, through whose assistance he secretly inspected the machinery; and whatever parts he obtained a knowledge of during these visits, he recorded on paper before he slept. By perseverance in this mode of inquiry, he made himself acquainted with the whole; and had just completed his plan, when his intention was discovered, and his life being in extreme danger, he fled with precipitation, and took refuge on shipboard. The two Italians who had favoured his scheme, and whose lives were in equal danger with his own, accompanied him; and they all landed in safety in England, about the year 1717. Fixing on Derby as a proper place for his project, he agreed with the Corporation for an island, or swamp, in the river, five hundred feet long and fifty-two feet wide, at a rent somewhat below 8*l.* per annum. Here he established his silk mill; but during the time employed in its construction, he erected temporary machines in the Town Hall, and various other places; by which means he not only reduced the price of silk far below the Italians, but was likewise enabled to proceed with his greater undertaking, though the expenses amounted to nearly 30,000*l.* In the year 1718, he procured a patent to enable him to secure the profits thus arising from his ingenuity, for the term of fourteen years: but his days verged to a close, and before half this period had elapsed, treachery and poison had brought him to the grave. The Italians, whose trade rapidly decreased from the success of the new establishment, were exasperated to vengeance, and vowed the destruction of the man, who had turned the current of their business into another channel. An artful woman was sent from Italy in the character of a friend; she associated with the parties, and was permitted to assist in the preparation of the silk. Her influence was privately exerted on the natives who had fled with Mr. Lombe from Italy, and succeeding with one, she prepared to exert her long meditated plan of revenge. The victim lingered in agony two or three years, when the springs of life being completely exhausted, he breathed his last. Slow poison is supposed to have been the means employed to deprive him of existence; and though suspicion was almost strengthened into certainty, by the circumstances that transpired on the examination of Madame ——, the evidence was not decisive, and, consequently, she was discharged. Her associate had previously fled to his own country. The other Italian, whose name was Gartrevalli, continued at Derby, and afterwards wrought at a silk mill erected at Stockport, in Cheshire; but he died in poverty. The funeral of Mr. John Lombe was celebrated in a style of great magnificence. He died on the 16th and was buried on the 22nd of March, 1722.

The extensive fabric, which contains the machinery of the silk mill, stands upon huge piles of oak, doubly planked and covered with stonework, on which are turned thirteen stone arches, which support the walls. The whole length of the building is 110 feet; its breadth is 39 feet, and height 55 ft. 6 in. It contains five stories besides the underworks, and is lighted by 468 windows. In the three upper stories are the Italian winding engines, which are placed in a regular manner across the apartments, and furnished with many thousand swifts and spindles, and engines for working them. In the lower rooms are the spinning and twist mills, which are all of a circular form, and are turned by upright shafts passing through their centres, and communicating with shafts from the water wheel. Their diameter is between 12 and 13 feet, and their height 19 feet 8 inches. The spinning mills are eight in number, and give motion to upwards of 25,000 bobbin reels, and nearly 3,000 star wheels belonging to the reels. Each of the four twist mills contains four rounds of spindles, about 389 of which are connected with each mill, as well as numerous reels, bobbins, star-wheels, &c.

The whole of this elaborate machine, for *one* only it is, though distributed through five large apartments, is put in motion by a single water wheel, 23 feet in diameter, situated on the west side of the building. An adequate idea of its complicated assemblage of wheels and movements cannot be conveyed by words; to be distinctly conceived, it must be seen; and even then considerably more time is requisite to obtain a knowledge of its parts, and of their dependence on each other, than is generally allotted by the casual visiter. All is whirling, and in motion, and appears as if directed and animated by some invisible power; yet, mutually dependent as every part is, any one of them may be stopped and separated at pleasure. This arises from every movement being performed by two wheels, one of which is turned by the other; but when separated, the latter preserves its rotatory motion, whilst the other stops, as the impelling power no longer operates. The whole number of wheels is about 14,000. All the operations are performed here, from winding the raw silk, to organzining it for the weavers. The raw silk is chiefly brought in skeins, or hanks, from China and Piedmont; that produced in the former country is perfectly white, but the produce of the latter is of a light, yellow colour. The skein is first placed on a hexagonal wheel, or swift, and the filaments of which it is composed are regularly wound off upon a small, cylindrical block of wood, or bobbin. To wind a single skein is the work of five or six days, though

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the machine is kept in motion ten hours daily; so astonishingly fine are the filaments of which the skein is composed. In this part of the process, many children are employed, whose nimble fingers are kept in continual exercise by tying the threads which break, and removing the burs and uneven parts, some of which are cases that the silk-worm fabricates for its own grave, or rather, for its dormitory, while nature prepares it for a new mode of existence. The silk thus wound upon the bobbins, is afterwards twisted by other parts of the machinery, and is sent to the doublers, who are chiefly women stationed in a detached building: this stands on the same island, on piles like the silk mill, and though not half so broad is nearly thirty feet longer. Here four, seven, or ten of the threads are united into one, according to the uses for which the silk is designed; the fine kind going to the stocking weaver, the other to the manufacturer of waistcoat pieces, &c.

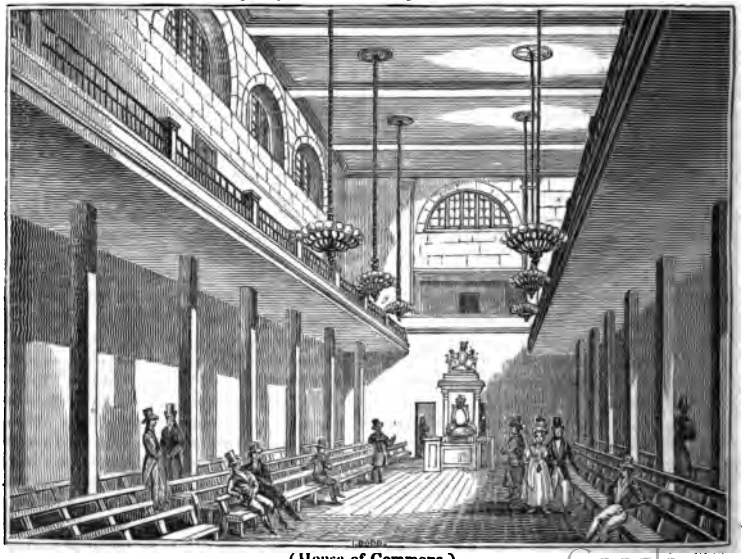
The following curious account of this mill is given by Mr. Cole: "The silk mills here are truly a most useful curiosity, which are situate on the river Derwent, and belong to Sir Thomas Lombe, Alderman of London, who with his brother, discovered this noble and advantageous machine in Italy, and established it in England, where now any one that can, may erect mills of the same sort, Sir Thomas having quitted his claim to a patent for 14,000*l.* given him by the Parliament. This machine for making Italian Organzine silk, contains 26,586 wheels, 97,746 movements; all receive their motion from one water wheel, and may any of them be stopped separately; they work day and night, 73,728 yards of silk every time the said wheel goes round, or 221,184 yards in one minute." — [From *A Walk through Derby*, 1827, an entertaining little work.]

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS,

Constructed within the walls of the former House of Lords, is a spacious apartment about 80 feet long, 40 feet wide, and nearly 30 feet high. It is altogether of less ornamental character than the new House of Lords, engraved at page 97. The floor, on each side, is raised three steps, as in the Lords, but, has four tiers of seats instead of three; and the entrance end is elevated by five or six steps, admitting a passage way on the level of the floor in the centre, over which is a large gallery for strangers, to contain two or three hundred persons, it being entirely over the lobby. There is also a gallery on each side for the members, with three tiers of seats in each, the whole length of the room. The seats are of the finest oak, covered with green Spanish leather.

Immediately over the Speaker's Chair is a gallery for the reporters only; adjoining which is a small room for waiting, and writing out from their notes. Beside the Chair is a door leading to the Speaker's robing and retiring room; and another door, on the right, leading to the House of Lords. The adjoining committee rooms have been restored, with additions, and a withdrawing room for strangers.

The ceiling of the House shows the tie-beams, which have plain mouldings and cornices, and six circular ventilators, whence are suspended handsome chandeliers. The House



(House of Commons.)

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is entirely lighted by semicircular windows, higher than formerly. The sides are boarded to about seven or eight feet above the galleries; and above that are coloured to imitate grey granite: the end over the Speaker's chair is ornamented with two pilasters.

Both Houses and the adjoining apartments are heated by steam.

It should be mentioned that the embellishments throughout the new Houses are of a material probably unsuspected by our readers, it being an improved *papier mâché*, (similar to the tea-tray material,) the manufacture of which has been carried to high perfection by Mr. F. C. Bielefield, the artist of these ornaments. Thus, he has modelled, in *papier mâché*, the Royal Arms over the Speaker's Chair, and the ventilators in the ceiling, in the House of Commons; and all the mouldings, cornices, foliage, crockets, and pendants, on the walls and ceiling of the House of Lords.

New Books.

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1835.

The Run-over.

"Do you see that ere gentleman in the buggy, with the clipt un?" inquired Ned Stocker, as he pointed with his whip at a chaise, some fifty yards in advance. "Well, for all he's driving there so easy like, and comfortable, he once had a gig-shaft, and that's a fact, driv right through his body!"

"Rather him than me," drawled a passenger on the box, without removing his cigar from his mouth.

"It's true for all that," returned Ned, with a nod of his head equal to an affidavit. "The shaft run in under one armpit, right up to the tug, and out again at t'other, besides pinning him to the wall of the stable—and that's a thing such as don't happen every day."

"Lucky it don't," said the smoker, between two puffs of his cigar.

"It an't likely to come often," resumed Ned, "let alone the getting over it afterwards, which is the wonderfullest part of it all. To see him bowling along there, he don't look like a man pinned to a stable-wall with the rod through him, right up to the tug—do he!"

"Can't say he does," said the smoker.

"For my part," said Ned, "or indeed any man's part, most people in such a case would have said, it's all up with me, and good reason why, as I said afore, with a shaft clean through your inside, right up to the tug—and two inches besides into the stable-wall by way of a benefit. But somehow he always stuck to it—not the wall, you know—but his own opinion, that he should get over it—he was as firm as flints about that—and sure enough the event came off exactly."

"The better for him," said the smoker.

"I don't know the rights on it," said Ned, "for I warn't there—but they do say when he was dextricated from the rod, there was a regular tunnel through him, and in course the greatest danger was of his ketching cold in the lungs from the thorough draught."

"Nothing more likely," said the fumigator.

"Howsomever," continued Ned, "he was cured by Dr. Maiden of Stratford, who giv him lots of physic to provoke his stomach, and make him eat hearty: and by taking his feeds well,—warm mashes at first, and then hard meat, in course of time he filled up. Nobody hardly believed it, though when they see him about on his legs again—myself for one—but he always said he would overcome it, and he was as good as his word. If that an't game, I don't know what is."

"No more do I," said the man with the Havannah.

"I don't know the philosophy on it," resumed Ned, "but it's a remark of mine about recovering, if a man says he will, he will,—and if he says he won't, he won't—you may book that for certain. Mayhap a good pluck helps the wounds in healing kindly,—but so it is, for I've observed it. You'll see one man with hardly a scratch on his face, and says he, I'm done for—and he turns out quite correct—while another as is cut to ribbons will say—never mind,—I'm good for another round, and so he proves, particularly if he's one of your small farmers. I'll give you a reason why."

"Now then," said the smoker.

"My reason is," replied Ned, "that they're all as hard as nails—regular pebbles for game. They take more thrashing than their own corn, and that's saying something. They're all fortitude, and nothing else. Talk about punishment, nothing comes amiss to 'em, from butt-ends of whips and brickbats, down to bludgeons loaded with lead. You can't hurt their feelings. They're jist like badgers, the more you welt 'em the more they grin, and when it's over, maybe a turn-up at a cattle fair, or a stop by footpads, they'll go home to their missises all over blood and wounds as cool and comfortable as cowcumbers, with holes in their heads enough to scarify a whole hospital of army surgeons."

"The very thing Scott has characterized," I ventured to observe, "in the person of honest Dandie."

"Begging your pardon, Sir," said Ned, "I know Farmer Scott very well, and he's any thing but a dandy. I was just a going to bring forward, as one of the trumps, a regular out-and-outer. We become friends through an axident. Is was a darkish night you see, and him a little lushy or so, making

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a bit of a swerve in his going towards the middle of the road, before you could cry Snacks! I was over him with the old Regulator."

"Good God!" exclaimed my left-hand companion on the roof. "Was not the poor fellow much hurt?"

"Why, not much for HIM," answered Ned, with a very decided emphasis on the pronoun. "Though it would have been a quietus for nine men out of ten, and, as the Jews say, Take your pick of the basket. But he looked queer at first, and shook himself, and made a wryish face, like a man that hadn't got the exact bit of the joint he preferred."

"Looked queer!" ejaculated the compassionate passenger, "he must have looked dreadful! I remember the Regulator, one of the oldest and heaviest vehicles on the road. But of course you picked him up, and got him inside, and ——"

"Quite the reverse," answered Ned, quietly, "and far from it; he picked himself up, quite independent, and wouldn't even accept a lift on the box. He only felt about his head a bit, and then his back, and his arms, and his thighs, and his lines, and after that he guv a nod, and says he, 'all right,' and away he toddled."

"I can't credit it," exclaimed the man on the roof.

"That's jist what his wife said," replied Ned, with considerable composure, in spite of the slur on his veracity. "Let alone two black eyes, and his collar bone, and the broke rib, he'd a hole in his head, with a flint sticking in it bigger than any one you can find since Macadaming. But he made so light on it all, and not being very clear besides in his notions, I'm blest if he didn't tell her he'd only been knockt down by a man with a truck!"

"Not a bad story," said the smoker, on the box.

I confess I made internally a parallel remark. Naturally robust as my faith is, I could not, as Hamlet says, let "Belief lay hold of me," with the coachman's narrative in his hand, like a copy of a writ. I am no stranger, indeed, to the peculiar hardihood of our native yeomanry; but Ned, in his zeal for their credit, had certainly overdrawn the truth. As to his doctrine of presentiments, it had never been one of the subjects of my speculations; but on a superficial view, it appeared to me improbable that life or death, in cases of casualty, could be predetermined with such certainty as he had averred; and, particularly, as I happen to know a certain lady, who has been accepting the Bills of Mortality at two months' date, for many years past—but has never honoured them when due. It was fated, however, that honest Ned was to be confirmed in his theories and corroborated in his facts.

We had scarcely trotted half a mile in meditative silence, when we overtook a sturdy pedestrian, who was pacing the breadth as well as the length of the road, rather more like a land surveyor than a mere traveller. He evidently belonged to the agricultural class, which Ned had distinguished by the title of small farmers. Like Scott's Liddesdale Yeoman, he wore a shaggy dreadnought, below which you saw two well-fatted calves, penned in a pair of huge top-boots—the tops and the boots being of such different shades of brown as you may observe in two arable fields of various soil, a rich loam and a clay. In his hand he carried a formidable knotted club-stick, and a member of the Heralds' College would have set him down at once a tenant of the Earl of Leicester, he looked so like a bear with a ragged staff.

I observed that Ned seemed anxious. One of his leaders was a bolter, and his wheelers were far from steady; and the man ahead walked not quite so straightly as if he had been ploughing a furrow. We were almost upon him—Ned gave a sharp halloo—the man looked back, and wavered. A minute decided the matter. He escaped Scylla, but Charybdis yawned for him—in plain prose, he cleared the Rocket, but contrived to get under the broad wheel of a Warwickshire wagon, which was passing in the opposite direction. There was still a chance—even a fly-wagon may be stopped without much notice—but the wagoner was inside, sweethearting with three maids that were going to Coventry. Every voice cried out Woh! but the right one. The horses plodded on—the wheels rumbled—the bells jingled—we all thought a knell.

Ned instantly pulled up, with his team upon their haunches—we all alighted, and in a moment the sixteen the Rocket was licensed to carry were at the fatal spot. In the midst of the circle lay, what we considered a bundle of last linen just come home from the mangle.

"That's a dead un," said the smoker, throwing away as he spoke the butt-end of a cigar.

"Poor wretch," exclaimed the humane man from the roof, "what a shocking spectacle."

"It's over his chest," said I.

"It's all over," said the passenger on my right.

"And a happy release," said a lady on my left; "he must have been a cripple for life."

"He can't have a whole rib in his body," said a man from the dickey.

"Hall to hattums," said a gentleman from the inside.

"The worst I ever see, and I've had the good luck to see many," said the guard.

"No, he can't get over that," said Ned himself.

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To our astonishment, however, the human mass still breathed. After a long sigh it opened one eye—the right—then the other—the mouth gasped—the tongue moved—and at last even spoke, though in disjointed syllables.

"We're nigh—hand—an't we—the nine—mile-stun?"

"Yes—yes—close to it," answered a dozen voices, and one in its bewilderment asked, "do you live there?" but was set right by the sufferer himself.

"No—a mile fudder."

"Where is there a surgeon?" asked the humane man, "I will ride off for him on one of the leaders."

"Better not," said the phlegmatic smoker, who had lighted a fresh cigar with some German tinder and a Lucifer—"not used to saddle—may want a surgeon yourself."

"Is there never a doctor among the company?" inquired the guard.

"I am a medical man," replied a squat, vulgar-looking personage. "I sell Morison's pills—but I haven't any about me."

"Glad of it," said the smoker, casting a long puff in the other's face.

"Poor wretch," sighed the compassionate man. "He is beyond human aid. Heaven help the widow and the fatherless—he looks like a family man!"

"I were not to blaame," said the wagoner. "The woife and childerin can't coom upon I."

"Does any one know who he is?" inquired the coachman, but there was no answer.

"Maybe the gemman has a card or summut," said the gentleman from the inside.

"Is there no house near?" inquired the lady.

"For to get a shutter off on," added the gentleman.

"Ought we not to procure a postchaise," inquired a gentleman's footman.

"Or a shell, in case," suggested the man from the dickey.

"Shell be hanged!" said the sufferer, in a tone that made us all jump a yard backwards. "Stick me up agin the mile-stun—there, easy does it—that's comfortable—and now tell me, and no nonsense,—be I flat?"

"A little pancakey," said the man with the cigar.

"I say," repeated the sufferer, with some earnestness, "be I flat—quite flat—as flat like as a sheet of paper? Yes or no?"

"No, no, no," burst from sixteen voices at once, and the assurance seemed to take as great a load off his mind as had lately passed over his body. By an effort he contrived to get up and sit upon the milestone, from which he waved us a goodbye, accompanied by the following words:—

"Gentlefolk, my best thanks and my service to you, and a pleasant journey. Don't consarn yourselves about me, for there's nothing dangerous. I shall do well, I know I shall; and I'll tell you what I go upon—if I bean't flat I shall get round."

THE COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC

[PROGRESSES in its undisputed character for utility and public interest. It is, certainly, the best half-crown's-worth of general information that any fact collector can purchase. The labour and expense of assembling and condensing its contents must be very considerable, and its closely-packed details will astonish the readers of tonish novels, between the lines of which you may lay a finger. The Companion opens appropriately with a paper on Halley's Comet, and a chart of its track through the heavens. In this paper it is observed, "small as the chance may be of seeing it with the naked eye, many will doubtless be led by curiosity to attempt to find it. The first ten days of October, if fine, will be favourable for this purpose, as during that time the comet will never set, and will be far from the sun. In the *Nautical Almanac* will be found an ephemeris of the times at which it comes on the meridian for every successive day; but this would be of no use whatever to the observer with the naked eye, as the transit generally takes place in the day-time. The best method will be for the would-be discoverer to make himself perfectly acquainted beforehand with the several stars which lie near the track of the comet. In the neighbourhood of these, he should look carefully at any part of the night when they are very clear, keeping his eye free from any dazzling light (such as candlelight) for some minutes previously. The possessor of a globe should lay down the positions upon it from the *Nautical Almanac*."

In a paper on the Tides, Mr. Lubbock acknowledges himself indebted to Sir J. Hall for the following information respecting the influence of the wind upon the tides in the river Thames: — "During strong north-westerly gales, the tide marks high water earlier than otherwise, and does not give so much water, whilst the ebb-tide runs out later, and marks lower; but upon the gales abating, and the weather moderating, the tides put in, and rise much higher, whilst they also run longer before high water is marked, and with more velocity of current, nor do they run out so long or so low. The reason assigned for all this is, that the strong north-west winds drive the sea along the Dutch coast, through the straits of Dover, and consequently away from the mouth of the Thames; so that the tides during north-west winds, are always much higher (producing frequently ruinous flooding) on the Dutch, than upon the English coast. A south-westerly gale has a contrary effect gene-

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rally, and an easterly one gives some water; but the tides, in all these cases, always improve the moment the weather moderates."

In the same paper are the following results obtained by Mr. Hudson, who, with scientific zeal, observed several barometers *hourly* for fifteen days, at the apartments of the Royal Society, in 1831 and 1832:—]

It appears that in London the greatest heights of the barometer take place about ten o'clock in the morning and eleven at night; and that the least heights take place about five in the morning and five in the afternoon, the whole range being about one-fiftieth of an inch. Mr. Hudson has found, that the smaller the bore of the barometer tube is, to a certain extent, the more *sluggish* it is; so that a barometer of which the bore is half an inch, is, on an average, about an hour in advance of one whose bore is only one-seventh of an inch.

[In a sensible digest of the Bills of Mortality are some curious notices of the diseases of past and present times. Thus:—]

Many of the casualties formerly recorded are curious, and some of a kind which we may hope can never recur; for instance—

Died from want (in Newgate)	1 in 1724
Murdered in the pillory	1 in 1732
Killed in the pillory	1 in 1756
Choked with fat	1 in 1744
Ditto	2 in 1745
Licked by a mad dog	2 in 1757

By the by, old Graunt congratulates his fellow-citizens on the small number of persons starved in London. His words are—"My first observation is, that few are *starved*. This appears for that of the 229,250 which have died, we find not above fifty-one to have been *starved*, excepting helpless *infants* at nurse, which being caused rather by carelessness, ignorance, and infirmity of the milch-women, is not properly an effect, or sign of want of food in the countrey, or of means to get it."

Another item makes him triumph in a similar manner:—"My next observation is, that but few are *murthered*, viz., not above 86 of the 229,250 which have died of other diseases and casualties; whereas, in Paris, few nights scape without their tragedie."

[Of deaths by old age, in the past year, it is observed:—]

A very large number of deaths (2,952) is attributed to *age* and *debility*, yet few even of the oldest die purely from exhaustion or gradual decay. Some positive disease usually comes on and overwhelms the small remains of vitality; yet this event, though rare, is by no means impossible. Such a death is really what the poets call it, a sleep; to use the words of Dr. Wilson Philip, in his "Inquiry into the Nature of Sleep and Death,"—"In the only death which can strictly be called natural, the state of the sensitive system which immediately precedes death, differs from its state in sleep in no respect but in degree." At what age may this euthanasia be expected? We will give the axiom of the Hebrew poet as our answer:—"The days of our age are three-score years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone." In this part of the world, we may add five or six to the four-score years, the wear and tear of life being smaller in these temperate climes than under the glowing sun of Palestine; and accordingly we find Blumenbach, in his "Physiology," fixing on eighty-six as the limit of human life. On looking over European bills of mortality, he found, he says that a considerable number attained this age, but few indeed went beyond it.

Of cholera.—In the preceding yearly bill, this disease carried the number of deaths beyond that of the christenings, and in the present one, the former fall short of the latter by 523 only. Without, therefore, calling it a plague or a pestilence, it must be allowed to be an epidemic of very serious character. No specific, nay more, no tolerable method of treatment has, as yet, been discovered. Laudanum and brandy, calomel with cold water, salt-and-water emetics, and a hundred other remedies, have been successively extolled by partial practitioners, and have successively failed in the hands of impartial ones.

[A paper on the Statistics of Crime in France will be read with interest, as will an elaborate view of the "Occupations of the People," condensed from the complete Population Returns of 1831. As a specimen of this almost entertaining document, we quote a county.]

NOTTINGHAM.

Occupiers of land employing labourers	2,643
Occupiers of land not employing labourers	2,414
Labourers employed in agriculture	11,799
Employed in manufacture	14,960
Employed in retail trade or handicraft	14,683
Capitalists, bankers, &c.	2,093
Labourers not agricultural	5,628
Other males 20 years of age	2,339
Male servants	1,132
Female servants	7,886

The manufacture of stockings and lace is so considerable in the county of Nottingham as to employ 13,600 men; at Nottingham, 4,740; at Radford, 1,300; at Mansfield, 800; at Sutton-in-Ashfield, nearly 800; at Basford, 750; at Snenton, 430; at Hucknall-Torkard, Beeston, Linton, and Carlton upwards of 300 each; at Bulwell, Greasley, and Calverton, about 250 each; at Kirby-in-Ashfield, Mansfield-Woodhouse, Stapleford, Southwell, Lamley, Ruddington, and Selston, between 200 and 100 each. In most of the places here named, the manufacture of stockings, lace, frame-work machinery, and the

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materials of the lace manufacture, are so intermingled as not to be distinguishable in a general description; 50 linen-weavers are mentioned at Newark, and 19 at Hawton; sacking is made at West Retford; candle-wicks at Gamston.

[Papers follow upon the English and French Tariffs, the New Weights and Measures' Act, and Savings' Bank Returns. In the latter we find the gratifying fact that, in the year 1833, the trustees of Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies paid in upwards of a million of money. From a Table of the Dioceses of England, we learn that the number of benefices is 10,533; parishes, 11,077; and churches and chapels, 11,825. We could select a page of striking facts from the Parliamentary Abstracts, but must be contented with a few; as, the length of Turnpike Roads in England is 24,541 miles, to keep which in repair costs a million and a quarter of money in one year.]

Fish Condemned.—The total number of fish seized and condemned as unfit for food, in the city or port of London, during the last three years ending 1833, amounts to 492,538. This number comprises the various descriptions of fish commonly exposed for sale, salmon, turbot, cod, herrings, mackerel, lobsters, crabs, &c. In addition to this number, there were seized and condemned, 3,525 bushels of sprats and small shell-fish, and 126 kits of pickled salmon.

British Museum.—The number of persons admitted to view the British Museum has been more than doubled since 1831; it was in that year 99,912; in 1832, 147,896; and in 1833, 210,495. The number of visits to the reading-rooms, for the purpose of study or research, was 46,800 in 1832, and 58,800 in 1833. The number of visits, by artists and students, to the galleries of sculpture, for the purpose of study, was 4,740 in 1832, and 4,490 in 1833. The number of visits to the print-room was about 4,400 in 1832, and about 2,900 in 1833.

[Of the Public Improvements we have already spoken, with illustrations. And, having passed through the principal features of this year's Companion, we hope they will be found confirmatory of our good opinion.]

The Public Journals.

A FRENCH ROMANCE.

(From "The Land of the Chouans," a lively Tour to the Vendée, in Blackwood's Magazine.)

Evening.—Drove into the forest, (Fontainbleau,) a *regal chase*, and worthy of another William of Normandy, or whoever was the true devastator of Hampshire. But Hants, with all its beauties, is nothing to the real grandeur of Douagery, the luxuriant desolateness, the true wilderness look, of the forest of Fontainbleau, and all that it contains. Even the cottagers on its border have the air of wild men of the woods or banditti, with their barbarian countenances, rude clothing, and hair tossed loose over their brown visages. Some of them as they passed us in the twilight, with their forest poles in hand, and their rough good night, might have figured in a picture of the days of Dumnorix or Arminius. The mere vastness of the forest is a source of effect, between thirty and forty thousand acres devoted to the royal pleasures of the chase! Truly, as said Frederic, "It is a fine thing to be a king in France." We started several deer, which sprang across the glades from covert to covert, gazed at us for a moment, and then were gone like lightning. As it grew darker, we heard sounds in which we thought we could distinguish the short, sharp grunt of the wild boar; and even the howl of the wolf, which has been occasionally found here. This forest was picturesque, 'tis true; but an adventure with the denizens of those "antres deep and thickets wild" might have its inconvenient consequences, and our postilions cast back many a look, fully expressive of their wish to be quietly housed at the hotel.

But every Frenchman feels by nature for the glory of the land, and on our way back, they begged permission to stop, "if it were only for a *demie-douzaine* of moments, to show Messieurs the scene of a fatal history which had occurred but a month before." We drew up accordingly in a defile where, in other days, an ambuscade might have been placed; but where, in our civilized times, nothing was to be expected more formidable than an exhibition of French sensibility. A sort of recess under a hillock, was pointed out to us as the scene of the transaction. "There," said the narrator of the romance, "there lay the bodies. All Fontainbleau came to see them, all our young girls came to scatter flowers upon them, and all our young men came"—"To drink and dance with all the young girls," was my rather hasty interruption. The postilion was evidently thrown out, and had to begin his story again, with no very favourable impression of English sympathy. The substance of the tale, however, was, that Alphonse Hyppolite something or other, who gave himself out for a son of Marshal Soult, had made his appearance in the department, and produced prodigious havoc in the hearts of the provincial belles. No one who had been seen there for the last half century, dressed so well, fiddled so well, or danced so well. When we add to these attractions a present rental of tens of thousands of francs, and a future one of millions, thanks to the plunder of Spain, with a dukedom in reversion besides, we may conclude Hyppolite to have been irresistible by any mother, or maiden, in France.

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But in the course of his sojourn of a few weeks, another wonder appeared, a *belle*, who, travelling with her suite for the benefit of the air, was struck with the beauty of Fontainbleau,—and proposed remaining a few days. She was the heiress of a Mexican marquis, and had gold and silver mines, forests and lakes, cities and castles, on her estates. She appeared at the ball at the mairie; all the world were captivated, but Alphonse Hyppolite was undone. Love took him by storm, and he must consume in his own fires, unless he received permission to throw himself at the feet of the fairest of marchesinas. The permission was finally obtained; and the son of the marshal, and the daughter of the marquis were pronounced to be the most brilliant pair that had ever submitted to the shackles of Hymen. But the crosses of the tender passion are proverbial. On the very eve of the marriage, a person alighted from the diligence, who, after making inquiries for the residence of the bridegroom, proceeded there, attended by a gendarme. The result was awaited with some curiosity by the group gathered in front of the hotel; but their astonishment may be conceived when they saw Monsieur Alphonse Hyppolite marched out under the guard of the gendarme, and consigned to the town jail. Next morning, all was consternation in the apartments of the bride at the news. But the affront of seeing her lover thus snatched away was not to be tolerated; and, highly indignant at the authorities which could have permitted such a crime against all *bienséance*, the marchesina ordered horses to be put to her travelling chariot, to make her complaint to Louis Philippe in person. More astonishment—the fair *enragée* was arrested by the hotel-keeper when on the point of stepping into her equipage. And the ferment was not diminished, when the arrest was known to have proceeded from an anonymous letter, advising the landlord to look carefully to the payment of his bill. One of the lady's checks upon her Parisian banker had next been returned, with some very significant remarks on its outside. The lady protested that the check was as sound as the royal treasury. But Monsieur L'Aubergiste was not to be moved by menaces of the wrath of Spain and France together, nor by the more potent sighs and tears which followed. To conclude, Alphonse Hyppolite and the marchesina got loose from the hands of the law about the same time; the latter by a remittance from the hands of a Bordeaux *préfet* renowned for the refinement of his tastes, and the former by a compromise with the person who had alighted from the diligence, his tailor. The *dénouement* was now ripe. The tale is like Love in a Village. Alphonse turned out to be a dancer at the Porte St. Martin, who, on the close of the theatre, made an excursion to collect what he could, in the usual way of the rambling genius of Terpsichore, by the billiard-table, giving lessons in dancing or matrimony with the widow of some rich provincial. The marchesina happened to be of the same trade, a showy opera figurante, who, having made some money in Bordeaux, was on her way to look for an engagement in Paris. The son of a marshal, and a millionaire, was worth a week's delay, even in the dull atmosphere of the ancient city of Fontainbleau. The daughter of the Mexican Lord of Casalcava and fifty other domains, ordered an equipage from Paris, emerged from her cocoon like a butterfly, and fell in love without delay.

But, contrary to theatrical laws, the farce was followed by the tragedy. The lovers, now at liberty to perform their mutual vows, and released from the formalities of rank, wandered through the valleys of the forest without even an eye of rivalry to pursue their steps. One evening, neither returned to their respective dwelling. Their landlords, in both instances, felt more than usual sympathy for their loss, inasmuch as in both instances, their bills were unpaid to a considerable amount. The lady had driven out in her chariot for a short excursion in the *fraicheur*. On inquiring into the state of her chattels left behind, nothing was to be found beyond an empty trunk, and a letter declaring that she had gone to put an end to an existence made miserable by the malice of mankind. A similar MS. was found on the toilet of the lover, with a similar deficiency in his effects. A universal search was forthwith commenced, and, after two days scouring the country, the intelligence was brought that the lovers had closed their existence *à la Française*. They were found dead, each with a pistol in hand, and their wrists tied together with a bunch of rose-coloured ribbon. An open letter, laid at their side, desired that they should be buried together, exonerated the world from the cruelty of having persecuted them to death, and declared, that in thus dying in each other's presence, they died only as Voltaire commanded, and as Rousseau would have rejoiced to die with his Julie. All Fontainbleau, as I said, flocked to see the sight, weep, and dance. They would have probably put the lovers in the national museum, and preserved them for the benefit of posterity, but that the faces were already disfigured, whether by bird, beast, or exposure to the air, and it was found expedient to consign them to the cemetery. The spot, thenceforth, was a sort of hallowed ground, sacred to the memory of unlucky love, and a grand *show-place* to all the passers through the vicinage.

To relieve the feelings of the sympathetic, I may as well tell the finale of the romance.

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Three months after, a paragraph in one of the journals of Toulon announced that the lovers had come to life, and were surprisingly recovered, indeed, for they were at that moment completing their engagement at the theatre, and dancing with great *éclat*, not a little enhanced by their ingenuity in having chicaned the landlords of the north. It seems that Alphonse and the fair one, on the discovery of their mutual deception, had agreed to marry, probably that two such geniuses might make an alliance offensive and defensive against the world. But their hotel bills had run up to sums utterly beyond their power, and as much beyond their intention, to pay. The catastrophes of lovers are common in France, and all things are forgiven to those who are sufficiently in love. The lovers took their evening drive, and after a few meanderings round the spot, turned their horses' heads to the south, and flew with the velocity of Cupid's pinions. An attendant of one of the cemeteries had procured the substitutes, which moved the sorrows of the young and tender as they lay linked in eternal fidelity with rose-ribbons, and protesting against the severity of fortune on pink-coloured and perfumed paper. Whether the landlords recovered their arrears, or whether they ever learned the *denouément*, I cannot say; but they fully made up their losses by the concourse which haunted the place, and replenished by coffee and *bonbons* the deficiency which had been made by the lovers' expenditure in Burgundy and Champagne.

COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE wrote his own epitaph; it is, however, inapplicable to the place in which he is buried: a handsome tablet, erected in Highgate New Church to his memory, bears the following inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
Poet, Philosopher, Theologian.
This truly great and good man resided for
The last nineteen years of his life
In this Hamlet.
He quitted 'the body of this death,'
July 25th, 1834,
In the sixty-second year of his age.
Of his profound learning and discursive genius,
His literary works are an imperishable record.
To his private worth,
His social and Christian virtues,
James and Ann Gillman,
The friends with whom he resided,
During the above period, dedicate this tablet.
Under the pressure of a long
And most painful disease,
His disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic.
He was an ever-enduring, ever loving friend,
The gentlest and kindest teacher,
The most engaging home-companion.

'O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious poet, eloquent for *truth!*
Philosopher contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, child-like, full of life and love:'

Here, on this monumental stone, thy friends inscribe thy worth.

Reader! for the world mourn.
A Light has passed away from the earth.
But for this pious and exalted Christian
'*Rejoice, and again I say unto you, rejoice!*'

Ubi
Thesaurus
ibi
Cor.
S. T. C."

The Gatherer.

Valentine's Day.—It is traditionally supposed that at about this period birds pair. Bourne tells us that "it is a ceremony never omitted among the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term Valentines, on the eve before Valentine-day. The names of a select number of one sex are, by an equal number of the other, put into some vessel; and, after that, every one draws a name, which for the present is called their Valentine, and is also looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards." The author of *Vulgaria Hormanni*, (4to. 1530,) says, "Valentynes be put and shocked in a close vessell, as is a cappe: Valentiniana conjiciuntur in cissellum." Douce, in his Illustrations, (ii. 252,) says, "This practice is derived from the Lupercal games, celebrated in February, in honor of Pan and Juno at Rome, when the names of young women were put into a box, and drawn by the men."

J. F.

Monkeys taking Snuff.—There are two or three monkeys now in the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, whose passion for snuff affords much amusement to the visiters. They seem to rub it zealously into their eyes and ears, as well as their nostrils, and, after some minutes of triumphant sneezing and snorting, to enjoy the narcotic influence of the Nicotian weed, with the calm contentment of an old-fashioned philosopher.

The human heart, for some little time after death has taken place may be stimulated to perform its natural action by being punctured; and in a limb after amputation, the muscles are excited to contract by the plunge of a scalpel.

Curious Fact.—Signor Rosellini showed, the other day, to a friend of ours at Florence, a sort of smelling-bottle, evidently of Chinese porcelain, and with characters, to all appearance, Chinese! This was found by Rosellini himself in a tomb, which, as far as could be ascertained, had not been opened since the days of the Pharaohs.—*Quarterly Review.*

Seeds and Hooks.—General Macquarie attempted to induce the natives of New South Wales to cultivate the ground by a distribution of seeds and implements. Among the packets of seed were some which contained fish-hooks: these, together with

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the seeds were given by the governor to the sable monarch, King Bungaree. Some time after, the governor inquired of him whether the seeds had yet come up? "Oh, berry well, berry well," exclaimed Bungaree; "all make come up berry well, except dem fish-hooks; dem no come up yet."

Dogs.—The Australian dog never barks; indeed, it is remarked by Mr. Gardiner, in a work entitled "The Music of Nature," that "dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl: this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated." Sonnini speaks of the shepherd's dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from his associating with man.—*Bennett.*

Anti-Slavery.—Dr. Channing, of Boston, U. S., came out last October, in his pulpit, as an Abolitionist. "Property in man! Property in man!" he exclaimed; "you may claim *matter* as property to any extent you please—the earth, the ocean, and the planets—but you cannot touch a *soul*. I can as readily conceive the angels in heaven being property as man."

Degrading Effect of Drunkenness.—"Amongst the number of persons, whose cases I investigated," said Mr. Mott, of Lambeth Workhouse, "there were several of an education far above the average, and I had one person under my care, named William J——, who was the cousin of an eminent barrister and the son of a clergyman. This person was very learned, and for the purpose of keeping up his knowledge of the languages with which he was conversant, he used to keep a journal of each day's transactions; the account of each day being kept in one of the seven different languages with which he was the most familiar. He was sent to my charge at the Workhouse as a victim to the habit of drinking. His journal contained very accurate accounts of his own aberrations, and yet, notwithstanding the calamitous consequences which he himself noted and commented upon justly, he could not refrain from indulgence. On one occasion, after he had been for some time debarred from liquor, he, by some means or other, got some drink, but he was nevertheless sober, and capable of reasoning collectedly, when he came to me, and begged permission to be allowed to go out of the Workhouse, for he said he could not bear abstinence any longer. I told him I could not make the house a prison, and that if he, when sober, went out, I would not receive him back again. He still besought me, and I gave him half an hour to consider of it. At the end of the time he came again, and finding me still adhering to my resolution, said he was extremely sorry, for he must go: he could not resist having some more liquor, 'if it was to secure him a crown of glory.' I was obliged to allow him to go, and in the middle of the next day he was brought back in a state of beastly intoxication, and nearly naked; his clothes having been disposed of to obtain the means of indulging his propensity. I refused to pay the coachman and receive him back again. I afterwards learned that the coachman, after having driven him about to respectable persons, his family connexions, to obtain payment, drove him to Union Hall, where the magistrates committed him to Kingston House of Correction. Since then I have not seen him."—*Mr. Chadwick's Report to the Poor Law Commissioners.*

Compound Epithets.—The custom of using hard compounds, furnished Ben Jonson with an opportunity of showing his satire and his learning together. These are the words of which he speaks sometimes as "the-in-one-breath-utterable." Redi mentions an epigram against the sophists which is preserved in Athenæus, and is made up of compounds "a mile long." He presents us with a Latin translation by Joseph Scaliger, which may be thus rendered into English:

Loftybrowflourishers,
Noseinbeardwallowers,
Bagandbeardinourishers,
Dishandallswallowers;
Oldcloakinvestitors,
Barefootlookfashioners,
Nightprivatefeasteaters,
Craftlucubrationers;
Youthcheaters, wordcatchers, vainglorycosophers,
Such are your seekers of virtue, philosophers.

G. H.

Pancakes.—A wealthy shoemaker, one Simon Eyre, being chosen Lord Mayor of London, gave to the apprentices of London a pancake feast, and ordered that upon the ringing of a bell in every parish, they should leave work for the day: this bell is still called the pancake-bell in the city. In 1446, Mr. Eyre built Leaden Hall. S. T. B.

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXIV.
(From the Spectator, February 7, 1835.)

"The last annual volume of that neat little omnigatherum of literature, the *Mirror*—being its Twenty-fourth, is proof presumptive of its popularity; and we need only say that its success is well-deserved. It is a capital book for span-long readings, that fill up casual intervals of leisure otherwise employed in musings, too often profitless, and sometimes painful. Its various contents, having a due infusion of novelty, and its numerous and well-executed wood-cuts, render it attractive, and the goodness of its matter makes it satisfactory.

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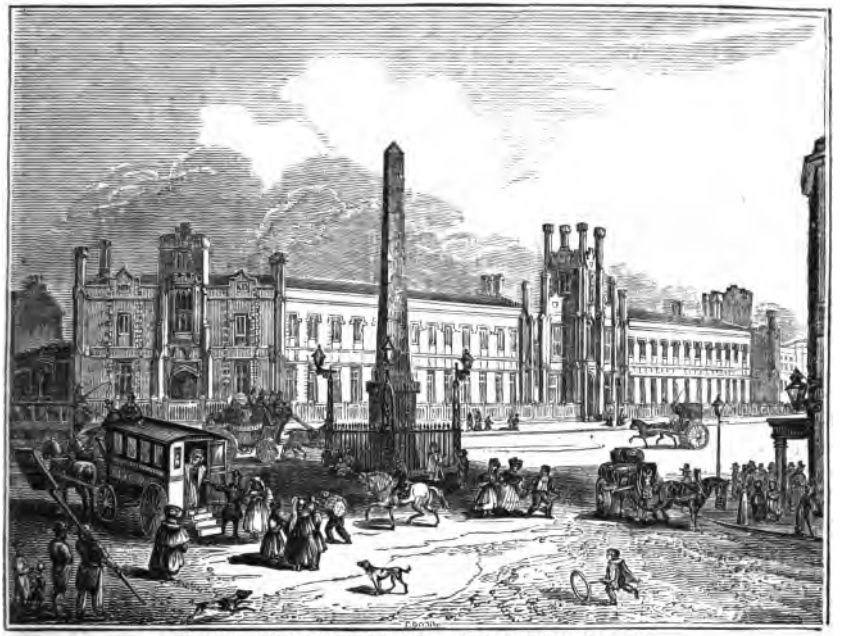
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 707.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1835. [Price 2*d*.



NEW SCHOOL FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND,

ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.

"This excellent institution originated in the benevolence of four gentlemen of the metropolis, Messrs. Ware, Bosanquet, Boddington, and Houlston, who opened it, in 1799, at the house once so notorious as a resort of amusement and debauch, called the Dog and Duck, in St. George's Fields." Its provisions were, for some time after its establishment, for only fifteen blind persons; but, it had become so patronized in eleven years' time, that it possessed funds enough to purchase a plot of freehold ground opposite the obelisk in St. George's Fields, and erect the buildings within which the Institution is now conducted. The Society was incorporated by Act of Parliament at this period; and the number of pupils, according to the last published Report, published in July, 1833, had increased from fifteen males, admitted in 1800, to 112, namely fifty-five males and fifty-seven females; and, it is now proposed to extend the provisions of the institution to 100 males and the same number of females. The funds for this desirable end are happily sufficient: for the funded capital of the Society, at the close of 1833, amounted to 60,511*l*., besides 500*l*. secured by bond, and a few freehold and leasehold tenements; independently of donations and yearly subscriptions. The Committee, have accordingly, purchased a plot of ground adjoining that facing the obelisk, and on it is now in course of erection, the handsome building represented in the Engraving, from a design by John Newman, Esq., F.S.A.*

The foundation-stone was laid on April 25 last, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President, who, surrounded by a great number of the clergy, and other benevolent subscribers, performed the usual rites, religious and masonic. In the music-room a hymn was touchingly sung by several of the pupils; after which the Secretary ably explained the state of the Charity and its future objects. A considerable sum of money was collected in the course of the day.

In the hope of extending the knowledge of the benefits of this excellent Institution, we may state that the individuals received into the Asylum are clothed, lodged, boarded, and taught at its expense; and, by the last Report, since its establishment, upwards of 180 individuals had been instructed, and returned to their families, able to earn from six to eight shillings per week. Applicants are not received under twelve, nor above thirty

* From an excellent Lithograph, sold at the School.

years of age, nor if they have a greater degree of sight than will enable them to distinguish light from darkness.

Besides the School, there is a Manufactory, in which the articles made wholly by the blind, produced in the year 1832-3, upwards of 1,345*l*. The *females* make fine and coarse thread and twine, a peculiar window sash-line, and clothes-line, by a machine adapted to the use of blind persons: they are also employed in knitting stockings, and making household linen and apparel for the pupils. The *males* make shoes, hampers, wicker-baskets, cradles, &c.; rough and white rope mats, fine mats, and rugs for hearths and carriages. A large quantity of fine thread has been woven, by order of the Committee, into cloth of good quality, for sheeting; the coarse thread is worked up into clothes and sash-lines; and specimens of the latter have been approved of by builders of the first eminence. All these articles are well made; and a large assortment is constantly kept on sale.

The pupils are instructed in reading and writing; and some of them are taught music, and are qualified as organists.

When the pupils leave the School, and have attained a sufficient knowledge of their trade, they receive a portion of their earnings, and a set of tools for their respective occupations. Many have returned to their friends, grateful for the instruction they have received in religion and morality, and qualified, by the skill they have acquired, to contribute, in a great degree, towards their own maintenance. A few of those so instructed have, however, been kept upon a permanent establishment, on a supposition that their earnings are sufficient to maintain them, and that their skill is necessary to enable the Institution to keep up the credit of its manufacture.

The new building is the appropriate old English domestic style of architecture. It is a handsome elevation, and highly creditable to the talents of the architect. The interior will be judiciously arranged, so as to receive 220 persons; and, sincerely do we hope that the active, and, with delight we add, the characteristic, benevolence of the public will enable the Society to realize the full extent of their warm-hearted labours to "improve the condition and increase the comfort of those whose claims to compassion and assistance cannot be disputed."

A visit to the School is a moral and by no means an unpleasant lesson to the sensitive heart. You will not find the pupils, (of a class hitherto considered as doomed to a life of sorrow and discontent,) sitting in listless indolence, or brooding in silence over their own infirmities; but you will behold them animated in their amusements, during the hours of recreation, and cheerfully attentive to their work during those of employment.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

(*From the German.*)

One delightful spring day, the angel who tends the flowers, and in the silent night besprinkles them with dew, slumbered in the shade of a rose-bush. When he awoke, he said, with looks of kindness, "Loveliest of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing perfume, and for thy cooling shade. Ask what thou wilt of me, and I will grant it thee?"—"Oh! then," sighed the spirit of the rose, "confer on me a new charm, without increasing my splendour?" Then the angel adorned the fairest of flowers with the simple moss; and the loveliest of her race, the moss-rose, appeared in her beautiful but modest attire. Hence learn, ye fair, to despise gaudy finery and the glistening gem, and learn humility in the works of nature.

W. G. C.

VIRTUE AND WISDOM.

Owen Feltham says:—"There are no such guards of safety, as virtue and wisdom. The one secures the soul; the other, the estate and body. The one defends us against the stroke of the law; the other against the mutability of fortune. The law has not power to strike the virtuous: nor can fortune subvert the wise. Surely there is more divinity in them, than we are aware of: for, if we consider rightly, we may observe virtue or goodness to be habitual, and wisdom the distributive or actual part of the Deity. Thus, all the creatures flowing from these two, they appeared to valdé bona, as in the text. And the son of Sirach couples them more plainly together: for he says, all the works of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his commandments are done in due season. These only perfect and defend a man. When unjust kings desire to cut off those they distaste, they first lay trains to make them fall into vice: or, at last, give out that their actions are already criminal; so rob them of their virtue, and then let the law seize them. Otherwise, virtue's garment is a sanctuary so sacred, that even princes dare not strike the man that is thus robed. It is the livery of the King of Heaven: and who dares arrest one that wears his cloth? This protects us when we are unarmed: and is an armour that we cannot, unless we be false to ourselves, lose. Demetrius could comfort himself with this, that though the Athenians demolished his statues, yet they could not extinguish his more pyramidical virtues, which were the cause of raising them. Phocion did call it the divine law, which should be the square of all our actions. Virtue is the tenure by which we hold of heaven: without this we are but outlaws, which cannot claim protection. Sure virtue is a defenderess, and valiants the heart of man. If sometimes virtue gives not freedom, she yet gives such cordials, as frolic the

heart in the press of adversity. She beams forth herself to the gladding of a bruised soul: and by her light, the dungeoned prisoner dances. Especially she is brave, when her sister wisdom is with her. I see not but it may be true, that the wise man cannot fall. Fortune, that the ancients made to rule all, the wisest of the ancients have subjected to wisdom. It is she that gives us a safe conduct through all the various casualties of mortality. And, therefore, when fortune means to ruin us, she flatters us first from this altar: she cannot hurt us till we be stript of these habiliments: than she doth both wound and laugh. It is rare to see a man decline in fortune, that hath not declined in wisdom before. She dares not, she cannot hurt us while we continue wise. Discretion sways the stars and fate: for wealth, the philosopher's foresight of the scarcity of oil, shows that it can help in that defect. For honour, how many did it advance in Athens to a renowned authority? When all is done, the wise man only is the cunningest fencer. No man can either give a blow so soon, or ward himself so safely. Surely, God intended we should value these two above our lives; to live, is common; to be wise and good, particular; and granted but to a few. I see many that wish for honour, for wealth, for friends, for fame, for pleasure: I desire but these two—virtue, wisdom. I find not a man that the world ever had, so plentiful in all things as was Solomon. Yet we know, his request was but one of these; though indeed it included the other. For without virtue, wisdom is not; or if it be, it is then nothing else but a cunning way of undoing ourselves at the last. W. G. C.

THE POETRY OF MRS. HEMANS.

Mr. Bulwer, in his *England, and the English*, has put forth some able criticisms on the English poets: he has analysed their several excellencies (and particularly Byron's) with grace and critical discernment. But, no mention is made of those female minstrels who, in humbler, gentler strains, delight the ear and heart with their soft melody. I could not help wishing that the pen of the critic had condescended to scan their claims to public favour, and with his own vivid colours had painted the different excellencies of these fair and gifted ones. Unequal am I to the task, but if my very humble attempt should set some abler pen in motion on this hitherto neglected theme, my presumption may, perhaps, be forgiven.

Mrs. Hemans — what an association of grace and poetic beauty dwells in that name! among the female minstrels of the land, she stands pre-eminent. Her thoughts and feelings seem disenthralled from earthly dross, and while still an inhabitant of this diurnal sphere, her lofty and pure spirit seems to "rest and expatiate" on all things etherial. She is not of the "earth, earthy,"—her mind is essentially poetical. You trace her path by the moonlight of her own sweet world, among forest solitudes, in rich leafy glooms, "by the sweet voice of hidden waters stirr'd;" in the minster's lonely aisle,—on the sandy shore of ocean, listening to its melancholy booming. There is a most sweet and wild melody in her rich harp strings when she sings of the ocean, and of the true and brave, who sleep within its pearly caves; but ever with a holy joy lifting her strain to that better land, where "they shall rest, remembering not the moaning of the sea." Gray is said to have attained to the perfection of making his words, in many instances, seem an echo to the sense intended to be conveyed, and no one can read his *Bard* and *The Progress of Poetry*, without acknowledging this. But not even Gray has attained to greater excellence in this art, than has Mrs. Hemans, when she sings of

> "The chime of low, soft southern waves, on some green palmy shore,
> The hollow roll of distant surge, the gathered billows roar!"

In the first line, you hear the tiny wavelet breaking in summer calmness, with a soft, pebbly sound, beneath some laughing sky. In the last, the augmented billow rushes on with its foamy crest, to burst with hollow, sounding violence at your feet. Her classic muse delights to wander over the scene of empires past: she loves the broken column and the mouldering arch, "where reeds are whispering of heroic themes, by temples of old time." She sends a melancholy note from the "land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!" and muses over the beautiful and deserted halls of the Alhambra in strains that might call back the heroism of the Moorish kings, were any left to dwell in those splendid ruins. With what exquisite tenderness does her song pervade all homeborn sympathies and household affections! The mother's lament over her "beautiful and brave,"—the home of childhood revisited,—the foreign grave "in the shadow of the pyramid,"—the yearnings of affection "for looks, tones, voices, that return no more," are each and all like sad yet soothing music from her pen. Nothing in this way, exceeds her *Graves of a Household:* how exquisitely are we told where the eldest of the bright band found a grave—

> "The Indian knows his place of rest,
> Far in the cedar shade."

Who has read *The Records of Woman*, and not felt the extreme beauty of the Lady Arabella Stuart's lament, and her prison-bound yearnings after the song of birds, the scent of flowers—

> "the green, the free,
> The full of all sweet sounds, the shut from me."

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In the American wood-tale, how sweetly does Edith, (the dying girl,) comfort her parents with the hope of meeting again on some happier shore;—"For we have prayed together, *in one trust*:"—and the mother's fond regret—

"And we shall miss thy voice, my bird,
Under our whispering pine;
Music will from its leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine!"

Where shall we stop, when the beauties of this admirable writer are to be enumerated. As easy would it be to look to the galaxy of stars, and select the brightest, as to single out what has charmed us in her writings, without including all. For poetic grace, tenderness, and purity, for a rich assemblage of images, conjured up at will, from a region untrodden by the cold, the selfish, and the worldly, she stands alone. Perhaps the nearest approach to her style, in the poetry of by-gone years, may be found in the writings of that most unhappy, but lovely and gifted woman, Mary Robinson, whose "Lament of the Queen of France over her children in their prison in the Temple," resembles in its touching cadences the peculiar charm which is felt in reading Mrs. Hemans's poetry. Of her I must now take my leave, happy if these desultory remarks shall have awakened feelings of admiration and gratitude, on recalling the pure and beautiful melody of this accomplished writer.

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE R——.

Manners and Customs.

FIERY CEREMONIES AT JAVA.

[THE following description of an extraordinary scene which recently occurred at Java, is abridged from a work which has just been published in New York, entitled, *Cruize of the United States' Frigate Potomac Round the World.*]

Giving our horses in charge to some Malays, we proceeded on foot across a paddy-field, and over a light foot-bridge of split bambooo. About 2,000 people had assembled, consisting of Chinese and Malays, chiefly the former, and multitudes were continually pouring in. They were habited in every variety of shade and colour, from sable black to snowy white, and many of them were magnificently attired.

On one side of the square was a large scaffolding for the spectators; on the opposite a grove of trees. In the centre was a huge pile of burning coals, over which a large fan was swung continually by two persons, one on either side, for the purpose of fanning the coals into fiercer combustion. This fan was made of split bamboo, woven like Indian matting, containing several square yards, and attached to a handle about sixteen feet in length.

At a little distance was a Chinese temple. Its front and sides were supported by a large number of columns, the base and capitals having a variety of tawdry ornaments, and bound to each column were numbers of little images gorgeously clad, and armed with spears and swords. These, we were told, were tutelary saints, stationed there to beat off and keep at a distance the evil genii. In what might be called the chancel of the temple, were arranged on a kind of altar about a dozen idols, richly attired in scarfs and ribands of red, yellow, &c. Before these tawdry idols were tables loaded with oblations, such as fowls, fish, pigs' heads, sweetmeats, conserves, &c., all which were gaudily decorated. Other altars were erected in different parts of the temple, before which were placed the same kind of offerings in the way of creature comforts; and incense and wax tapers were every where burning, filling the temple with odours.

In an outer court of the temple was a covered platform, on which were musicians, and some theatrical performance was going on. The *dramatis personæ* appeared to be a man, a woman, and a little girl; but I afterwards learned that they were all females of no very uncertain character. They were fantastically apparelled, and their performances were to me childish and indecent in the extreme; but nevertheless they called forth much merriment among the Chinese. A female personage first appeared; she boldly faced the spectators, and went through divers odd gesticulations, occasionally accompanying them with a plaintive song in a low, mournful tone. A male personage next entered, who, I concluded, was her lover. A dialogue in complaining recitative ensued between them; and the play ended by the little girl, and one of the couple giving her a hearty kiss. As to the subject of the farce, it seemed to be some love-affair; and it was highly indelicate throughout.

Upon re-entering the temple I found my reverend friend seated in one corner of it, discoursing fervently to a crowd of people around him. He held in his hand a bundle of Chinese and Malay tracts, when, without his solicitation, numbers of the people approached him and requested copies. This was an encouraging sight, and induced a reasonable hope that, at no distant period, scenes of Christian worship may be every where witnessed among this hitherto degraded people. Until quite recently, with his most earnest and urgent intreaties, Mr. Medhurst could not prevail upon either a Chinese or a Malay to accept a single pamphlet. Now they are eagerly sought for and read. Formerly, the people would not listen to his discourse with any degree of attention; but now they seemed to take a deep interest in it.

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As the crowd began to collect around the principal altar we drew near, and found the high-priest deeply engaged in prayer to the gods for their assistance in the ensuing ceremonies. In his right hand he held a bell, in his left a ram's horn; and bowing low before the altar, he alternately rang the bell and blew the horn; whilst at intervals the whole place re-echoed to the sound of gongs, kettle-drums, and other noisy instruments, beaten by a band of musicians stationed near him, in the most furious and vehement manner. On the altar was a salt-cellar, in conformity to the ancient usages by which "every offering shall be seasoned with salt." (Lev. ii. 13; Mark ix. 49.) There was also a bowl of "clear water and hyssop," into which he occasionally dipped his fingers, and with it sprinkled himself and the place immediately around him.

These ceremonies being finished, the priests moved on in procession, followed by the multitude, and took a station near the great fire, which the people were still fanning with the huge fan above described. Here the high-priest repeated nearly the same ceremonies which he had performed in the temple, assisted by three inferior priests; and, by degrees, what with the heat of the fire, and his own devout exertions, the perspiration poured in streams down his face. The fire at this time was one glowing mass, twelve or fourteen feet in diameter, and more than two feet deep.

The fire ceremony now commenced by one of the inferior priests waving several times over the fire a large, black flag, in the centre of which were some Chinese characters in gold leaf, signifying, "The King of the dark Heaven." The high-priest then approached close to the fire, and began marching round it, panting and puffing, and ever and anon blowing a blast with his ram's horn. This done, the salt-cellar was brought to him, and he sprinkled the salt upon the fire, and did the same with the clear water and hyssop. He then repeated his circular march round the fire, blowing his discordant ram's horn, and casting into the fire strips of paper stamped with Chinese characters.

The assistant priests then brought to him a richly-hilted sword, and several small paper flags of various colours, and he became wild with frenzy. He blew his horn louder and longer than before, and cut the air with his sword in the most frantic manner. This, we were told, was to drive away the evil spirits; for the Chinese believe that, on such occasions, the whole air is filled with them.

Loud shouts were now heard upon the outskirts of the crowd, and three devotees were seen rushing down from the temple, in their way to the great fire, bearing in their arms their idol gods. A part of the multitude attempted to interrupt their progress; but this only seemed to inspire them with redoubled energy, and the tumult became dreadful. A tremendous rush was made towards the fire, and had not I and my companions been firmly planted, and protected by other objects, we should inevitably have been either trampled to death, or borne along into that mount of glowing fire. As the tide of human beings rushed on, the dense crowd which encircled the fire opened to the right and left, and the devotees, with the gods in their arms, headed by the priests, rushed through the flames, trampling barefooted upon that mass of glowing embers.

The idolaters now began literally to "inflame themselves with idols and to be mad upon them." They passed and repassed through the fire repeatedly and in quick succession, so quickly, indeed, that one of them lost his cap, which was directly burnt up, and another had the misfortune to drop a god into the fire; and his godship would have shared the fate of the cap, had not a bystander instantly plucked it like a brand from the burning.

In the midst of all this mummery, one of the devotees fell down, apparently dead; and he was hastily seized and carried into the temple, followed by the excited and shouting populace. He was laid upon his back before the altar, where he lay for some time in all the semblance of a lifeless corpse. Suddenly, as if aroused from some horrible dream, he sprang upon his feet, exhibiting in his face the wildest expression; and he was instantly seized by half a dozen stout fellows, who, with their utmost exertions, were scarcely able to hold him. At length, he became again as inanimate as a corpse, and was again laid down on his back, when the high-priest attempted sundry strange incantations by way of restoring him to life. He stamped upon the floor furiously, and marched round him, cracking a whip, and alternately ringing a bell with great vigour; but, nevertheless, the man lay still. At length, another priest looking upwards, began supplicating the gods to restore the man's soul to his body; but he was immediately reproved by one of the bystanders, who said, "You fool! the god is not there; the god is in the man:" and, in obedience to this suggestion, he began worshipping the apparently dead body.

The place now re-echoed with the sound of gongs, drums, cymbals, and bells. The noise was discordant and deafening; and the dead man, unable to sleep amidst such a clatter, suddenly jumped upon his feet again. He was then told that he must present an offering to the gods, and return thanks to them for giving him his soul again; and this having been done, the scene closed.

How severely these idolaters were burned, I could not ascertain. That they were greatly

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injured was evident enough; indeed it could scarcely be otherwise, as their limbs were perfectly naked. We were informed that when these exhibitions are over, the fire devotees are confined to their dwellings for a considerable time; and that they immediately put their feet and legs in lime-water, to remove the soreness. We were also told that the priests and the train of votaries who accompanied them through the fire were hired for the occasion, according to the usual custom, and received a handsome reward for the exhibition.

The Naturalist.

SEA PEA.

The sea pea, *Pisum maritinum*, is interesting from the legend, still rife in Suffolk, that it sprang up spontaneously on the coast in 1555, in a time of great scarcity. The miraculous arrival of these peas is mentioned by Stow and Camden, and these historians supposed them to have sprung from the cargo of some vessel wrecked on the coast and washed ashore; but the sea-pea is a distinct species, probably indigenous, and only first made use of in a time of dearth. The seeds are bitter and unpalatable.—*Burnett's Outlines of Botany.*

THE NEAREST APPROACH TO BLACK IN FLOWERS.

Professor Burnett observes that "the dark spot in the centre of the bean blossom, is perhaps the nearest approach to black that occurs in any flower."—*Ibid.*

HENNA.

Lawsonia alba, which some persons suppose to be the Gopher of Scripture, is the plant that affords the celebrated henna, or al-hanneh, of the Arabs. * * A paste made of the pounded leaves of this plant, is much used by the Egyptians, Arabs, and Turks, to dye their nails of a yellowish, dark red hue. This practice can be traced to a very high antiquity, for there is evidence that the nails of mummies have been so dyed. It does not seem that the women use henna either to heighten their own beauty, or to render their children more lovely, but rather as a mark of dignity, as slaves are forbidden to employ it. From the great esteem in which henna is held, and its vast consumption as an article of the toilet, it is cultivated expressly in Egypt for export to Constantinople, and yields the Pacha a considerable revenue. Henna is also used to colour the manes of horses, as well as to dye wool and leather. It contains no tannin, but is astringent, and from the gallic acid which is present in its juice, it forms a black dye with the salts of iron. In India, the leaves of henna, both taken internally or externally applied, are reputed to be efficacious in removing cutaneous disorders, especially those of a leprous character. The flowers have a strong, and to most Europeans, a disagreeable odour; but, notwithstanding their powerful hircine smell, the oriental ladies use a water distilled from them as a cosmetic, and put them in beaupots to perfume their apartments. —*Ibid.*

EVENING PRIMROSE.

This plant, the Œnothera biennis, Professor Burnett says "was once cultivated for the sake of its tubers, which might in some measure have stood in the stead of the potato, had they not been superseded by the introduction of the latter most valuable plant. The roots of this Œnothera were formerly eaten after dinner, as olives now are, being esteemed incentives to wine-drinking; and hence the generic name was changed from *Onagra*, the ass-food, to Œnothera, the wine-trap."—*Ibid.*

PROFESSOR FUSELI AN ENTOMOLOGIST.

In the *Entomological Magazine* for the past month, (January,) Mr. W. Raddon mentions that the late Professor Fuseli, of the Royal Academy, was an enthusiastic entomologist, and assisted his brother by collecting insects for his famous archives. "I recollect his once chiding me for apathy, and concluded by saying, 'When I was of your age, I often went at two or three o'clock in the morning into the corn-fields and woods to collect for my brother, and many of the insects figured by him were from my drawings.' And to show you that it was not quite lost in the decline of his life, I will here mention that on the conclusion of his last lecture, and when descending the rostrum, Mr. Cooper kindly offered his assistance, he said, 'I thank you; O, is it you Cooper? Well, where is Raddon? Has he taken Atropos?' He was then upwards of eighty." This reminds us of Major Gyllenhall actively pursuing the study of entomology at a very advanced period of life. J. H. F.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

On a recent visit to this Institution, we remarked some interesting additions to its treasures. Two cases of fossil reptiles, two cases of fossil pachydermatous and edentate animals, and also a human skeleton imbedded in limestone, brought from Guadaloupe by Admiral Cochrane, have been lately deposited in the Long Gallery, where they form, perhaps, the most interesting objects. On the walls of this apartment, several fine portraits of eminent men have been lately suspended. Instead of these being indiscriminately associated as at present they are, we would suggest their being arranged according to the stations or pursuits wherein the great originals were conspicuous. Thus, the naturalists,

(whose portraits are, certainly, most fit ornaments of a natural history museum,) Sloane, Ray, Aldrovand, Merian, &c., might form one distinct group; the poets, Shakspeare, Prior, Pope, &c., another group, and in the same way with the remainder. This would not only be in better taste, but would be more convenient, as we should then know where to find any particular portrait in the collection.

J. F.

THE YEW-TREE.

(*Concluded from page* 100.)

The yew has the reputation of being poisonous. Authors greatly differ as to the degree; and so, probably, do the trees themselves. Evelyn endeavours to persuade himself that there is no foundation for this ill opinion of this tree, notwithstanding he relates several instances of its fatal properties. The Rev. Gilbert White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, mentions several instances wherein it has proved fatal to animals; and having perused, during the last two years, numbers of provincial papers, I have seen between thirty and forty instances of similar effects. Dr. Hunter mentions several others which produced the deaths of many individuals of the human species. There are many others, both ancient and modern on record. Julius Cæsar, in his Gallic war, relates that Cativulus, king of the Eburones, killed himself by drinking a draught of yew; and Dioscorides says, that a decoction of yew-leaves occasions death.

Old Gerarde says, in his Herbal, "The yew-tree, as Galen reporteth, is of a venomous quality, and against man's nature. Dioscurides writeth, and generally all that heretofore have dealt in the facultie of herbarisme, that the yew-tree is very venomous to be taken inwardly; and that, if any doe sleepe under the shadowe thereof, it causeth sickness, and oftentimes death. Moreover, they say, that the fruit thereof being eaten, is not only dangerous and deadly unto man, but if birds do eat thereof, it causeth them to cast their feathers, and many of them to die. All which I dare affirm to be wholly untrue; for when I was young, and went to schoole, divers of my school-fellows, and likewise myself, did eat our fils of the berries of this tree, and have not only slept under the shadowe thereof, but among the branches also, without any hurt at all, and that not one time, but many times. * * *

"Daily experience shows it to be true, that the yew-tree in England is not poisonous; yet divers affirme, that in Provence in France, and in most hot countries, it hath such a maligne qualitie, that it is not safe to sleepe long, or to rest under the shadowe thereof."

Some persons believe that the leaf is poisonous, and not the berry. Dr. Southey speaks of it in this manner: of the berries he speaks as having eaten them. Regretting the destruction of some trees which had been felled, he observes that—

"If he had played about here when a child,
In that fore-court, and eat the yew-berries,
And sate in the porch, threading the jessamine flow'rs
Which fell so thick, he had not the heart
To mar all thus."

Of the leaves he gives a different character:

"Sure this is better
Than a great hedge of yew, that makes it look
All the year round like winter, and for ever
Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under boughs
Wither'd and bare!"

Thus the poet-laureate takes the opportunity of affording scope for a very reasonable argument, both to the friend as well as the enemy of the tree.

Martyn, in his Notes to Virgil, says, "The berries of the yew are said by Pliny to be poisonous. The leaves, also, are said by the ancients to be destructive to horses, which we find to be true in England." The berries have been eaten by myself and others with impunity: but this may be owing to the difference of climate: for Dioscorides, who says that it is not alike poisonous in all places, affirms that the berries are poisonous in Italy, and the shade hurtful in Narbonne. Perhaps, the species may be different; for there is mention of a species of yew in the Pisa garden, which is more bushy than the common, has leaves more like a fir, and sends forth such a poisonous smell when it is clipped, that the gardeners cannot work at it above half an hour at a time:

"Louring in the groves of death,
Yew-trees yield funereal breath."—*Harte.*

Virgil considered this tree to be noxious: hence

"Taxique nocentes."

It is well known to naturalists that the honey produced in the island of Corsica is exceedingly unwholesome, which Virgil apparently attributes to the bees feeding upon the yew. He seems to think the Corsican yew particularly hurtful:

"Sic tua Cyrneas fugiant examina taxos."
Georgic IV.
"So may thy bees avoid the yews of Corsica."

In the fourth Georgic he desires that no yew-trees may be near their hives:

"Neu propius tectis taxum sine."

Wordsworth speaks of the yew as rather disagreeable to bees than injurious:

"Nay, traveller! rest. This lovely yew-tree stands
Far from all human dwelling: what if here
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?
What if these barren boughs the bees not love?
Yet if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind,
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy."*

It may be worthy the attention of the philosopher to consider how far the melancholy character of the yew may proceed from its solitary life. Dean Swift throws out a hint

* Lines left on a seat in a yew-tree, near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore.

(The Yew-tree, in Warblington Church-yard, near Portsmouth.)

on this subject, which may be turned to advantage. The story of Baucis and Philemon is, doubtless, familiar to the reader. Some authors assert, that the hospitable couple were transformed into limes; but the Dean contradicts this assertion:

"Description would but tire my muse:
In short, they both were turned to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the Green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from morn to night,
And goes with folks to show the sight.
On Sundays after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it."

It was rather an act of extravagance, I think, in the parson to cut down Baucis to mend his barn, since the yew affords a beautiful, veined wood, which is very hard and smooth, and much valued by turners, inlayers, and cabinet-makers:—

"The beauteous the yew
And phyllerea lend, to surface o'er
The cabinet."

The late Rev. Mr. Gilpin was a great admirer of the yew-tree, and bitterly resents the manner in which it was so frequently shorn and shivered into all sorts of odd forms. "In nature," says he, "except in exposed situations, it is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful evergreens we have." Virgil mentions it as one of the trees which indicate a cold and barren soil.

Although the yew-tree is of a very slow growth, it is a long liver, and several have accordingly grown to an immense bulk. For instance, the one at Warblington is twenty-six feet in circumference. I have seen some very fine ones in the neighbourhood of Maidstone; one at Loose, (if I recollect,) the Rev. Mr. Holloway informed me, measured either twenty-nine or thirty-one feet round, (I forget which.) In Leeds churchyard, in Kent, I saw a majestic yew, the greatest circumference of which was thirty-one feet two inches; at seven feet high, twenty-eight feet eight inches; diameter of the hollow, which, in October, 1833, when I saw it, some gipsies had been residing in it, eight feet six inches; height to the lowest branch, seven feet eleven inches; total height, thirty-two feet four inches; spread of the branches, fifty feet. The yew-tree seldom exceeds fifty or sixty feet in height. At Broomfields and at Otham, near Maidstone, there are some very fine yew-trees. Mr. Pennant mentions one in Fotheringal churchyard, in the Highlands, the ruins of which measured fifty-six feet and a half in circumference. Mr. Evelyn speaks of one in the churchyard of Crowhurst, in Surrey, ten yards in circumference; and of another, a superannuated yew-tree, in Braburne churchyard, in Kent, which measured fifty-eight feet and eleven inches round, giving a diameter of six yards and a half.

Evelyn relates an odd story, which he quotes from Camden, referring to the yew-tree, and the origin of the name of Halifax, that, perhaps, may not be thought uninteresting:—

"One thing more, while I am speaking of this tree: it reminds me of that very odd story I find related by Mr. Camden, of a

certain amorous clergyman, that falling in love with a very pretty maid, who refused his addresses, cut off her head, which, being hung upon a yew-tree till it was quite decayed, the tree was reputed sacred, not only while the virgin's head remained on it, but as long as the tree itself lasted: to which the country people went in pilgrimage, plucking and bearing away branches of it as an holy relic, whilst there remained any of the trunk; persuading themselves that those small veins and filaments resembling hairs, between the bark and body of the tree, were the hairs of the Virgin. But what is yet stranger, the resort to this place, then called Houton, a little despicable village, occasioned the building of the now famous town of Halifax, in Yorkshire, which imports holy hair."

I cannot do better, I think, than conclude this paper with some lines from Wordsworth, who, in my opinion, ranks with the finest poets of our own times; wherein he gives an admirable description of some large yews, and mentions the extreme slowness of their growth:

"There is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons in the hands
Of Umfreville or Percy, ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths, or those that crossed the sea,
And drew their sounding bows at Agincourt,
Perhaps at earlier Cressy, or Poictiers.
Of vast circumference, and gloom profound,
This solitary tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay:
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove:
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwisted fibres serpentine,
Upcoiling, and inveterately convolved:
Nor uninformed with phantasy and looks
That threaten the profane; a pillared shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially;—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide: Fear, trembling hope,
Silence and foresight—Death the skeleton,
And Time the shadow, there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple, scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of massy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain-flood
Murmuring from Glerama's inmost caves.

H. W. DEWHURST.

New Books.

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN.

(By Captain Chamier, R. N.)

[We quote the following from the first volume of this entertaining work, as a fair specimen of the interest that may be expected from its entire perusal. It describes a terrific action between a Spanish felucca, and the Rapid slave schooner.]

As the action was inevitable, it was judged prudent to avail ourselves of all advantages; we therefore began a pretty brisk fire of musketry, our two guns were brought aft, and our utmost care was used in vain to hit either a mast or a yard on the felucca. The chase was growing fast to a close, the wind had died away, and the sea no longer was running high. The captain called his men aft, formed them into two divisions, one of which he headed himself, and kept close under the starboard bulwark; the other was under the command of the mate, and was kept on the gangway, in order to repel the felucca's men, should they board farther forward than was anticipated. She steered gallantly for the quarter, and, running alongside of us, began the contest by instantly jumping on board the Rapid. Some endeavoured and ultimately succeeded in fastening the felucca's larboard-bow to the main channels of the Rapid. The first Spaniard who planted his foot on the deck, was dead before he could strike a blow. The captain, who stood as calmly as a statue, awaited his coming; but the instant he had jumped from the netting, and before he reached the deck, a cutlass was thrust up to the hilt in his body. The next man was seriously wounded and disabled. But they came on fearlessly: the increase of numbers soon overcame all resistance, and they effected a landing on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. Our men gradually gave way; and I, dreadfully frightened at the approach of our enemies, ran up the larboard main rigging, and sheltered myself in the main-top. The smoke from the firing covered my retreat; and when, panting with fear and anxiety, I had squeezed myself through lubber's hole, and had thrown myself flat down, I saw Waters in the same position, watching the fight, from the starboard side of the top. I observed the fray, which thus continued. The party belonging to the mate joined that of the captain, and they made a vigorous charge aft. The captain calling out for some one to cut away the peak and throat halyards, so as to let the boom mainsail down on the heads of the Spaniards, Waters instantly took his knife, saying,—"That is a good thought!" but he unfortunately cut the peak halyards first:—down went the peak, but it jammed the jaws of the gaff so close against the mast, that, when the throat halyards were cut, the sail still remained suspended. Had the captain charged as the peak fell, he might have dislodged his adversaries, for they were for a moment embarrassed by the loose canvass; but they instantly advanced, and, forming a double line abreast of the companion, they not only withstood the attack, but succeeded in repulsing the crew. The mate, with some hands, had made an attempt by endeavouring to get aft the larboard side, and a man to

than fight ensued. The Spaniards, who had wound round their left arms a kind of blanket, called a poncho, which is generally worn over the shoulders, used this as a shield, stopping every blow by offering their left arms, thus guarded, to the strong blow of the cutlass, when they rushed on, and with short daggers generally succeeded in their work of destruction. Both divisions of the Rapid's men were now on the gangways, when Captain Smith made another desperate charge to beat back his foes:—no words can tell how gallantly, how gloriously he strove against his cloud of enemies; no numbers could force him back; and although assailed at one time by no less than four, he bravely stood his ground. He had raised his arm to strike to the deck the captain of the Spanish privateer, when one of the Spaniards interposed, and for a moment, by entangling the cutlass, left the whole person of the captain defenceless; his son at that instant crept under his arm, and shot the interposing person, who fell. The crew, reanimated by the gallantry of the action, cheered aloud, and, had not fresh assistance come from the felucca at that moment, I think we might yet have won the day. The rush of the fresh men prevented the retreat of the front rank; and, urged on from behind, they advanced in spite of Smith, and in a few seconds our men were again on the gangways. Both parties seemed nearly vanquished by fatigue, and for the space of a couple of minutes a cessation of hostilities took place. To me, this was the most dreadful sight: the Spaniards from the felucca still continued to strengthen their party by adding fresh numbers; the vessels were alongside of each other, and I could see on the decks of the pirates, still more men than were sufficient at the beginning of the conflict to have captured the Rapid. I saw how perfectly useless was the struggle, and I knew what must be the result. Our men appeared dispirited, all but the captain; he cheered them on; he pointed to those he had slain; he urged the men to another more desperate attempt; he told them that the worst of deaths awaited their cowardice; and it were ten thousand times better to fall in the moment of battle, than coldly and deliberately to be exposed to the brutal violence and unrelenting butchery of the Spaniards. "Come on! come on!" he cried; and waving his sword, advanced amongst the enemies: he was followed by his men, who tried all that desperation could effect to change the fortune of the day—but too late—the Spaniards, flushed with the success of their having gained the quarter-deck, stood firm against the assault of the crew, succeeded in repulsing them, and then followed up their advantage.

As the Rapid's men gave ground, the Spaniard's persevered in pressing them the closer. On the gangways the fight was long sustained, until by the accumulation of numbers, overpowered by the fresh force, and sinking under fatigue and exhaustion, our men made a precipitate retreat to the forecastle. Here again they rallied, but for a short space of time: the day was won; all chances gone; the craven spirit had manifested itself, and one by one the crew retreated down the fore hatchway.

No sooner was their retreat perceived by the Spaniards than they made a desperate rush on the remainder; and after a fruitless effort for success, and the last defiance of Smith, he presented his pistol at his nearest foe,—it missed fire; he threw the unfaithful weapon full in the face of his adversary, and before the man could recover from the blow, the captain had followed his men below, and the enemy were in undisputed possession of the upper deck. They instantly placed the hatches on, and nailed them, and then quietly sat down and refreshed themselves: their enemies were safe; no farther resistance of any consequence could be made; the victors were preparing their last revenge; and very shortly I was doomed to be the witness of unparalleled cruelty and demoniacal barbarity.

On the quarter-deck there lay five dead Spaniards; the wounded had limped away and regained the felucca, and only the dead or dying were left. I could not see how many more of the enemy were despatched, for about this time the Spaniards had begun their work of destruction, by cutting away the rigging; one man cut the main-topsail halyards, and the yard coming down, left the sail bagging over the top-brim, so as entirely to obstruct the view I had formerly got of the forecastle, between the foot-rope and the main-stay. Our attention could now only be directed to the quarter-deck, through lubber's hole; for we did not dare risk the chance of looking over the top.

One or two more energetic than the rest of the Spaniards soon launched three of the dead men through an open port on the larboard-side: others had descended into the cabin, and returned on deck with some spirits and wine; they seemed very indifferent about their prize, most probably from having found her quite empty as to a cargo. My attention was suddenly awakened by a shriek from a female—we had three left on board: it was a charm to the ear of the Spaniards; they rushed to the companion, from which aperture the cry issued, and shortly we saw the poor victim of the Captain's brutality brought upon deck by two men, each of whom endeavoured to claim her as his prize: words ran high, the affrighted girl screamed for mercy. Mercy from Spanish pirates! Alas! that cry was unheeded. That one woman was on board was evident, and therefore more might

be: the main-hatch was taken off, and fearlessly some of the pirates descended. They soon found the other two slaves; who, after experiencing the horrid brutality of their masters, were conveyed on board the felucca. Again the Spaniards seated themselves by the combings of the hatchway, and revived all their horrible murderous intentions by continued draughts of spirits. The sun was fast sinking, and night approaching; savage intoxication soon warned them of their remaining duty before they retired to rest; and now began the dreadful close of that day of murder.

DROWNING OF CAPTAIN FOSTER.

(*From Webster's Narrative of the Voyage of the Chanticleer.*)

On the fifth of February, the day that was to close the mortal career of our unfortunate commander, with a party consisting of Mr. Fox and Mr. Kay, two young officers of the Chanticleer, attended by his servant, Peter Veitch, he embarked in a canoe at Cruces to descend the Chagres. The party embarked about nine in the morning, and proceeded down the river; their thoughts and conversation, as they passed the different reaches enjoying the scenery around them, being turned principally on the speedy termination of the voyage, and on returning soon to those friends they had left at home. Such was the pleasing occupation of their minds as the canoe glided down the river, Captain Foster having, besides, the additional satisfaction of knowing that he had secured the object of their visit.

About five in the afternoon, the canoe having just passed a rapid, Captain Foster suddenly rose up from the party, saying he would go and see what the man abaft was about. They were reclining beneath the awning of the canoe in conversation as Captain Foster crept out at the after part of it. Being outside of it with his feet resting on the gunwale, he incautiously seated himself on the awning, which had no sooner received his weight than it gave way, and he was precipitated into the river. The noise of his fall was heard, and Mr. Fox and his coxswain, Peter Veitch, instantly plunged after him. But their noble efforts were of no avail. The current swept the canoe rapidly away from the spot where the accident had occurred, and before she could be turned round to regain it, Captain Foster was seen sinking with uplifted hands, to rise no more! Thus perished our unfortunate commander.

The persons who had endeavoured to save Captain Foster by plunging after him had considerable difficulty in regaining the canoe. There, where cheerfulness and gaiety had prevailed but a few short moments before, all was now consternation and horror. It was one of those momentary events the very suddenness of which produces a disbelief of its fatal effects, and those who witness them on recovering sufficiently from their first surprise, naturally ask themselves can this be? But the sad reality was before them, and two hours were mournfully employed in a diligent but fruitless search after the body. Night having closed in upon them, it was considered best to continue on to Chagres, where, having arrived, they awaited daylight to carry off the intelligence to the Chanticleer.

Lieutenant Austin had passed the night under sail in the brig off the mouth of the Chagres, expecting to be joined the evening before by the party. At daybreak, the gig was discovered coming off to the vessel, with Mr. Fox and Mr. J. H. Kay,* who shortly made known the disaster that had befallen their late unfortunate commander. Immediately boats were dispatched to search for the body, and it was not until the eighth that intelligence was received that it had been seen floating in the river.

Lieutenant Austin, on whom the command of the Chanticleer had devolved, was on shore making some necessary observations when this intelligence was brought to him. A canoe was dispatched by him immediately with one of his seamen for the recovery of it, followed by the gig. Soon after midnight, Lieutenant Williams arrived on board, having succeeded in finding it.

The particulars attending the recovery of the corpse are thus related by him:—

"On the 7th of February, we were preparing to start for the Mount Carravelle when the Captain's coxswain made his appearance. I felt rather astonished at seeing him, when he gave me a letter from Lieutenant Austin, with a black seal; but as all kinds of wax are the same to sailors in a hurry, I thought nothing of it till the man said, "I have bad news, sir; Captain Foster is drowned." I was for a moment perfectly astonished, having received his note only the day before.

"When I had collected myself, I read Lieutenant Austin's note, which contained an order to leave Gorgona immediately with my people, and assist Mr. Collinson, who had come up the river in the gig to look for the body. The circumstance was known in the village directly, and the people came flocking in numbers to the house to hear the particulars from our host. I wished to settle my bill with him, but he said it was against his religion to receive money after hearing of a death. However, his wife was not as rigid

* This young gentleman, who was of much service to Captain Foster in his scientific operations, is spoken of in high terms by Captain Sir John Franklin, with whom he has since served in his Majesty's ship Rainbow.

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in her ideas, and I accordingly gave her the money. The people wished us all good bye most affectionately, and appeared, now we became in some way associated with them, to feel some regret at our parting, most likely for ever. There must always be something in that feeling even among the greatest stoics.

"We were obliged to stop during the night, as the canoe-men were unwilling to go down the river by dark. At daylight we proceeded down the river till I met Mr. Collinson in the gig, who was then sweeping for the body. After we had swept for about two hours, we observed two canoes paddling rapidly along; one passed without taking any particular notice of us, but another man in the canoe that was following, came up, shouting to us in English.

"As he approached us nearer, he said in Spanish something about Captain Foster; I immediately caught at it, and asked him where, (supposing that, as it was now three days since he had fallen overboard, that the body had floated;) he replied, at a place called Palamatio Nueva. We immediately got down the awning, and the men stretched out with all their force. However, we had not proced above half a mile when the bowman called out, "Good God! sir, there is the Captain." We immediately laid in our oars, and approached the spot where the body lay. There was an old tree that had fallen in the river, and the body of Captain Foster was lying between the branches surrounded by Turkey buzzards.

"When we examined it, we found that one of the shoes was off, and that a fillet of wicker-work was made fast to the left leg; and there appeared no doubt that some canoe had had it in tow. I immediately desired the coxswain to feel for the chronometers; we found, however, that the right-hand pocket, in which Captain Foster carried his own watch, had been cut off; the other was left. We then felt his other pockets, and found his observation-book and purse gone. He had, however, nothing in it that could in the least benefit them, as he had but two or three dollars when he left me at Cruces, and a government bill. It was the wish of Lieutenant Austin, if possible, that the body should be towed to the ship; but, on consulting together, we considered it in such a decayed state, that it might possibly be the means of bringing a fever into the ship, particularly as the men had lately been so much harassed and exposed. We therefore towed the body across to the opposite bank, and having left the ship in a hurry, we were obliged to dig the grave with the loose thwart and an axe. When every thing was prepared, we placed it in the grave, and covered it over with the union-jack.

"Having no prayer-book, we were unable to read the burial-service; but we reflected on the event, and considered it as a warning to us all, that, but a few days before, he was among us in health and spirits, laying out plans and arrangements for his future guidance. Alas! how futile becomes all our anticipations; for how truly may we say, "in the midst of life we are in death." His grave was quickly filled up, and wattled over, so as effectually to prevent any beast of prey from being able to get at the body. The spot lies nearly halfway between Palamatio Viejo and Palamatio Nueva. There is one lone tree, close to the spot, on which is nailed a board with this inscription cut out with a knife: 'Commander H. Foster, his Majesty's ship Chanticleer, drowned in Chagres river, February 5th, 1831.' We left the spot as soon as possible, and started for the ship, which we succeeded in reaching at two that morning."

The Public Journals.

THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

(By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.)

'Tis past! we've learned to live apart;
And with a faint and gradual ray,
All hope hath faded from my heart,
Like sunset on an autumn day.
Forgetful of these hours of pain,
They tell me I shall love again.

Perhaps I may! we laugh at jests
Some buried friend at random made:
Peace steals within our grieving breasts,
As sunbeams pierce the forest shade:
We learn to fling *all* mourning by—
Even that which clothed our memory!

Therefore I do believe this woe,
Like other things, will fade and pass;
And my crush'd heart spring up and blow,
Like flowers among the trodden grass:
But ere I *love*, it must be long—
The habits of the heart are strong.

Ere my accustomed eye can seek
In some new, unfamiliar face,
The smile that glow'd upon thy cheek,
And lent thine eye a softer grace,
When in the crowd I turned to thee,
Proud of thy certain sympathy:

Ere my poor ear, that hath been used
To live upon thy angel voice;
Its daily sustenance refused,
And forced to wander for a choice,
Can listen to some other tone,
And deem it welcome as thine own:

Ere the true heart thou couldst deceive,
Can hope, and dream, and trust once more,
And from another's lips believe
All that THY lips so falsely swore,
And hear those vows of other years
Without a burst of bitter tears:—

Ere I have half my mind explain'd
To one who shares my thoughts too late;
With weary tongue, and spirit pain'd,
And heart that still feels desolate—
Have travell'd through those by-gone days,
Which made life barren to my gaze:

What years must pass! in this world's strife,
How small will be my portion then:
The fainting energies of life
Will scarcely serve to love again.
Love! to the pale, uncertain flame,
The fervent God denies his name.

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No! let no wrong'd heart look to mine:
Such fate the wanderer hath in store,
Who worships at a ruin'd shrine,
Where altar-fires can burn no more;
Vain is the incense—vain the prayer—
No deity is lingering there!

Oh! never more shall *trust* return,
Trust, by which love alone can live:
Even while I woo, my heart shall yearn
For answers *thou* wert wont to give,
And my faint sighs shall echoes be
Of those I breathed long since to thee!

New Monthly Magazine.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITATION.

(From "Love in the Library," in the New Monthly Magazine.)

I HAD given up the early summer tea-parties, common in the town in which the University stands; and having, of course, three or four more hours than usual on my hands, I took to an afternoon habit of imaginative reading. Shakspeare came first, naturally; and I feasted for the hundredth time upon what I think his (and the world's) most delicate creation—the "Tempest." The twilight of the first day overtook me at the third act, where the banquet is brought in with solemn music by the fairy troop of Prospero, and set before the shipwrecked king and his followers. I closed the book, and leaning back in my chair, abandoned myself to the crowd of images which throng always upon the traces of Shakspeare. The *fancy* music was still in my mind, when an aparently *real* strain of the most solemn melody came to my ear, dying, it seemed to me, as it reached it, the tones were so expiringly faint and low. I was not startled, but lay quietly, holding my breath, and more fearing when the strain would be broken, than curious whence it came. The twilight deepened, till it was dark; and it still played on, changing the tune at intervals, but always of the same melancholy sweetness; till, by and by, I lost all curiosity, and, giving in to the charm, the scenes I had been reading began to form again in my mind, and Ariel, with his delicate ministers, and Prospero, and Miranda, and Caliban, came moving before me to the measure, as bright and vivid as the reality. I was disturbed in the midst of it by Alfonse, who came in at the usual hour with my tea; and on starting to my feet, I listened in vain for the continuance of the music. I sat thinking of it awhile, but dismissed it at last, and went out to enjoy, in a solitary walk, the loveliness of the summer night. The next day I resumed my book, with a smile at my previous credulity, and had read through the last scenes of the "Tempest," when the light failed me. I again closed the book, and presently again, as if the sympathy was instantaneous, the strain broke in, playing the same low and solemn melodies, and falling with the same dying cadence upon the ear. I listened to it, as before, with breathless attention, abandoned myself once more to its irresistible spell, and half-waking, half-sleeping, fell again into a vivid dream, brilliant as fairy-land, and creating itself to the measures of the still audible music. I could not now shake off my belief in its reality; but I was so rapt with its strange sweetness, and the beauty of my dream, that I cared not whether it came from earth or air. My indifference, singularly enough, continued for several days; and regularly at twilight, I threw aside my book, and listened with dreamy wakefulness for the music. It never failed me, and its results were as constant as its coming. Whatever I had read,—sometimes a canto of Spenser, sometimes an act of a play, or a chapter of romance,—the scene rose before me with the stately reality of a pageant. At last I began to think of it more seriously; and it was a relief to me one evening when Alfonse came in earlier than usual with a message. I told him to stand perfectly still; and after a minute's pause, during which I heard distinctly an entire passage of a funeral hymn, I asked him if he heard any music? He said he did not. My blood chilled at his positive reply, and I bade him listen once more. Still he heard nothing. I could endure it no longer. It was to me as distinct and audible as my own voice; and I rushed from my room as he left me, shuddering to be left alone.

The next day I thought of nothing but death. Warnings by knells in the air, by apparitions, by mysterious voices, were things I had believed in speculatively for years, and now their truth came upon me like conviction. I felt a dull, leaden presentiment about my heart, growing heavier and heavier with every passing hour. Evening came at last, and with it, like a summons from the grave, a "dead march" swelled clearly on the air. I felt faint and sick at heart. This could not be fancy; and why was it, as I thought I had proved, audible to my ear alone? I threw open the window, and the first rush of the cool north wind refreshed me; but, as if to mock my attempts at relief, the dirge-like sounds rose, at the instant, with treble distinctness. I seized my hat and rushed into the street; but, to my dismay, every step seemed to bring me nearer to the knell. Still I hurried on, the dismal sounds growing distractingly louder, till, on turning a corner that leads to the lovely burying ground of New Haven, I came suddenly upon a bell-foundry! In the rear had lately been hung, for trial, the chiming bells just completed for the New Trinity Church, and the master of the establishment informed me, that one of his journeymen was a fine player, and every day, after his work, he was in the habit of amusing himself with the "Dead March in Saul," the Marsellois Hymn," and other

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melancholy and easy tunes, muffling the hammers that he might not disturb the neighbours.

GILBERT GURNEY AND HIS FRIEND DALY.

[Our readers must recollect Mr. Gurney's odd acquaintance, Daly, who, in the character of an assistant clerk to the deputy-surveyor of the Paddington Canal Company, with Gurney, invaded the peaceful villa of Sir Timothy Dod, at Twickenham, where, having done all the mischief they could, retreated in their boat to Teddington, at which place Gurney was put ashore, and took leave of his facetious friend. We quoted this droll affair from the *New Monthly Magazine*, at p. 201 of our last volume; and, as the thread is taken up in the *Magazine* for the present month, we return to these pleasant fellows. It seems that Gilbert's mother is as little aware of the existence of Daly, as she was of their hoax on Sir Timothy Dod, with whom Mrs. Gurney is acquainted; and who, aided by one Miss Crab, proposes to introduce the Misses Dod to Gilbert. The morning is fixed; but, he avoids this *contre-temps* by a journey to London; a few hours afterwards, the following scene occurs, for the particulars of which Gilbert is indebted to his excellent parent.]

The breakfast went on as usual; there was of course a little too much milk, and much too little sugar in Miss Crab's tea; and the butter was extremely bad for the time of the year when there was plenty of grass for the cows to eat,—and the raspberries were not ripe, and the eggs were not so fresh as they might be,—and so in all other matters something was wrong. Yet time and patience conquered these little ills, and a walk, succeeded by writing little notes and doing a little "work," brought the domesticated couple to within half an hour of the time at which luncheon would be served, and the Misses Dod arrive to partake of it.

At this juncture a smartish ringing at the gate-bell aroused the attention of the ladies, who began putting their faces into the most amiable shape, expecting their sylph-like visiters; but they were somewhat disappointed, and perhaps more surprised, when the servant, throwing open the door, announced Mr. Daly.

"Mr. Daly," said my mother. Who?" —"Daly!" said Miss Crab. "What?"— "A friend of Mr. Gilbert's, ma'am," said the servant.—"Oh!" said my excellent parent; "pray desire Mr. Daly to walk in."

The invitation was superfluous, for he had "followed the heels" of the footman so closely as to be in the room before it was completed.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, ma'am," said Daly; "I believe I have the honour of addressing the mother of my friend?" He hit that off happily, by a glance at the mystic badge which she wore on the third finger of her left hand. "I am afraid I am intruding upon your delightful seclusion, but knowing that our dear Gilbert was here last night, it occurred to me that, in all probability, he would be here this morning; and as I am staying at Hampton Court, I did hope to persuade him to come over and take a cutlet with me, and meet two or three of the 18th, who, as of course you know, are quartered there."

"My son," said Mrs. Gurney, *was* here last night, but went unexpectedly to town this morning before breakfast."

"What a delightful person he is!" said Daly; "so full of kindness and ingenuousness, and so clever! The worst of these geniuses is, they seldom have any application—sorry about his farce, poor fellow—does not seem to take it much to heart—met him yesterday at Richmond—pleasant day—pleasant place—pleasant people—do you visit much at Hampton Court, ma'am?"

My mother, who was perfectly astounded at the ease and volubility of my "slight acquaintance," said that her visiting list was a very small one, and that she rarely ventured so far.

"I find it uncommonly pleasant," said Daly, "because of the 18th—deuced fine fellows, you know, and all that; else it seems dullish. I like having all the parties under the same roof—the Palace people—the long passages and steep staircases—and then to see the Cockneys come to the Cartoons, and then to watch them at the Toy—capital fun I have there sometimes, ma'am, locking a crowd of fowls into a bed-room cupboard—the sleeping sight-seers tumble into their beds, and all is hushed and calm as my own conscience—just about daylight, ma'am, the cock in the closet begins to crow, which sets Mrs. Cock, and all the Misses Cocks into a charm of cackling, which the affrighted innocents from Finsbury-square or St. Mary Axe are as unable to account for as to check; and so from daylight, till they can rouse the servants to their assistance, the inhabitants of the hen-roost, like so many minor Macbeths, 'murder sleep.' I call that very good fun, ma'am."

"Mischief I call it," said Miss Crab. "And does Mr. Gilbert Gurney participate in such amusements as these, sir?"

"I never tell tales out of school," said Daly. "For myself, I confess I love fun; and only the night before last, being considerably annoyed by a loud snoring in the next room, proceeded to see who was the monster that caused it; and there I found a venerable lady, who incautiously slept with her door unfastened, snoring away—'discoursing'—as Shakspeare has it—most dis-

cordant music with her nose. What d'ye think I did ma'am! ran to my own room—burnt the cork of an Eau de Cologne bottle in the candle—retired to the apartment of the sleeping hyæna, and gave her a pair of coal-black mustachios, which, when she presented her grim visage to her daughter, who came the first thing in the morning to beg her blessing, threw the young lady into a fit of convulsions, which took Griffenhoofe of Hampton three hours and a half to get rid of—that's fun, or the deuce is in it."

"And is it," said my mother, who sat petrified at the indomitable manner of the wag—"is it to enjoy such jokes as these that you wish my son to join you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Daly, "I never involve a friend—never—if I can possibly help it—no, I should like to introduce him to the 18th: and then there are Lord and Lady Grigg, and the Miss Cranbournes, and old Lady Venerable, the charming Miss Fizzgiggle, the delightful Lady Katharine Mango, and her daughter, and Miss Windmill, and the best of all excellent men, a kind-hearted, hospitable, East India Captain, the very double of the Lord Chancellor, with a pet bird fifteen feet high, legs like stilts, and a body like a goose. I promise you I will skim the cream of the Court for Gilbert if he will but come—stroll to Sunbury—drop in at Ditton—make him acquainted with all the news of the neighbourhood, and place him only second to myself in the estimation of our enlightened and select circle of society.

It must have been a curious sight to see Daly running on in the most free and easy manner, and the two ladies sitting, one beside and the other opposite to him, perfectly thunderstruck, and evidently uncertain what he would next say or do.

"I like Hampton Court," continued Daly, without paying the least attention to the astonished countenances of his companions; "a nice distance from town—out of the smoke, and among new people—Toy bad inn—servants stupid beyond measure—only one waiter, and he a Goth—I had three friends to dine with me on Tuesday, what d'ye think happened, ma'am? If you recollect it was vastly hot, Tuesday—glass 82° in the shade—asked if there was any ice—not an ounce in the house—where was the waiter? the waiter—only conceive, ma'am, the singularity of the sound in a house half as big as a county hospital—Lawrence was gone to Chertsey—I had no resource—could not wait till he came back—wanted to cool my wine—ordered the maid to get a pail of pump-water, put it in the shade on the leads at the back of the house, and pop into it two bottles of Grave, two of Hock, and two of Champagne—what d'ye think occurred?"

"I have no idea," said Miss Crab, who was provoked into conversation. "Most likely the girl forgot it."

"Not she ma'am," said Daly, "wish she had. No; she did as she was bid, most punctually. Dinner-time came; soup served. My friends, Tootle, Bootle, and Sims, of the 18th, all seated. I turned to Lawrence, who was just back from Chertsey, and at the back of my chair—"Get a bottle of Hock and the Grave," said I.

"'Where, sir," said he.

"'Oh!' said I, 'you'll find them in a pail of water, in a shady draught of air, on the leads.'

"'Very well, sir,' says he; and away he goes, and quick enough he comes back. 'Pretty job, sir,' says Lawrence, with a face like the ghost of Gaffer Thumb—'Who did *this* for you, sir?"

"'What?' said I.

"'Put the Grave and the Hock to cool.'

"'Who?' said I. 'Why, Fanny Lanshawe, the chambermaid.'

"'Fanny be —!' You'll excuse my not repeating what he said, ma'am.

"'She has served you a nice trick, sir. Look here.' And sure enough, ma'am, suiting the action to the word, in he brings the pail, into which the simple creature had emptied the six bottles, and exhibits to our astonished eyes three gallons and a half of very weak mixed wine and water. These are drawbacks, ma'am; but there must be alloys to everything. For *my* part, nothing damps me—nothing shakes me; I go on laughing along my flowery course, and care for nothing."

At this moment, in which Daly was boasting of his imperturbable serenity and joyousness, the drawing-room door was flung open, and the servant announced, in an audible voice—"Miss Dod, and Miss Fanny Dod." There, before his astonished eyes, stood, in all their native loveliness arrayed, the two accomplished daughters of his last victim. They approached, but started back for an instant, on recognising their persecutor domesticated with their new acquaintance. The ladies rose to receive their guests, and were just shaking hands, when Daly, in a tone of exquisite torture exclaimed, "Oh, my nose—my nose!" and instantly enveloped his whole countenance in a full-sized bandana handkerchief.

"Dear me!" exclaimed my mother, "what *is* the matter, sir?"

"A trifle, ma'am," said Daly, with his face buried in the bandana. "My nose, ma'am—subject to periodical fits of bleeding—after a dreadful fall over a five-barred gate, near Grantham. Don't mind me, ma'am. I'll run away; perhaps it mayn't stop for a fortnight. I won't worry *you*—I'm off—I'll plunge my head into the river. Just remember me to Gilbert; say I called: and, oh

dear—dear—how unlucky! Adieu—good morning;" saying which, without removing the handkerchief, he bustled away, and hurried out of the room. Mrs. Gurney was not very sorry to perform the office of ringing the bell, in order that he might have free egress from her peaceful cottage.

"What an extraordinary man!" said my mother.—"Is he mad?" said Miss Crab.—"Do you know him well?" said Fanny Dod.—"No; he is an intimate friend of my son. I——"—"Indeed, interrupted Miss Dod.—"Why," said my mother, "do *you* know any thing of him, Miss Dod."—"No good, I am sure," said Miss Crab.

"Why," said Fanny, "we know no great harm of him; only he came to our house last night with his clerk, a much better-behaved person than himself—and frightened us all out of our wits, by threatening to pull down mamma's dear conservatory."

"Pull down a conservatory!" said my mother!

"Yes, officially," said Miss Dod.

"Why, what is he?" said my mother.

"A painter and glazier, I dare say," said Miss Crab.

"No," continued Miss Dod. "You know, of course, who he is."

"Not I," said my mother. "He said he was an intimate friend of my son, and came to invite him to meet some of the 18th at Hampton Court at dinner to-day."

"Yes," said Miss Crab; "Tootle, Bootle, and Sims were their names."

"There are such men in the 18th," said Fanny Dod. "The oran-outang's name is Tootle, Gussy."

"So it is," said Augusta; "but I cannot believe that this person would be giving dinners to officers of the 18th."

"Why, what really is he?" said my mother, getting very anxious to know who her Gilbert's great crony was.

"Oh!" said Fanny, "there's no harm; only he was very rude to papa, at least. He came measuring our lawn, in order to ascertain the shortest cut for a canal to Brentford."

"And," said Augusta, "we behaved as well as possible to him and his clerk; and yet he vowed vengeance on the corner, and threatened to bring the barge-road close under our bed-room windows."

"Still you don't say how he could do this, Miss Dod," said my mother.

"Why, I believe he is the Acting Deputy Assistant Surveyor to the Grand Junction Canal Company," said Augusta; "and a very forward, rude person into the bargain."

"And Gilbert's particular friend!" exclaimed my mother.

"Yes, ma'am," said Miss Crab, in her glory; "and yet you are quite sure that he never will form an acquaintance or connexion likely to turn out disgracefully."

Luckily, at that moment luncheon was announced, and the party proceeded to the breakfast-parlour to partake of it.

The Gatherer.

Origin of the Word "Quiz."—At the time Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish Theatres, he usually spent Saturday evening in the society of some of the first wits and men of fashion of the day. Gambling was introduced, and the manager staked a large sum that he would cause a word to be spoken, by a certain day, in all the principal streets of Dublin, having no meaning, neither derived from any known language. Wagers having been laid, and the stakes deposited, Daly went immediately to the theatre, and dispatched all the supernumeraries and servants of the establishment with the word "Quiz," which they chalked on most of the shop-doors and windows in the city. It being Sunday night day, all the shops were shut, and every one going to or coming from church, saw the word; every person at the same time repeating it: so that "Quiz" was heard all over Dublin. The circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window, caused much surprise; and ever since should a strange story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression of "You are quizzing me." S. T. B.

Life—(*from Ovid.*)

"Like waters, ages upon ages glide,
And who can check the lapse of time or tide?
As waves to waves succeed along the shore,
The new one urg'd, and urging all before;
So moments flow, while others quick succeed,
And yet for ever new!"

Monsieur Cabet, of *le Populaire*, is not your Monsieur *Cobbet*, as had been supposed. —*Letter from Paris.*

What is Genius?—To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances, which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

"With sun and moon, and stars throughout the year,
And man, and woman;"

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents.

Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as, in like manner, imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower. —*Coleridge.*

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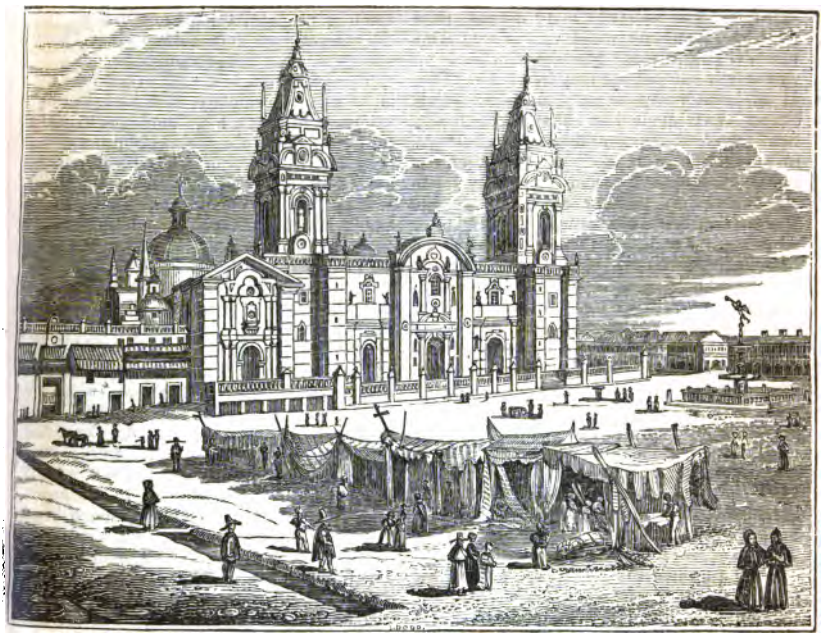

PALACE AND CATHEDRAL, IN THE GREAT SQUARE.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

LIMA, the capital of the republic of Peru, formerly called *Ciudad de los Reyes*, (City of Kings,) stands on the river Rimac, from which its present name is derived by a corrupt pronunciation. It is situated about ten miles from the Pacific Ocean, about 700 feet above the level of the sea, and presents a beautiful appearance from Callao, its port. Its population, according to Caldcleugh, the traveller, was, in 1824, 70,000; according to Stewart, who visited Lima in 1829, it was but 50,000. The city has been repeatedly laid in ruins by earthquakes, more than twenty of which it has experienced since the year 1582. The most destructive were those in 1586, 1630, 1665, 1678, when a great part of the city was totally destroyed; those in 1687, 1746, when not more than twenty houses out of 3,000 were left standing, and of twenty-three ships in the harbour of Callao, nineteen were sunk; those in 1764, 1822, and 1828, the two latter of which were very destructive.

The date of our view of the city is subsequent to the earthquake in the year 1828; and, for descriptive details of a corresponding period, we refer to the *Memoirs of General Miller*, second edition, published in 1829.

The viceroyalty of Peru formerly comprehended the whole of the Spanish dominions in South America. Lima, its capital, was the centre of riches, influence, political intrigue, and dissipation. The elevation of the subordinate governments of Buenos Ayres and of New Granada to vice-regal rank diminished the consequence of Lima, but it still retained its court, and continued to be the favourite resort of the wealthy and the sensual. The city, ten miles in circumference, is built on the left bank of the Rimac, in a plain near the foot of some of the lower branches of the Andes. Viewed from the bay of Callao, its numerous domes and towers give to it an air decidedly oriental. The prospect at sunset is particularly interesting, for when twilight has already thrown the

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landscape of the plain into deep shade, the domes of the city are still gilded by the departing sun, and when these also become shrouded in darkness, the peaky summits of the mountains continue for some time to be illumined by his lingering beams. The approach from Callao is by a fine road, the last mile of which is shaded by four rows of lofty trees, forming a handsome promenade, with benches. The entrance is by a noble gate built by the public-spirited viceroy Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, Marquess of Osorno.

The city was founded by Pizarro in 1535. It contains about seventy thousand inhabitants, three hundred and sixty streets, nearly four thousand houses, fifty-four churches, monasteries, and chapels, a theatre, and a university. The Moorish aspect does not altogether disappear on closer inspection. The houses, like those in most other Spanish American towns, are disposed in *quadras*, or square plots, and are generally one story in height, having a light and flat roof. The *quadras* are equal in size, and form straight streets, nearly forty feet wide, intersecting each other at right angles. The best residences are scattered amidst houses of a meaner sort. The description of one of the former may, perhaps, convey an idea of the usual plan of a mansion in any Spanish American city. A single building sometimes occupies half a *quadra*. A line of dead wall, relieved by a lofty gateway, forms the street front, except when it is converted into shops, which have no communication with the inner court. In consequence of the frequency of earthquakes, the houses consist generally of a ground floor only. The apartments occupied by the family, the offices, coach-houses, and stabling, being in the same courtyard, which is divided in the centre by a suite of lofty and well-proportioned reception rooms, capable of being thrown into one by means of large folding doors, which are in themselves very handsome, the upper part consisting of splendid panes of plate glass enriched with highly burnished gilded mouldings. The windows are open to the ground, and are secured by iron bars wrought in a manner highly ornamental, and partially gilded. The centre suite of apartments commands a view through the gateway into the street. Some of the houses are of two stories, with a balcony round the upper floor, whilst the exterior fronts have large verandas, latticed in a fashion completely Moorish. The roofs are flat, and mostly formed with rafters made of canes tied five together, and covered with matting; others are built much stronger, and being paved with bricks, form an agreeable promenade.

A shallow stream of water, of two feet in width, runs through the centre of the principal streets, and contributes much to carrying off impurities. These miniature canals are supplied by means of a dam placed across the Rimac, by which a portion of the water is diverted into them at some distance above the city. The streets are paved, but badly lighted, and are patrolled by watchmen, who vociferate "*Ave Maria purisima! viva la patria!*" and a serene, or cloudy sky.

The walls of the town describe four-fifths of a circle, resting upon the river, having seven gates, and thirty-three bastions; but the ramparts are too narrow to admit of heavy ordnance being placed upon them.

The pantheon, half a mile east of the city, is the general cemetery. It is a large circular inclosure, having a handsome entrance, and a well built chapel for the performance of the burial service. Behind the chapel are seven double tiers of brick-work, divided into compartments, each of sufficient dimensions to admit a full-sized coffin, and which, when occupied, is closed at the end, and a tablet with the name of the deceased recorded on it.

A stone bridge over the Rimac leads to the extensive suburb of San Lazaro, at the eastern extremity of which is a fine alameda, or public walk, above half a mile in length, overlooking the river. This conducts to the bull-ring, and to the baths of Antaza, which are spacious and excellent. Not a great distance from thence, and leading to the Conventillo de los Descalzos, is a small alameda, ornamented with fountains and grottoes.

The cathedral, (represented in the Engraving,) is a large, handsome, though heavy structure. The viceregal palace is a spacious building, but without architectural merit. There are inner courts, around which are offices for the treasury, and ministers of the war and home departments. The ascent to the state rooms is from the west front of the palace, by a grand marble staircase. The most interesting ornaments of these apartments are original portraits of forty-four viceroys who governed Peru, from Pizarro down to Pezuela.

The palace and cathedral occupy the northern and eastern sides of the plaza, or great square; the town-house and gaol, together with spacious houses consisting of two stories, ornamented by an arcade, complete the quadrangle. Shops and stalls are placed under the arcade. In the centre of the square is (or was) a handsome fountain, with bronze figures round the reservoir. In the evening, numbers of persons assemble in front of the arcades, to regale themselves with ices, orgeat, lemonade, sweetmeats, &c. The proprietors of the adjoining coffee-houses place benches and chairs for general accommodation, and many people remain thus in the open air until midnight. The theatre is a well arranged and neat building.

The amphitheatre, in which the bull-fights are held, is the best constructed and most convenient place of public amusement in

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Lima. The exterior wall is a circus of about half a mile in circumference: three tiers of boxes inclose an uncovered arena. Above the ground tier, and in front of the middle one, which recedes, ten or twelve rows of benches are placed, which slope from the front of the boxes to the extreme edge of the roof of the lower tier. The seats accommodate ten thousand spectators, and, whenever this favourite diversion takes place, are crowded as well with beauty and rank as with the motley and variously tinged populace. In the centre of the arena is an escapade, composed of two rows of strong palisades, intersecting so as to form a cross. The stakes are wide enough apart to allow a man to pass between them.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.*—HENRY JENKINS.

"I doe love these ancient ruines—
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our feet upon some reverend history."
Old Poet.

The ruins of Fountains Abbey are, certainly, the grandest and most beautiful, except, perhaps, those of Glastonbury, that this kingdom can produce. This Abbey was founded by Richard Thurstan, archbishop of York, in the year 1132, for monks of the Cistercian order. It was built with stone taken from the rocks in the adjoining hill. The fabric was begun about the year 1204, by John de Ebor, the abbot, who laid the foundation, and raised some pillars; John Pherd, the next abbot, carried on the work with the utmost expedition; John de Cancia, his successor, finished the structure, and instituted nine altars therein, adding the painted pavement, and building the new cloister, the infirmary, and the house for entertainment of the poor. In the aisle of the easternmost transversed part of the church, were many columns of black marble, with white spots; in the chapter and refectory were pillars of the same kind. This John de Cancia died in the year 1245; whence it appears that the Abbey was erected in less than forty years. Marmaduke Brodelay, or Bradlay, the last abbot, surrendered the Abbey in the year 1540, and had a pension of 100*l.* allowed him. Its revenues then amounted, according to Dugdale, to 998*l.*; and, according to Speed, to 1,073*l.* 0*s.* 7½*d.*

The length of the church, from east to west, is 351 feet. The transept is 186 feet wide.

Before the high altar, probably under the painted pavement, Henry, first Lord Percy, of Alnwick, was interred, in the year 1315.

On the left side of this altar, carved upon the wall, is the figure of an angel, holding a scroll, on which is the date 1285.

Behind the altar is the circumambulatory, 132 feet long, and 36 feet broad.

The Chapter House is 84 feet by 42: it was once a rectangular room, supported by two rows of pillars.

In the year 1790 and 1791, this room was cleared of the rubbish with which it was covered, when a painted pavement was discovered, broken and disfigured in many places; here also were found thirteen of the abbots' grave-stones, most of which were broken and defaced, having had the brass plates and other ornaments, with which they were inlaid, torn away, so that the two following inscriptions only remained legible:

Hic Requiescat Dominus Johannes,
x. Abbas de Fontibus,
Qui Obiit viii. Die Decembris.

This tenth abbot, John, was created abbot in the year 1203, and died about 1209; as John Pherd, the eleventh abbot, succeeded to the abbacy in that year. On opening the above grave, nothing was found except a scull and a thigh bone.

Second Inscription.

Hic Requiescat Dominus Johannes,
xii. Abbas de Fontibus.

This was John de Cancia (of Kent) who was created in 1219, and died in 1245.

The coffins were of stone, covered with two courses of slates, well cemented together; these covers being not above eighteen inches below the pavement. The grave-stones, which are of grey marble mixed with spar, are raised some inches above the pavement; they are six feet in length, two feet broad, at the head, and eighteen inches at the feet. Over the Chapter House, was the Library and Scriptorium, where the monks used to write.

The Refectory, or dining-room, is 108 feet by 45; on one side thereof is the reading gallery; for a portion of scripture was always read to the monks during meals. In the front of this gallery is a very neat console, in the form of an expanded flower.

The Cloisters are a vast extent of straight vault, 300 feet long, and 42 broad; divided lengthways, by nineteen pillars, and 20 arches; each pillar divides into eight ribs, at the top, which diverge and intersect each other on the roof, in the most curious manner. Here is a large stone basin, the remains of a spouting fountain.

The Dormitory, or sleeping-room, is of the same dimensions as the cloisters. This place contained 40 cells.

The Cloister Garden is 126 feet square, inclosed with a high wall, and planted with evergreens. This garden probably retains more of its original form, than any other part of the ruins.

Over a window, on the west side of the steeple, is the figure of a thrush, standing on a tun: this is a rebus allusive to the name of the founder—Thurstan, archbishop of York.

* See also Mirror, vol. xii. p. 358.

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On each side of the steeple, the following inscriptions remain legible:

On the East Side.

Soli Deo Jhi. xto. Honor et Glia. in scla. sclor.

West Side.

Agno. Dei Jhu. xto. Honor et Glia, In scla. sclor.

North Side.

Et virtus et fortitudo Deo nostro in secula seculorum, Amen.
Soli Deo Honor et Glia. in secula seculorum.

South Side.

Soli Deo Honor et Glia. in secula seculorum, Amen.

Besides the large ruins, here and there are seen, in various parts, amongst the trees and bushes, detached fragments, once the appendages of this great house.

On the south side of the Abbey, stand seven yew trees, all growing except the largest, which was blown down many years ago. The circumference of the trunk of one of them, is 26 feet 6 inches, about three feet from the ground. They all stand so near each other, as to make an excellent cover, almost equal to that of a thatched roof. Under these trees, we are told by tradition, the monks resided till they built the monastery; which seems to be very probable, if we consider how little a yew tree increases in a year, and to what bulk these are grown. And, as the hill-side was covered with wood, which is now almost all cut down, except these trees; it seems as if they were left standing to perpetuate the memory of the monks' habitation there during the first winter of their residence.

The Abbey, with its appendages, when complete, covered twelve acres of ground; two of which are occupied by the present ruins.

Two hundred yards west of the Abbey, stands Fountains Hall, which was built with the ruins of that religious house by Sir Stephen Proctor, one of the esquires to James I.

On the 1st of May, 1540, King Henry VIII. granted, by letters patent, to Sir Richard Gresham and his heirs, the dissolved monastery of Fountains, with about 543 acres of land, and all the liberties and privileges thereto belonging.

In the year 1596, William Gresham, Esq. sold this estate to Stephen Proctor, of Warsall, for 4,500*l.*; from whose heirs it passed by purchase, in the year 622, to Sir Timothy Whittingham, of Holmside, in the county of Durham, Knt., for 3,595*l.*; who sold the same, in the year 1625, to Humphrey Wharton, of Gillingwood, Esq., for 3,500*l.*; of whom it was purchased, in the year 1627, by Richard Ewers, of South Cowton, in the county of York, for 4,000*l.*; whose daughter, and sole heiress, Eliza, married John Messenger, Esq., of Newsham. The estate remained in the Messenger family till the year 1767, when John Michael Messenger, Esq. sold it to William Aislabie, Esq., of Studley, for 18,000*l.*

John, the eldest son of Captain Messenger, was made secretary to the queen of Charles I., which post he held till his death, in the year 1668; he lies buried in the church of Saint Eustace, in Paris.

Before we take leave of Fountains Abbey, it may not be uninteresting to mention Henry Jenkins, that remarkable instance of longevity, who was often at this Abbey during the residence of the last abbot. Bishop Lyttleton communicated to the Society of Antiquarians, Dec. 11, 1766, a paper, copied from an old household book of Sir Richard Graham, Bart., of Norton Conyers; the writer of which says, that upon his going to live at Bolton, Jenkins was said to be about 150 years old; and he had often examined him in his sister's kitchen, where he came for alms, and found facts in chronicles agree with his account: he was then 162 or 163. He said he was sent to North-Allerton with a horse-load of arrows for the battle of Flodden Field, with which a bigger boy went forward to the army, under the Earl of Surrey, King Henry VIII. being at Tournay; and he believed himself then eleven or twelve years old. This was in 1513, and four or five people, of the same parish, said to be 100, or near it, declared Jenkins to have been an old man ever since they knew him. He gave evidence in court to six score years, in a tithe cause, 1667, between the Vicar of Catterick and William and Peter Mawbank; wherein he deposed that the tithes of wool, lamb, &c., mentioned in the interrogatories, were the Vicar's, and had been paid, to his knowledge, 120 years, or more. The writer was present at another cause between Mr. Hawes and Mr. Wastel of Ellerton, when Jenkins gave evidence to 120 years. The judge asking him how he lived, he said by thatching and salmon-fishing; that he was thatching a house when served with a subpœna in the cause; and would dub a hook with any man in Yorkshire. The writer went to see him at Ellerton-upon-Swale, and met him carrying a pitcher of water upon his head: he told him he remembered the Dissolution, and that great lamentation was made: that he had been butler to Lord Conyers, of Hornby Castle; and that Marmaduke Brodelay, lord abbot of Fountains, did frequently visit his lord, and drink a hearty glass with him; and that his lord often sent him to inquire how the abbot did, who always sent for him to his lodgings; and after ceremonies, as he called it, passed, ordered him, besides wassel, a quarter of a yard of roast beef, for his dinner, (for that the monasteries did deliver their guests meat by measure,) and a great black jack of strong drink.

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A view of this venerable abbey, by moonlight, has been exhibiting for some time past at the Diorama in the Regent's Park.

C. H.

Anecdote Gallery.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

When the late Mr. Dufief, well known by his *Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Languages to Man*, his *Dictionary*, and other works, first became an instructer to some near relations of the writer, on his own system, of his own tongue, he took infinite pains to make his pupils believe that it was the easiest study in the world. After some months had passed, he said: "I do think the French language the most difficult of any on the face of the earth." His pupils were astonished at this admission, as well they might be, and inquired if he were serious, well remembering, amongst other inducements held forth in *Nature Displayed*, the promise he gave of imparting, by his system, a perfect knowledge of the French tongue in a certain number of lessons. Dufief was a kind-hearted, good-natured man, and not caring perhaps, for being made to eat his own words, replied to the following effect;—and to his reply, full of honour and candour, we would beg to call the attention of every teacher and learner of the French language, because it expresses the sentiments of an acute philologist, whose voluminous and elaborate works sufficiently attest his intimate acquaintance with the subject in question:—"I do not hesitate to assert that French is the most difficult and unattainable language in the universe: the copiousness, the variable and often arbitrary terminations of its verbs, would alone render it so; but when we reflect that there are myriads of phrases in which the same verbs bear a totally different sense from their original direct one, and when we consider also, that French is a language of idioms, of delicate niceties, —that it is a colloquial, living tongue, and that fresh words and phrases, and new combinations of old words and phrases, are constantly being added to it, more than to any other language in the world, whilst words and phrases, fashionable one day, become vulgar and obsolete the next,—when we consider these, and many other peculiarities which I could name,—these uncertainties, —these fluctuations, are the things, we perceive, which render French more difficult to, and unattainable by, a foreigner, than any other language under Heaven; for the written tongue is no guide to that used for the general purposes of oral communication."

M. L. B.

THE VALUE OF ENGLISH-FRENCH IN FRANCE.

(*From the Letter of an Officer.*)

One day, after we had been obliged by stress of weather to put into L'Orient, my companions and self patronized a French auberge, and were beginning to make ourselves comfortable, when in marched two outlandish-looking gens d'armes, who jabbered away for some time civilly enough, until, finding us speechless from stupidity or contempt, they got heated, and, at last, outrageous. As none of us, but myself, pretended to any knowledge of French, and I was rather vain of the progress I had made during two months (!) tuition under Professor G——, I undertook to appease the angry soldiers, and mustering to my aid all my little store of what I sincerely belived to be genuine French, had scarcely uttered two words, ere I was assailed by the humbling "N'entends pas's" of my auditors. But matters were at a height which required decisive and summary measures to settle them; so conceiving that I had as good a right to be angry about nothing as our strange visiters, I told them wrathfully, in plain, straight-forward English, that we were British subjects upon whom they had obtruded themselves, and that, if they "didn't be off instantly," (pointing to the door,) "we would show them the way." Upon this, the fellows chattered faster, and more unintelligibly than ever; but when some of us rose to put the threat of turning them out of the room into execution, they made us a profound bow, and departed. We now believed that the gens d'armes had caught our meaning, and congratulated ourselves upon speaking a language at last, which they did understand; but afterwards learned, that our ignorance, to say nothing of my own indiscreet warmth, might have involved us in very unpleasant consequences; for, these men, employed by the Government to take cognizance of our persons and property, intended, but were prevented by the representations of our landlady, to have returned with a strong force, and committed us to the secure keeping of the guard-room. Since this adventure, I have been put very properly out of conceit with my smattering knowledge of French; but must observe in extenuation of my profound ignorance, that had I been a complete Parisian, I should probably not have understood, or made myself understood, at L'Orient; the provincial patois of Brittany being quite another language to the French of the capital.

H. C. B.

FRENCH-ENGLISH.

A French gentleman was one day caressing a dog, when an English friend remarked that he seemed very fond of it:—"Y-a-a-s," answered Monsieur, "I am; for dis dog, he brings to my recollection, my own ver pretty

little dog at 'ome."—"You love dogs then?"—"O y-a-a-s! I love de dogs, and de cats, de 'osses, and de asses; and, in sort, I do love every ting dat is—*beastly*."

This anecdote is strictly true, and the poor French gentleman's singular mistake, caused rather an unpolite degree of mirth and amusement. M. L. B.

Antiquariana.

BRITISH MUMMIES.

Mr. J. H. Payne, of Bury, Suffolk, has in his possession some of the cummin-seed found in coffins lately uncovered at Wymondham Abbey, which, although it has lain with the embalmed body for several centuries, is, to all appearance, perfectly sound, and will be sown for the purpose of ascertaining whether the vital principle remains. The circumstances of this discovery were as follow:—In consequence of the numerous interments which have of late years taken place at Wymondham, it became necessary to enlarge the churchyard; and a piece of ground at the east end of the present church, including the site of the original choir, was granted for that purpose by the vicar, the Rev. William Papillion. In levelling this ground, the labourers, on the 23rd of December, 1833, came upon a flagstone, covering a brick grave, which was found to contain two leaden cases; the largest, six feet two inches long; the other, which was placed at its head, measuring only sixteen inches and a quarter. On the 27th, the cases were opened in the presence of the ministers, churchwardens, the medical gentlemen of the town, Mr. John Dalrymple, (who conducted the examination,) and other gentlemen, to the number of about sixty. On turning over the lead of the larger one, the body appeared in the form of a mummy, covered with a thin, light-brown composition, of a mineral and vegetable nature, which readily fell off in flakes. The cere-cloth next appeared, secured round the body with cord. The gentlemen who undertook to develope the body, began at the chest, and opened the cere-cloth downwards with considerable difficulty; the whole of this part was in a semi-fluid state. A fine set of young teeth were exhibited; the hair, probably originally auburn, had a reddish tinge, and from its being found folded on the right side of the head, the medical gentlemen were of opinion that it had been detached prior to interment. On opening the small case and cere-cloth, a rich perfume issued from the inclosure, arising from its being filled with cummin-seed. After removing a considerable quantity of this seed, a further envelope was discovered, in which, amongst salt, cummin, coriander, and other seeds, and fragments of odoriferous wood, was found a fœtus of about the fourth month. No traces were discovered of any ornament or mark to fix the period of interment, but from the care bestowed on the remains, they are evidently those of a lady of high rank, and it has even been conjectured, from their being found in the choir, which was under the especial care of the religious, that they may have been those of Maud, wife of William de Albany, the founder of the Abbey, who died in the year 1121, and was interred at the foot of the high altar. Since the above discovery, it has been resolved to dig over the whole choir, and several other bodies have been discovered in a similar state of preservation.

GUNPOWDER USED IN MINING.

At the siege of Malaga, about A.D. 1488-9, by Ferdinand and Isabella, an able engineer, Don Francisco Ramirez de Madrid, the commander-in-chief of the Spanish artillery, excavated a mine beneath a formidable tower, which opposed his passage over a bridge, and placed a piece of ordnance with its mouth upwards, immediately under the foundation, with a train of gunpowder to produce an explosion. At a subsequent period of the Battle of the Bridge, this concealed piece was discharged, which tore open the earth, threw down part of the tower, slew several Moors, and put to flight several more, who were terrified at the subterranean explosion of flames, smoke, &c., having never before beheld such a stratagem in warfare. Spanish historians assert this to be the first instance on record of the use of gunpowder in mining; and Francisco Ramirez was afterwards knighted by Ferdinand in the tower he had gained, for this valiant and skilful exploit.—*Irving's Conquest of Granada.*

ARROWS.

An arrow weighing from twenty to twenty-four pennyweights, made of yew, was considered by archers the best that could be used. The feathers of a goose should be used, and the bird from which they are taken should be two or three years old. Arrows were usually reckoned by sheaves, and a sheaf consisted of twenty-four. Some opinion of the strength of an arrow in full flight may be formed from the account given by Edward VI. in his Journal. He observes that one hundred archers shot arrows each before him, and afterwards altogether; that they shot at an inch board, and that some pierced it through and through with the heads of their arrows.—*Field Book.*

BLACK SILK STOCKINGS.

Ladies wore white stockings even in mourning, as late as the year 1778. Mrs. Damer, the eccentric and celebrated sculptor, is said to have been the first female who wore black

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silk stockings in England; which circumstance, combined with other peculiar habits, obtained for her the epithet of "Epicurean," in the newspaper epigrams of the day.—*Planché's History of British Costume.*

ON THE DEATHS OF SOME EMINENT PERSONS OF MODERN TIMES.

[At the College of Physicians, at the first meeting for the season, a paper was read by Sir Henry Halford, the President, on the deaths of some eminent persons of modern times. In the *Medical Gazette*, whence we extract the Report, its language is stated to be classical, and the delivery to have been excellent.]

The learned President began his narrative by some remarks upon the monarch in whose reign the College was founded, referring to the pictures of Holbein in illustration of King Henry's manly beauty, and to the remains of him which he had seen in his coffin, and to his large arm-chair at Windsor, in proof of his stature. The state of his health in more advanced life, when he became corpulent and unwieldy, made Henry the Eighth a great dabbler in medicine; in fact, he not only prescribed, as opportunity occurred, but compounded the drugs himself, as appears by a volume in the British Museum, containing a large collection of the royal *recipes*. The monarch, however, could not avert from himself the evils of mortality, and died at the age of 56, dropsical, and covered with sores.

To Wolsey, the King gave some excellent instructions how to avoid the sweating sickness; but the Cardinal, who escaped that epidemic, died of a malady which the royal physician might more easily have prevented—had he chosen—a broken heart, to which was added in his last hours an attack of dysentery. The Earl of Shrewsbury, at whose house he had been on his road from Yorkshire, encouraged his distinguished guest to think more favourably of his health; but the Cardinal, in reply to his cheering speeches, assured the Earl that he could not live,—discoursing learnedly about his ailment, which he said within eight days, if there were no change, would necessarily produce "excoriation of the entrails, or delirium, or death." This was on the eighth day, when he confidently expected his death, and expired after the clock had struck eight, according to his own prediction—"the very hour (says Shakspeare,) himself foretold would be his last."

Edward the Sixth was carried off by disease of the lungs, having had measles, as well as small-pox, the preceding year, which left an obstinate cough behind. He was put under the care of an ignorant woman by the Earl of Northumberland, by whose treatment his end seems to have been much accelerated. Sir Henry paid a high tribute to the memory of this intelligent and amiable young king, whose bodily powers bore no proportion to the extraordinary energies of his mind; in this respect reminding the learned author of many examples he has met with, wherein ill health in young persons has led to great powers of reflection, the precocity of their intellectual developement, "compensating them for the brevity of their earthly existence."

Mary inherited a delicate constitution from her mother. The peculiarities of her sex being irregular, and requiring frequent medical treatment, bleeding very frequently repeated, and horse exercise, seem chiefly to have been trusted to. After her marriage, the symptoms were referred to pregnancy; but she became pale and exsanguine, and at length died of dropsy.

Oliver Cromwell, in his last illness, one morning asked a physician who had sat up with him why he looked so sad; and being answered, that it became any one to look grave who had the care of his life to answer for, immediately replied—"Ye physicians think I shall die: I tell you I shall not die this time; I am sure of it. Do not think I am mad; I speak the words of truth upon surer grounds than your Galen or Hippocrates furnish you with. God Almighty himself hath given that answer." Under this confident expectation of recovering, Cromwell allowed himself to be removed from Hampton Court to London. On the following day he became worse, grew lethargic, then delirious, and died September 3, 1658. The spleen was much diseased, and filled with matter "like lees of oil." It is difficult, continued Sir Henry, to read the history of this period without entertaining a strong suspicion that Cromwell used those solemn aspirations—that affected intercourse with the Almighty—hypocritically, and with political views. Archbishop Tillotson has remarked, that the above is a specimen of that enthusiasm which superseded hypocrisy with Cromwell; but in modern days, when we meet with such allegations in our intercourse with patients, and find them influencing their conduct, "we think ourselves justified in applying to the Lord Chancellor for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*."

King Charles II. (according to the account of his physician, Sir C. Scarborough,) had just risen from his bed when he experienced an unusual sensation in his head; shortly after which he fell down speechless, and without the power of motion. An army surgeon, who happened to be at hand, bled him to the extent of 16 ounces; after which, on the arrival of the royal physician, his Majesty was cupped, and other remedies used—such as an emetic, purgatives, &c.; but he expired on the fourth day. "Had

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there been safety in a multitude of councillors, the king's life must have been preserved; for, (added Sir Henry,) I perceive the signatures of not less than fourteen physicians to one of the prescriptions." Among the remedies prescribed when he was sinking, was the *spiritus cranii humani*, 25 drops; which certainly has been improved upon in our modern preparations of ammonia. The learned Baronet here mentioned that he had lately seen a prescription in which a portion of the human skull was ordered, in a powder, for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. It was dug out of the ruins of a house, in Duke-street, Westminster, which had belonged to Oliver Cromwell's apothecary. On examining King Charles's head, a copious effusion of lymph was found in the ventricles and at the base of the cranium; from which Sir Henry is disposed to think, that he might have been still farther bled with advantage; adding, that the result of his experience had convinced him, that, if large depletion be not adopted in the first instance, every thing else attempted afterwards will be unavailing. It is quite evident, from Sir Henry's account, that Charles II. died of apoplexy, and, consequently that his indifference to the solicitations of those about him, on religious matters, can only, with charity, be attributed to the effects of his disease.

King William, the Prince of Orange, had a weak frame, and was asthmatic, with a constant cough. He died, at length, of an enormous secretion into the lungs, which first embarrassed, and ultimately prevented, respiration. The lungs were adherent to the pleura costalis, and a fall from his horse, which he had shortly before met with in Hampton Court Park, and by which he had broken his collar-bone, had detached a portion of the adhesion, and excited inflammation.

Mary, the consort of William, died of small-pox; and it is remarkable that Bishop Burnet blames Dr. Radcliffe in rather harsh terms, for his treatment of her case. The learned prelate mentions that Marshal Schomberg advised him never to give an opinion upon a military subject; and "I wish (said Sir Henry) that he had received similar counsel from a physician, and had abstained from remarking on medical affairs." The censure of the Bishop seems to have been quite uncalled for.

Dryden died of ossification of the arteries of the extremities, such as produces mortification. His body "lay in state, in the College of Physicians, during ten days, and was then conveyed to Westminster Abbey with great ceremony."

The disease which occasioned Dean Swift to expire "a driveller and a shrew," was of a paralytic nature; to which circumstance Sir Henry is inclined to attribute that aberration, not to say depravity of mind, which have excited so much scandal.

"Now I believe," said he, "this irritability was bodily disease; and so far from considering the unsocial and untoward mind as influencing the body to its detriment, I would contend that the corporal distemper was the cause of the perverse and unhappy state of the mind; that Swifts's irritability was of that peculiar nature which accompanies palsy, the seat of which generally is in the brain. Swift was in the habit of suffering severe attacks of headach, and of dizziness, and occasional deafness, when young, even so early in his life as during his sojournment with Sir William Temple. In process of time there ensued that plethoric state of the vessels of the brain which required frequent cupping; and, at length, the obstruction became so great as to occasion an effusion of water into the ventricles, and the loss of his faculties by apoplectic pressure. This appeared on examination of the head after death. No doubt this effusion had been preceded by inflammation of the membranes of the brain, and by phrensy. Under these attacks of inflammation and phrensy, he dealt forth his angry denunciations largely; and probably it was in one of these unhappy moments that he composed the epitaph so injudiciously inscribed on his tombstone in St. Patrick's Cathedral."

King George I. died of apoplexy; George II. of rupture of the right ventricle of the heart.

On the affliction which attended the latter years of George III., Sir Henry did not dilate. One of his latest hours of rational life was employed in dictating a letter to the Princess Amelia, which he committed to the charge of Sir Henry Halford. It was to express his satisfaction that she had received the sacrament, and sought for comfort in religion. The Princess died within two days afterwards, and her august father was deprived of his reason.

Of the last member of the royal family who has departed this life, Sir Henry spoke in the following terms:—

"A kindred spirit to that of King George III. has lately left us, and has been received, we humbly hope, into the mansions of the blessed.

"The Duke of Gloucester's disease was seated in the liver, and involved the stomach in so much irritability as incapacitated it for receiving the smallest supply of nourishment. His powers failed therefore, and were unequal to the completion of those processes by which his enfeebled constitution attempted in vain to disengage itself from the malady, and to terminate it.

"As the brain was not affected, his mind was left at liberty to indulge its natural pro-

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(Death of James I., from a rare old Print.)

pensity to look into futurity, and to anticipate the fatal issue of the struggle of the body with the disease. With a hope, then, full of immortality, and with an entire confidence in the promises of the Gospel, the Duke easily detached himself from this world, and desired to begin the life to come. Never, in all my converse with the dying, did I remark more calm resignation, or a warmer piety. The pain of separation was theirs only who hung over his sick bed; to every one of whom, and to those also who were dear to him at a distance, he bequeathed his blessing, leaving to us all the rich inheritance of his example.

"Upon the Duke of Gloucester's merit as a soldier, it becomes not me to descant; but as a specimen of that bravery which belongs so remarkably to the House of Brunswick, (I have it from the highest authority,) that when the brigade which he commanded in Holland, in the revolutionary war, was drawn up before the enemy, and could not restrain its fire until it might be given with the best effect, the Duke, that he might prevent it, stepped forth before his soldiers, and interposing himself between his own troops and the enemy, walked deliberately between the two armies.

"Of his conduct in civil life, let the University of Cambridge bear testimony to the prudence and to the spirit with which he defended its privileges in Parliament as its Chancellor. His memory will be cherished by that learned body long, I am persuaded, and with a most respectful attachment.

"His private virtues, which gave a dignity and a grace to his interior and domestic habits, were manifested by the steadiness of his personal friendship, by his humane care of the poor in the neighbourhood of his residence, and by his patronage and protection of a thousand charitable institutions; and were recognised and assured by the manner of his departure from life—for, in the spirit of his prayers, 'he died the death of the righteous, and his last end was like theirs.'"

[As a curious appendage to this very interesting paper, we subjoin an illustrated memorandum of the death of James I., which event the learned President has not noticed. The Engraving is "from a rare print, by Hollar, in the collection of William Beckford, Esq.," and, for its introduction, we are indebted to a splendidly illustrated edition of Pennant's *London*, in the possession of our esteemed Correspondent, P. T. W. Beneath the original Engraving are the following explanatory details:—]

Many writers have asserted that Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., was poisoned; and that the King was privy to the act. Certain it is, that at the trial of Carr, Earl of Somerset, James was so fearful of the Earl's speaking of that circumstance, that two persons were provided to stand behind him with a cloak, and the moment he should utter anything reflecting on the King, he was to have been muffled therein, and hurried away: and though James most solemnly vowed to show no favour to any person that should be found guilty of Overbury's death, yet, on the conviction of the Earl and his lady, he was pleased to grant them a lease of their lives for ninety-nine years. If he was in any way accessary to the Prince's death, he seems to have experienced the law of retaliation in a singular manner; as a violent suspicion fell on the Duke of Buckingham, and the Countess his

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mother, of procuring his death by a poisoned plaster, and a posset of the Duke's preparation: the physicians who opened him reported his intestines to have been very much discoloured and his body extremely distorted. Buckingham was greatly declining in favour, and would certainly have been called to account if James had lived, for advising the journey of Prince Charles into Spain. In the year 1628, Dr. Lamb, an empiric, and supposed necromancer, a great favourite of Buckingham's, was killed in the streets of London by the mob, who hated him as much for his own sake as the duke's.

[By way of note is added, "It is certainly Dr. Lamb, who is standing by the bed, holding the bottle, as the portrait very much resembles that of him published by Mr. Thane."]

New Books.

VOYAGE OF THE CHANTICLEER.

(*Concluded from page* 124.)

The Whale and her Cub.

In one of our trips on shore I had an opportunity of examining the mother and cub of the *balena australis*, or the whale of these seas. The cub, which was not yeaned, was twenty-one feet long, and twelve feet in circumference. The head was small, and the eye extremely so, placed as it is low and near the angle of the jaw. It has two nostrils or breathing-holes on the summit of the head, and two flippers, which are broad and large, placed anteriorly. Its tail is broad, spreading in a horizontal direction, having in it two perfect thigh-bones, articulated in hip-like sockets; a surprising conformity of structure to that of the lower extremities of quadrupeds. The outer skin is smooth and polished, it is very thin and jet black. There appeared to be a great analogy in its general structure to that of seals.

In the old whale was a vast mass of subcutaneous fat or blubber, about three or four feet in thickness, which we saw cut up into huge blocks and boiled down in a large cauldron. A full-grown whale, we were told, would yield two hundred gallons of oil, and six hundred weight of whalebone. The flesh of the whale is exceedingly dark-coloured and coarse, but is considered by the slaves in this part of the world as a luxury, as well as the rich blubber, and is frequently eaten by them. After the oil is extracted by boiling, the shreds of membranes in the blubber supply sufficient fuel for boiling the succeeding portion; and the black cinders formed by it are the best specimens of animal charcoal I have ever seen. It abounds with soda, from which it derives a saponaceous and strongly detersive quality, and is considered by sailors as the best material for extracting the grease from their ships' deck.

Bees at the Cape.

A swarm of bees had attached themselves to the parlour window, occupying the space between the shutter and the glass. On inquiring about them, I found that they had taken a liking to the situation for several years, and always persisted in swarming there, although repeatedly driven away. After the fear of being stung by them was got over, I contemplated the labours of these little creatures with much pleasure, and they frequently afterwards occupied my attention. They are much smaller than our bees, and appear to be far less irritable, and I was informed that they work during the whole year. They kept the house well supplied with honey, the comb being taken away about eight times in the course of the year, or about every six weeks. The hexagonal form of their cells did not seem to be the result of pressure, and were all of the same form both at the top and the sides. In the course of my observations of them, I frequently saw them removing a portion of wax from one part of the comb to another.

Large Horns.

The horns of cattle, of the Cape in general, are very large, being equal in size to those of the Abyssinian ox. I have frequently seen them a yard in length, and six or seven inches in diameter at the base: they are said to be capable of holding four or five gallons of water, and even to contain a bushel of corn, but I never tried the experiment. At all events, they might well be considered there as the veritable cornucopia.

But the horns of the cattle at the Cape are by no means so extraordinary as the tails of the sheep. Every one has heard of the immense tails of the Cape sheep, but the formation of them is not so well known. They consist of a mass of very nice, sweet fat, which is exceedingly useful for domestic purposes, and consequently is much prized by the Dutch. This mass varies in its weight from eight to even twenty-five pounds, but the average is about ten. The sheep are the *laticauda*, or broad-tailed kind.

The Table Cloth at the Cape.

There is a remarkable circumstance connected with the south-east wind at Cape Town, viz. the dense mantle of vapour which rests upon Table Mountain, and rushes over its precipitous sides like a cataract of foam or vapour. This peculiar appearance is called by the inhabitants the *Table-cloth*.

When a south-east wind, passing over the southern shores of the Cape, prevails sufficiently to surmount the Table Mountain, the first notice of the fact is a little mist floating as a cloud on a part of it about ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. By noon the mountain becomes fringed with dew; and half an

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hour after, a general obscuration takes place by the mist. In another half hour the little cleft between the Devil's Berg and the Table Mountain pours over the cloudy vapour; and at two the Devil's Berg is capped by the cloud. The table-cloth is now completely spread: the south-east wind, the progress of which had been thus arrested, now forces its way onwards and rushes down the mountain into Table Bay with the utmost violence, producing loud and terrific noises in its course and accompanied by a most curious exhibition; while the Table Mountain remains covered with the dense cloud, fragments of the vapour are torn from it by the force of the wind, and are hurried about the sides of the mountain, assuming a variety of fantastic shapes, and playing about the precipice according to the direction of the different currents of wind. This phenomenon lasts till about five in the afternoon, when a little clearing, which takes place on the western edge of the mountain, announces that the table-cloth is about to be folded up. By six or seven the clearance has considerably advanced; and by eight or nine every vestige of it is gone, and nothing is seen about the mountain but an ethereal sky and the twinkling stars.

Such is the curious phenomenon of the table-cloth at the Cape of Good Hope with the south-east wind; and even while this lasts throughout the night, it will disappear in the same manner. When this is the case, in the early part of the morning a little white cloud may be seen suspended like a canopy over the Table Mountain; at ten a little vapour begins to curl and play about the mountain, and precisely the same phenomenon takes place as before. We are here supposing that the south-east wind blows for two or three days at a time. At other times, when it is only of short duration, and in a hot clear day, the first symptom of this breeze is the vapour resting in little parcels on the mountain; and as these increase, so does the wind come on. But it is not till the mountain is completely covered that it forces its way with such violence down the precipice. By the evening, about nine, the table-cloth is gone, and with it the wind, and a beautiful calm and serene night ensues.

Visit to Napoleon's Grave.

Napoleon's grave is about four miles from James Town. Having gained the heights above the town, the traveller sees hill and dale before him. He shortly betakes himself to a road or pathway on the left, and descends to a deep glen, where the world's once imperial lord is shrouded in peaceful solitude. The immediate spot where lie his remains is at once conspicuous from a number of weeping willows. On approaching it, the first thing that occurred to me was, that it was exactly such a place as I had pictured to my imagination as the grave of Abelard and Heloise. All concern for the celebrated lovers, however, was soon dispelled by the train of recollections which the scene brought to my mind.

> Stranger, thy tread is on Empire's dust
> An Earthquake's spoil lies sepulchred below!
> Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
> Nor trophied column for triumphal show?
> None!—but the moral thus is better told,
> And better shows Ambition's littleness,—

for here in a little verdant dell, embosomed midst Nature's wildest scenes, lies all that remains of him that was once the proud arbiter of the fates of millions of his fellow-men. His grave is in the centre of a grass-plot, seventy yards in circumference, inclosed by a neat circular fence; the common slabs from the kitchen hearth at Longwood form his grave-stones, and an iron palisade surrounds it. The weeping willows, reclining on the palisades, droop gracefully over the little inclosure; but the "forget-me-not" planted by Madame Bertrand has completely withered and disappeared—faithful emblem of all earthly things. A sentry-box is placed at the gate of the fence, near to which is a small cottage, the residence of the sergeant who has the charge of the grounds. The remains of the warrior are secure enough, for extraordinary precautions have been taken to make them so. His coffin is doubly cased, and fixed by iron fastenings to the brickwork of the vault which contains it. The willows are objects of peculiar regard; whether it may proceed from the character of them, or the facility with which they can be obtained, I cannot say, but they are taken away piecemeal by every visiter, and are treasured like the relics of some holy shrine; and his eagerness to possess a slip of willow from the grave of Napoleon would long ago have annihilated them had not great pains been taken to preserve them, for few formerly ever left it without a sprig or cutting.

Near the base of the hill forming the side of the valley is a little fount of water; it is moss-grown and beset with brake and fern. The valley is adorned with wild flowers, among which the roses and geraniums bloom throughout the year, and mingle their delicious perfume. This was Napoleon's favourite resort; it was here that he used to delight in conversing with Madame Bertrand, or in listening to the gay prattle of her children, seated beneath the shade of these willows. The water of the brook was his favourite beverage; he used it daily, and when unwell was particularly solicitous to have it. He selected this place for his burying-ground should the British government not allow him to be conveyed to France for interment, and at his death the ground was purchased for 1,200*l*. A more retired or more tranquil spot could no where be found; and I loved to fre-

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quent it for its rural beauty, and indulge in reverie on the worldly career of the hero who slept beneath its peaceful shades.

Daily pilgrimage is made to the tomb of Napoleon; and he who would point a moral on unrestrained ambition could have no better place for such a purpose than that which contains his ashes. The French still pay him the homage of their hearts, and, like the captives of Israel by the waters of Babylon, sit down and weep at his tomb. Though not a letter tells who sleeps below, his life is chronicled in history's page, and Fame has deeply engraven his name on her imperishable scroll. His simple grave transcends the lustre of eastern magnificence or the mummied treasures of pyramids. This island is his cemetery and a sepulchre of Nature's own, mocking the proudest monuments of art, or the trophied urns of power. Napoleon has here a catacomb to himself; the rocks are his sarcophagus, and their lofty peaks are the minarets of his mausoleum. The destroying hand of Time sweeps from their base the statues of men's hands; but the tomb of Napoleon will remain fixed in the ocean's bed to the end of time. He who of all earthly kings was once the mightiest, who wrested the broken diadem from monarchs' brows, who broke the sceptre of a long line of ancestry, and grasping at the empire of the world itself, fell from the giddy height, became a suppliant for mercy, and died a dependent exile!

Longwood, once the celebrated residence of the Emperor, was in a very dilapidated condition at the time of the Chanticleer's visit to St. Helena, and afforded in itself a good lesson of the mutability of all human affairs. The rooms which he occupied, which were once the state apartments of the fallen Emperor, were then filled by cowherds; and the whole suite of them were converted into barns and stables! Longwood once so celebrated, bears no vestige of its former splendour, and has sunk into complete neglect. On the walls may be seen numerous hieroglyphics, the sentimental effusions of its quondam visiters. Whether they are intended to do honour to their authors, or to laud the memory of its former occupant, I know not; but sportive vanity may possibly derive some gratification in associating its name with his by scrawling a humble tribute of admiration on a wall. The new house at Longwood is a respectable but useless structure, and this is even hastening to decay. But the vale of Longwood affords some fishing and shooting to amateur sportsmen, and it boasts, besides, some show in agriculture.

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.

(By Captain Chamier, R. N.)

Banana's history was as follows. Early in life he had been sent to India, and there joined one of the few houses of agency then existing in that country. His fortune was soon made, and he returned to England, having entirely withdrawn his name from the firm. At the expiration of three years he received the most pressing letters from his old partners, requesting him to return; mentioning that, since his withdrawal, the speculations had not answered, in short that, since his master-hand had retired, the other partners found themselves unable to conduct the business. The letter held out a tempting lure. They promised him eight thousand a year, without any risk of his own property. This last he instantly rejected; but like many men who have returned from that country, where money was dross, to live in England, where the tax-gatherer drained the reduced income, he still saw before him the pleasant scenes of his youth, his increased fortune and an occupation. He instantly resolved to return, and wrote to that effect, mentioning his intention of following his herald in two or three months at the farthest. In the mean time, that is, between the arrival of his letter and his appearance, the partners gave out that Mr Banana, tired of residing in England with so reduced an income, and finding himself but a grain as it were in the mountain, had resolved to return to India, and follow his old occupation. His known talents and attention to business soon gave a greater stability to the house. The natives had unbounded confidence in him, for he was a man of the strictest honour and probity; his word was his bond, from which he was never known to deviate, and not unfrequently produce to the amount of seventy thousand pounds had been entrusted to him, without any document having passed between the parties. His departure, like every thing he did, was hurried. He never had sufficiently considered what he had undertaken, and, when he arrived in India, on a close inspection of the accounts, he found the house in a state of insolvency. To have withdrawn instantly would have been to ensure its failure, and Banana had a heart too generous for that, and a head too clear to consider the business as desperate. He declared himself a partner in the concern, and was seen the next day at the house. He embarked his whole capital, and turned his attention to a speculation in opium with China. He saw the immense profits likely to accrue, and he seized the moment, when the house had recovered stability sufficient to enable him to undertake the voyage, to set the wheels in motion. He went and made his arrangements, and on his return found that one of his partners had retired to England, leaving his brother, a man no way calculated to forward the business, in his stead. In the mean time the senior partner became "righteous over-much;" which, with his con-

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science, two things which never troubled him much before, now began to assume some sway over him. He calculated that at the moment, if every creditor came for his own, some would be deficient. He thought he was acting dishonestly in continuing to receive when he had not enough to pay; and, in the terror of conscience, he betrayed the secret of the circumstances of the house, under a most sacred promise, of course, that it should be a secret. No one keeps a secret. We always manage to hint that we know something. Curiosity probes to find it out, and not unfrequently succeeds. A drunkard should never be trusted. Who knows not the old saying "in vino veritas." A man might as well expect to walk the first time of trial in security on stilts, over smooth ice, as for a drunkard to be consistent. If the partner, like young ladies who first have particular proposals made to them, told one and then another of his sex, we know not; but the secret did escape. The buzz of uncertainty only rendered the concern open to more conjecture and comment; and one fine morning, when Banana went to the house, he found the different clerks and people connected with the establishment waiting for admission. His surprise was great when he heard from strangers that the house had failed. He never had been apprized of the religious man's intention, and in the midst of his most flattering dreams as to the realization of property by the speculation before referred to, he found himself a bankrupt; his every farthing gone; his years of toil and honesty useless; his time, his fortune, and, by some, his reputation lost. In vain he challenged scrutiny; it is needless when once the docket is struck. A banker's establishment, like a woman's virtue, is ruined, if it is suspected. Cæsar's wife and the assets of the house must be beyond suspicion. Banana was ruined in all but energy and health. The accounts were wound up, the certificate was granted, and our curious friend had once more to begin life. His mercantile knowledge soon got him employment. By degrees he worked up the hill until he found himself sufficiently strong to settle in Java. His honesty, his probity, his candour were proverbial. He soon began to grow great in the world's eye, and in ten years' time he had become an affluent man. Knowing the changes and chances of this mortal life, he resolved not to give fortune an opportunity of playing him any more tricks. He remitted his wealth in produce to England, and embarked on board a ship called the Frederick, to return to his native island. The ship sailed from Samarang, and was to touch at Batavia. On her passage, Banana found his mind oppressed with some uncommon presages of a dismal kind. His produce had sailed long before him in other ships. He felt uneasy, and heard the warning voice of fate in his dreams. Startled at the frequent repetition of his nightly fears, he left the Frederick on her arrival at Batavia, and shipped himself on board of another vessel. He sailed, arrived safely in Portsmouth; but from that day to this the Frederick has never been heard of. It is supposed that she either upset, for she was a crank ship, or that she foundered. Years have now elapsed, the insurance has been paid, but no intelligence has whispered the fate of the unfortunate ship. Banana, when agitated by some imaginary misfortune, frequently says: "I am the most unfortunate man in the world, or I should have sunk with the Frederick."

The Public Journals.

THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

I STAND upon the threshold stone
Of mine ancestral hall;
I hear my native river moan;
I see the night o'er my old forests fall.

I look round on the darkening vale,
That saw my childhood's plays:
The low wind in its rising wail
Hath a strange tone, a sound of other days.

But I must rule my swelling breast:
A sign is in the sky;
Bright o'er yon grey rock's eagle nest
Shines forth a warning star—it bids me fly.

My father's sword is in my hand,
His deep voice haunts mine ear;
He tells me of the noble band,
Whose lives have left a brooding glory here.

He bids their offspring guard from stain
Their pure and lofty faith;
And yield up all things, to maintain
The cause, for which they girt themselves to death.

And I obey.—I leave their towers
Unto the stranger's tread;
Unto the creeping grass and flowers:
Unto the fading pictures of the dead.

I leave their shields to slow decay,
Their banners to the dust;
I go, and only bear away
Their old, majestic name,—a solemn trust!

I go up to the ancient hills,
Where chains may never be,
Where leap in joy the torrent rills,
Where man may worship God, alone and free.

There shall an altar and a camp
Impregnantly arise;
There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,
To shine, unwavering, through the open skies.

And song shall midst the rocks be heard,
And fearless prayer ascend;
While, thrilling to God's holy word,
The mountain pines in adoration bend.

And there the burning heart no more
Its deep thought shall suppress,
But the long buried truth shall pour
Free currents thence, amidst the wilderness.

Then fare thee well, my mother's bower,
Farewell, my father's hearth;
Perish, my home! where lawless power
Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.

Perish! let deathlike silence fall
Upon the lone abode;
Spread fast, dark ivy, spread thy pall:—
I go up to the mountains, with my God.

Blackwood's Magazine.

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LE PERE GORIOT.—A TRUE PARISIAN TALE OF THE YEAR 1830.

In the Rue Neuve St. Genevieve is situated the house of Madame Vauquer. Over its *port cocher*, the passer-by may see written, in large letters, "Maison Vauquer." and immediately underneath, "pension bourgeoise pour les deux sexes et autres." The street falls just at this place into the Rue des Bourguignons, but, by a descent so sudden and rapid that carriages rarely pass that way. This circumstance adds to the silence which reigns perpetually over the narrow and close-crowded streets or lanes, which choke up both space and air between the dome of the Val de Grace and the dome of the Pantheon. This region, though in the neighbourhood of thronged and busy quarters, appears by some invisible line to be marked and separated from them. One no sooner enters it, than one feels one's self away, far away, out of the bustle of a great city, and plunged at once into a profound, solemn, sombre retreat. Such is the fitting scene of the tale which we are about to relate; or, to speak more correctly and modestly, of the sombre and touching incident we are about to record.

We will not here describe the *pension* of Madame Vauquer: it would merit a chapter apart. It was one of those decayed, decrepit establishments which are only to be found in Paris, and are there numerous; a sort of hospital for broken-down fortunes, where the worsted veterans of the world retire to hide, and, if possible, to forget, their defeats; voluntarily to entomb hope, and to subsist upon such damaged shows of well-being as economy can wrest from resigned poverty. Occasionally, however, a stray student, too poor to procure elsewhere a decent shelter, may be found in these vaults of the living.

It is necessary to say a ward or two of the mistress of the establishment to which we at present allude. She was, at the time referred to, a woman of about fifty years of age, and bore a faint resemblance to that numerous class of ancient dames who have seen better days. Her glassy eye and physiognomy, neutral betwixt innocence and guilt, spoke her plainly to belong to the debatable ground between them,—ready to do anything to better her condition. Nevertheless, she was a good sort of woman at bottom, said her lodgers, with whom she coughed, complained, scolded, grunted, talked scandal, and was consoled thereby, in concert, and so had all their sympathies. Her husband, she said, had lost all his fortune in commercial speculations—he had used her very ill—he had left her only eyes to weep, and her house to support her—she had suffered all that human nature could suffer, and so was exempted from the duty of feeling for any misfortune but her own.

At the period at which this little story commences, (1820,) this dame had several domesticated lodgers, whereof it is needful here to make mention only of two. The first was a student. In this class of customers Madame Vauquer had little pleasure. They paid usually but seventy francs per month for their board and lodging, and ate, she thought, too much bread; in both of which particulars Eugene Rastignac had incurred her severe displeasure. He was a young man from the environs of Angoulême, and had come to Paris to study the law. His family was noble, but so poor that they submitted to many privations in order to allow him 1200 francs yearly, which was necessary for his maintenance in Paris. Eugene was in person decidedly handsome. His countenance spoke of the southern provinces; his complexion was clear, his hair black, his eyes blue. His manners and deportment did not belie his noble extraction; and, amidst all the depressions of poverty, there was an aristocratic ambition and elevation in his views and pretensions. If, on ordinary days, his vestments were somewhat worn, and negligently put on, he could sometimes display the toilet of an elegant young man. Habitually he wore an old surtout, a waistcoat which had seen service, a tarnished black cravat, tied, or rather knotted, after the fashion of students, pantaloons somewhat bare, and boots which had been resoled, or fronted, as the case might be.

But the principal personage of this little history is the Père Goriot. He had been a lodger with Madame Vauquer since 1814, having then first retired from business. He had paid 1600 francs a year for his entertainment, and seemed to think a few coins more or less a trifle beneath his consideration. At this period he was called, respectfully, Monsieur Goriot. His well-furnished wardrobe, the massive pieces of plate and abundance of trinkets he possessed, inspired universal respect and homage. His appearance, though his manners were almost most humble, denoted a man in easy, and even affluent, circumstances. He wore habitually a blue coat of fine cloth; a clean, white waistcoat, changed daily, protected amply the upper region of his rotund and prominent stomach, over which dangled a heavy chain of gold, to which were suspended rings and seals of great value; a diamond pin served him for a shirt button, and the golden snuff-boxes, some of which were inlaid with precious stones, captivated the benevolence and esteem of all who had the privilege of taking a pinch therefrom.

But times changed with Monsieur Goriot. His precious superfluities gradually disappeared. Towards the end of the second year, he begged to be lodged on the second floor, and to have his rent reduced to 1200 francs.

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So strict an economy had become necessary, that he would have no fire in his room during the winter. The widow Vauquer asked to be paid in advance, which was done, and from this time she called her lodger *le Père Goriot*. The rich merchant had now become, in the opinion of his fellow lodgers, little better than a rogue, a swindler, a man of mysterious means. No one knew who or what he was. His taking up his abode in such a house with his former wealth was unaccountable; his sudden poverty equally so. In fact, the very worst suspicions and conjectures were entertained of him, and his silence, his humility, the patience with which he bore all taunts and insults, invited to their repetition, and made him an object of real aversion to the whole house. But this aversion went not so far as to cause his banishment; he paid his rent, and besides, was useful as an object on whom every one might expectorate his ill humour, or sharpen his wit.

But the opinion of this unhappy old man, which appeared the most probable, and was generally adopted, was one suggested by Madame Vauquer, who had her own private motives for whetting the ill will of others against him; viz., that whilst she believed him wealthy, she had set her widow's cap at him, and met with a prompt and decided repulse. According to her, the Père Goriot was an old libertine of the most depraved tastes; and it was on the following facts that the widow grounded her suspicions.

A few months previous to his reduction of his expenditure, and before she had risen from her bed, the widow had heard, one morning, upon the stairs, the rustling of a silk robe, and the light step of a young female, who went straight to the door of Monsieur Goriot, which was left, it appeared, purposely open. Immediately afterwards, the house wench, Salope, came to tell her mistress, that a girl, too pretty to be modest, had slipped, like an eel, from the street into the kitchen, and asked for the apartment of Monsieur Goriot. Madame Vauquer and her cookmaid thereupon set themselves immediately to listen, and overheard some words tenderly pronounced during the visit, which lasted some time. When Monsieur Goriot conducted *his lady*, (as they called her,) to the door, Salope took her basket, feigning a mission to market, that she might follow the amorous couple.

"Oh Madame!" said she on her return, "old Goriot must be finely rich for all that, to carry it on so; for, at the corner of the street, there was a splendid equipage which the lady got into."

At dinner, the house dame was determined, if possible, to get into the secret.

"You are beloved, it seems, by the ladies," said she, "Monsieur Goriot; and, parbleu! it must be confessed that your taste is good, for your fair visitant of this morning was beautiful as an angel."

"It was my daughter," replied the old man, his countenance lit up with an expression of pride; but the lodgers, like lodgers in a Parisian boarding house, were too vicious to give credence to his words.

A short time afterwards, Monsieur Goriot received another visit from another beautiful female, of much too distinguished an air, concluded and firmly believed the lodgers, to be his daughter. These two ladies, coming sometimes of an evening, and sometimes in a morning, being always differently dressed, and but indistinctly seen, were converted by the malicious gossip, and corrupted imaginations of the boarders, into dozens of females.

"What, another!" cried Salope, every time she opened the door to these visitants, and the words were echoed through the house. Now, although the widow saw nothing extraordinary in Monsieur Goriot's conduct whilst he paid 1600 francs for his maintenance, her virtue took instantly the alarm when he paid but 1200, and she questioned him insolently upon the visits he received.

"They are only from my daughters," replied the old man.

"What! have you then a dozen daughters?" retorted the widow, tauntingly.

"I have only two," returned the lodger, with the humility of a ruined man, submitting quietly, with a broken spirit, to all spurns and indignities.

"Daughters indeed!" was the rejoinder.

Towards the end of the third year, the Père Goriot again reduced his expenses, and ascended to the third story; paying only seventy francs a month for his entertainment. At the same time he discontinued to take snuff, and went with his hair unpowdered. His countenance, which secret sorrow seemed to sadden more and more every day, took a desolate and disconsolate cast; he became thin; his old clothes hung loosely about him; his forehead became doubly wrinkled; his features angular and fleshless; his eyes dull and sunken. To some he inspired horror, to others pity.

One evening after dinner, Madame Vauquer, addressing him in a mocking tone, said, "How is it, Père Goriot, that your daughters come no more to see you?"

The old man started at the question, as if he had been burnt with a hot iron, and replied, with an accent full of emotion, "They come sometimes;" upon which brutal laughs and jests circulated round the board, but the old man heard them not; he seemed to be sunk in an incurable senile sorrow and discouragement, and heeded naught. The lodgers, however, it must be confessed, did not know the extent of their cruelty.

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The reasoning of their hostess had prevailed with them.

"If," said she, "the Père Goriot had daughters as rich as these ladies appear to be who came to see him, he would not be in my house on a third floor, paying seventy francs a month, and clothed little better than a beggar." Yet, in spite of this excuse, one must have lived in a French boarding house, and have become, by frequent intercourse, acquainted with the indecency and corruption of the French mind, to understand how such premises, as we have hinted at, could possibly exist. What is related here, nevertheless, is *all true*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

Sir Robert Walpole, when minister, wished to gain the support of a nobleman distinguished for his talents and opposition to him. He called on him, and, in the king's name, assured him of the high opinion his Majesty had of his abilities, and his regret that as yet he had done nothing for him; at the same time he offered him a place of considerable honour and emolument. "Before I reply," said the nobleman, "favour me with your company at supper." A chicken and a boiled leg of mutton having been served up, off which the nobleman had dined, "See," said he, "think you that the man who is content with such fare as this, be one whom the court by patronage can gain. This is my answer; tell the King what you have seen." S. T. B.

American Churchwarden's Orthography.—In the records of King's Chapel, Bostou, are the following:—"1697. Whitsunday, Paid Mr. Coyneyball for buying and carting Pores, and hanginge the Doares, 8*s*."

Dec. 20. Paid for a Stone Gug Clark Hill broak, 6*s*."

"Cristmas Day, Paid for Bread and Wine at the Sacramant, 12*s*."

"March 29, 1698. Paid Mr. Shelson for his Loucking after the Boyes, 1*l*."

King's Speech.—The following outline of a royal speech, made in the year 993, is given by Mr. Turner in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*:—"The King says, in a charter which recites what had passed at one of the witenagemots, 'I benignantly addressed to them salutary and pacific words, I admonished all—that those things which were worthy of the Creator, and serviceable to the health of my soul, or my royal dignity, and which should prevail as proper for the English people, they might, with the Lord's assistance, discuss in common.'"

On the occasion of the ceremony of his Majesty opening the session of Parliament, the Lord Chancellor bears the purse; the Premier, the sword of state; and the Lord Steward, the sceptre and the cap of maintenance.

Royal Education.—The Emperor of Morocco's sons are brought up in the following singular manner:—As soon as they are born, the Emperor sends for a Moor of fortune, and delivers his son to him, to bring him up as his own. The child does not see his father again till he is twelve years old. The Moor to whose care he has been delivered, is then ordered to bring him to court, where he is examined by a council respecting the Koran, laws of the country, &c.; and upon this examination depends the fate of the Moor. If the Emperor approves of the education of his son, the foster-father's fortune is made; if not, he is immediately cut to pieces in the Emperor's presence. W. G. C.

The House of Commons.—Henry VIII. addressed the Commons of England by the appellation of *brutes*. The same Commons were peevishly designated by James I. as *kings*: when informed of the approach of a committee of the House of Commons, James ordered twelve chairs to be brought; "for," said he, "there are twelve kings a-coming." Such was the progress of the people of England in wealth, as well as in cultivation, that, according to Hume, the House of Commons about two centuries since, or in 1628, three times as rich as the House of Lords.

Rare Accomplishments.—A gentleman observed to Henry, Prince of Prussia, that it was very rare to find genius, wit, memory, and judgment united in the same person. "Surely there is nothing astonishing in this," replied the Prince. "Genius takes his daring flight towards heaven—he is the eagle; wit moves along by fits and starts—he is the grasshopper; memory marches backwards—he is the crab; judgment drags slowly along—he is the tortoise. How can you expect that all these animals should move in unison?"

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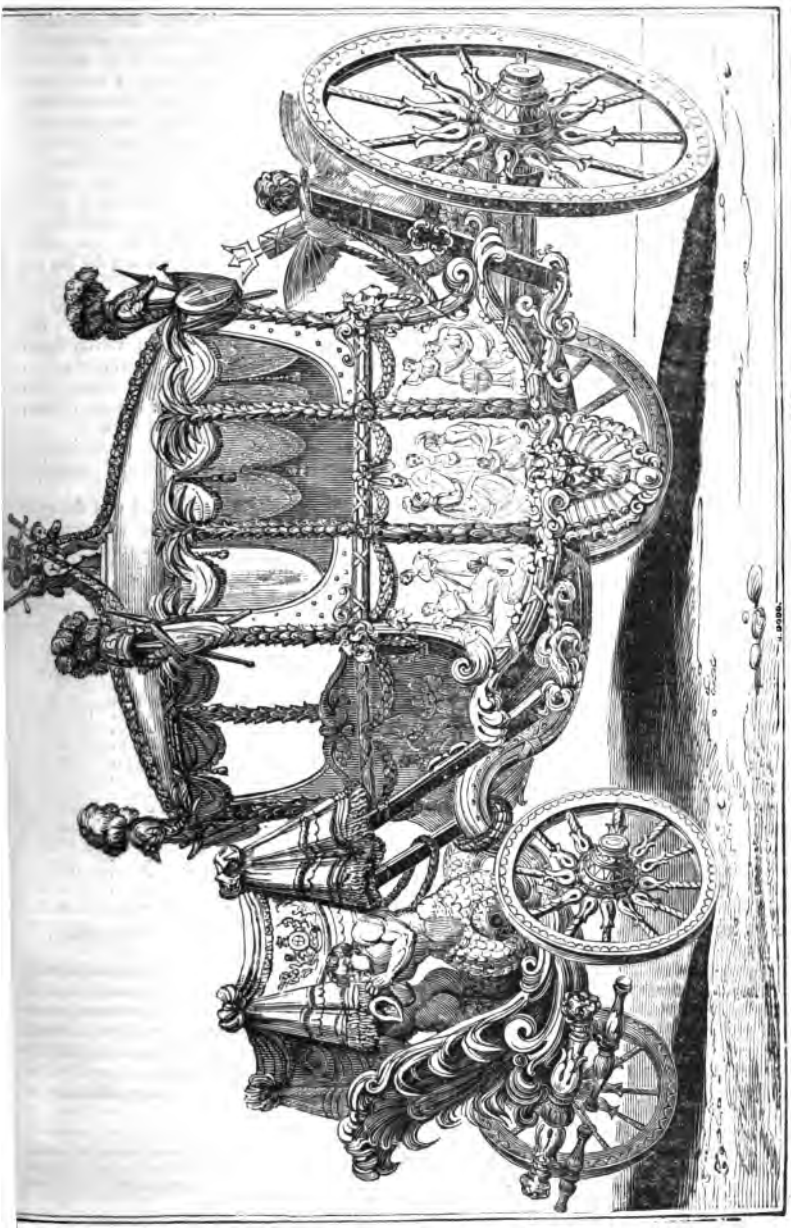
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 709.] SATURDAY, MARCH 7. 1835. [Price 2*d*.



HIS MAJESTY'S STATE COACH.

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HIS MAJESTY'S STATE COACH.

Our readers may be gratified with the representation of this costly wonder, on the annexed page. Those who have seen the original upon a procession-day, may be pleased with this near view, that they may inspect its details in leisure and quiet: and, to others who have never caught a glimpse of the gorgeous work, the Engraving may be altogether a novelty. Indeed, there are hundreds in this great town, who have never seen this superb coach—one of the most magnificent of London's wonders.

This coach was built in the year 1762, and is, therefore, seventy-three years, or nearly three-quarters of a century old. It was kept, until lately, in a mean shed, in the King's Mews, at Charing Cross, taken down for the site of the National Gallery. The coach is now kept at the Royal Mews, at Pimlico, where the minutiæ of its sumptuousness may be inspected. A general description follows:

The carriage is composed of four Tritons, who support the body by cables, fastened to the roots of their fins; the two placed on the front of the carriage bear the driver on their shoulders, and are represented as sounding shells to announce the approach of the monarch of the sea; and those on the back part carry the imperial fasces, topped with tridents, instead of the ancient axes. The driver's footboard is a large scallop shell, supported by bunches of marine plants. The pole resembles a bundle of lances; and the wheels are in imitation of those of ancient triumphal chariots. The body of the coach is composed of eight palm-trees, which, branching out at the top, sustain the roof. The four angular trees are loaded with trophies, emblematic of British victories. On the centre of the roof stand three boys, representing the genii of England, Scotland, and Ireland, supporting the imperial crown, and holding in their hands the sceptre, the sword of state, and ensigns of knighthood; their bodies being adorned with festoons of laurel, which fall thence to the four corners of the roof. The intervals between the palm-trees, which form the body of the coach, are filled in the upper part with plate-glass: the panels below are embellished with paintings as follow:—

The Front Panel.—Britannia seated on a throne, holding a staff of liberty, attended by Religion, Justice, Wisdom, Valour, Fortitude, Commerce, Plenty, and Victory, presenting her with a garland of laurel; in the background, a view of St. Paul's and the river Thames.

The Right Door.—Industry and Ingenuity giving a Coruucopia to the Genius of England.

The Panels on each side of ditto.—History recording the repoits of Fame, and Peace burning the Implements of War.

The Back Panel.—Neptune and Amphitrite in a riumphant car drawn by sea-horses, attended by the Winds, Rivers, Tritons, Naiads, &c. bringing the tribute of the world to the British shore.

Upper Part of ditto.—The Royal Arms, ornamented with the order of St. George, the Golden Fleece, the rose, shamrock, and thistle entwined.

The Left Door.—Mars, Minerva, and Mercury supporting the imperial crown.

The Panels on each side of ditto.—The liberal Arts and Sciences protected.

The inside of the body is lined with scarlet embossed velvet, superbly laced and embroidered with gold as follows: in the centre of the roof is the star, encircled by the collar of the order of the Garter, and surmounted by the imperial crown, pendant the George and Dragon; in the corners, the rose, shamrock, and thistle entwined. The hind lounge is ornamented with the badge of the order of St. Michael and St. George; and on the front is the badge of the order of the Guylph and Bath, ornamented with the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The hind seat-fall has the badge of St. Andrew; and on the front is the badge of St. Patrick, adorned with the rose, shamrock, thistle, and oak leaf. The hammock-cloth is of scarlet velvet, handsomely embroidered. The length of the carriage and body is 24 feet; width, 8 feet 3 inches; height, 12 feet; length of pole, 12 feet 4 inches; weight, 4 tons.

The following additional particulars are extracted from a little volume* published within the last month:—

"This splendid work of art was designed by Sir William Chambers, and executed under his direction. The carving was the work of Wilton; the painting by Cipriani; the chasing by Coit; the coachwork by Butler; the embroidery by Barrett; the gilding, (triple throughout,) by Rujolas; the varnishing by Ansel; and the harness by Ringstead. The whole cost was as follows:

	£.	s.	d.
Coachmaker, (including wheelwright and smith,)	1,673	15	6
Carver	2,504	0	0
Gilder	933	14	6
Painter	315	0	0
Laceman	737	10	7
Chaser	665	0	0
Harness-maker	385	15	0
Mercer	202	5	10
Bit-maker	99	6	0
Milliner	30	4	0
Sadler	107	13	0
Woollen-draper	4	3	6
Cover-maker	3	9	6
Total	£7,661	17	5

Such was the original cost of the state-coach; but we shall scarcely be expected to detail the sums that have been, from time to time expended in keeping this vehicle in repair, and preserving its splendour untarnished. Drawn by eight noble horses, superbly caparisoned, it forms the most magnificent equipage in Europe.

* Domestic Life in England, from the earliest period to the present time; with Notices of Origins, Inventions, and Modern Improvements. See Chapter on English Coaches.

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The Naturalist.

THE AWBURNE.

(*To the Editor.*)

Mr. Dewhurst (*Mirror*, p. 100,) says that the "awburne," one of the four trees of which Edward IV. enacted each of his subjects should have a bow, is "supposed to be the alder." Without either denying or admitting the correctness of this supposition, it may be observed, however, that the author of the volume on Timber Trees, in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, identifies the "awburne" with the laburnum, which, he says, is still called "awburne saugh," or "auburn willow," in many parts of Scotland.

Southwark. James Fennell.

THE YEW-TREE.

In addition to the remarkable yew-trees mentioned by Mr. Dewhurst in the *Mirror*, (Nos. 706 and 707,) may be adduced the following:—

"At Hedsor, in Buckinghamshire, there was lately, if there be not still, one in health and vigour, full twenty-seven feet in diameter." (*Vegetable Substances*, vol. i.) In the *Magazine of Natural History*, the Rev. Mr. Bree has written an interesting article on an aged yew-tree in Buckland churchyard, near Dover, which measures in circumference twenty-four feet, and in height about twenty-five or thirty feet. Evelyn mentions a large yew at Sutton, near Winchester, as being "a monster" in point of size. The reverend naturalist above mentioned, says many fine specimens of old yews occur in the neighbourhood of Dover, and particularizes one in a churchyard by the side of the road to Deal, near Walmer. Hone, in his *Year-Book*, (p. 378,) has given an engraving of an ancient yew-tree, in Windlesham churchyard, about a mile and a half from Bagshot, in Surrey. This tree, which is alleged to have been planted in the time of William the Conqueror, is in circumference twelve feet, and in height twenty-one. The yew was the favourite tree of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her yew-tree, at Crookstone, was very celebrated; but, perhaps, more on account of its historical associations than of any extraordinary appearances visible in it.

Sir Walter Scott tells us, that in the time of Catholicism in Scotland, branches of yew and box were substituted for the palm in solemn processions, after which they were reduced to ashes, and, on the Ash-Wednesday of the next year, distributed among the pious. Mr. Dewhurst, (*Mirror*, p. 99.) considers Dr. Aikin incorrect in supposing the yew to have been used for the internal decoration of churches. Mr. Lees, however, says he saw, some years ago, about the time of Palm-Sunday, every seat in the church of Bistorton, near Worcester, decorated with boughs of yew."

"May it not admit of a question," says the Rev. Mr. Bree, "whether, in some particular cases at least, (I am far from saying in all,) the church may not have been brought to the yew-tree, rather than the yew-tree to the church? In ancient times, probably, the yew occurred in greater abundance, as a spontaneous native plant, than it does at present; and, without doubt, its propagation and growth were far more generally and sedulously encouraged. The wood is now no longer needed, as formerly, for the supply of implements for war or for the chase; and the well-known injurious effects of the foliage on cattle, at least, when eaten in a withered state, have, doubtless, tended to the extirpation of the tree in pastures, &c., to which our domestic animals have access. I should not, therefore, be surprised to learn, that in the 'olden time,' the species was copiously scattered about in most parts of the country; or that, in some instances, a particular spot might have been selected rather than another, for the erection of a church, among other reasons, mainly on account of some yew-tree that grew upon it. I am the more inclined to this opinion by observing the very high antiquity of some of our churchyard yews, which have the appearance of being more than coeval with the churches near which they are found: in saying this, I am, of course, not alluding to churches of modern erection.

"It has been suggested to me, by an able and valued antiquarian friend, that though he sees no objection to the above hypothesis, still a more simple argument may be formed on the great probability of the churches having undergone an ancient re-edification or alteration." The observation of Mr. Bree's friend is applicable in the case of the Windlesham yew, if the allegation be correct of its having "existed while three churches have successively raised their walls beside it." Mr. Lees, it may be stated, also considers with Mr. Bree, that our ancestors selected sites for their churches "where yews were already growing, so that these trees on receiving consecration would be at once ready for all holy uses."

On the Buckland yew, the describer makes these interesting observations:—"Portions of the original trunk and arms are partly encased, as it were, on the outside, by living wood of more recent growth, (as is frequently seen to be the case in other old and decayed trees;) the dead portions seeming to evince a disposition to slough out, (if I may use such an expression,) like fragments of carious bone separating from the flesh, but kept fixed in their position by the living wood, lapping over, as it does, and clasping them firmly. If this view of the subject be correct, it would seem almost impossible to set limits to the duration of the yew, as it ap-

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pears that fresh wood continues to form externally long after the more central parts have completely decayed. * * * * I cannot but consider this yew as a most curious and interesting relic; and it is much to be regretted that they whose right and business it is to afford it protection, are not at the pains to secure it from wanton spoliation. Boys are permitted to mutilate its venerable limbs, and crop its sable branches, in sheer sport and mischief; and many considerable boughs, which must have trailed almost on the ground, and greatly heightened the picturesque effect, have lately, it seems, been lopped off, in the true spirit of modern Vandalism." The old yew at Windlesham was better protected, as appears from a record in the present church, stating that the mutilation of it, subjected the offender to a whipping at the cart's tail, or pillory and fine. Mrs. E. P. Reid states that the inhabitants of the Hattemberg mountains, in Switzerland, have a peculiar veneration for the yew, "because, formerly, their crossbows and pikestaves were made of its wood, which, at that time, was forbidden, under the severest penalties, to be cut for any other purpose."

The well-known excellent qualities of the yew render it generally available "in every branch of the arts in which firm and durable timber is required; and before the general use of fire-arms, it was in high request for bows; so much of it was required for the latter purpose, that ships trading to Venice were obliged to bring ten bowstaves along with every butt of malmsey."* The wood is at present prized in cabinet-work, it being both hard and finely veined.

"The custom of clipping yews into fantastic shapes was much practised in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some of our churchyards still have their yew-trees thus cut into the pretended likenesses of birds and beasts, as at Bedfont, in Middlesex, there are two celebrated trees, whose branches are annually shaped into something like the form of a peacock, with a date showing when this piece of useless labour was first performed. We think it is 1708. The Romans, as we learn from Pliny's letters, cut their evergreens into the fantastic shapes of birds and beasts."† "It might be allowable to form them into vases, columns, or obelisks; but dragons, monstruous birds, bears, &c., should be for ever banished from our gardens."‡ Like the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, Lord Bacon disapproves of its being made to represent figures different from its own, and says that they are only fit for the tastes of children.

Though fire-arms were introduced in the fourteenth century, yet bows of yew were used at the battles of Agincourt and Flodden.

Virgil, not only in his second Georgic, in the line quoted by Mr. Dewhurst, (p. 100,) but in other places, mentions the bow of yew. In the Æneid, he speaks of the "Parthian bow, or Cydon yew," and he states that it was from a bow of yew that Opita aimed the fatal arrow at Arruns, in retribution of his slaughter of her mistress Camilla.

The author of the *Vegetable Substances*, (vol. i.) considers that *Taxus*, the scientific name of the yew, is derived from a Greek word signifying swiftness, and thus bespeaking the velocity of an arrow shot from a yew-tree bow; but Professor Hooker says it is derived from the Greek word for an arrow, because arrows were poisoned with its juice. Virgil mentions that the arrow by which Arruns fell was poisoned, (b. xii.) Galen agrees with Pliny and Dioscorides in regarding the yew as poisonous; hence it was considered the best wood to burn when it was desired to disperse bees with smoke to obtain their honey—a practice mentioned by Ovid:

"What pleasure 'tis with smoke of yew to drive
The murm'ring swarm, and seize the loaded hive."

We have seen it asserted in a foregoing quotation, that the leaves in a withered state are noxious to cattle. In France, not only the leaves but the berries, are declared to have a dangerous narcotic property. I, like old Gerarde, have eaten my "fill of the berries of this tree" in this country, and, when a schoolboy have sat with others up in the branches eating them, without falling to sleep on the perch. About two years age, I returned one day from Kensington Gardens, where I had feasted most plentifully on these berries; and having mentioned to a relative that I had done so, he, with a face expressive of shocking apprehensions, assured me that I had poisoned myself, and must have recourse to immediate medical assistance, which, however, I dispensed with, not much fancying an unnecessary resort to stomach pumps or emetics. I should state, however, that, in eating the berries, I only ate the soft and mucilaginous external envelope, and never but once tasted the inner part, which, if I remember correctly, was of a disagreeable, bitter flavour.

The mourning wreath at Dido's funeral pile consisted of

"Sad cypress, vervain, yew,
And ev'ry baleful green denoting death;"

and the sides of the pile raised on the occasion of Misenus's death, were stuck with "boughs of baleful yew." (Æneid, iv. 6.) Chaucer, too, enumerates the "ew" among the several trees that were felled to make the pile of Arcite. (Knight's Tale.)

Virgil appears to regard the yew as properly a native of a northern clime: Cæsar notices

* Vegetable Substances, vol. i. p. 72.
† Ibid. p. 78. The date at Bedfont is 1704, as we stated in correction, in the Mirror, vol. xiii. p. 310.
‡ Hist. Lit. Botany, vol. i. p. 71.

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its greatly abounding in Gaul. Great quantities of the roots and trunks of yew-trees, together with other trees, are found imbedded in the earth at Hatfield Chase, in Yorkshire. Mr. London includes the yew among the few trees that will grow in a healthy condition by the sea-side.

Lastly, the yew is stamped on the coins of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is said to be the badge of the Fraser family.

Southwark. JAMES FENNELL.

Manners and Customs.

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

(*Extracted from the Report of the Commissioners on Charities.*)

Alms-Cow.—In the parish of Waddesdon, Bucks, "there is a statement that the benefit of *two* cows was distributed yearly amongst twenty-two people of that parish, by the Duke of Marlborough."

The milk of *one* cow kept for that purpose by a tenant of the Duke, occupying Lodge Hill Farm, is now received daily by twenty-two parishioners, in rotation, one in the morning and another in the evening. The distribution of the milk of the second cow was discontinued in 1825, the tenant of the farm refusing at that time to keep two cows for the poor, as the allowance mentioned below had become insufficient to defray the expense. The cow is called "the alms-cow," and when she dies or grows barren, another is provided by the tenant. The poor made no complaint when the second cow was discontinued. Mr. Raine informed the Commissioners by letter that since he had been receiver of the Duke's estates, he had allowed 10*l.* for the keep of one cow, and his predecessors had done so before him.

Gang Monday Land.—There is about an acre of land in the parish of Edgcott, so called, in respect of which Robert Marcham, Esq. pays the overseers about 3*l.* yearly. This was formerly distributed in cakes and beer to the tenants: two cakes each, and as much beer as they chose to drink at the time, the residue being given to all poor persons who came for it, whether parishioners or not. Since the inclosure, about thirty years ago, this sum has been distributed at Christmas in coals. Before the inclosure, the poor had a right to get fuel on the common; since the inclosure, Mr. Marcham has paid about 3*l.* more in respect of this right, and it is distributed also yearly at Christmas in coals,—each person's share amounting to about four hundred pounds weight.

The Stephenage Money.—There was formerly a custom in the parish of Drayton Beauchamp, called "Stephening." All the inhabitants of the parish used to go on St. Stephen's day to the rectory, and eat as much bread and cheese, and drink as much ale, as they chose, at the expense of the rector. The usage occasioned so much rioting, that the late rector discontinued it, and distributed an annual sum of money instead, in proportion to the number of claimants; but they increased so considerably in 1827, that he withheld the annual payments. A similar custom existed in the parish of Great Harwood until about seventeen years ago: the rector gave each poor person a quartern loaf and two ounces of cheese—this was called "Stephening."

Wheat.—Forty-nine bushels of wheat are yearly sent by Lady Bridgewater to the mill to be ground, and the flour to be made into four pound loaves, at her expense, and distributed to the poor of Edlesborough. This charity is said to have originated in a donor named Randall, about 1597.

Strewing.—At Wingrave, there is a piece of land left for the purpose of furnishing rushes for the parish church on the feast Sunday. It consists of about three roods, let at a guinea a-year, which is received by the parish clerk, who provides grass to strew the church on the village feast day, which is the first Sunday after St. Peter's day.

Dole of Herrings.—Richard Stokes, parson of Loughton, in 1546, left lands in that parish subjecting the holder thereof, annually for ever, to distribute to the dwellers and inhabitants of every house in Loughton, ten white herrings and ten red herrings. It appears that this gift has been discontinued; but the old people of the parish remember it, and James Walter, a man about sixty, recollects having carried herrings to the church for distribution.

Malthusian and Anti-Malthusian Charities.—John Bowsher of Chepstow, by will, in 1818, gave to ten poor bachelors of that parish, of sixty years of age and upwards, 2,000*l.*, or so much as would pay four shillings per week to each; in default of bachelors, then to poor men of Chepstow.

At Grindon Underwood, there is a yearly sum arising out of charitable donations for apprenticing illegitimate boys or girls. The premiums given are 12*l.* with girls, and 30*l.* with boys.

Bibles.—John Cory left forty shillings a-year to the senior alderman of Fybridge Ward, Norwich, to buy as many bibles as the same would extend to, and to give them to eleven poor children, one in each parish. The Commissioners observe that in May, 1833, there were three years rent charge due; and it was represented to them that although the receiver had taken pains to give this charity publicity, yet it was extraordinary that there should not be sufficient applications annually to exhaust so small a sum.

P. Q.

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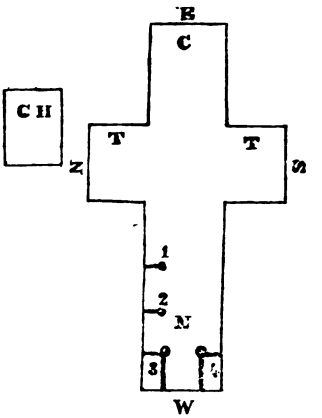
Antiquariana.

OLD SARUM CATHEDRAL.

(To the Editor.)

In the 440th page of the tenth volume of the *Mirror*, is a concise and yet comprehensive description of the ancient and present state of a place which may, I believe, be truly said to have been the habitation of the rude and warlike Celt, the accomplished Roman, and of the generations who flourished in what are most generally denominated the darker ages. In that account, as well as in many others which I have perused, mention is only made, generally, of the Cathedral, which once stood within the walls of Old Sarum: not that this, indeed, is matter for surprise, inasmuch as 600 years have nearly elapsed since the erection of the beautiful edifice which stands in the valley beneath, constructed, as we are told by several authors, in a great degree, of the very materials which composed the parent church.* There is little doubt, moreover, that the demolition of the ancient building was so rapid, and the delight of the ecclesiastics probably so great, at the contemplation of the growing glories of their future temple, that neither any attempt at delineation by them, nor relics of the edifice itself, could possibly come down, to satisfy the cravings of the modern antiquary, who must, consequently, be satisfied with such data, in respect to its architecture, as analogy only can afford.

Early in the autumn of last year, whilst on a tour through parts of the South of England, I visited Old Sarum with the express purpose of ascertaining the correctness of a statement which had appeared in several of the newspapers;—that, owing to the extreme drought, that portion of the herbage which grew over the site of the walls of the Cathedral of Old Sarum, had withered away, and, consequently, afforded fair opportunity of ascertaining the positive spot which it formerly occupied. Standing on the inner mound, the fact so long desired lay manifest before me; and in the north-western quadrant of the outer circle, and not far from the remnant of the wall which anciently surrounded the town, were most distinctly to be perceived the tracks of a cruciform edifice, with those of a parallelogramic building, near the northern portion of its cross; thus proving the correctness of the Engraving in the number of this work, already alluded to. The accompanying diagram gives an exact representation of the ground plan of the Cathedral and Chapter-House, and its mensuration has been so carefully studied, that, without pledging myself for its positive accuracy to a foot, I am convinced of its general affinity to truth.



(Traces of the Cathedral of Old Sarum.)

C. Chancel, East, 60 by 70 feet.
TT. Transepts, North and South, 40 by 60 feet.
N. Nave, West, 60 by 140 feet.
1 and 2. Supposed Chantry or Chapel.
3 and 4. Supposed Towers.
CH. Chapter-House, 40 by 60 feet.

The building had evidently been erected according to the then established practice, in the form of a cross; and the traces of the Chapter-House, near the northern transept, stamp with accuracy the Norman character of its architecture; for the parallelogramic form of that appendage to monastic buildings, gave way very early in the thirteenth century to erections of a polygonal shape, though some of the former are yet extant, with circular ends, probably minor imitations of the Roman Basilicæ. The draft before us presents no remarkable feature, being divided, as was usual, into nave, chancel, and transepts; if, indeed, we except the places marked Nos. 1 and 2, which may have been the *fundamenta* of some chantry or chapel, and also the portions marked 3 and 4, which, from their position and the superior breadth of their tracks, incline me to imagine that they were the foundation of two massive towers at the western end; though I searched in vain for similar data at the junctions of the cross to establish the fact of that tower and spire of which I remember to have heard some tradition.

Such then is, in all probability, the ground plan of a church which has long since passed from among us: its extreme length from east to west was, according to my plan, about 270 feet; and that of the transepts, including the choir, 140 feet—small indeed, when appropriated to a cathe-

* By a grant dated 16th of December, 1331, Edward III. gave to Robert Wyvill, the Bishop, and the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury, all the stone walls, &c. of the Cathedral and clerical residences at Old Sarum, to be employed in the improvement of the new church and close belonging thereto.

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dral, but of sufficient amplitude when standing within the walls of a fortified city, whose greatest diameter was not more than 2,000 feet.

The general outlines of the history of the church are soon related; for its career was comparatively brief. After the junction of the sees of Sherbourn and Wilton, in 1045, by Herman de Lotharingia, the monks of Malmesbury being unwilling that he should remove his episcopal see to their Abbey, he transferred it from the former place to Old Sarum, then called, in Saxon, "the dry town," from its lofty situation above the well-watered valleys which surround it.

His successor, Osmund,* completed the Cathedral, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the Lady Chapel of which, old Leland, in his *Itinerarium*, professes to have seen. The church was partially destroyed by lightning five days after its consecration by Osmund, (10th April, 1092.) The author of an exceedingly entertaining and instructive work, lately published, *An Historical and Descriptive Account of Old and New Sarum*, has stated that "its roof was thrown down by a violent tempest," in the same year, and he quotes Brompton and Knyghton as authorities: but, I submit that those authors derived their information solely from Robert of Gloucester, also quoted by him, and are calculated to mislead by giving a very general cause for that which was occasioned by a peculiar element; and, I am borne out in this supposition by the ancient explanatory note at the bottom of the page,† which also informs us, "In the vᵉ yere, by strengthe of stroke of the thounder and lyghtyng, a roff of the *toure* of the churche at Saresbury was cast downe, and the wall much apeyred, the vᵉ day that Bishop Osmund had halwed the churche;" from which passage we may infer that, in both cases, the whole has been taken for its part, and that, instead of the roof having been thrown down by a violent tempest, it was only the roof of the tower which sustained injury from the effects of lightning. After the death of Osmund, the Cathedral was successively under the charge of the Bishops Roger, Josceline, Hubert Walter, Herbert Pauper or Poore, and Robert Poore; the last of whom effected a removal which had long been desired by its clerical inmates; and in the year 1220, Old Sarum ceased to contain within its walls the Cathedra of a Bishop. The monkish writers have given many reasons for this translation; the chief of which were, the disturbance of devotional duties consequent upon the proximity to their military neighbours of the castle, the great difficulty of obtaining water and other supplies, together with disputes respecting boundaries and jurisdiction; whilst, on the other hand, tradition informs us, that the greatest cause of annoyance to the monks were the gibes and jests of the soldiery, who delighted in waylaying and tormenting such of those sacred personages as staid late at the neighbouring nunnery of Wilton. The latter circumstance, with its attendant historical facts, have been thus quaintly versified by Dr. Pope, who was Chaplain to Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, in the time of Charles II.:

Oh! Salisbury people give ear to my song,
And also to my new ditty;
For it is in praise of your river Avon,
Of your Bishop, your Church, and your city.

And your Mayor and Aldermen all on a row,
Who govern that watered mead:
First listen awhile upon your tiptoe,
Then carry this home and read.

Old Sarum was built on a dry, barren hill,
A great many years ago;
'Twas a Roman town of strength and renown,
As its stately ruins show.

Therein was a castle for men of arms,
And a cloister for men of the gown;
There were friars, and monks, and liars, and punks,
Though not any whose names have come down.

The soldiers and churchmen did not long agree,
For the surly men with the hilt on,
Made sport at the gate with the monks who came late,
From seeing the nuns of Wilton.

But whatever their causes of dissension may have been, the offended and the offenders have long since sunk to sleep, with the poet who ridiculed their distress; and the place of their proud abode has become desolate and lone. The car of the ancient Briton rolls not through the valley: the Roman centurion has left his watch and is at rest. No longer does the conquered Saxon cast a hateful glance at battlements where float the golden lions in their fiery field.‡ Knights, dames, and churchmen all have passed to oblivion with the places they once inhabited. The moon sinks down upon the plain, the storm sweeps over the mound; but none are there to delight in her beams, or heed the rigours of the blast. Lonely and drear is "the hill of storms;" the night-owl seeks not her nest where once stood the stately towers of Old Sarum. C. S.

‡ The arms of the Conqueror were gules, two lions passant gardant, or.

* It was this Bishop who introduced the Sarum Missal, commonly called "Secundum usum Sarum," which met with such opposition that many monks, rather than adopt it, rose against their abbots, though without success; for, the Missal became universal, both in England and Scotland, and remained as the fixed standard of worship until the Reformation.

† Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, p. 416, edit. 1810.

New Books.

GEORGIAN ERA

[Has been completed by the publication of the third and fourth volumes, to which we are willing to extend our good opinion expressed at the commencement of the work. It is compiled throughout with considerable

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care and fact, and the memoirs have a strict biographical character—that is, each relates the life of one person, and not a medley of anecdotes of his contemporaries—a practice which is the besetting sin of small biographers. In turning over some 450 pages of the third volume, we have been attracted by the following passages, replete with characteristic trait and anecdote, old and new, but always neatly told.]

Jonas Hanway.

In 1762, Mr. Hanway published Eight Letters to the Duke of ——, supposed to be the Duke of Newcastle; in which he ridicules the practice of giving vails, or visiting-fees, to servants; a custom which, at that time, had arrived at a very extravagant pitch. He was recommended to take up the subject by Sir Thomas Waldo, who, at the same time, communicated to Mr. Hanway an anecdote illustrative of the excess to which the practice was carried. On leaving the house of the duke alluded to, Sir Thomas, after having feed a train of other servants, put a crown into the hands of the cook, who returned it, saying, "Sir, I do not take silver." "Don't you, indeed?" said the baronet, putting it in his pocket; "then I do not give gold." Mr. Hanway also himself relates a somewhat similar circumstance:—he was paying the servants of a friend for a dinner, which their master had invited him to, one by one, as they appeared: — "Sir, your great coat." "A shilling."—"Your hat." "A shilling." —"Stick." "A shilling."—"Umbrella." "A shilling."—"Sir, your gloves."—"Why, friend, you may keep the gloves; they are not worth a shilling."

"In person," says Mr. Pugh, "Mr. Hanway was of the middle size: of a thin, spare habit, but well shaped; his limbs were fashioned with the nicest symmetry. In the latter years of his life he stooped very much, and when he walked, found it conduce to his ease to let his head incline towards one side; but when he first went to Russia, his face was full and comely, and his person altogether such as obtained for him the appellation of the Handsome Englishman." He was never married, having been captivated, whilst at Lisbon, by the charms of a lady, whom, to put a second-hand idea of Mr. Moore's into prose, he thought it far more sweet to live in the remembrance of, than to dwell with others. Mr. Pugh relates many peculiarities in Mr. Hanway's character; he was fond of a joke himself, and of the conviviality of others, to a certain extent; but "if the mirth degenerated into a boisterous laughter, he took his leave, saying afterwards, 'My companions were too merry to be happy, or to let me be happy, so I left them.'" He adhered to truth with an almost ascetic strictness, and no brilliancy of thought could induce him to vary from the fact. Though frank and open in his dealings with all, he was not easily deceived by others, and seldom placed a confidence that was betrayed. He did not, however, think the world so degenerate as is commonly imagined; "And if I did," he used to say, "I would not let it appear: for nothing can tend so effectually to make a man wicked, or to keep him so, as a marked suspicion." He never took any of his servants from the recommendation of his friends; but commonly advertised for them, appointing their applications to be left at some tavern. One that he was about to hire having expressed some surprise at his being desired to attend family prayers every evening, Mr. Hanway asked him if he had any objection to say his prayers. "No, sir," replied the man, "I've no objection; but I hope you'll consider it in my wages." At another time, having given a little chimney-sweeper a shilling, and promised to buy him a fine tie-wig to wear on May-day, "Ah, bless your honour!" replied the sweep; "my master won't let me go out on May-day." "No! why not?" "He says it's low life." Mr. Hanway possessed some eccentricity of dress as well as of manner, and is said to have been the first who appeared in the streets of the metropolis with an umbrella.

Thomas Hollis.

A more charitable and eccentric character has seldom existed than Mr. Hollis; all the public journals of the day accompanied the mention of his decease with laudatory remarks, rarely applied to the memory of a private individual. His diary, in addition to its interest for the singularity of its records, contains an account of books and persons, both ancient and modern, from which a biographical and bibliographical work might almost be compiled. His independence was equal to his munificence; "though," said he, in answer to an application to become a candidate for a borough, "I would almost give my right hand to be chosen into parliament, yet I would not give a single crown for it by way of bribe; no! let me pass the remainder of my life only in innocence and in decorum, if it be possible, and in quietness and retirement." His collection of medals, besides those he himself designed and struck, was immense; and their beneficial tendency, and the judgment with which they were chosen, were as remarkable as their quantity, which he found, on calculation, sufficient to make forty-four octavo volumes. The value he set on them, particularly those bearing the likenesses of the heads of antiquity, is forcibly shown by the following observation, on his refusing a present of one, by way of remuneration: — "Petty favours and obligations," said he, "I accept—great ones *never;* and I would sooner myself have stricken flat

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the sacred effigies of Brutus, than have acquired it by donation, or in any degree by finesse and bounty."

Towards the latter part of his life, his aversion to popery continued to increase; and his fears of the catholics were expressed and shown in such a manner, as to subject him to the charge of mental imbecility. He went so far as to fancy that the pope had despatched emissaries from Rome, to watch for an opportunity of taking his life; and that his bookbinder, who was of the Romish persuasion, intended to set fire to his house, for the purpose of burning his books in favour of protestantism. But, however sincere he might have been in these apprehensions, it is doubtful whether many of his eccentricities were not affected; and this supposition is justified by a passage in one of his letters to a friend, about three years previously to his death:—"That of which I am most chary is my time; and people are cautious enough in general not to break in upon, and consume it. The idea of singularity, by way of shield, I try, by all means, to hold out." He kept, till the day of his death, a resolution he had made, to avoid all public distinctive characters; accordingly, though member of several literary and scientific societies, he refused all solicitation to become chairman or president of one of them.

Dr. Hutton.

Few men, whose success in life has been dependent upon their talents and industry, have been more fortunate than Dr. Hutton. At one period, he possessed 60,000*l.* His works brought him in large sums; and it may be observed that the sale of them was much facilitated by his possessing the editorship of the Ladies' Diary: it being a practice with a class of contributors to that publication, to make references, upon every possible occasion, to the doctor's treatises: an affront to his modesty which he was at all times disposed to forgive. He made, latterly, some injudicious investments in bridge companies, which caused a considerable reduction in the amount of his former property. Considering the affluent circumstances to which he attained, he certainly did not make that liberal distribution of his money which might have been expected; but the following anecdote, related by his biographer, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, sufficiently proves the generosity of his heart, if not of his hand;—"On paying him one of my periodical visits, about five years ago, I found him reading a letter, the tears trickling down his cheeks. "Read this," said he, putting the letter into my hand. It was from the wife of a country school-master, describing how, by a series of misfortunes, he had been reduced to penury, and had just been hurried off to gaol, whilst the sheriff's officers had seized his furniture, leaving her and her children without a shilling. 'Can you rely upon this statement?' I asked. 'Yes,' said he; 'I have information from another quarter, which confirms its truth.' 'Then, what do you mean to do?' 'I mean,' replied the doctor, smiling, 'to demand a guinea from you, and the same sum from every friend who calls upon me to-day; then to make up the sum twenty guineas, and send it off by this night's post.'"

Sir Humphry Davy.

In youth, his temper was mild and his disposition amiable; but as he advanced in years and reputation, he became occasionally captious and irascible. When a boy, his countenance was unfavourable, his voice unpleasant, and his figure awkward; as he became conscious of these imperfections, he became also soured that Nature had not been more bountiful in the exterior embellishments of his person. From the first moment of his success as a lecturer at the Royal Institution, he seemed ashamed of the simplicity of his character; because his audience consisted of noble personages, he felt abashed that he had not been born a duke. By some, he was accused of affectation in his public addresses; but it is not unlikely that much of this arose from a desire to disguise the discordancy of his voice. He could, unfortunately, derive but little assistance from his ear, which was most unmusical; he could never, in fact, catch the simple air of God Save the King. Whilst member of a volunteer corps, he could never keep step; and though he took private lessons of a sergeant, he still trod upon the heels of the fore-rank man. He was, it would appear, as little attached to painting as to music; for when taken to the Louvre, he passed hastily along the gallery without directing his attention to a single painting, simply observing to his companion, "What an extraordinary collection of fine frames!" The same apathy was shown in the lower apartments, and not even the Apollo, the Laocoon, nor the Venus de Medicis, could extort an approving smile from him; but, upon observing a figure treated in the Egyptian style, and sculptured in alabaster, he enthusiastically exclaimed, "Gracious powers! what a beautiful stalactite!" He was, indeed, enthusiastic in everything that appertained to his own professional pursuits, or that fell in with his own habits or amusements: he gloried in Nelson, and would dwell upon his name with rapture; not because he won the battle of the Nile, but that, after he had lost his right arm, he use to fish with the left,—a sport of which Davy was passionately fond.

Notwithstanding his respect for rank and fashion, as he increased in fame, it does not appear that he much altered either in the simplicity of his manners or dress. Volta, to whom he was introduced at Pavia, had at-

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tired himself in full dress to receive him, but is said to have started back with astonishment on seeing the English philosopher make his appearance in a dress of which an English artisan would have been ashamed. The following anecdote is told of him:—Whilst staying for the night, at a small inn, in North Wales, with his friend, Mr. Purkis, a third traveller entered into conversation with both, and, as it happened, talked very learnedly about oxygen and hydrogen, and other matters relative to chemical science. When Davy, who had listened with great composure to all that had been said, retired to rest, Mr. Purkis asked the stranger what he thought of his friend who had just left him. "He appears," coolly replied the other, "rather a clever young man, with some general scientific knowledge:—pray what is his name?" "Humphry Davy, of the Royal Institution," as coolly answered the other. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the stranger; "was that really Davy?—how have I exposed my ignorance and presumption!"

The Kaleidoscope.

Sir David Brewster is principally celebrated as the inventer of the kaleidoscope, an instrument constructed for the purpose of creating and exhibiting an infinite variety of beautiful and perfectly symmetrical forms. The idea of the discovery first occurred to him in the year 1814, when he was engaged in experiments on the polarization of light, by successive reflections between plates of glass; an account of which was published in the Philosophical Transactions, for 1815, and rewarded, by the Royal Society of London, with the Copley medal. The reflectors were, in some cases, inclined to each other; and he had occasion to remark the circular arrangement of the images of a candle round a centre, or the multiplication of the sectors, formed by the extremities of the glass plates. In repeating, at a subsequent period, the experiments of M. Biot, on the action of fluids upon light, Dr. Brewster placed the fluids in a trough, formed by two plates of glass, cemented together at an angle; and, the eye being necessarily placed at one end, some of the cement, which had been pressed through between the plates, appeared to be arranged into a regular figure. The remarkable symmetry which it presented, led to Dr. Brewster's investigation of the cause of this phenomenon; and, in so doing, he discovered the leading principles of the kaleidoscope.

Having thus brought the kaleidoscope to a state of perfection, he, by the advice of his friends, took out a patent for it; in the specification of which, he describes the kaleidoscope in two different forms. The instrument, however, having been shown to several opticians in London, became known before he could avail himself of the patent, and, being simple in principle, was at once largely manufactured. To countenance these piratical proceedings, it was asserted that Dr. Brewster had been anticipated in his invention, by Professor Wood, and Bradley, the astronomer; but it has been sufficiently shown, and has been certified by Professor Wood himself, Professor Playfair, and Mr. Pictet, of Geneva, that, of the kaleidoscope as at present made and used, Dr. Brewster is the original discoverer. "As to the effect," says Mr. Playfair, "the thing produced, by the kaleidoscope, is a series of figures, presented with the most perfect symmetry, so as always to compose a whole, in which nothing is wanting, and nothing redundant It matters not what the object be, to which the instrument is directed, if it only be in its proper place, the effect just described is sure to take place, and with an endless variety. In these respects, the kaleidoscope appears to begin to be singular among optical instruments. Neither the instruments of Bradley, nor the experiment, or theorem in Wood's book, have any resemblance to this; they go no further than the multiplication of the figure." "Dr. Brewster's invention," he adds, "is quite singular among optical instruments; and it will be matter of sincere regret, if any imaginary or vague analogy, between it and other optical instruments, should be the means of depriving the doctor of any part of the reward to which his skill, ingenuity, and perseverance, entitle him so well."

It should be stated, however, in connexion with the history of the kaleidoscope, that Kircher and B. Porta have suggested a polygonal speculum; but, undoubtedly, the practical application of the principle to reflectors, inclined towards each other at small angles, was wholly a suggestion of Dr. Brewster's. The production of the kaleidoscope excited a singular sensation; and it is calculated that not less than two hundred thousand were sold in three months, in London and Paris together; though, out of this number, Dr. Brewster says, that not, perhaps, one thousand were constructed upon scientific principles, or capable of giving anything like a correct idea of the power of the kaleidoscope.

THE EXILE OF ERIN; OR THE SORROWS OF A BASHFUL MAN.

[Two volumes of random sketches, under this somewhat commonplace title, will be found to contain a few hours pleasant reading. Their glimpses of life and manners are clever and humorous, their outlines of character are slyly drawn, and, altogether, the work is fraught with entertainment. It has, moreover, the acceptable quality of not being tedious, but split into chapters of a few pages each. We quote a specimen.]

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The Modern Babylon.

Behold me now in London—in that Titanic metropolis which is the envy and wonder of Europe; the heavings of whose mighty heart thrill to the uttermost regions of earth; whose merchant-flag is familiar with every wave, and streams in every port; who is the prolific foster-parent of all arts, all professions, and all trades, encouraging alike the adept and the quack, the honest man and the knave, and combining exhaustless wealth with abject penury, the most refined civilization with the grossest barbarism;—behold me in this paradox of a metropolis, placed in the very thick of its crowd, yet oppressed with feelings of the most forlorn solitude. Oh! there is no sense of desolation so complete as that experienced by a friendless stranger, on his first introduction to London. Talk of an Arabian desert! It is smiling—animated—encouraging—in comparison.

To meet a frown on every brow, a sneer on every lip; to be distrusted as an adventurer, and, with the purest intentions, to be perpetually misconstrued; to supplicate, where there are few or none to pity; to die of a broken heart in the midst of rejoicing; of famine, in the midst of plenty; and then, as if the cup of wretchedness were not drained to the dregs, to be carried out of a workhouse on four rough boards; flung like a dog into his hole, with just a prayer or two mumbled coldly and hurriedly above one's remains, as if they were scarce worth salvation;—this it is to be poor and friendless in London!

To be the idol of every circle; to drivel like a fool, yet to be pronounced a sage; to be a gentleman, when it is manifest that you are his antipodes; to see woman's eye light up at your approach, and the fat porter at the great man's gate, bustle forward at the hazard of his neck to usher you into the great man's presence; to be the "Sir Oracle" of ton, and the hero of a fashionable novel; to be painted by Lawrence, and engraved by Finden; and when put to death by a licensed physician, to be followed to your long home by some dozen agonized acquaintances, while the parson prays his best above your gilt coffin, and a splendid mausoleum records your worth to all posterity;—this it is to be wealthy and well connected in London!

Oh London, thou art the rich man's Heaven, but the poor man's Hell!

Oh London, who art the cradle and the grave of Hope, how many aspiring pilgrims, some destined to achieve celebrity, but more to die neglected and broken-hearted, are at this moment, while I write, bending their steps towards thee! What acts too of folly, madness, and guilt, are at the same instant of time in course of perpetration within thy circuit! Yet if sin profane thy name, the virtues, sure, redeem it by their presence.

Oh London, who can listen to thy eternal whirl and roar—who can gaze on thy palaces thy temples, thy solemn, gray cathedrals, or panse on the stately fabrics that span thy famous stream, scarce seen for the forest of masts which crowd and blacken above its bosom to an extent no eye can traverse—who can pace the wondrous range of thy streets and squares, stretching away, as if to infinity, in showy splendour or sombre grandeur;—who can "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" all this, and not feel every petty, personal consciousness of Self swallowed up in an overpowering sense of astonishment and admiration?

Yet, oh vain—ambitious—paradoxical London, lay not the flattering unction to thy soul, that because thou art great, thou art necessarily immortal. Already the seeds of decay are at thy heart. Thou art dying by inches of a plethora. Thou art swollen and bloated with a dropsy, though thy massive shoulders and wondrous breadth of chest might seem to promise a lengthened life. Dream not then of immortality, but fall to thy studies, and learn wisdom from the past. Think of Rome, *now* the "Niobe of nations," but *once* queen-regent of the universe! What she is, thou must one day be. The time shall come when thy gorgeous edifices shall fall, like hers, in ruins to earth; when the grass shall grow in thy streets; when the owl shall hoot from thy roofless palaces, and the adder crawl into sunshine from among thy mouldering fanes; when Silence and Solitude (twin mourners) shall sit with folded arms and weeping eyes beside thy grave; and the pilgrim from some far-off land, as he wanders through a scene of desolation, shall say—"And was this London?"

The Public Journals.

LE PERE GORIOT.

(*Concluded from page 144.*)

We must now return to Eugene de Rastignac. Being of noble parentage, (a circumstance considered at that period,) he was admitted into the highest society of Paris. His cousin, the Marchioness de Beauseant, had taken him under her protection, and introduced him advantageously into the *beau monde*. One evening, at a brilliant *soirée* at her hotel, he had met the beautiful Countess Anastasia de Bostaud, and his imagination had been perfectly captivated and subdued by her beauty and wit. Having returned home to his little miserable chamber, in vain did he attempt to devote the night to study. Feeling himself incapable of any thing but a reverie of sweet emotions, he was resigning himself complacently to the delicious influence, when a sigh or a groan, it might be called either, struck his ear. It came from the next room, where the Père Goriot lodged. A stream of light under his door showed

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North.—So he is not fabulous?

Shepherd.—No him, indeed—he's ane o' the realest o' a' beasts.

Tickler.—What may be the length of him, James?

Shepherd.—O' a dagger.

Tickler.—Shape?

Shepherd.—No specially wreathed like a ram's horn—but strecht, smooth, and polished, o' the yellow ivory—sharper than a sword.

Tickler.—Heofs?

Shepherd.—His heofs are no cloven, and he's no unlike a horse. But in place of nicherin' like a horse, he roars like a bull; and then he leeves on fleah.

Tickler.—I thought he had been omnivorous but

Shepherd.—Nae cretur's omnivorous but man.

North.—Rare?

Shepherd.—He mann be verra rare, for I never saw anither but him I focht. The battle was in a wood. We're natural enemies, and set to wark the moment we met, without ony quarrel. Wi' the first pat o' my paw I scosed him frae shouther to flank, till the bluid spouted in jettees. As he ran at me wi' his horn, I jookit ahint a tree, and he transfixed it in the pith, sheathen't to the verra hilt. There was nae use in flingin' up his heels, for wi' the side spang I was on his back, and fastenin' my hind claws in his flank, and my fore claws in his shouthers, I began at my leisure devooring him in the neck. She sune joined me, and ate a hole into his inside till she got at the kidneys: but judgin' by him, nae animal's mair tenawnious o' life than the unicorn; for when we left him, the remains were groanin'. Niest mornin' we went to breakfast on him; but thae gluttonous creatures, the vultures, had been afore us, and he was but banes.

North.—Are you not embellishing, James?

Shepherd.—Sic a fack needs nae embellishment. But I confess, sirs, I was, on the first hearing o't, incredulous o' Major Laing's hain' found the skeleton stickin' to the tree?

North.—Why incredulous?

Shepherd.—For wha' can tell at what era I was a lion? But it pruves that the banes o' a unicorn are durable as airn.

North.—And Ebony an immortal wood.

Tickler.—Did you finish your career in a trap?

Shepherd.—Na. I died in open day in the centre o' the great square o' Timbuctoo.

Tickler.—Ha! ha! baited?

Shepherd.—Na. I was lyin ae day by myself—for she had disappeared to whalp amang the shrubs—waitin' for some wanderin' waif comin' to the well; for thirst is stranger than fear in them that dwell in the desert, and they will seek for water even in the lion's lair, when I saw the head o' an

erd.—Na—in my kintra sent a' the n'. But there was mair than a sugh n the metropolis—mony a story was f me by Moor and Mandingo—and isper o' my name they stilled their weans, and frichtened them to sleep. map o' Africa had I ever seen but what nawled wi' my ain claws on the desert. As for the Niger, I cared na whether awed to meet the rasin' or the settin' sun out when the sun entered Leo, I used stinctively to soom in its waters, and remember, as if it had been yesterday, apin' in amang a bevy o' black girlies athin' in a shallow, and breakfastin' on ana them, wha ate as tender as a pullet, and was as plump as a patrick. It was lang afore the time o' Mungo Park; but had I met Mungo I would not hae hurt a hair o' his head, for my prophetic sowle would has been conscious o' the Forest, and, however hungry, never would I hae harmed him wha had had leeved on the Tweed.

North.—Beautiful. Pray, James, is it true that your lion prefers human flesh to any other—nay, after once tasting it, that he uniformly becomes an anthropophagus?

Shepherd.—He may or he may not uniformly become an anthropophagus, for I kenna what an anthropophagus is; but as to preferring human flesh to ony ither, that depends on the particular kind o' human flesh. I presume, when I was a lion, that I had the ordinar' appetencies o' a lion—that is, that I was rather abune than below average or par—and at a' events that there was naething about me unleonine. Noo I cou'd never bring my stammach, without difficulty, to eat an old woman—as for an old man, that was out o' the question, even in starvation. On the whole I preferred, in the long Preat antelope, and diversified my dinners wi' zebras and quaggas, and such small deer, sae that I was always in high condition, my skin was aye sleek, my mane meteorous, and as for my tail, wherever I went, the tuft bore aff the bell.

North.—Leo—are you, or are you not, a wardly animal?

Shepherd.—After I had reached the age o' puberty, my courage never happened to be put to ony verra severe trial, for I was aye faithful to my mate, and she to me; and we never disturbed our den.

Tickler.—Any cubs?

Shepherd.—Nae. But I cou'na hae wanted courage, since I never felt fear. I aye took ... the teegger; and, though the ... is an ugly customer, he used to ... the wa'; at sicht o' me the elephant ... his ain trumpetes, and sounded a ... amang the trees. Ance, and ance I had a desperate fecht wi' a unicorn.

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unknown animal high up amang the trees, browzin' on the sprays—and then its lang neck—and then its shouthers—and then its forelegs—and then its body droopin' doon into a tail like a buffalo's—an animal unlike ony ither I had ever seen afore; for, though spotted like a leopard, it was in shape liker a unicorn; but then its een were black and saft, like the een o' an antelope, and as it licket the leaves, I kent that tongue had never lapped bluid. I stretched mysell up wi' my usual roar, and in less time than it taks to tell't was on the back o' the Giraffe.

Ambo.—Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

Shepherd.—I happened no to be verra hungry, and my fangs, without munchin', pierced but an inch or twa deep. Brayin', across the sand-hills, at a lang trot, dew the cameleopard—nor for hours slackened she her pace—till she plunged into the Black river——

Tickler.—The Niger—

Shepherd.—Swam across, and bore me through many groves into a wide plain, all unlike the wilderness round the Oasis we had left at morn.

North.—What to that was Mazeppa's ride on the desert-born!

Shepherd.—The het bluid grew sweeter and sweeter as I drank, and I saw naething but her neck, till a' at once staggerin' she fell doon—and what a sicht! Rocks, as I thocht them—but they were houses—encirclin' me a' round—thousands o' blackamoors, wi' shirts and spears and swurds and fires, and drums, hemmin' the Lion—and arrows—like the flyin' dragons I had seen in the desert—but no, like them, harmless—stingin' me through the sides intil the entrails, that when I bat them brak! You asked me if I was a cooard? Was't like a cooard to drive, in that condition, the hale city like sheep? But a' at ance, without my ain wull, my spangin' was changed into sprawlin' wi' my fore feet. I still made them spin; but my hind legs were useless—my back was broken—and what I was lappin' sirs, was a pool o' my ain bluid—first fire grew my een, and then mist,—and the last thing I remember was a shout and a roar. And thus, in the centre o' the great square o' Timbuctoo, the Lion died!

North.—And the hide of him, who is now the Ettrick Shepherd, has for generations been an heir-loom in the palace of the Emperor of all the Saharas!

Shepherd.—Nae less strange than true.

The Gatherer.

Mystification.—A freeholder claims to vote for the election of members for the county of Middlesex, and thus describes his qualification:—"Four eighth parts of two half parts, three eighths of a moiety of two thirds of a fourth, and three eighths of a moiety of two fourth parts of a freehold house in Carnaby-street."—*Vide* List of Freeholders in the parish of St. James's, Westminster.

P. Q.

A *zeal*ous naturalist having heard of the Lord Chancellor's Great *Seal*, applied to his lordship for permission to publish a description and figure of the *animal*. J. F.

A snuff-box is a letter of introduction; it has been the fountain of many friendships. When you cannot ask a stranger his opinion of the new opera, or the new ministry, you can offer him your box with a graceful as well as profitable politeness. Even when the weather and other popular topics are exhausted, a pinch is always eloquent, always conversational, always convenient.

Odd Dispute.—Lord Orford relates a dispute once arose, in the way of raillery, between Earl Temple and the first Lord Littleton, on the comparative antiquity of their families. Lord Littleton contended that the name *Grenville* was originally *Green-field*; Lord Temple insisted that it was derived from *Grand-ville*. "Well, then," said Lord Littleton, "if you will have it so, my family may boast of the highest antiquity, for *little towns* were certainly antecedent to *great cities*; but if you will be content with the more humble derivation, I will give up the point, for *green fields* were certainly more ancient than either." W. G. C.

Pennant, in his account of Raby Castle, says, "I dined here, the old Duke of Cleveland with us, a cheerful old man, and in conversation *very far from an idiot*."

Jane of Castile, in 1461, nearly lost her life by her hair taking fire from a sunbeam drawn into a focus by a pane of window glass.

Cats.—An officer in the Bengal army had such an horror of cats, that while on a visit of ceremony to some young ladies who had just arrived at his station, one of these domestic animals having walked into the room, frightened him to such a degree that he leaped upon the table with his drawn sabre. On all other occasions this gentleman was as brave as a lion.

Villans, who held their land in pure villanage, (says Blackstone,) belonged principally to lords of manors, and were either villans regardant, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or else they were in gross, or at large, that is, annexed to the person of the lord, and transferable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chattels. They held, indeed, small portions of land by way of sustaining themselves and

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families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might dispossess them whenever he pleased, and it was upon villan services, that is to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lord's demesnes, and any of the meanest offices; and their services were not only base, but uncertain, both as to their time and quantity. A villan could acquire no property either in land or goods: but if he purchased either, the lord might enter upon them, oust the villan, and seize them to his own use, unless he contrived to dispose of them again before the lord had seized them, for the lord had then lost his opportunity.—W. G. C.

Large Cypress Tree.—Mr. Exter, in 1827, measured a cypress-tree in the churchyard of Santa Maria de Tesla, two leagues and a half west of Oaxaca, whose trunk was 127 English feet in circumference, and 120 feet in height. It appeared in the prime of its growth, and had not a single dead branch.

A Butterfly with Five Wings.—In the *Zoological Journal*, (No. 13,) it is recorded that at a meeting of the Linnæan Society, on March 11, 1832, Mr. Stephens exhibited a remarkable monstrosity in a specimen of *Vanessa Urticæ*, which possessed *five* wings, the additional one being formed by a second, but smaller, hinder wing on one side.—J. F.

Origin of the Word Tomboy.—Verstegan gives the following origin of this word applied to romping girls:—"*Tumbe*, to dance; *Tumbod*, danced; hereof we yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy:* our name also of *tumbling* cometh from hence." J. H. F.

The Flea.—Mr. Kirby, in his celebrated *Introduction to Entomology*, (vol. ii. p. 376,) states that a lady seriously assured him she could distinctly hear the steps of a flea when pacing over her nightcap, and that it clicked as if walking in pattens. This reminds us of the man who said he could hear the singing noise in his neighbour's ear, and of him who declared he could hear the grass grow.

J. F.

Chinese Advertisement.—The following is a specimen of the manuscript bills, or advertisements, which it is the custom in China to stick up against the walls, when children have been stolen, apprentices have run away, &c.:—"Chaug-Chaoulai, who issues this thanksgiving advertisement, lives outside the south gate, in Great Tranquillity-lane, where he has opened an incense-smoking-mosquito shop. On the evening of the 12th instant, two of his fellow-workmen in the shop, Ne-ahung and Atik, employed a stupifying drug, which, by its fumes, sunk all the partners in a deep sleep, during which they robbed the shop of all the money, clothes, &c., which they could carry away. Next morning, when the partners awoke, no trace was to be found of these two men. If any good people know where they are, and will give information, a thanks-offering in flowery red paper of four dollars will be presented. Decidedly I will not eat my words. This advertisement is true. Ne-ahung is about twenty years of age, short stature, has a white face, and no beard. Atik, whose surname is not remembered, is upwards of twenty years of age, is tall, and no beard. Reign of Taoukwang, 9th year, 9th moon, 3rd day."—W. G. C.

Singular Discovery.—The Chevalier Ventura, formerly a distinguished officer in the French (Imperial) army, and now a general in the service of Runjeet Singh, was encamped in April, 1830, near Manekiala or Manieyala, where there are the ruins of a large city. The place is 72 miles east of the Indus, and 30 or 40 west of the Jhylum, or Hydaspes, in lat. 33° 23′ north, and long. 73° 15′ east. In Elphinstone's Cabul, the very remarkable stone cupola, on the top of a solid mound, which is believed by the natives to have been built by the gods, is described as bearing a much greater resemblance to Greek than to Hindoo architecture. General Ventura made an opening into the cupola, and, on digging three feet, he found six medals; and afterwards the workmen came to a chamber of hewn stone, twelve feet square. The excavation was continued to the depth of thirty-six feet, and another opening was made on the north side of the cupola. The excavations were afterwards continued until the setting in of the rains, and more than eighty medals were found. Most of them were copper, but some were gold and silver. There were also other curiosities, rings, and boxes containing liquids. Perhaps this may be the site of some of the cities that were founded by Alexander or Seleucus in the dominions of Taxiles. W. G. C.

Kean played the *Monkey*, in the drama of *La Perouse*, in which character he showed agility scarcely surpassed by Mazurier or Gouffé, and touches of deep tragedy in the monkey's death-scene, which made the whole audience shed tears.

Kean's Richard III.—Some writer of memoirs, who appears to have been fonder of dignity than of nature, says, after witnessing the terrible death-scene in Richard, "I left Kean, acting Cribb and Belcher." The reader will smile when he hears that the fight and death in Richard, particularly where Kean used to strike at his adversary after having lost his sword, (the action which the writer objects to,) were actually *copied* from the death of an officer who fell in one of the battles of Spain.—*Life of Kean.*

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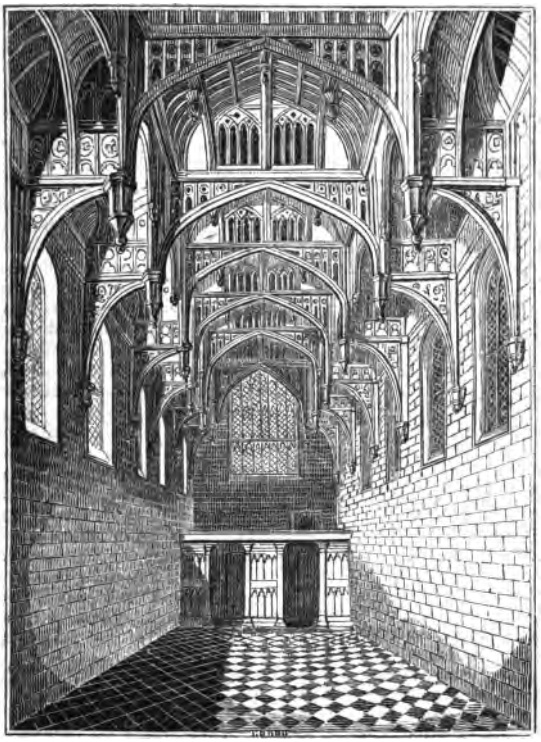
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 710.] SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1835. [PRICE 2*d*.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE.



THE HALL.

HAVING already described this magnificent Palace,* with considerable minuteness, we shall now merely detail the superb character of the Hall, its noblest apartment.

The Hall is situated on the north side of the middle quadrangle. It was, probably, built by Henry VIII.: it certainly was not finished till 1536 or 1537, as appears from the initials of the King and Jane Seymour, joined by a true lover's knot, amongst the decorations. The room is 106 feet in length, and 40 feet in breadth. Its open Gothic roof, as seen in the above Engraving, is richly dight with the arms and cognizances of Henry VIII. Altogether, it is one of the finest timber roofs of its kind, in England; its arches are usually denominated flattened Tudor, and their enrichments present "an interesting specimen of the carved work, with pendents and fine corbels, which adorned the baronial halls of our ancient mansions;" characteristics which have been applied by their writer, Mr. Britton, to the timber roof of Crosby Hall.

A theatre is an almost uniform appurtenance to a palace; but it was not included in the plan of Hampton Court. The Hall was, therefore, fitted up for dramatic performances, but only used twice, viz. in 1718 and 1731. The fittings, however, blocked up this fine room, till 1798, when they were removed; and, in 1800, the apartment was restored, the decayed ornaments being renewed with great care. It would be difficult to say for what useful purpose this renewal was made; since, the Hall is not now shown to visiters; an omission which reminds one of the performance of *Hamlet*, without the principal character.

* For a Bird's-eye View of Hampton Court Palace, see *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 97.

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DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.*

(*To the Editor.*)

In No. 708, page 135 of the *Mirror*, is an account of the death of Oliver Cromwell. At page 315, vol. i. of the "History of the rise, increase, and progress of the Christian people called Quakers," by William Sewel, fifth edition, 1814, is the following account:—

"And a very short time before his (Cromwell's) death, G. Fox went to Hampton Court, to speak with him about the sufferings of his friends. With this intention, he met him riding into Hampton Court park, and before he came at him, he perceived a waft of death go forth against him; and coming to him, he looked like a dead man. So after G. Fox had laid the sufferings of his friends before him, and had warned him, Oliver bid him come to his house; whereupon G. Fox went to Kingston, and the next day came to Hampton Court again; but there he understood that the Protector was sick; and Dr. Harvey told him that the doctors were not willing that he should speak with the Protector. So he passed away, and never saw Oliver Cromwell any more: who since the death of his daughter, the Lady Claypole, had been distempered, and troubled with a malignant humour in his foot; which when his physicians endeavoured to disperse, they drove upward (as is said) to his heart; and being seized with a violent fever, he grew weaker and weaker; yet his preachers endeavoured to conceal the danger he was in, and it is reported that Dr. Goodwin, one of his chaplains, in a prayer during the time of his sickness, made use of this expression, 'Lord, we beg not for his recovery, *for that thou hast already granted, and assured us of*; but for his speedy recovery.'" At page 319, "Cromwell was snatched away by death at unawares; and when death looked in his face, remorse did not stay behind; for, according to what Ludlow relates, he seemed above all concerned for the reproaches (he said) men would cast upon his name, in trampling on his ashes when dead. In this temper of mind he departed this life about two in the afternoon, on the 3rd of September, at the age of about 55 years.

"The news of his death being brought to these who were met together to pray for him, one Sterry stood up, and said, 'This is good news; because he was of great use to the people of God when he was amongst us, now he will be much more so, being ascended to Heaven, there to intercede for us.' O horrid flattery! thus I (Sewel) call it, if he had been the greatest saint on earth; which he came much short of, though he was once endued with some eminent virtues. 'He was,' saith Edward, Earl of Clarendon, 'one of those persons whom even his enemies could not vilify without praising him.' And I (Sewel) have heard impartial men say, that in the beginning of his achievements, he was indeed an excellent man; but being come to a high station, he soon lost that zeal for the public welfare by which at first he seemed to be animated."

If the editor of the *Mirror* will insert this account, the public may take another view of the subject, and he will oblige Thomas Crathorne; and, which ever of the accounts is true, he will give his readers an opportunity of forming their own opinions on this event.

* For an engraving of Cromwell lying in state, see *Mirror*, vol. iii. p. 273.

OLD SONG.

(*To the Editor.*)

Some months ago, there was an action tried in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Denman, respecting the alleged piracy of the copyright of the song, entitled "The Old English Gentleman;" when several witnesses who were called by the defendant, proved that it was only an alteration of a very old song, published near 200 years ago, and which was corroborated by Lord Denman, who informed the jury that *he had seen* the original song. The following appears to me to be the one alluded to by his Lordship—it is copied from an old book in the King's Library, British Museum, entitled "*Le Prince d'Amour*, or the Prince of Love, with a collection of several Ingenious Poems and Songs; by the Wits of the Age. London: Printed for William Leake, at the Crown in Fleet-street, betwixt the two Temple Gates, 1660." If you deem it worth insertion in the *Mirror*, it is at your service.

H. W. Dewhurst.

THE OLD COURTIER.

An old song made by an old aged pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a wealthy estate,
That kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve poor people at his gate,
Like an old courtier of Queens,
And the Queen's old courtier.

With an old lady whose anger one word assuageth,
Who every quarter paid his old servants their wages,
Who never knew what belonged to coachman, footman, nor pages,
But kept two and fifty men in blue caps and badges,
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study stuft full of old learned books,
And an old parson, you may know him by his old looks;
With an old buttery hatch quite worn off the old hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks.
Like an old, &c.

With an old hall hung with pikes, guns, and bows,
And old blades and bucklers had borne many shrewd blows,
With an old Freezadoe coat to cover his trunck hose,
With an old cup of sherry to comfort his old nose.
Like an old, &c.

With an old fashion when Christmas was come,
To call in all his neighbours with a bagpipe or drum,

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And good cheer enough to furnish out every old rome,
And beer and ale would make a cat to speak and a wise man dumb.
Like an old, &c.

With an old faulkner, a huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but in his grandfather's old grounds,
Who like a wise man kept himself in his own old pounds,
And when he died gave each child a thousand old pounds.
Like an old, &c.

But to his son and heir his lands he assign'd,
With an old will to charge him to keep the same bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his old neighbours kind,
But in the next ditty you shall hear how he was inclined.
Like a new courtier of the King's,
And the King's new courtier.

Anecdote Gallery.

FRENCH ANECDOTES.

ST. FOIX, the ingenious author of *Essays on Paris*, having one day entered a *café* at the dinner-hour, and observed some one taking a jelly, said, loud enough to be heard by the party, "a jelly makes but a very poor dinner." Offended by this remark, the gentleman turning to him who made it, said, that "it was his own choice, and he thought it strange that any one should find fault with him."—"That may be," replied St. Foix, "but you will allow, sir, that a jelly makes but a poor dinner." This repetition of his observation irritated the stranger to such a degree, that some further altercation terminated by his demanding immediate satisfaction. As it was then the custom of every one to go armed, they had merely to draw their small swords, when the aggressor soon received his adversary's weapon; on which the former asked whether he was satisfied, and being answered in the affirmative, St. Foix added, "You have wounded me slightly, sir, and I shall get over it, after a few days' confinement to my room; but, if you had killed me, it would not have been less true, that a jelly makes but a poor dinner."

La Fontaine, though celebrated for the genuine wit of his Tales, was in appearance so stupid, that a lady who protected him, used to say, that whatever reform she might make in her household, she would never part with her three favourite brutes, her dog, her cat, and her poet. Once La Fontaine had been condemning the absurdity of admitting side-speeches in plays: as soon as he had finished his argument he fell into one of his usual reveries, and Boileau, who was present, convinced the company that a speech aside might be properly allowed, by abusing and ridiculing the fabulist during a quarter of an hour, without his attending to it, or even knowing what was said.

The Count D'Albaret Preville, and some others, frequently diverted themselves with the simplicity of Poinsinet, the poet, who, in other respects, was not deficient in talents. One day Preville came to him in great haste, to acquaint him that the office of king's screen was just vacant, and added that he would do well to solicit for it. Poinsinet asked what it was? The other told him that the King did not use common screens, like private individuals, but that he always employed a man of wit to place himself between the King and the fire, in whatever part his Majesty might be, in order to save him the trouble of removing the screen; and that, besides, when the King was low spirited, or fatigued by his application to business, he diverted himself in conversing with his screen, who, by that means, frequently had an opportunity of speaking a good word for his friends, or in favour of any other person whom he wished to serve, which made the office both important and lucrative. Poinsinet, delighted, asked what he had to do? "Nothing," said the other, "but try if you are able to perform the functions of a screen." A day being fixed, dinner was ordered at a tavern; six of their common friends met there; a great fire was made, and during dinner they kept Poinsinet standing before the fire-place, encouraging him to support the extreme heat of the fire, which they unmercifully kept stirring all the time, by representing to him the advantages of the office, each begging of him to procure him some favour. They continued this cruel sport till the little man, who was half roasted, declared with great regret, that he despaired of ever being able properly to fulfil the functions of King's screen.

The husband of the celebrated Madame Geoffrin, was as remarkable for his dulness as she was for her wit. A wag sent him several times the first volume of the Travels of Father Labat. The worthy man always read the book over again without discovering the trick. When asked how he liked the Travels, he replied that they were very interesting, but that the author was given to repetition. He read the dictionary of Bayle with great attention, following the line with his finger across the double columns. He said it was an excellent work, if it had been rather less abstruse. Notwithstanding his deplorable deficiency, he was permitted to sit at table, upon condition that he never attempted to join in the conversation. A foreigner, who was a constant visiter at Madame Geoffrin's, one day not seeing the dumb Monsieur in his place at table as usual, inquired of Madame Geoffrin, what she had done with the poor man, whom he used to see there, and who never spoke a word. "That was my husband," she replied "he is dead."

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When Barthe, the poet, was occupied with his love epistles and eclogues, a friend observed him one evening over the great basin in the Luxembourg gardens, stamping his feet, and throwing his arms about like one possessed, he approached him: "Why, my dear friend," said he, "what is the matter, what ails you?" "I am in a horrid state," replied Barthe, "here have I been ogling the moon for this hour; you know how it inspires the Germans; well! on me it has not the least influence. I am frozen to death, and perfectly stupid; and I have got a cold in the head. The deuce take the poets: their tenderness confounds me."

A poet who had published some verses on the lottery, which had fallen lifeless, after running about Paris for a week to gather his laurels, and finding that the crop had entirely failed, left the city of the Muses and the Graces with a solemn protest against ever believing that a Parisian knew good verses from bad. Within a league or two of the city he sat down to rest himself, and soon perceived that he was the object of marked attention to all passers by. Some took off their hats—some pressed their hands to their bosoms—some looked up to Heaven as if thanking it for having sent so distinguished a genius upon earth. The bard was surprised—delighted—overwhelmed with gratitude. He rose, and continued gratefully taking off his hat to every group who passed. At length, one man threw himself from his horse, knelt down, and approached him on his knees. The bard was in raptures. "No, no, my good friend!" he exclaimed; "you must not offer this homage to me. I acknowledge your taste; yet remember that, although I am the author of the 'sixteen sonnets,' I am still but a man." The worshipper looked astonished, but proceeded with his homage. The bard could no longer resist—this delightful disobedience mastered him. He rushed forward and flung himself in tears on the worshipper's neck. The man started up, and they both rolled on the ground together; when the bard, happening to cast his eyes upward, beheld on the bank behind him an image of the Virgin. The secret of the bowing and uncapping was revealed to him. He rose—brushed the dust from off his culottes—shook the dust off his feet against the good city of Paris—went his way, and wrote verses no more.

A French wit, finding his merit beginning to wane in public opinion, and dreading from criticism an additional blow to a victim already staggering in reputation, betook himself to a strange expedient, in order at once to retrieve his character and replenish his pockets. He buried himself in a remote province, and engaged in an ironmonger's shop. He composed three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a "Journeyman Blacksmith." The bait caught—all France was in amazement: the poems of this "child of nature," this "untutored genius," were in the hands of every one. In short, this stratagem filled the pockets of the poor bard, who enjoyed the deceit with rapture, and laughed at the public.

The following anecdote appeared in a book printed in Paris in 1698:—An Abbé, who had no preferment, exclaiming one day to Boileau against pluralities, said, "Is it possible that the people you named, who have the reputation of being very learned men, and are such in reality, should be mistaken in their opinions? Unless they would absolutely oppose the doctrine laid down by the apostles, and the decisions of councils, must they not be obliged to confess that the holding several livings at the same time is sinful? I, myself, am in holy orders; and, be it said without vanity, of one of the best families in Touraine. It becomes a man of high birth to endeavour to make a figure suitable to it; yet I protest to you, that if I can get an abbey, the yearly income of which is only a thousand crowns, my ambition will be satisfied; and be assured, that nothing shall tempt me to alter my resolution." Some time after this, an abbey of seven thousand crowns a year being vacant, his brother desired it for him, and was gratified in his request. The winter following he got another of still greater value: and a third being vacant, he solicited very strongly for this also, and obtained it. Boileau hearing of these preferments, paid his friend a visit. "M. Abbé," said he, "where is now that season of innocence and candour in which you declared that pluralists hazarded their souls greatly?" "Ah, good Boileau," replied the Abbé, "did you but know how much pluralities contribute to living well!" "I have no doubt of that," replied Boileau; "but what service are they, good Abbé, towards dying well?" W. G. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART FOR 1835.

[Our only note of this Annual, or rather Perennial, shall be a reprint of the outline of its contents.]

In the *Mechanical* department of this Miscellany will be found Notices of the stupendous American steam-vessels, which have excited so much interest; a representation of Mr. Hancock's last new Steam-carriage; a popular paper upon the mode of Illuminating Lighthouses; the details of the erection of the York Column; Sir John Herschel's important improvements in Reflecting Telescopes; the Birmingham New Town-Hall,

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and its Organ; a comprehensive view of the Railways in America; an illustration of the expediency of Babbage's Calculating Machinery; two valuable papers on Mines; and improvements in Steam Navigation, Steam-carriages, and the construction of Railways, with a description of the splendid line between Dublin and Kingstown. In this division are also included brief Reports of the British Association, and the Society of Arts; details of their Novelties occupying portions of the subsequent pages.

In *Chemical Science* are, Professor Ritchie's mode of Detonating Oxygen and Hydrogen by the Magnet; the economy of Carrageen, or Irish Moss; the Rotary Motion of Camphor investigated; the Construction of a new Vapour Lamp; Tests for Hydrocyanic Acid; a new Indelible Ink, by Berzelius; the details of Dr. Ure's Thermostadt, or Heat Governor; Dr. Bostock's examination of the Water of the Metropolis; two papers by Dr. Turner, on Filters in Chemical Analysis, and the Decomposition of Glass; Professor Hare's Apparatus for making Ice; discovery of the Antiputrescent principle of Pyroligneous Acid; popular illustrations of the Prevention of Dry Rot; new Analyses of Corrosive Sublimate and Calomel; the products of Coal Gas; an abstract of Mr. Faraday's Experimental Researches in Electricity; with several novel illustrations of Electricity and Magnetic Intensity; and an abstract of the New Facts reported to the British Association.

In the *Naturo-historical* departments are many sterling papers. In *Zoology* are, an investigation of Professor Ehrenberg's Observations on the Brain; a paper on the Functions of the Brain, by Sir Charles Bell; the Nervous System of the Cod-fish, and discovery of a Muscle in the Eyes of Fishes: the economy of some Cetacea, by Professor Traill, and an Anatomical examination of a specimen, by Dr. Knox; an illustrated contribution, describing the young Rhinoceros lately received in this country; the entertaining economy of some Indian species of Ants; new experiments on the Torpedo, by Dr. Davy; Phenomena of Death, by Dr. Philip; Observations on Polypi and Ascidiæ, in recent researches, by Mr. Lister; Professor Agassiz's very interesting Observations upon the genus Salmo; Statistics of Mortality, and Inquiries respecting the Weight of Man, two papers of elaborate facts; illustrations of some Zoological Rarities, as a New Shell, a Double Fish, and a Vine-destroying Insect; New Ants, Chamæleon, and Capybara; and sixteen pages of Notes from the Proceedings of the Zoological Society during the year, including notices of several New Mammalia and Birds, added to the Menagery and Museum.

In *Botany* is a curious instance of the effect of the Leaves of the White Ash in disarming the Rattlesnake; Developement of Heat in the Flowers of the Caladium Pinnatifidium, by Dr. Schultz; illustration of a Parasite Tree; and several new Facts in Vegetable Physiology.

In *Geology*, are notices of the Phenomena of the year: as the terrific Earthquake in South America; the Eruptions of Vesuvius; the Iguanodon at Maidstone; and the rich acquisition of the Fossils at Burdiehouse. Two other valuable contributions to this branch are Agassiz's New Classification of Fishes, and Geological Distribution of Fossil Fishes; and a minute description of the superb Stalactite Cavern at Michelstown.

Under *Meteorology*, are described and illustrated a brilliant Aurora Borealis at Hull, and a Meteoric Shower in America; with a copious Meteorological Summary of the year, constructed, and kindly communicated by Dr. Armstrong.

The Facts in *Rural Economy*, *Gardening*, and the *Miscellaneous*, have been selected for their new views and principles; though, in some cases, they may be but germs of future important improvements.

[This is the *eighth* volume, and we hope it may prove as interesting and acceptable to the public as have its predecessors.]

The Sketch Book.

THE STORY OF ABUZEMAR.

By M. L. B.

Now the idol of Abuzemar was exceedingly fair to behold: it stood in an apartment of his mansion, which, dedicated solely to itself, was its temple; and none went unto it, and ministered before it, but the rich merchant himself. Its form and face were exquisite, smooth and oval, fair and radiant, like the well-shaped limbs, and lovely countenances of the most beautiful of Earth's beautiful sex; its eyes of sapphire, though fixed as the stars of night, had a mild lustre, and soft, languishing, dove-like expression; its silken costume glittered with gold and precious stones, and Abuzemar, whilst he worshipped Isei, loved the senseless image in the depths of his own heart, with the love that a father beareth unto his only daughter. It stood upon a polished pedestal of verd-antique; two fountains of pure water, which fell into basins of Egyptian agate, played everlastingly before it; one altar of Corinthian brass, whose value is beyond that of fine gold, received the sacrifices and rare incense burnt by Abuzemar in Isei's honour; and another altar of the same costly material supported his daily offerings of the gems, the gold, and the silver, of this wealthy, but vainest world. On pillars of alabaster, white as driven snow, rested the ceiling of the temple, which, by means of ornamental per-

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forations, and crystals *à jour*, contrived to open and to close at pleasure, admitted the sweet, wandering airs of heaven; and at noon-day, a calm, holy twilight, which was neither cold, nor gloomy, because attempered to the warm, rich hue of the setting sun, by rosy draperies from the Persian loom. The apartment was odorous as a garden of spices; and thither, in silence and solitude, did Abuzemar repair both by day and by night, to offer his meed of adoration to the beloved Isei. Had human eye beheld his devotions before her sacred presence, he had deemed it an irremediable profanation.

One night, the seven golden lamps of Isei's temple, fed with the perfumed essential oils of fairest flowers, poured forth a lovely and luscious lustre, on all the adornments of that sacred, solitary fane. Abuzemar was present, prostrated before the image of his Divinity, and venting the wild and deep idolatries of his spirit in tones, low, impassioned, and earnest, as those he might have used, and with better avail may be, to the listening ear of living, loving woman!

"Arise, O vain man!" said a voice, deep and awful, behind him; "Arise, and go hence! What dost thou here?" Abuzemar, astonished and terrified, rose from the mosaic pavement, in the trepidation of the moment turned his back on his beloved Isei, and angrily demanded of the pilgrim—for such the stranger who now stood before him appeared to be—who he was, whence he came, and why he troubled him in such a place, and at such an hour?

"Who I am, and from whence," replied the venerable man, "hereafter thou mayst know; at present, I am come to instruct thee in the vanity of idols; for, verily, but vanity they are, and their makers and worshippers are like them."—"How!" stammered Abuzemar; "what meanest thou, presumptuous slave? Art thou come to beard me before Isei, and to insult her in the privacy of her own sanctum?"—"Let her defend it and thee," returned the pilgrim; "but I would have, ere I quit this place, thy goddess look to herself."—"Thou canst not harm her," cried Abuzemar; "nor, rash man, darest thou! Attempt it, madman, and I have wakeful slaves within call, racks and scourges, dungeons, scimitars, bowstrings, burning poison, and the deep, dark sea, wherewith to punish thy presumption?"—"Hast thou—nay, but indeed hast thou?" asked the mysterious stranger in the calmest tones, and with a smile of conscious superiority which half curdled the warm blood of Abuzemar—"the greater then is the pity, that such engines of power should fall into the hands of men who know not how to use them: however, if we are to try strength, allow me, by the courtesy due to a stranger, to commence." The pilgrim approached the fountains, waved over them his staff, when, lo! the waters, with a rush and gurgle, departed from them, and the basins were split in two! all the vessels of porphry and porcelain cracked at the same moment, and fell asunder, and a chasm appeared in the ceiling as if it had been rent by an earthquake.

"Sorcerer!" cried Abuzemar, in a voice of ungovernable rage, and he sprang forward to seize the stranger; but, stumbling over one of the brazen altars, fell, and pain, for some moments, kept him stationary:—"Wherefore," inquired the pilgrim unmoved, "did not Isei prevent this devastation? Yet, if she will not help her worshipper, I will: see now, the altar hath offended thee; it shall do so no more." Again the stranger waved his mighty wand over both altars of brass, when, behold! they were torn from the earth, as by the arm of an invisible giant, hurled, shattered in pieces to the furthest corners of the temple; and, with a hollow, metallic groan, all the vessels of brass, and of gold, and of silver, burst in twain, scattering their fragments over the pavement, like the stones of a fallen wall; but none touched Abuzemar and the pilgrim to hurt them.

The worshipper of Isei stood confounded; anger, terror, and awe strove for mastery in his proud bosom; but the latter obtaining ascendancy during the few moments in which his mysterious visiter watched the effect of this last display of power upon him, he would have cast himself at the stranger's feet, had pride permitted. "Still, still," observed the pilgrim, Isei notices not; but the hour is late, and, perhaps, the goddess sleeps: time is it then that I awaken her, ere her house entirely fall about her ears."—"I entreat! I implore thee! touch not mine own! mine heart's delight! mine Isei!" cried Abuzemar in frantic tones, clinging to and embracing the knees of the stranger, as he beheld him in the act of raising, for the third time, the destroying wand.—"Alas! alas! poor benighted one!" exclaimed the pilgrim, casting a glance of benign compassion upon the idolater; "and is thine heart still so wedded to yon glittering, senseless thing? Art thou still so enamoured of a block, which thou perceivest to be utterly aidless and useless, as to require the extreme fulfilment of my mission! Must I now in pity destroy, that I may save hereafter? Must I smite, that I may heal? Must thou suffer loss, that, at a future day, it may be thy gain? Yes, Abuzemar, it must be; thy good demands it; and thou must lose thine Isei—thine idol!"

The stranger who had, during this expostulation, approached within a few paces of the fair image, waved his wand over it, despite the shrieks and writhings of Abuzemar, and, in a moment, the shattered fragments of Isei, the pedestal on which she stood

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and the snowy columns of the temple, fell with a mighty crash; loud thunderings shook the ruined fane; the golden lamps went out with a hissing noise, leaving a sulphureous stench, instead of a spicy odour, behind them; and Abuzemar, in a deadly swoon, loosed his grasp of the stranger's garments, fell to the earth, and was left to all the horrors, so soon as consciousness might return, of solitude, darkness, and unavailing woe! Next morning he was found by his marvelling slaves, howling and rolling like a maniac, amongst the blackened wrecks of all that had been to his eye so fair, and to his heart so unutterably dear!

* * * * * *

Years passed:—when a dying man, a convert to the religion which teaches the knowledge and worship of that Holy One, whose lineaments are not to be beheld by human eye, neither his fancied representation to be formed by human hand,—years passed—when a dying convert to Christianity, avowed to the apostolic pastor who kneeled beside his bed, that to one, whom he had once believed a magician, and hated with mortal hatred, but whom he had since learned to consider and love, as a messenger from heaven, he owed the salvation of his soul; since, but for him, he had remained to that hour, a secret worshipper of Isei, a blind, wretched, hopeless idolater. He then related the story, which I have now faithfully detailed, as it was narrated to me, and which was considered a fine tradition, or moral apologue—a small jewel of wisdom lying concealed therein, which might be found by him who diligently sought it;—"For, O Christian!" exclaimed the venerable friend from whom I heard it, "search well thine inmost heart, and see, whether thou too hast not an Isei?" Rememberest thou the words of one who had considered this point?

"Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hopes less dear,
This is our world, our *idol*, though it bear
Affection's impress or devotion's air."*

"Alas! how many idols of one kind or another—how many Iseis are set up in most bosoms, and bowed unto with deluded adoration! Search well then, my friend, thine own heart: see if it harbour an Isei; and if thy blind affection and folly permit thee not of thyself to cast her down, neither murmur nor grieve, should she, in mercy, be taken from thee, by a higher hand!" M. L. B.

* These lines, frequently quoted, and ascribed to an anonymous pen, in many beautiful selections of modern poetry, I think I have somewhere seen acknowledged as the production of the late Miss Jane Taylor.

Useful Arts.

DUTCH BUTTER.

THERE are three distinct kinds of butter manufactured in Holland; the butter made from the cream when the cow is at the grass in summer, called *Grass Butter;* the butter from the whey of the sweet-milk cheese, called *Whey Butter;* and the butter made in winter when the cows are in the byre, called *Hay Butter.*

Grass Butter.—The cows being carefully milked to the last drop, the copper pitchers lined with brass, or pitchers entirely of brass, which contain the milk, are put into an oblong water-tight pit, which they call a *koelbak*, built of brick or stone, about six feet in length, three feet in breadth, and two feet in depth, into which cold water had been previously pumped, (there being generally a pump at one end.) In this pit or cooler, the pitchers stand two hours, the milk being frequently stirred. This cooling process is of great advantage in causing the cream to separate rapidly and abundantly from the milk. Thereafter, the milk being run through horse-hair searchers or drainers, is put into flat milk-dishes of earthenware, copper, or wood; it remains in a cool milk-house or cellar, for twenty-four hours. It is then skimmed, and the cream is collected in a tub or barrel. When soured, and if there is a sufficient quantity from the number of cows, they churn every twenty-four hours, the churn being half-filled with the soured cream. A little *boiled* warm water is added in winter, to give the whole the proper degree of heat; and in very warm weather, the cream is first cooled in the *koelbak* or cooler. In many small farm-houses, or when the cows give little milk, the milk is not skimmed, but the whole, when soured, is put into the churn; the butter immediately after being taken out, is put into a shallow tub called a *Vloot*, and carefully washed with pure, cold water. It is then worked with a slight sprinkling of small salt, whether for immediate use or for the barrel; there being none made entirely fresh, or without salt, as in Scotland.

After the cows have been only eight or ten days out, the difference from hay butter is slightly perceptible; but the grass butter after the cows have been three weeks at grass is found delicious. This new butter is highly esteemed in Holland, is made in fanciful shapes of lambs, stuck with the flowers of the polyanthus, pyramids, &c. and sells as high as 44 stivers, equal to 3*s.* 8*d.* the 17½ oz. or Dutch lb. If intended for barrelling, the butter is worked up twice or thrice a day with soft, fine salt, for three days in a flat tub, there being about two pounds of this salt allowed for fourteen pounds of butter; the butter is then hard packed by thin layers into the casks, which casks are previously

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(Auchinleck Castle.)

carefully seasoned and cleaned. They are always of oak, well smoothed inside. Before being used, they are allowed to stand three or four days, filled with sour whey, and thereafter carefully washed out and dried. Each cow, after being some time at grass, yields about one Dutch pound (17½ oz.) of butter per day.

Hay Butter undergoes the same process; being, of course, the butter made in winter, when the cows stand in the dairy, but although inferior in flavour and colour, it has nothing of the disagreeable taste which the turnip imparts to the winter butter of this country.

Whey Butter is made from the whey of the sweet milk cheeses. The whey, being collected from the curd and the pressed cheese, is allowed to stand three days or a week, according to the quantity; the cream is either skimmed off and churned, or the whey itself is put into churn, and the butter is formed in about an hour. In winter, the butter obtained by the process is about 1 lb. per cow per week, and in summer about 1½ lb. per cow per week.—*Repertory of Arts.*

Antiquariana.

AUCHINLECK CASTLE.

THESE picturesque ruins lie on the banks of the Lugar, to the south-east of Mauchline, in Ayrshire. They are on the patrimonial estate of James Boswell, Esq., the biographer of Dr. Johnson; and from whence his father, Alexander Boswell, derived his title of Lord Auchinleck. Near the castle, he built the modern mansion of Auchinleck: he was one of the judges in the supreme courts of Session and Justiciary, a man of strong understanding, a sound scholar, a respectable and useful country gentleman, and an able and upright judge. Boswell, the biographer, was, however, born at Edinburgh, but partly educated at home. He was "proud of his name and lineage, and ambitious of the countenance of the great; yet, he was so cordial an admirer of merit, wherever found, that much public ridicule, and something like contempt, were excited by the modest assurance with which he pressed his acquaintance on all the notorieties of his time, and by the ostentatious (but, in the main, laudable) assiduity with which he attended the exile Paoli and the low-born Johnson!" "Mr. Boswell's birth and education familiarized him with the highest of his acquaintance, and his good-nature and conviviality with the lowest. He describes society of all classes with the happiest discrimination."*

* Mr. Croker's Preface to his Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Manners and Customs.

RAFT OF GAMBIER ISLANDS.

GAMBIER'S GROUP is an eastern portion of the Society Islands, which lie nearly in the centre of the South Pacific Ocean; the largest of them being the Otaheite of Captain Cook, and the Tahiti of more recent voyagers. Captain Beechey, who, of course, visited these islands in his late Expedition in the Blossom, has furnished many interesting traits of Gambier's Group. He describes the islands as of fertile appearance. As he approached them, he found that, contrary to the general custom, no canoes were to be seen at Gambier Islands, but rafts or katamarans were used instead. They are from 40 to 50 feet in length, and will contain upwards of twenty persons. They consist of the trunks of trees fastened together by rope and cross-beams: upon this a triangular sail is hoisted, supported by two poles from each end; but, it is only used when the wind is very favourable; at which time, if two or three katamarans happen to be going the same way, they fasten on and per

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(Raft of Gambier Islands.)

form their voyage together. At other times, they use very large paddles made of a dark, hard wood, capable of a good polish, and neatly executed; some having a hand or foot carved at the extremity of the handles, very well finished. In shallow water, the Islanders make use of long poles for punting, in preference to paddles.

As Captain Beechey approached Gambier, he observed several of these rafts bearing down to the Blossom. At first, several of them were fastened together, and constituted a large platform, capable of bearing nearly a hundred persons; but, before they came near enough to communicate, they separated, furled their sails, and took to their paddles, of which there were about twelve to each raft. Captain Beechey was much pleased with the manner of lowering their matting sail, diverging on different courses, and working their paddles, in the use of which they had great power, and were well skilled, plying them together, or, to use a nautical phrase, keeping stroke. They had no other weapons but long poles; and were quite naked, with the exception of a banana leaf cut into strips, and tied about their loins, or ligatures of straw; and one or two persons who wore white turbans. The average height of the Islanders was 5 ft. 9 in.; they were, generally speaking, well made, their limbs round, without being muscular, and their figure upright and flexible. They were tattooed more tastefully than any other people seen by Captain Beechey. They do not, however, attend to devices so much as other Islanders, but, in tattooing, they dispose the lines so as materially to improve the figure, particularly about the waist, which, at a little distance, had the appearance of being much smaller than it really was. Whether this had been accidental or designed, Captain Beechey had no opportunity of learning. This peculiar effect may be seen in a few of the figures on the raft in the Engraving, from Captain Beechey's Narrative.

His interview with the Gambier Islanders upon their rafts, is very interesting. The Captain approached them in the gig, for they would not near the ship. He gave them several presents, for which they, in return, threw some bundles of an offensive paste, tied up in large leaves, making signs that it was to be eaten: indeed, it proved to be the common food of the natives, and Captain Beechey rarely saw any eatables on the rafts, excepting this paste, boiled tee-root, and green bananas. The Islanders had a previous knowledge of iron, but they had no idea of the use of a musket. When one was presented, instead of evading the direction of the fatal charge, they approached; and imagining the gun was offered to them, they held out their hands to accept it. They tempted the visiters, at a distance, with cocoa-nuts and roots, performed ludicrous dances, and invited their approach; but as soon as they were within reach, the scene was changed to noise and confusion. They seized the boat by the gunwale, endeavouring to steal every thing that was loose. At length, one of them grasped the boat's yoke, which was made of copper, and others the rudder, which produced a scuffle, and obliged Cap-

tain Beechey to fire over their heads. Upon the discharge, all but four plunged instantly into the sea; but there, though for a moment motionless, held firmly by the rudder, until they were rejoined by their companions, and forcibly made it their prize. To recover this, Captain Beechey, when joined by his barge, grappled one of the rafts; on which most of the natives again plunged into the sea; but those who remained, resisted the attack, and endeavoured to push the boat off. Finding they could not do this, a man whose beard was white with age, offered the disputed article; but, at the same moment, one of the natives disengaged the raft, and she went astern. Again free, the rudder was replaced on the raft, and the swimmers regained their station. They were followed by the gig and the jolly-boat, and a short skirmish ensued, in which Mr. Elson, the master, fell. The boats's crew, imagining him hurt, and seeing the man he had been engaged with aiming another blow at him, fired and wounded his assailant in the shoulder. The man fell upon the raft, and his companions, alarmed, threw the rudder into the sea, and jumped overboard. As this man took a leading part, he was probably a chief. No other wound was inflicted; but Captain Beechey blames himself for his forbearance; and after the rencontre, some of the rafts again paddled up, and waved pieces of white cloth.

New Books.

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN 1832, 1833, AND 1834.

By C. D. Arfwedson, Esq.

[THIS is a capital, straightforward book of travels, as clever as it is amusing in its descriptions of the countries, and as just as it is generous in its views of American society and manners. We shall, therefore, make no apology to the reader for the extent of our extracts.]

Thunder-storm on the Hudson River.

Darkness overtook us, as soon as we came between the mountains. The sun had set long ago, and in the western horizon rose a mass of clouds, which announced the approach of a storm. Gradually, the lightning became more vivid, and a threatening black sky spread in a few minutes over forests and mountains. All Nature trembled at the awful perspective, and all that had life on shore hastened to take shelter in grottoes and crevices. Fireflies, which shone and disappeared more rapidly than thought could follow them, ceased to show their brilliancy against the green trees; even these trifling insects, which lightning could hardly strike, felt awe at the storm, and went to rest. Every animal seemed to take shelter in some hiding place: to man alone it was reserved to defy the united attacks of the elements, and to venture a look towards the agitated heavens. Several steamers passed me: their lamps in the stern, ahead, and in the mast, appeared in the dark as magic lights. Our steam boat also had similar lamps, which produced on the nearest objects a feeble and gloomy light. From both chimneys issued millions of sparks in an irregular dance; like gold dust, they spread over the stream, and expired the moment they reached the surface of the water. Thunder was heard above our heads, and lightning seen in every direction proceeding from the heavy clouds; forests and rocks, and valleys and streams, grew pale every time the Western Deity shook the heavenly lights out of his mighty hand. But in the East a storm was also gathering. Jealous of the conquests of the West, it rose from a long rest, to dispute the ascendancy assumed by the latter. A few unexpected flashes from the opposite shore announced the commencement of hostilities; the West, offended at the temerity of its antagonist, advanced at once with its whole artillery, determined to crush, by a few effectual discharges, its slowly advancing adversary. The conflict was dreadful: each minute added to its obstinacy and fury. Often did I presume that preliminaries of peace had been concluded between the contending parties, but the next moment I was convinced to the contrary. From summit to summit—from rock to rock—the thunder roared, and each stone seemed to re-echo it. It was a concert; an accompaniment of various instruments, like a complete orchestra, which I could fain attempt to describe. Rain fell in torrents; the whole was awful and imposing in the extreme, and characteristic of those sudden tempests or storms which so often visit the Western hemisphere. It was only after two hours' hard fighting that the contest ceased between the belligerents above; and victory declared in favour of the West, by the appearance of a beautiful blue sky, and a few stars glittering over the field of battle. The beaten legions of the East retreated in haste, pursued by the elated victors, who put them in confusion. Their triumphant shouts gradually gave way, and, when I shortly afterwards looked up, not a cloud could be seen: the whole firmament was covered with brilliant stars.

The Rattlesnake Hunter,—a Guide's Story.

Among the first colonists in the vicinity of the green mountains of Vermont, there was a man who, prepossessed in favour of the fertility of the country, took up his residence there with his young and handsome wife. They lived in that part about a year, and all difficulties incidental to new settlers had nearly been removed. They now began to enjoy themselves, and found their abode

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tolerable. The Indians were no more dreaded; the wild animals in the forests were kept aloof by the never-failing gun of man. The only danger to which they were exposed was that of being stung by rattlesnakes, of which there were great numbers. Several persons had had the misfortune to be stung, and expired in the most dreadful agony.

One day, the husband, accompanied by his wife, went into the woods to hunt. The weather was fine—the sun almost scorched their heads. The young wife, after wandering some time among bushes and stones, at length became tired, and sat down to rest herself on the branch of a tree, in expectation of the return of her husband. He followed in the meanwhile the traces of a deer, climbing from rock to rock, with a view to enter a green plain at the foot of a mountain. All at once he observed, lying before him, a rattlesnake of uncommon size. Surprised at the sight, he stopped, and attentively considered the dangerous animal, which, only a few paces from him, seemed to deliberate whether it should venture to take a leap down the precipice. It suddenly formed a plan, bent its long body, and, as if imploring mercy, fixed upon the husband a pair of eyes which, far from expressing hatred towards mankind, spoke only the accents of mildness and friendship. There was something so extraordinary and so touching in the movements of the animal, that the husband remained silent and motionless on the spot. The snake displayed the finest colours, which the burning sun changed, as it approached, from green to purple and gold. Imperceptibly it rolled onwards; a strange music was heard, not unlike the melting tones of the honey-bird, and the animal disappeared, without his perceiving what direction it took. He thought at first he was in the midst of a world of mysterious colours, which cleared up, darkened, and again revived with a magic light. Harmony continued to enchant his ears. Perspiration covered his brow; his frame shook, as if attacked by ague; his legs refused their office. "Is it a dream?" exclaimed he; "what retains me at this place?" He made an effort to get away, but his feet were almost benumbed, and he felt as if fastened to the rock. The unfortunate man was bewitched.

Another sound reached his ears; it was the voice of man, dismal and plaintive. Twice he heard it, but could not move. A white female eagerly seized his arm, and her breath roused him at once from the dream of enchantment. Music and colours disappeared at once. Round his feet twined the rattlesnake, with fiery eyes and extended sting. His frightened wife clung to his breast. Within a second they were attacked by the snake. The woman was the first victim. The venom spread with the rapidity of thought, and her lamentations soon informed the unhappy husband of the dreadful scene that awaited him.

Half crazy, he rushed forward, and trampled under his feet the snake, which now endeavoured to steal away. Vengeance was not satisfied till the animal was crushed, and torn piecemeal against the sharp and pointed rocks.

The sufferings of the expiring wife called him to her side. Terrified, he examined the blueish black wound, which every minute grew darker and darker. They were far from home or from any human habitation; still they wandered for awhile, hand in hand, till excruciating pains stretched the female senseless on the ground. Although greatly exhausted, the husband took her in his arms, carried her to a neighbouring rivulet, and refreshed her by means of cool water. She recovered a little, but had no strength to raise her head, which rested motionless on his breast. Hours passed in this way, and no human being appeared to assist the unhappy couple. Solitary, in an endless forest, he watched the progress of death, joined his prayers to hers, and saw her expire.

From that moment the unhappy widower thought of nothing but revenge, and made the most sacred vow to consecrate the remainder of his life to the extermination of that curse of man, the rattlesnake. This oath he strictly observed till his death, and thousands of snakes fell continually under his vindictive blows. For this reason he was generally known under the name of the Rattlesnake Hunter. Not many years ago, I saw the old grey-haired man; and never shall I forget the tears he shed at the recollection of his young consort, and his solemn and piercing look in expressing these words—"Yes, these bewitching d—ls shall soon cease to plague the earth! Do not believe that these animals are only snakes—creeping snakes: they are servants of fallen angels—the immediate agents and spirits of Hell."

Tobacco-smoking Festival.

A few years ago (says the narrator) the Shakers signified an intention of celebrating the debarkation of Mother Ann Lee on the American shore. It was determined that the ceremony should be observed by a profuse and general tobacco-smoking fête. A "bull," or edict, was issued, directed to the scattered members of the Society in every part of America, enjoining them to assemble on a certain day in the month of August, for this important purpose.

I did not neglect to attend upon this solemn occasion. When I entered the church I found that the order and regularity, which had hitherto distinguished the sisters, were entirely gone. Their natural and unpretending manners—their attention to discipline—all had vanished; in its place, I discovered

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an unusual degree of negligence in their walk, a wildness in their looks, a strange confusion altogether, which unquestionably surprised me at first, but which I endeavoured to explain by the extraordinary sublimity of the ceremony.

All sat down in deep silence. Ebenezar Bishop occupied the principal seat, and uttered a few half-broken sentences in allusion to the divine solemnity now to be performed, which, according to his notions, was ordained by God. He then turned to one of the younger sisters, and ordered her to procure fire, which she did. He lighted his pipe, drew a long puff, and afterwards slowly blew out what he called the first victim of the day. In a dignified manner he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, raised his eyes towards heaven, and said, "Brethren and sisters, unite."

All now lighted their respective pipes, and, like novices in the art of smoking, lost no time in blowing out the smoke, which in the course of ten minutes so completely obscured the room that no object could be distinguished. The Elders looked upon these clouds of smoke, which surrounded their heads, with religious awe.

The ceremony was ordered to last one hour. A quarter of that time had hardly elapsed, before a number of smoking individuals found the atmosphere altogether intolerable. Several, particularly the young women, who had hitherto looked to the Elders for protection, now directed their looks towards the door, with faces as pale as death. Every one was more or less unwell; and never did I witness so strong a desire to depart. But only when the clock announced the termination of the hour was the meeting dissolved; and, believe me, no one was behindhand in effecting a retreat for the purpose of breathing fresh air.

John Quincy Adams.

At Quincy, a few miles from Boston, John Quincy Adams, formerly President of the United States, has taken up his residence *en retraite*. This veteran statesman quitted his office, as First Magistrate of the Republic, in the year 1828, and was replaced by General Jackson. He only occupied the Presidential Chair for a period of four years, or from 1824, having lost his re-election, in consequence, as was reported, of a secret alliance between him and Clay. The community, jealous of its privileges, cried aloud against the machinations of the Heir Adams,* as he was nick-named, whom they suspected had acted contrary to the spirit of the Constitution; and this objection was sufficient to raise the whole country against him. All eyes were now directed to the hero of New Orleans, ever distinguished as a zealous member of the democratic party, and whose military achievements had already attracted the attention of the public. By this means, Adams lost all hope of being able to follow the example of his predecessors, in occupying the Presidential Chair, for a period of two terms, or eight years. From this exalted situation, to which Europe begins to look with admiration, he descended to the seat of a private individual in the House of Representatives. He, who by his veto could formerly frustrate the wishes of a whole nation, now only has a single vote in the Second Chamber, and passes summers alone with his wife, in the very same house where his father, John Adams, the former President, lived and died.†

This place of residence has altogether the appearance of a common farm-house, situated near the high road, shaded only by a few venerable trees, which add to the antiquity and gloom of the spot. The furniture is all old fashioned — the drawing-room, for instance, being of red damask; and the walls ornamented with portraits of ancestors dressed in a kind of petticoat, and with powdered wigs. Mr. Adams was from home when I paid my visit, so that I had no opportunity of remaining long in a place with which so many agreeable recollections are associated. I met him, however, a short distance from his residence. The former President and Magistrate in the New World was seen walking with a knife in his hand, cutting willow-briars to make a stick! He is a man between sixty and seventy, but looks much younger. He is far from being tall; but has a fine open countenance, indicative of superior talents, which gains upon one by degrees. He recollected, with peculiar pleasure, Sweden, Stockholm, and many private individuals residing in that capital; and, on parting, left on my mind an impression of deep respect and veneration, which can never be effaced.

Utility of the Hat in America.

I was overtaken by one of the most awful storms I ever witnessed. It came on so suddenly, that no person was prepared for it. A tolerably large proportion of hats took their departure in the first onset, and the owners ran foul of each other in quest of their property, carried away by the violence of the wind. But what particularly attracted my attention was, that within five minutes the streets were filled with fragments of paper, sailing whichever way the eye turned, together with a variety of vegetables, pieces of linen, and other materials, entirely interrupting the view. I happened to mention

* His father, John Adams, was the only one of the Presidents who had a son. Hence he was called heir to the Presidential Chair.

† It is a remarkable circumstance that two Presidents, John Adams and James Munro, died on the anniversary of the Independence: the former on the 4th of July, 1829—the latter on the 4th of July, 1832.

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this circumstance to one of the citizens of the place, and received the following remarkable answer: "No nation on earth," said he, "uses a hat for so many purposes as a Yankee: it serves him at once for a head-covering, a writing-desk, a larder, and a portmanteau. In it the merchant deposits patterns of various descriptions: the doctor uses it as an apothecary's shop: the married man, returning from market, converts it into a depository for potatoes and other vegetables: to the traveller it serves as a knapsack. Nothing has been more severely censured among enlightened people than the reform lately introduced in the shape of hats. By the present fashion, it is next to impossible to put more in its inside than a pocket-handkerchief and a dozen of cigars. Should, unfortunately, the present form be still more curtailed, then there will be no enduring the caprice of fashion, and who knows but a dreadful revolution may be the consequence!"

That this picture is somewhat exaggerated cannot well be denied, but entirely without foundation it certainly is not. A hat has unquestionably more offices to perform in these States than in any other country. To stuff it with newspapers, letters, and cigars, *is* of common occurrence. Can it then be wondered at if, when a sudden gust of wind dislodges it from the head, a shoal of imprisoned objects should seek to take advantage of their liberty?

The Public Journals.

NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE EARL OF ELDON BY FIRE.

On the 24th August, 1834, I embarked on board the ship Earl of Eldon, (of London, 600 tons, Captain Theaker,) at Bombay, with a view of returning to my native land, on furlough. She was the finest and strongest ship in the trade, and any insurance might have been had on the chances of her successfully resisting the winds and waves; but who can foresee their fate even for a day? She was cotton-loaded; and as the number of passengers was small, the space between decks was filled chock up with cotton-bales, screwed in as compact and tight as possible, so as to render it a matter of more difficulty to take them out than it had been to put them in. It unfortunately happened that the cotton had been brought on board damp, during heavy rain, and had not been dried in the warehouses previous to its being screwed: as this operation is performed by a very powerful compression, it is not unlikely that fire-damp might be generated in the same manner as in a haystack, when it has been stacked damp. The number of individuals on board was forty-five, including three ladies and an infant, and the Captain and his crew.

On the 26th of September, after a series of baffling winds and calms, and heavy rains with squalls of wind, we got into 9° 27′ S. lat., and between 70° and 80° E. long., and the trade-wind appeared to have fairly caught hold of our sails. We began now to anticipate our arrival at the Cape. On the morning of the 27th, I rose early, about half-past five, and went on deck; I found one of my fellow-passengers there: we perceived a steam apparently arising from the fore hatchway; I remarked to H. that I thought it might be caused by fire-damp, and, if not immediately checked, might become fire. The Captain came on deck, and I asked him what it was? He answered, steam; and that it was common enough in cotton-loaded ships when the hatches were opened. I said nothing, but the smoke becoming more dense, and beginning to assume a different colour, I began to think that all was not right, and also that he had some idea of the kind, as the carpenter was cutting holes in the deck just above the place whence the smoke appeared to come. I went down to dress, and about half-past six the Captain knocked at my door, and told me that part of the cotton was on fire, and he wished to see all the gentlemen passengers on deck. We accordingly assembled, and he then stated the case to be this—That some part of the cargo appeared to have spontaneously ignited, and that he purposed removing the bales until they should discover the ignited ones, and have them thrown overboard, as also those which appeared to be in the same damaged condition; and that it being necessary, in his opinion, to do this, he deemed it his duty to lay the matter before us. We, of course, submitted every thing to his judgment, and he ordered the hands to breakfast as quickly as possible, and to work to discover the source of the fire. This having been done, he said that there did not appear to be immediate danger, and that he hoped we might be able to avert it altogether. However, at eight o'clock, the smoke became much thicker, and began to roll through the after-hatchway—the draught having been admitted forward, in order to enable the men to work. Several bales were removed; but the heat began to be intolerable below, the smoke rolled out in suffocating volumes, and before nine o'clock we discovered that part of the deck had caught fire; in short, the men were obliged to knock off work. The Captain then ordered the hatches to be battened down, with a view to keep the fire from bursting out, and to hoist out all the boats, and stock them, in case of necessity; this was done, and about half-past one, the three ladies, two sick passengers, an infant, and a female servant, were put into the long boat, with 216 gallons of water, twenty gallons of brandy, and biscuit for a month's

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consumption, together with such pots of jam and preserved meats as we could get at, and the day's provisions of fresh and salted meat.

It was now about two o'clock; the hatches were then opened, and all hands set to work to endeavour to extinguish the fire. The main batch being lifted, and a tarpaulin removed, there was a sail underneath, which was so hot that the men could hardly remove it; when they did, the heat and smoke came up worse than ever; and it being now known, from inspection, that the fire was underneath that part, orders were given to hoist out the bales until the inflamed ones could be got at; but when the men laid hold of the lashing to introduce a crane-hook, they were found to have been burned through beneath, and came away in their hands.

The case now appeared bad indeed: however, we cut a bale open, and tried to remove it by handsful, but the smoke and heat became so overpowering, that no man could stand over it, and water only seemed to have the effect of increasing it, in the quantities we dared use; for had the Captain ventured to pump water into the ship to extinguish the fire, the bales would have swelled so much as to burst open the deck, and have increased so much in weight as to sink the ship; so that either way destruction would have been the issue. Under these circumstances, perceiving the case to be utterly hopeless, the Captain called us together on the poop, and asked if any one could propose any expedient likely to avail in extinguishing the fire, and saving the ship, as, in that case, "we will stick by her while a hope remains." It was unanimously agreed that all had been done that could be done; the men were all perfectly sober, and had been indefatigable in their exertions, but one and all seemed coolly and positively of opinion that the case was hopeless. The heat was increasing so much that it became dangerous to leave the poop: the Captain, therefore, requested the gentlemen to get into the boats, told off and embarked his men, and at three o'clock he himself left the ship, the last man just as the flames were bursting through the quarter-deck. We then put off, the two boats towing the long-boat; the ship's way had been previously stopped by backing her yards. When we were about a mile from the ship, she was in one blaze, and her masts began to fall in. The sight was grand, though awful. Between eight and nine o'clock, all her masts had fallen, and she had burned to the water's edge; suddenly there was a bright flash, followed by a dull, heavy explosion—her powder had caught; for a few seconds her splinters and flaming fragments were glittering in the air, and then all was darkness, and the waters had closed over the Earl of Eldon!

Sad was the prospect now before us!—There were in the long-boat the Captain and twenty-five persons, including an infant four months old; the size of the boat 23 feet long by 7½ feet broad; in each of the others ten individuals, including the officer in charge. One of the boats had some bags of biscuit, but the chief provision was in the long-boat. We were, by rough calculation, above 1000 miles from Rodrigue, and 450 from Diego Garcias, the largest of the Chagos islands; but to get there we must have passed through the equally latitudes we had just left, and been subject to variable winds and heavy weather, or calms, neither of which we were prepared to resist. Seeing, then, that our stock was sufficient, we determined on trying for Rodrigue. Ubout eleven o'clock, having humbly committed ourselves to the guidance of that Providence in which alone we had hope, we accomplished rigging the boats, and were under sail. We carried a lantern lashed to our mast in the long-boat, to prevent the other boats from losing us during the night; and when day broke, sent them sailing in all directions around, to look out for ships. While the wind was light, they could outsail us, but when it became strong, and the sea very high, the difference of speed was rather in our favour, as the weight and size of the long-boat enabled her to lay hold of the water better.

On the third day of our boat-navigation, the change of the moon approaching, the weather began to wear a threatening aspect; but as we were in the trade, we did not apprehend foul or contrary winds. In the course of the night it blew fresh, with rain; we were totally without shelter, and the sea dashing its spray over us, drenched us and spoilt a great part of our biscuit, though we happily did not discover this until we were nearly out of the want of it.

In the course of the next day the weather grew worse, and one of our small boats, in which was Mr. Simpson, the second mate, with nine others, was split by the sea. She came alongside, and we put the carpenter into her, who made what repairs he could, but with little hope of their answering. We then proceeded to fasten a spray-cloth of canvass along our weather gunwale, having lashed a bamboo four feet up the mast, and fixed it on the intersection of two stanchions at the same height above the stern. The spray-cloth was firmly lashed along this, so as to form a kind of half-pent roof; and had it not been for this imperfect defence we must have been swamped, and we still shipped seas to so great an extent, that four men were obliged to be kept constantly employed in baling to keep her clear of water. Towards evening it blew hard, with a tremendous sea; and not thinking the other damaged boat safe, we took in her crew and abandoned her. We were now thirty-six persons, stowed as thick as we could hold,

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and obliged to throw over all superfluities. We had not more than eight inches of clear gunwale out of water.

This night I shall never forget, but to describe my feelings I am incapable. Our situation was indeed awful. One wave might overwhelm us, and there would not have been a vestige left to tell the tale of the Earl of Eldon.

Wet, crushed, and miserable, the night passed away and the day broke at last, and though the weather was still very bad, I again felt that hope which had never entirely deserted me. A tremendous sea came roaring down, and I held in my breath with horror: it broke right over our stern, wetted the poor women to their throats, and carried away the steersman's hat. The Captain then cried out in a tone calculated to inspire us with a confidence he afterwards told me his heart did not re-echo,—"That's nothing, it's all right, bale away, my boys." He never expected us to live out that night, but harassed as he was in mind and body, he gallantly stood up, and never by word or deed betrayed a feeling that might tend to make us despair: he stood on the bench that live-long night, nor did he ever attempt to sleep for nearly forty-eight hours.

The morning broke and passed away, and after the change of the moon the weather began to moderate, and we enjoyed a comparative degree of comfort. We had three small meals of biscuit and some jam, &c., and three half-pints of water per day, with brandy if we liked it. The men had one gill of spirits allowed them daily: thus we had enough for necessity, and I incline to attribute to our having no more the state of good bodily health we enjoyed. We had plenty of cigars, and whenever we could strike a light we had a smoke, and I never found tobacco so great a luxury. The ladies were most wretched, for they could not move, and any little alteration in their dress was only to be made by spreading a curtain before them. Yet they never uttered a repining word.

On the thirteenth evening, we began to look out for Rodrigue. The Captain told us not to be too sanguine, as his chronometer was not to be depended upon after its late rough treatment. The night fell, and I went forward to sleep, and about twelve was awoke by the cry that land was right a-head. I looked and saw a strong loom of land through the mist. The Captain had the boat brought to for an hour; then made sail and ran towards it, and at half-past two it appeared still more strongly. We then lay to until daylight. I attempted to compose myself to sleep, but my feelings were too strong, and after some useless attempts I sat down and smoked with a sensation I had ong been a stranger to. With the first light of dawn Rodrigue appeared right a-head, distant above six miles, and by eight o'clock we were all safely landed. A fisherman, who came off to show us the way through the reefs, received us in his house and proceeded to feed us, and in the mean time sent to tell the gentlemen of the island of our arrival.

Two of them came down immediately, and having heard our story, said that we had been miraculously preserved, and told us off in two parties, the married men to one and the single to the other; the crew were taken inland and encamped. They then gave our bundles to their negroes and took us to their houses, where every thing they had was set before us—clean linen and a plentiful dinner. They shook us down four or five beds in an out-house, and we tumbled into them and enjoyed what we had not known for the last fortnight—a sound sleep.

I hope the sense of our miraculous preservation dwells deeply on all our minds. My feelings on landing were so intense that I could not restrain my tears. No human skill in such peril could have availed us; it was the hand of Almighty goodness alone that withheld us from destruction; and when we consider it, and look back upon the facts as they stand recorded, and with the full knowledge that we were thirteen days and nights exposed to the violence of winds and waves and weather, in an open, leaky boat—often for days and nights completely drenched and never completely dry, and that with this we should all (with the exception of those who were before sick) have landed safe, and rather improved in health than otherwise—these things show the hand of a Providence that watches over us, though we too often forget it; and that man who could coldly say that our escape was surprising, without attributing it wholely and solely to the true cause, I should consider little better than a heathen. T. T. Ashton, Madras Artillery.

30th January, 1835.

—*United Service Journal.*

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Michaud, in his description of an Egyptian funeral procession, which he met on its way to the cemetery of Rosetta, says:—"The procession we saw pass stopped before certain houses, and sometimes receded a few steps. I was told that the dead stopped thus before the doors of their friends to bid them a last farewell, and before those of their enemies to effect a reconciliation, before they parted for ever."—*Correspondance d'Orient, par MM. Michaud et Poujoulat.*

Slowly, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
To his long home.
Short grows the homeward road,
On with your mortal load.
Oh, Grave! we come.

Yet, yet—ah! hasten not
Past each remembered spot
Where he hath been;
Where late he walked in glee,
There from henceforth to be
Never more seen.

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Yet, yet—ah! slowly move—
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Rest ye—set down the bier,
One he loved dwelleth here.
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken!—he speaketh yet—
"Oh, friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend more than brother!)
How hand in hand we've gone,
Heart with heart linked in one—
All to each other?

"Oh, friend! I go from thee,
Where the worm feasteth free,
Darkly to dwell.
Giv'st thou no parting kiss?
Friend! is it come to this?
Oh, friend, farewell!"

Uplift your load again,
Take up the mourning strain!
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
Grave! bid him hail.

Yet, yet—ah!—slowly move!
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate.—
Will the dead speak again?
Utt'ring proud boasts and vain,
Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips unclose.—
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
"Oh thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me
Ere hence I go.

"Curse not thy foeman now.—
Mark! on his pallid brow,
Whose seal is set!
Pard'ning I past away.—
Then—wage not war with clay—
Pardon—forget."

Now his last labour's done!
Now, now the goal is won!
Oh, Grave! we come.
Seal up this precious dust—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home!

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

Men-milliners.—A stranger in Mexico is struck with the appearance of the milliners' shops, where twenty or thirty stout men in moustaches are employed in making muslin gowns, caps, and artificial flowers!

In Mexico, the tails of the mules are often inclosed in stout leathern bags. The panels of the coaches are frequently painted with some classic subject; the favourite one of late is Guido's Aurora.

A Dear Bird.—The most melodious and valuable bird of Candia is the solitary black-bird, which inhabits the summits of the mountains, and fills the desert with its music. It is called by the Greeks, *petro-cockino*, "bird of the rocks;" and by the Turks, *kajaboutbowl*, "nightingale of the rock." It is in great request throughout Turkey, for its charming melody, and is seldom bought for less than a hundred dollars.

Intellect.—A poor woman, said to be ninety years of age, was waiting outside the doors of the Cheltenham theatre two hours before their opening, having walked eight miles to see "Jane Shore," and having the same distance to walk back after the performance. Mrs. M'Gibbon (who was to have enacted the heroine) deeming such devotion to the drama madness, asked her dresser, who narrated the circumstances, if the poor old creature had her intellects—"I don't know ma'am," said the girl, "she's gotten *summut* tied up in her pocket-handkerchief."

John Kemble and Claremont.—King John could joke occasionally; and Claremont was given pompously to recount his provincial triumphs. John entered the green-room as Claremont was telling an accident that had befallen him (C.) the second time he played Richard at Rochester. "What, my dear sir," exclaimed Kemble, "did they let you play Richard *twice* in one town.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Shark.—An instance of the voracity of this fish has been known at St. Helena, in the fact of an artilleryman, entire, and with his clothes on, being found in the belly of a large shark.

Progress of Refinement.—A young woman meeting a former fellow-servant, was asked how she liked her new place,—"Very well."—"Then you've nothing to complain of?"—"Nothing; only master and missus talk such very bad grammar." G. H.

Two countrymen seeing a naturalist in a field collecting insects, thus spoke of him: "Vot's that ere gemman?"—"Vy, he's a *nat*uralist."—"Vot's that?"—"Vy one as catches *gnats* to be sure." J. F.

A Welsh Rabbit is thus defined in Brady's *Varieties of Literature*:—"[illegible] and cheese wasted, that is, 'A Welsh [illegible] bit.'" G. [illegible]

Erratum.—The notice of the yew-trees at [illegible]tains Abbey, (see page 132,) pleasantly [illegible] by the *Literary Gazette*, "a Bull," should [illegible] corrected thus: "On the south side of the [illegible] stand six yew-trees; a seventh, larger than [illegible] of them, was blown down many years ago." [illegible] inadvertence reminds us of the Sussex epitaph [illegible]

Here lie two children dear,
One buried at Portsea, the other here.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, [illegible], (near Somerset House,) London; sold by [illegible] *BENNIS*, 55, *Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris*; *CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort*; *and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE AZORES:

FAYAL.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

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THE AZORES:

FAYAL—ST. MICHAEL'S.

To set sail fairly, our acknowledgments for the Engravings on the annexed page are due to a *Description of the Azores*: By Captain Boid, author of *Travels through Sicily and the Lipari Islands*, &c.; illustrated with four effective lithographs, from drawings, by Admiral Sartorius. From the same source, also, we condense the subjoined descriptive particulars; our adoption of which may be taken as earnest of the high opinion we entertain of the interest and importance of Captain Boid's work, which is, altogether, one of the pleasantest books of the season.

The beautiful Azores, or Western Islands, form an archipelago in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, and occupying a line of 100 leagues from the W. N. W. to the E. S. E. between the latitudes of 36° 59′ and 39° 44′ north, and longitudes west of Greenwich, 31° 7′ and 25° 10′. The Portuguese divide them into three groups; the first lying at the W. N. W. extremity of the archipelago, and including Flores and Corvo; the second, or central, Fayal, Pico, St. George, Graciosa, and Terceira; and the third, at the E. S. E. extremity, the islands of St. Michael and St. Mary. The Azores lie nearer to Europe than America, and belong to the kingdom of Portugal. They were discovered at different periods, and received the appellation of Azores from the Portuguese navigators who first frequented them, having observed there, in great numbers, a large species of hawk, which the inhabitants called Açor or Milhafre; soon afterwards the Portuguese called them *Ilhos dos Açores*, (or the islands of hawks,) which name has become their geographical term.

The climate of the Azores is delightful; there being a spring-like softness in the air, and the thermometer ranging from 50° to 75° throughout the year; so that there is neither intense heat nor cold. Still, the climate can scarcely be considered regular, heavy showers of rain being frequent; and Captain Boid estimates the decidedly fine days at about 200, and the wet ones at about 60. The islands are, likewise, subject to gusts and gales throughout the year; and another of their disadvantages, is a constant humidity, which soon destroys all metallic substances liable to rust. The several islands, with one exception, have been upraised from the sea by volcanic agency: they are, for the most part, hilly, with table lands from 2,000 to 5,000 feet in height, intersected by deep chasms; while the whole is bounded by magnificent mural precipices, rising abruptly from the sea. Caverns are very frequent, and the conic hills are, in many respects, craters of extinct volcanoes, the interiors of which, from 50 to 2,000 feet in depth, are beautifully clothed with verdant heaths and shrubs. Hot springs are numerous, their maximum heat being about five degrees above boiling point; which serves to prove the permanent activity of the subterranean fires. Volcanic eruptions have been frequent, the first and latest being at the island of St. Michael, viz. that of 1445, which formed the lake of the seven cities, and that of 1811, which threw up the island of Sabrina, and which has since disappeared. Earthquakes are not uncommon; the islands most subject to them being Terceira, St. George, and Fayal, where long droughts, followed by heavy rains, are invariably the preceding symptoms. Agriculture is neglected in the Azores; but the soil would supply with grain five or six millions of inhabitants, instead of 200,000. Vines flourish, and are a profitable source of commerce; coffee and tobacco grow luxuriantly, as do the common and sweet potato, and the yam; while the myrtle grows in such abundance, that the juice expressed from its branches is used by the peasants for tanning their own leather. Fruits are neglected, but the luscious banana is plentiful. The hydrangea, geranium, and oleander, are of enormous growth; the fuchsia assumes an arborescent form; and the camellia japonica rises with the height and strength of a forest tree. Horses are rare; asses are very numerous, and are, with bullocks, the usual beasts of labour. Sheep are only bred for their wool, the inhabitants rarely eating the meat. Goats exist in myriads; and pigs and dogs swarm in the streets of the towns and villages. Birds resemble those of Europe: among the singing birds is the native Canary, which, Captain Boid says, is of a yellow brown colour. Of insects, the most profitable are the bee, the silkworm, and the cochineal. The adjacent seas abound with the spermaceti whale, the tunny, and the bonito; and the coasts supply fine fish as food. Together with a few cattle, the vegetable productions of the Azores constitute the principal source of their little trade, and consist of oranges and lemons, grain, and wine.

The governors of the Azores were a military delegate, bearing the title of Captain-general, two subordinate governors, and a military commandant to each of the islands, except Terceira, which was the seat of government. But salutary reform will probably be made in this administration of justice by the present government of Portugal, the mother country.

To these general features of the Azores, we shall append a few details of the islands of Fayal and St. Michael.

FAYAL

Was named from its abounding with the candleberry myrtle, which the Portuguese, supposing to be of the beech tribe, named

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Faya. This tree was first brought to England in the year 1777, and designated by its Portuguese cognomen, Myrica Faya, or Azorean Candleberry Myrtle. In the early history of Fayal, it is related that the squadrons of Raleigh and Essex made frequent descents on the island, destroying, on one occasion, the fortifications, carrying off the governor, and seizing on or burning the whole of a Spanish homeward-bound fleet from Mexico. In more modern times, it has been a place of rendezvous for American privateers, during our wars with that country.

The island of Fayal is twelve miles long, and ten broad. It has nearly a circular form, and rises from the sea, with gradual undulations terminating, at the S. E. side, in a lofty peak, nearly 3,000 feet high, having on its summit the crater of an ancient volcano. The soil is very fertile, yet scarcely one quarter of it is cultivated. The chief town is *Horta*, containing about 10,000 inhabitants.

The town stretches along the bottom of the bay, in beautiful amphitheatrical form, and is adorned with numerous convents and churches, surmounted by a sloping eminence, whereon conspicuously stands the once noble palace of the ex-Jesuits, (the most sumptuous erected by them in the Azores,) the splendid *Carmelite* monastery, with its Arabian turrets, and the convent of St. Antonio, perched on an isolated terrace to the right. These, blended with the neighbouring gardens and quintas, and their luxuriant plantations and orange groves, and terminated, in the background, by the distant peak of the caldeira, constitute a scene more resembling the dreams and fictitious beauties of an Arabian tale, than real existence. (*See the Engraving of Fayal, with Pico in the distance.*)

ST. MICHAEL'S.

The discovery of St. Michael's originated in the following circumstance:—A prisoner in the island of St. Mary having escaped to the mountains to evade punishment, during his fugitive sojourn observed, one fine evening, when the setting sun illumined the western horizon with his golden beams, the high, prominent peaks of this island, rising like pyramids out of the sea. In the hopes of obtaining a pardon as his reward, he lost no time in communicating the event to Cabral; and thus not only procured forgiveness for himself, but immediately awakened the spirit of research, so characteristic of that great navigator. Cabral forthwith equipped a vessel; and after two or three days beating against light contrary winds, effected a landing on the 8th of May, 1444; which day being the Catholic festival of the apparition of the archangel Michael, he, in commemoration, gave to the island the appellation it bears.

St. Michael's is forty-five miles long, and from six to twelve broad: its population amounts to 110,000 souls; but it would sustain a million of inhabitants. Its capital, Ponta Delgada, is the largest, most populous, and flourishing commercial city of the Azores. It contains 22,000 inhabitants, six churches, eight monasteries, four convents, and an English chapel. The town is surrounded by quintas, or orange plantations, mostly inclosed within high walls; and upwards of 120,000 boxes of oranges are exported yearly from the island.

Captain Boid describes the culture of the orange with interesting minuteness, which we must pass over to the more important features of St. Michael's. The roads of communication between all parts of the island, excepting in the vicinity of the capital, are rough goat-paths, inaccessible to any vehicle; and this at once prevents the possibility of interior traffic by the exchange of produce, interposing a formidable barrier to the progress of commerce and civilisation. The agricultural resources of the country appear exhaustless: such, indeed, is the productiveness of the soil, that vegetation, whether cultivated or indigenous, is of surprising luxuriance. The grain crops are never known to fail; and even with the little agricultural industry that does exist, nearly 900,000 bushels of grain, independent of pulse of all sorts, are annually raised, one-third of which produce is exported to Europe. The Indian arrow-root grows every where in abundance, and is little inferior to that of Jamaica. The earth is covered with aromatic herbs and plants; and wild flowers spring up in all the splendour of cultivation. Captain Boid adds, "Were facility of intercourse established by the prosperity of the island, and were the purchase of land made easy, how admirably adapted for a vast horticultural establishment would St. Michael's become; where, through loveliness of climate, aided by the industry and scientific skill of our English gardeners, the fruits, plants, trees, and flowers peculiar to every part of the world, might be reared to perfection; and thus, by the rapid communication of steam-boats, the markets of England might be as regularly and cheaply supplied with the exotic productions of a tropical climate, as with those of her own. The rich and more delicious fruits of the warmer latitudes, together with the beautiful and hitherto rare specimens of the floral tribes, would find an easy transfer to our chilly shores." It is difficult to imagine how such advantages as these, of comparative proximity too, can be overlooked by emigrants.

From Maffra, the highest peak of St. Michael's, (between 3,000 and 4,000 feet in elevation,) may be enjoyed the whole outline of the island, with its remarkably character-

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istic features, in a bird's-eye view. To the N. E. the mountains and hills are covered with wild verdure, and furrowed with dark, deep ravines, terminating in rich, sequestered valleys; whilst beneath, to the N. W. lies the highly cultivated but romantic scenery around Capellas; and, immediately to the east, the crater of the seven cities. The grandeur of the scene is heightened by the vast expanse of surrounding ocean, over which the eye wanders to the right, and meets the bold form of St. Mary's rising up from the horizon; while, to the left, appears the dusky outline of Terceira.

The general aspect of the island from the other heights, is alike curious, sublime, and picturesque: its diversity of hills, valleys, rocks, and ravines, together with the surrounding sea, presenting, at several points, a superabundance of pictorial beauty. The whole island has assumed a variety of appearances since it was first known, owing to the volcanic eruptions and violent earthquakes that have so frequently assailed and torn it to pieces. Every part exhibits traces of the agency of fire: the roads and paths are over cinders, pumice, or calcined stones. The walls of the quintas are formed of volcanic stones, and the houses are all built of lava. Yet, so rich and fertile is the soil in general, that, with a little industry, it might be rendered the most productive spot of the globe. (*See the second Engraving.*)

We can scarcely part from this attractive spot, without noticing the picturesque costume peculiar to St. Michael's; this, for the men, consists of a blue jacket, almost covered in front with buttons; a red, brown, or party-coloured waistcoat, with breeches unbuttoned at the knees, showing a pair of white drawers, which hang somewhat loosely beneath, with rude, long, leather gaiters, over shoes or raw hide sandals: the very singular hat called the carapuça, is made of felt, covered with coarse, blue cloth, and has a rim, (the upper part lined with red cloth,) six inches wide, terminating with a crescented gore in front, where the pointed ends of the gore are turned up, and have the appearance of horns; a broad, pendant lappet is attached to it behind, which covers the neck and shoulders. Over this costume is worn in cold weather, a long, blue cloak, which, with the tall, spike sticks the men usually carry, gives a most curious appearance to the general exterior of the peasantry of St. Michael's.

CELEBRATION OF EASTER.

In the early period of Christianity, (says a recent writer,) there were a variety of opinions concerning particular ceremonies and points of religious observation. Much unpleasant and unprofitable controversy attended this diversity of idea on subjects of general importance; and, amongst others, considerable dissension had taken place respecting the observance of Easter, and which disputing had continued for upwards of ninety years. This variance, (says the Venerable Bede,) not only made the people to doubt and fear, lest, bearing the name of Christians, they did, and had run in vain, as the Apostle speaketh; but also good King Oswy, of Northumberland, and learned Prince Alkfryd, with Queen Lanfled, were much distracted and perplexed; for, by the variance then in dispute, it often happened that, in one year, two Easters were kept; for the King, breaking up his fast, and solemnizing the feast, the Queen, with Prince Alkfryd, continued their fast, and kept that day their Palm Sunday. To conclude this contrariety, a synod was purposely called, and the question disputed by their best divines. The place was Stranshaleh, or Whitby, whereof Hilda was abbess. The chief parties for and against the accustomed time of keeping that fast, were King Oswy, and Prince Alkfryd, his son. The disputants for Oswy and the established order, were Colman, Archbishop of York, and his Scottish clergy; and Hilda, the virtuous and learned Lady Abbess of the place, for Alkfryd, the Queen, &c.; and for the attempted alterations, were Agilbert, Bishop of the West Saxons; Wilfred, Abbot of Rippon; with James and Romanus, two learned men; the Reverend Cedda, newly consecrated Bishop, being appointed Prolocutor of the Assembly.

The convocation being seated, King Oswy made a solemn oration, wherein he urged a necessity, that those people who served one God, ought to celebrate his holy sacraments alike, and should keep one order and rule in the same; the truth of which service, and surcease of that long, unchristian variance for the Christian celebration and time of Easter, was then presently by those learned men to be handled, and by best approvements to be decided: whereupon he requested their utmost endeavours, and to that purpose, commanded his Archbishop, Colman, first to speak.

Colman then, with reverence, stood up and said: "The Easter which I observe I received from my forefathers, of whom I was consecrated and sent hither for your Bishop. They all, (you know,) were godly men, and observed the feast as we do now; neither think you they kept this tradition without sure warrant from greater than themselves, which was St. John the Evangelist, and the disciple whom Jesus especially loved, who, in the church which he himself planted, celebrated the feast of Easter as we do now. Therefore, knowing the man so worthy, and the manner so ancient, I hope you will confess it is not safe for us now to reject it."

"The Easter which we observe," answered Wilfred, "we ourselves have seen observed

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in Rome, where the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, lived, preached, suffered, and are buried; and in our travels through France and Italy, either for study, or upon pilgrimage, we have seen the same order kept; and we know by relation, that in Africk, Asia Egypt, and Greece, nay, throughout all nations and tongues in the world where Christ has his church, that this our time and order is observed. Shall then these obstinate Picts, (I mean the Britons,) and these remote islands in the ocean sea, fondly contend in this point against the whole world?"

Wilfred was here interrupted by Colman, who said, "I much marvel, brother, that you term our doings a fond contention, seeing we have for our warrant so worthy an apostle as John was, who only leaned upon our Lord's breast, and whose life and behaviour all the world acknowledgeth to be most wise and discreet."

"God forbid," said Wilfred, "that I should accuse John; but yet we know that he kept the decrees of Moses literally, and according to the Jewish laws; and so the rest of the Apostles were constrained in some things to do for the weakness of them who accounted it a great sin to abrogate those rights which God himself had instituted; and for that cause St. Paul did circumcise Timothy, offered bloody sacrifices in the temple, shaved his head at Corinth with Aquila and Priscilla; upon which consideration also, spake James unto Paul, 'You see, brother, how many thousands of the Jews have received the faith, and yet all of these are zealous followers of the law.' But the light of the Gospel now shineth through the world;—is it now lawful for any Christian to be circumcised, or to offer up bloody sacrifices of beasts? St. John, therefore, according to the custom of the law, in the fourteenth day of the first month, at even, began the celebration of Easter's festivity, regardless whether it fell upon the Sabbath-day, or any other of the week. But St. Paul, preaching the Gospel in Rome, remembering that our Lord arose from his grave the first day after the Sabbath, giving thereby unto us certain assurances of our resurrection, observed the feast of Easter according to the commandment of the law he looked for, even as St. John did; that is to say, the first Sabbath after the full moon of the first month. Neither doth this new observation of the Gospel and Apostle's practice, break the old law, but rather fulfilleth; for the Lord commanded the passover to be kept from the fourteenth day of the month to the twenty-one of the same; and this hath the Nicene council not newly decreed, but rather confirmed, as the Ecclesiastical history witnesseth, that this is that true observation of Easter, and all Christians, after this account, to be celebrated;" and thereupon charged Bishop Colman, that he neither observed it according to John nor Peter.

To this the Bishop replied, "That Autholius, for his holiness much commended by the said Ecclesiastical History, and Columba, a father of like sanctity, by whom miracles were wrought, kept the feast according as he did then, from whose imitation he durst not digress."

"Your fathers," said Winfred, "which you pretend to follow, how holy soever they be, and what miracles soever they have wrought, yet this I answer, that in the day of judgment, many shall say unto Christ, that they have prophesied, cast out devils, and wrought miracles in his name; to whom the Lord will answer, 'I know ye not:' and if your father Columba were holy, and mighty in miracles, yet can he by no means be preferred to the most blessed Prince of the Apostles, unto whom our Lord said, 'Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it: and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of Heaven."

Then the King asked the Bishop Colman, "whether our Lord indeed spake thus unto Peter?" He answered, "He did."

"But can you," said the King, "give evidence of a special authority granted to your father Columba?" The Bishop replied, "No."

"Then," said the King, "do ye both agree confidently that these words were principally spoken unto Peter, and that unto him the keys of the kingdom of Heaven were given?" They all answered, "It is most certain."

Upon which the King instantly concluded this great controversy, and said, "Then will I not gainsay such a porter as this Peter; but as far as I know, and am able, I will covet in all points to obey his ordinance; lest, perhaps, when I come to the doors of Heaven, I find none to open unto me, having his displeasure, which is so clearly proved to bear the keys thereof."

And with this simply, King Oswy concluded this long and great contention for the celebration of Easter, and to the reconciliation of all parties, to the time appointed by St. Peter. W. G. C.

The Sketch-Book.

THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF MR. JONATHAN WILDE, THE YOUNGER.

[This lively sketch forms one of the chapters of the *Exile of Erin; or, the Sorrows of a Bashful Man*, already noticed.]

I AM a zealous advocate for family pride, which, I think, you will scarcely wonder at, when you hear the name of the individual whom I have the honour to call great-grandfather. By my father's side I can boast no

illustrious pedigree; but my mother was lineally descended from the renowned Jonathan Wilde; and was the only sister of four brothers, all men of capacity in their line, but all equally unfortunate. The eldest of these worthies (pardon my prolixity, but I love to talk of my ancestors) was transfered from his happy home at Whitechapel to Botany Bay; the second died of a broken heart in Horsemonger-lane; the third fell a victim to a severe cold, caught while gazing at one of the prettiest prospects in all Berks from a damp pillory; while the fourth got his head accurately bissected at an Irish wedding.

By these successive calamities, added to the premature death of both my parents, I was left with nothing but ten remarkably docile fingers to rely on for support. Luckily, however, there dwelt in my neighbourhood a certain butcher, who observing, what he called, my "predicament," took me into his employ as an errand-boy; and shortly afterwards, fancying that he discovered in me evidences of superior genius, he despatched me to a neighbouring grammar-school, where I soon became distinguished by my thirst for letters, inasmuch as I had got the Forty Thieves and the Newgate Calendar by heart—two works which made a deep impression on my youthful mind.

I had remained but two years at school, when I was expelled, together with a lad named Fusby, for tying crackers to my master's coat-tail. The joke scarcely merited such retribution, so by way of revenge, and also as a pleasing memento of my school-boy days, I abstracted the pedagogue's watch and seals; after which I wrote him a courteous but spirited note, wherein I assured him that my mind soared far above the idea of dependence, and that in future I should look on myself as my own master.

You will scarcely believe that for this harmless frolic, I was taken up—tried—tied to a cart's tail—flogged—rubbed down with vinegar—put into the black-hole to dry—and then imprisoned for three tedious months; at the expiration of which time, finding myself independent alike of money, prospects, and connexions, I was compelled, in self-defence, to commence business as a conveyancer.

"It was at the Surrey Theatre—I linger on the recollection with a pleasing melancholy—that I made my first appearance as an artist in this line. The house was crowded, and as good luck would have it, I chanced to stand next an asthmatic old man, to whom I imparted my suspicions of there being thieves in the house, and hastened to prove the fact by decamping with his snuff-box.

This exploit at once got me into repute among my contemporary artists, and inspired me with such self-confidence, that for upwards of a twelvemonth afterwards I wrought successfully, night and day, at my new vocation; and one evening, on the steps of the Opera House, had the honour of a personal interview with the Prince Regent.

In attempting to ease his Royal Highness of a remarkably handsome gold snuff-box, I happened to make a false step and stumble up against him, whereupon he turned round with a smile, and made me such a gracious bow, that I have been the most loyal of men ever since.

It was at this period of my life that I became acquainted with the immortal Ikey Singleton. We shook hands (strange enough!) in the coat-pockets of a clergyman, who had stuck himself at the back of one of the dress-boxes in Covent-garden, and against whom our professional dexterity was at one and the same moment employed. Ikey was a great man; still I cannot but think he was over-rated. Certes, his mode of effecting transfers was prompt and intelligent; but it wanted originality. You might know him any where by his style. With his cotemporary, Slender Billy, it was otherwise. He was all versatility, and had the finest conception of a burglary, of any man I ever met with.

But to return from this digression, into which I have been led by my respect for departed genius. Scarcely had I achieved notoriety by the felonious capabilities of my fingers, when my mind, fitted for nobler pursuits, began to languish for pre-eminence in the higher branches of *the* profession. Ah! ambition has been my ruin, as it has been that of many a great man before me. On sounding my old school-fellow, Fusby, on the subject, he readily entered into my feelings, and agreed to join me in an attempt on a house in Brunswick-square, where I had previously ascertained that a rich old bachelor resided.

Punctual to the moment, we proceeded to effect a lodgment in his kitchen; but unluckily, while we were ascending towards the drawing-room, a stout scullery girl, who, unperceived, had watched our motions, assaulted us both with her fists in so cowardly and unprovoked a manner, that we were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. Detection was the inevitable consequence. Fusby, however, escaped by turning king's evidence, while I was tried, convicted, and transferred to his Majesty's colony at Botany Bay, where I was immediately placed in the service of a Scotch emigrant, who held vast pasturages in the neighbourhood of Sydney.

I cannot say much for the society in this quarter of the globe. Your Australian colonist is, at best, but semi-barbarous,—so much so, that whenever I chanced to fall in with a kangaroo, I invariably made a point of taking off my hat to him, to mark my sense of his superior intelligence and respectability. Conceive the innate vulgarity of a wretch who

could think of nothing better for me to do, than associate with his own sheep! Yet this was my sole occupation. From morning till night did my master compel me to keep company with his Merinos, till at length—such is the force of habit—I actually began to "ba-a" in my sleep, as naturally as if I had been a ram.

For many wearisome months I submitted to this monster's tyranny with the meek resignation of a Christian, but when, not content with making me do duty as a sheep-dog, he set me also to superintend the education of his pigs—by Jove! I could stand it no longer; so seizing the first favourable opportunity of flight, I set off for Cape Howe, whence I secretly embarked in a free trader bound for England.

The voyage home was long and stormy, and our little vessel went staggering over the Pacific, just as if she were dead drunk. For weeks together I was constantly dripping like a parish pump, and knew not what it was to eat a meal in safety. You see this scar on my left cheek. It was made by a fork, which, taking a slanting direction, one squally day at dinner, when I was attempting to convey a small bit of stale pork to my mouth, ran clean through, and, I fear, has spoiled my beauty for life. But this is a trifle. The worst is to come.

Late one night I was roused from an uneasy slumber, by the cry of "breakers, ahead!" and, on rushing on deck, found the ship in strong hysterics, kicking and plunging, and groaning, among a cluster of sharp, white, jagged rocks. Ah! sir, that was an awful spectacle, worse even than the black cap on a Judge's head! The waves ran mountains high; and as each fresh one broke over us, our poor little vessel trembled from stem to stern, and finally went to pieces; while I, after floating about some time on the fragment of a mast, was lifted up by an enormous billow, and hurled far on land in a state of utter insensibility.

On recovering consciousness, I found myself stretched on a sandy coast, surrounded by a host of peculiarly loquacious savages, who, as I afterwards learned, were discussing the interesting point, as to whether or not, they should eat me! Fortunately, the humane interference of one of the chief's wives—I was always a favourite with the ladies—saved my life; and, instead of being cooked myself, I was taken up into the country, and set to cook for others.

Folks in England are in the habit of talking of savages, as wholly uncivilized. Never was such arrant presumption! They defraud—bully—lie—and make war upon each other—quite as readily as we do here; and, in point of manual dexterity, might put to shame the best-instructed artist in the metropolis. I assure you, I felt quite humiliated to think, after all my practice, how much I had still to learn in this respect.

You wonder, no doubt, why I quitted such a civilized people. My reason was this: when I had remained with them the best part of a year, I began to acquire such a plump and tempting rotundity, as to excite the epicurean propensities of the high priest—a noted cannibal—and not relishing the idea of being served up, hot and smoking, at one of his dinner parties, (for he was remarkably hospitable, and gave capital entertainments,) I made no more ado, but hurried off to the sea-coast; where, a few days afterwards, I was discovered by the crew of a homeward-bound English merchantman, which had put in there for fresh water, and safely conveyed to Liverpool; from which place I instantly made the best of my way to the metropolis.

Here, for four subsequent years, my professional tact, sharpened by experience, enabled me to live in comfort, if not in affluence. Like my illustrious ancestor, too, I became the captain of as choice a gang of spirits as ever rode a mare foaled of an acorn; assisted by whom I levied contributions on all classes with an impartiality which I shall ever reflect on with satisfaction. But where, you will ask, are all these great men now? Alas! one languishes in the hulks at Woolwich; another treads the horrid flats of Australia; a third takes compulsory exercise at Brixton; a fourth,—but I have no heart to proceed. I must weep awhile.

The rest of my tale is brief. My gang dispersed — my person proscribed — my fame blown far and wide—I was compelled to quit London and seek some more fitting scene of action. This I fondly hoped I had found in Humbug. But the eye of the law—or as our friend Justinian would say, of destiny—was on me; and scarcely had I resumed business, when I was taken up, convicted, and—here I am in prison. And thus conclude the adventures of the last and least worthy of the Wildes.

The Naturalist.

A PARASITE TREE.

Lieutenant Long, of the United States' Artillery, has communicated to *Silliman's Journal*, No. 53, the following details of this phenomenon, in Mr. Gee's plantation, three mile south of Quincy, Gadsden County, Tallahasse, Florida.

It is a yellow pine tree bearing another in a perfectly healthful and flourishing state, like itself, and those in the woods around them. The trees, as represented in this sketch, are united about thirty-five feet from the ground, where they entwine around each other. The one that is borne (marked 1), extends down to within about two feet of the

(Parasite Tree.)

ground, and is alive and healthful to its lowest extremity.

These trees have been, in the condition in which they now are, for a period longer back than the first settlement of the country by the present population. They were pointed out by the Indians as a curiosity to the first Americans who came to Florida. The stump of the tree which is borne, has long since disappeared, and the place which it occupied is now grown up in small bushes and grass.

New Books.

ARFWEDSON'S TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

(*Continued from page* 173.)

[We continue our gleanings from this excellent work, which must be acceptable to every candid reader.]

Philadelphia Waterworks.

Philadelphia's boast, that of which the inhabitants may justly be proud, is the waterworks at Fair Mount, which supply all parts of the city with abundance of excellent water, for the consumption of private houses, as well as for the cleansing of the streets, and for extinguishing fires whenever they happen. The eminence, called Fair Mount, lies close to the city, and rises from the banks of the Schuylkill. A place more suitable for this purpose could not have been selected. The stream is conducted through a dam to a kind of basin, near the foot of the eminence, where several large wheels are worked by the mass of water. These wheels, in turn, put in motion a number of pumps, the aggregate power of which is so great that, when all the wheels are going, a quantity of water, equal to seven millions of gallons, is raised in the course of twenty-four hours. Upon the eminence, the water is collected in reservoirs, containing nearly twelve millions of gallons. It is conducted hence to the city by means of pipes, which, like the veins in the human body, serpentine in various directions; it is at last brought to the houses, and circulates under the streets. By this excellent arrangement, plugs, placed purposely at regular distances, need only be opened, and all quarters are supplied. This simple aqueduct cost the city no less than one million seven hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars; the annual expense, which is proportionably trifling, is borne by every housekeeper, who has on the other hand the great convenience of water in every part of the house, even in the garret. In fine, nothing in or about Philadelphia deserves more to be seen than these waterworks.

Election of President.

The President and Vice-President of the United States are, as it is well-known, elected to their respective offices for a period of four years. In Pennsylvania, the election takes place in the following manner: four months before the duties of the office are entered upon, electors are chosen by the people, who afterwards vote. A similar day of election took place on the 2nd of November in Philadelphia. The friends of the respective candidates, Jackson, Clay, and Wirt, had, during the preceding week, used every exertion to influence voters to avail themselves of their privilege. No pains had been spared, and no inducement neglected. In England, where I have likewise attended popular elections, the zeal of the friends of the candidates is certainly very great; but in America it is carried to a still higher pitch. Both old and young, poor and rich, men and women, feel such an intense interest in the issue of the contest, that the least result which an impartial foreigner can possibly expect is, the dissolution of the Union, effusion of blood, and civil war. Whichever way I turned, I heard the severest censure directed by one party against the other. In one place, appeared a number of Clay-men attacking and tearing down the hickory trees.* In

* A kind of walnut tree, distinguished for its toughness and durability. President Jackson went always among the lower classes by the name of Old Hickory. The reason is variously stated. Some pretend that he obtained this nickname after a victory gained at a place called "Hickory Ground." Others assert that the quality of the wood is applicable to his character. I cannot say which of these versions is the correct one.

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another, a numerous and savage mob was seen dancing round similar trees erected in the streets, calling out—"Jackson for ever!" Not far off, a procession of anti-masons, to whose party the last-mentioned candidate belonged, was seen moving and laughing at their antagonists. In another group, were observed a number of the most influential politicians in the city, haranguing the people on the brilliant prospects of their cause, the certain defeat of their opponents, the matchless qualifications of their candidate, and the duplicity, vacillation, and deception, of the other two. It was evident, that the prevailing policy was to keep up party spirit by holding forth encouragement, and to acquire new adherents, either by the propagation of false statements or by attempting to frighten the opponents.

The State of Pennsylvania is divided into certain districts, where elections take place on the same day. Philadelphia constitutes a district of itself. The city, however, is so extensive, that it is necessary to subdivide it into wards, to facilitate the elections. Commissioners from each ward assemble in the Statehouse at eight o'clock in the morning of the day appointed. Each of them had his own particular box placed near the avenue of trees fronting the house. The voters approached these boxes whenever they wished to give a vote, and delivered a printed card, on which the names of the electors were inscribed, and signed by the voter. It being understood that none except those who belong to the ward of which the box bears the name are allowed to vote, it may be supposed that the person who receives the vote must know the respective voters. But, if any doubt arise as to the eligibility of the party, the commissioner has the privilege of insisting upon his oath, and the production of receipts for paid taxes. Before the boxes thronged a number of people belonging to the three aspiring candidates, distinguished only by the different names on voting cards, and which were pasted on boards and carried about in the shape of flags. Some of these cards had the portraits of the candidates for the presidency; on others were written or printed eulogies of them. The conflict near the boxes was often attended with bloodshed, and several of the combatants were carried away from the field of battle wounded and disfigured. These fights continued the whole day uninterruptedly; and about ten o'clock at night the boxes were shut up, when a retreat was effected by the straggling party to other parts of the city. The uproar spread in every direction; yells and discordant sounds were heard in all parts; the arrival of an enemy, or of the plague, could not have caused a greater disturbance. I took a walk late in the evening to look at the different transparencies which each party had exhibited before their committee-rooms. An attack perfectly organized, took place on one of these rooms, and the assault was only repulsed by the besieged after a most obstinate resistance, when about fifty wounded were left on the field of battle. These scenes did not end till morning.

On the following day, the inhabitants of the city were officially informed that the anti-Jackson party had a majority in Philadelphia of about one thousand nine hundred votes. Returns were also transmitted from different parts of the State in the course of this and the following day, showing the issue of the election; but, when all these were summed up at last, Jackson's party appeared to have the ascendancy, and his election in Pennsylvania was consequently secured. This result, quite contrary to the wishes of the majority in Philadelphia, did not, however, create any disturbance among the party who but a few evenings before had displayed an almost revolutionary zeal in the cause, and actually shed blood to secure victory over the Jackson men. On the contrary, they heard the announcement of their defeat with a composure worthy of imitation; I observed even some, who had commanded at the late attack on the committee-room, laugh at the issue of the election.

Fire at Richmond Theatre.

During one of my rambles in the city, I met with one of the most affecting mausoleums I had seen since my arrival in America. In an open colonnade, near the front of the Episcopal Church, and directly opposite to the entrance, is a sarcophagus, on which a great number of names are inscribed. It is a monument commemorative of a dreadful event which occurred here on the never-to-be-forgotten evening of the 26th of December, 1811.

On the same place where the church and the monument now stand was formerly a theatre, where the first and most enlightened society in Virginia once found an agreeable recreation. A play was performed on that very evening, the name of which I cannot recollect, but which was extremely popular at the time. Many of the first families in town attended the performance: the house was filled with all the talent, beauty, virtue, and knowledge, that Richmond could boast of. In the midst of the performance, at the moment, perhaps, when the feelings of the audience were excited to the highest pitch—for thus Fate often sports with men—a loud cry of "Fire!" was heard. Panic-stricken, the whole assembly rushed towards the doors; but—great God! shall I continue to describe the last act of this tragic scene? Enough—they met the flames at the entrance—few ventured to brave them—some flocked together—their piercing cries and lamentations

reaching even the ears of friends and relatives who had remained at home—smoke and flames enveloped the house sooner than could have been expected—a low murmur was heard from the interior of the building—relatives and friends rushed frantically to the spot—a thunder-crash suddenly drowned the roaring of the fire and the crackling of the beams—the smoke took another direction as if in fear—a single immeasurable flame rose towards the dark heavens, and its light was more than sufficient to show to the horror-stricken multitude that walls and roof had irretriavably buried the unfortunate victims in their ruins.

A church was afterwards erected on the ruins of the former theatre; and, to remind those who enter the temple to worship God that about one hundred and twenty fellow-creatures here met a premature death, this monument was placed so conspicuously before the gate to the church that no one can go in without passing it. What an awful memento to sinners of the suddenness of death, often occurring when least expected, and in the midst of earthly enjoyments!

Cotton Culture.

Cotton grows on short stalks, in pods or balls, which burst, like the buds of flowers, when the cotton is ripe. In the spring it is planted as thickly as possible; but, as soon as the plants grow up a little, the field is cleared of weeds, and they are left at a certain distance from each other. The flower is yellow, red, or white, according to the quality of the cotton; the best is snow-white, and in appearance like the lily. Like the sunflower, it follows the direction of the sun: in two days it generally withers. Negroes are employed in gathering and collecting the cotton in baskets, after which it is put into an iron machine in the form of a wheel, worked by horses, which separates the cotton from the seed. In this wheel there are several parallel spouts, set with small teeth, before which the cotton is laid, and by the motion of the wheel it is drawn between them, and then passes through the spouts till the seed is completely separated from it.

The cotton is now received into another wheel, also worked by horses, which cleanses it from every species of impurity by means of fine brushes placed within it. A press is afterwards employed to pack it into bales, and in this state it is sent to market. In many places it is usual to manure the fields with the seed not used for sowing; but of late years experience has taught the planters to set a higher value on it, as it contains a considerable quantity of oil, which is extracted by pressure, and is suitable both for burning and painting. This oil may, in the course of years, become an additional source of wealth to the planters.

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

[Mr. Murray has commenced the publication of his drawing-room or parlour-window edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* in excellent taste; and, if fine printing, embellishments, and pretty binding can attract, he must be successful. The object of the undertaking is, to publish "all the existing materials for the biography of Dr. Johnson, together with copious illustrations, critical, explanatory, and graphical," the whole to be comprised in eight volumes. In the portion before us, the new notes are in abundant addition to those of Mr. Croker, who, it was thought, had exhausted the stock of annotations. The embellishments of this volume are, a whole-length portrait of Dr. Johnson, p. xx.; the other engravings are, the House in which Johnson was born, (also engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xx. p. 257,) and Tunbridge Wells in 1748, (engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 65.) The Life extends to 1753, or the Doctor's forty-fourth year. In the Appendix are some Notices of Michael Johnson, father of the Doctor; and an entertaining Account of the early Life of Dr. Johnson, written by himself, and thus annotated by the Editor.]

From a little volume published in 1805, and now become scarce, entitled, "An Account of the Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, from his Birth to his Eleventh Year, written by himself: to which are added, Original Letters to Dr. Johnson, by Miss Hill Boothby; from the MSS. preserved by the Doctor, and now in possession of Richard Wright, surgeon, of Lichfield."—"This volume, (says the Editor,) was among that mass of papers which were ordered to be committed to the flames a few days before Dr. Johnson's death, thirty-two pages of which were torn out by himself, and destroyed. Francis Barber, his black servant, unwilling that all the MSS. of his illustrious master should be utterly lost, preserved these relics from the flames. By purchase they came into the possession of the Editor."

[From this Autobiographical Fragment, we quote a few fragments.]

III. 1711-12.

This year, in Lent, —12, I was taken to London, to be touched for the evil by Queen Anne. My mother was at Nicholson's, the famous bookseller, in Little Britain.* I always retained some memory of this journey, though I was then but thirty months old. I remembered a little dark room behind the kitchen, where the jack-weight

* My mother, then with child, concealed her pregnancy, that she might not be hindered from the journey.—*Orig.*

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fell through a hole in the floor, into which I once slipped my leg.*

I remember a boy crying at the palace when I went to be touched. Being asked, "on which side of the shop was the counter?" I answered, on the left from the entrance," many years after, and spoke, not by guess, but by memory. We went in the stage-coach, and returned in the wagon, as my mother said, because my cough was violent. The hope of saving a few shillings was no slight motive; for she, not having been accustomed to money, was afraid of such expenses as now seem very small. She sewed two guineas in her petticoat, lest she should be robbed.

We were troublesome to the passengers; but to suffer such inconveniences in the stage-coach was common in these days to persons in much higher rank.† She bought me a small silver cup and spoon, marked SAM. I., lest, if they had been marked S. I., which was her name, they should, upon her death, have been taken from me. She bought me a speckled linen frock, which I knew afterwards by the name of my London frock. The cup was one of the last pieces of plate which dear Tetty‡ sold in our distress. I have now the spoon. She bought at the same time two tea-spoons, and till my manhood she had no more.

My father considered tea as very expensive, and discouraged my mother from keeping company with the neighbours, and from paying visits, or receiving them. She lived to say, many years after, that if the time were to pass again, she would not comply with such unsocial injunctions.§

I suppose that, in this year, I was first informed of a future state. I remember, that being in bed with my mother one morning, I was told by her of the two places to which the inhabitants of this world were received after death: one a fine place filled with happiness, called Heaven; the other, a *sad* place, called Hell. That this account much affected my imagination, I do not remember. When I was risen, my mother bade me repeat what she had told me to Thomas Jackson. When I told this afterwards to my mother, she seemed to wonder that she should begin such talk so late as that the first time could be remembered.

[*Here there is a chasm of thirty-eight pages in the manuscript.*]——examination. We always considered it as a day of ease; for we made no preparation, and indeed were asked commonly such questions as we had been asked often before, and could regularly answer. But I believe it was of use at first.

On Thursday night, a small portion of Æsop was learned by heart, and on Friday morning, the lessons in Æsop were repeated; I believe, not those in Helvicus. On Friday afternoon, we learned *Quæ Genus*; I suppose that other boys might say their repetition; but of this I have now no distinct remembrance. To learn *Quæ Genus* was to me always pleasing; and *As in Præsenti* was, I know not why, always disgusting.

When we learned our Accidence we had no parts, but, I think, two lessons. The boys that came to school untaught read the Accidence twice through before they learned it by heart.

When we learned *Propria quæ Maribus*, our parts were in the Accidence; when we learned *As in Præsenti*, our parts were in the Accidence and *Propria quæ Maribus*; when we learned *Syntaxis*, in the former three. *Propria quæ Maribus* I could repeat without any effort of recollection. I used to repeat it to my mother and Tom Johnson; and remember that I once went as far as the middle of the paragraph, "Mascula dicuntur monosyllaba," in a dream.

On Saturday, as on Thursday, we were examined. We were sometimes on one of those days, asked our Catechism, but with no regularity or constancy.

* * * * *

I had the curiosity, two or three years ago, to look over Garretson's Exercises, Willymot's Particles, and Walker's Exercises; and found very few sentences that I should have recollected if I had found them in any other books. That which is read without pleasure is not often recollected nor inflxed by conversation, and therefore in a great measure drops from the memory. Thus it happens that those who are taken early from school, commonly lose all that they had learned.

I was with Hawkins but two years, and perhaps four months. The time, till I had computed it, appeared much longer by the multitude of novelties which it supplied, and of incidents, then in my thoughts important, it produced. Perhaps it is not possible that any other period can make the same impression on the memory.

X. 1719.

This Whitsuntide, I and my brother were sent to pass some time at Birmingham; I

* I seem to remember, that I played with a string and a bell, which my cousin Isaac Johnson gave me; and that there was a cat with a white collar, and a dog, called Chops, that leaped over a stick: but I know not whether I remember the thing, or the talk of it.—*Orig.*

† I was sick; one woman fondled me, the other was disgusted.—*Orig.*

‡ His wife, whom he called by this familiar contraction of Elizabeth.—CROKER.

§ When Dr. Johnson, at an advanced age, recorded all these minute circumstances, he contemplated, we are told, writing the history of his own life; and probably intended to develope, from his own infant recollections, the growth and powers of the faculty of memory, which he possessed in so remarkable a degree. From the little details of his domestic history, he perhaps meant also to trace the progressive change in the habits of the middle classes of society. —CROKER.

believe, a fortnight. Why such boys were sent to trouble other houses, I cannot tell. *My* mother had some opinion that much improvement was to be had by changing the mode of life. My uncle Harrison was a widower; and his house was kept by Sally Ford, a young woman of such sweetness of temper, that I used to say she had no fault. We lived most at uncle Ford's, being much caressed by my aunt, a good-natured, coarse woman, easy of converse, but willing to find something to censure in the absent. My uncle Harrison did not much like us, nor did we like him. He was a very mean and vulgar man, drunk every night, but drunk with little drink, very peevish, very proud, very ostentatious, but luckily, not rich. At my aunt Ford's I eat so much of a boiled leg of mutton,* that she used to talk of it. My mother, who had lived in a narrow sphere, and was then affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten. Her mind, I think, was afterwards much enlarged, or greater evils wore out the care of less.

I stayed after the vacation was over some days; and remember, when I wrote home, that I desired the horses to come on Thursday of the first school week; and then, and not till then, they should be welcome to go. I was much pleased with a rattle to my whip, and wrote of it to my mother.

When my father came to fetch us home, he told the ostler, that he had twelve miles home, and two boys under his care. This offended me. He had then a watch,† which he returned when he was to pay for it.

In making, I think, the first exercise under Holbrook, I perceived the power of continuity of attention, of application not suffered to wander or to pause. I was writing at the kitchen windows, as I thought, alone, and, turning my head, saw Sally dancing. I went on without notice, and had finished almost without perceiving that any time had elapsed. This close attention I have seldom in my whole life obtained.

* All these trifles—since Dr. Johnson in the height of his fame, (for the Account must have been written subsequent to 1768,) thought them worth recording—appear worth quoting. His voracious love of a leg of mutton adhered to him through life; and the prophecy of his mother, that it never would be forgotten, is realized in a way the good woman could not have anticipated.—CROKER.

† The convenience of a watch, now so general, Dr. Johnson himself, as Sir J. Hawkins reports, (p. 460,) did not possess till 1768.—CROKER.

The Public Journals.

THE SILENT JUDGE.

A Sicilian Fact.

A MALTESE judge of the last century, named Cambo, who was an early riser, having left his bed one morning before sunrise, hearing the footsteps of people running violently in the street, was led by curiosity to see what occasioned it at that unusual hour. Most of the houses in Valletta are furnished with balconies, covered and glazed, which, when provided with curtains, permit the inhabitants, if inclined, to observe what is going on in the street, without being themselves discovered. The judge from one of these, though it was not yet daylight, perceived a man running in great terror from another, who followed him close behind. Directly under the judge's window, the pursuer overtook the flyer, and stabbed him; the wounded man reeled and fell; in the act of striking, it is to be remarked, the assassin's cap fell off, so that the judge had an opportunity of viewing his features in the increasing daylight; hastily recovering it, he instantly took to flight. A few paces farther on he threw away the sheath of his stiletto, and turned into another street; the judge consequently lost sight of him. Scarcely had he witnessed this extraordinary spectacle, than a baker with his basket of bread for the daily consumption of his customers made his appearance. As he walked leisurely along, the sheath of the stiletto, which lay in his path, caught his eye; he stooped, took it up, and after examining it a little, put it into his pocket, and continued his course. Just then a patrol of the police, either by accident, or drawn by the noise which had attracted the attention of the judge, entered the same street. In the mean time, the baker a little lower came to the body of the person just assassinated; the police took the same direction, and the poor man at this instant perceived them behind him; terrified at the sight of the corpse, and fearful of being suspected and arrested, he lost all presence of mind, and hid himself in the entrance of a gentleman's house near the spot; but he had not escaped the quick eye of the officers; they had seen a figure, which disappeared suddenly near the murdered person, whom they also now discovered, and very naturally conjecturing it was the assassin, began to search for him carefully on all sides, as they knew he had not run off; it was not long before they detected the unfortunate baker in his hiding-place; his incoherent and confused replies increased suspicion; on searching him they found the sheath on his person; the stiletto had fallen from the wound, and lay near the body; on applying it to the sheath they found it corresponded exactly, and less than all these circumstances would have warranted the arrest of the poor baker; he was accordingly carried to prison, and public report gave out that he was undoubtedly the murderer; nor was this prepossession any way contradicted or removed by the judge, who, though he had witnessed the whole occurrence, kept it a profound secret in his own breast. Official report was

made to him within an hour after the event—still he communicated the fact to no one. The only way of accounting for his extraordinary conduct is, that he presided in the criminal court, and that there was a doubt in the existing jurisprudence, how far a judge ought to act from his own private knowledge of a case, and whether he ought not altogether to limit himself to the deposition of witnesses and other evidence brought forward on the trial, without any reference to information he might have casually received from other sources. The dull and heavy intellect of Cambo, unable to distinguish between the rule and the exception, embraced this opinion. The unhappy baker was in due time brought to trial. Circumstances were certainly against him; the stupid judge, who knew his innocence, patiently listened to, and punctually noted all the apparent proofs of his guilt, and at length, to do him justice, perceived with satisfaction that the evidence was not altogether sufficiently conclusive for condemnation, but determined to proceed with all due formality, and not to deviate an iota from the ordinary routine of the court, according to the established practice of the Maltese code of the day, which, in cases of *semi-prova*, or semi-proof, preposterously endeavoured to supply the deficiencies of evidence by the forced confession of the criminal himself, he ordered the wretched man to be put to the question. Imagining, in his infatuation, by this proceeding, to reconcile what he esteemed his duty with his conscience, he conceived that the prisoner being really innocent, would persist in asserting himself to be so, and thus afford him an opportunity of declaring the proof of his crime not sufficiently made out; but he was mistaken. Relaxing nothing from the customary procedure of the court, the torture, which was that of the cord, was so cruelly and unmercifully applied, that at the second fall, the wretched creature, yielding to the pain caused by the complete dislocation of both shoulders, calling out loudly that he was guilty. So terrified was he by the apprehension of a continuation or renewal of his suffering, that when taken down to receive condemnation as convicted, he durst not retract his forced and false confession. No alternative was now, in his own opinion, left to the scrupulous and undeviating Cambo. Here was a person accused, tried, and convicted, all in due form; if he was not guilty in fact, he was so in law, and ought to have been so in reality. Perhaps the sagacious judge found that he had let matters go too far to retract at this last stage; be that as it may, the hapless wretch was condemned to death, and, horrible to relate, soon after underwent the sentence of the law.

It was not long before the dreadful truth was brought to light: the real murderer arrested, brought to trial, and condemned to death for another crime, among other offences, confessed himself guilty of that for which the poor baker had so unjustly suffered, and appealed to Cambo himself for the truth of his assertion; in the very act of plunging his knife into the body of his victim, he had caught the judge's eye, as he stood at the window; he described his dress at the time, and mentioned the circumstance of his cap falling, when he was so near the balcony that the judge must have necessarily remarked his features; indeed, he had given himself up for lost; and was astonished at finding the unfortunate baker arrested, condemned, and executed in his stead, the reasons for which strange proceeding on the part of the judge he had never been able to account for.

The circumstance coming to the ears of the grand master, he sent for Cambo, and soon elicited the whole fact from that precise and straightforward functionary, who still maintained that he had only fulfilled his duty, and acted up to the letter of the law, in consigning an innocent man to a cruel and ignominious death, because it unfortunately happened that the only witness in his favour was his judge. The grand master, it seems, was of a different opinion, for he not only degraded and dismissed Cambo from all his employments, but obliged him to provide handsomely, from his private fortune, for the family of this victim of judicial murder.—*Metropolitan.*

SHAKSPEARE'S ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCHLEGEL thus characterizes, as a whole, this beautiful play, which he justly styles a magnificent hymn to love:—

"It was reserved for Shakspeare to unite purity of heart, and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners, and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. By the manner in which he has handled it, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul, and gives to it the highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul,—and, at the same time, is a melancholy elegy on its frailty, from its own nature and external circumstances—at once the deification and the burial of love. It appears here like a heavenly spark, that, descending to the earth, is converted into a flash of lightning, by which mortal creatures are, almost in the same moment, set on fire and consumed. Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly bold declaration of love, and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating

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convulsions of rapture and despair, to the death of the lovers, who still appear enviable, since their love survives them, and by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power; and all these contrasts are so blended, in this harmonious and wonderful work, into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the imagination resembles a single but endless sigh."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DEATH-BED OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

(*Appendix to a Memoir of His Royal Highness, in the United Service Journal.*)

Saturday, November 22, 1834.

I WENT by appointment to Bagshot-park, to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the Duke of Gloucester. It had been settled that only the Duchess was to receive it with him. He had received it at the parish church six weeks ago. The Duke wished previously to see me alone; he was sitting up in his bed, when, taking me by the hand, he said, "My dear S., I am very desirous of receiving the sacrament, and of receiving it from your hands, whom I have known so many years." I said, "Forty." "No," he replied, "not forty till next February." He continued, "Our lives are in the hand of God, and he alone can tell whether I shall recover. My impression now is, that having lasted so long, I shall; twenty-four hours ago I thought not; but I am resigned to his will. To say that I wish to die would be wrong; for that would imply that I thought myself fit to appear in the presence of the Almighty; *that* I certainly am not. I have sinned against God in thought, word, and deed; but I earnestly repent. There can be no forgiveness, no pardon of sin but through the merits of our blessed Redeemer; every thing depends upon his atonement; his blood can cleanse from all sin. I implore pardon for every thing that I have done amiss. If I have done or said any unkind thing to any person whatever, I am heartily sorry for it; and I sincerely forgive any who have wished to injure me."

All this was said in a manner that convinced me it came from the heart.

He then said, "If every thing is ready, send for the Duchess."

I began with the Communion for the Sick; he repeated the collect after me. During the whole service he always used the first person. When he had finished the collect, he said, "Beautiful!" I then observed, that as he had been confessing his sins and offences against God, I would say the Prayer in the Visitation for the Sick, that follows the Absolution; and he repeated it most devoutly. Before I began the Communion service, he desired me to say what Christ commanded his disciples when they entered a house. Having said the words, "Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it," he responded, "Amen, amen!"

At the end of the address, "Ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins," he observed, I cannot kneel, my illness will not permit me; but I hope my heart is humble."

It was his invariable custom in the days of health and strength, whenever he addressed the King of Heaven, to offer up his petition in the humblest posture, "meekly kneeling upon his knees."

In the general confession, "Have mercy upon *me*," he paused; and then said, "Mercy in every thing. O God have mercy upon you, my dear wife, and my sister, and you, my dear S., and all my gentlemen, and all my friends!" He then began the Confession again, and went through it with great fervour of devotion. Having said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," he desired me to stop, and for a considerable time his eyes were fixed on the passage, and he was in deep meditation. He then said, "Now go on." When I had finished that part of the prayer of Consecration, "Drink ye all of this for the remission of sins," he desired me to repeat it, and then added, "I hope for mine also." After "Glory to God in the highest," he began the collect, (not usually said on these occasions,), "Assist us mercifully, O Lord;" and then asked for the Blessing; and after that, for the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This service being completed, he desired me to read part of the Burial Service—"I know that my Redeemer liveth;" but as I was beginning, he complained of exhaustion, and asked me to come on the morrow and read it, as well as the first chapter of St. John's Gospel; at the same time expressing his wish that I would read it when he was dying. He then said, "The Duchess must be much fatigued after all her exertions and kind attentions to me: go with her, and compose her."

Her Royal Highness had conducted herself during the whole trying scene with great calmness and composure, and with no small firmness of mind; for, indeed, it was very affecting. I must add, the Duke expressed his gratitude for all the comforts he enjoyed—for the great attentions he received from the Duchess, from his medical attendant, and all about him; and then said, "By doing this, (laying his hand on the table,) I can have the first physician and surgeon from London, and every comfort to alleviate my sickness, whilst the poor man in the village is taken ill, thrown out of his work, and his family in absolute want." He did not forget the poor in his alms.

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Upon one occasion, in a prayer, he asked me if he might say, *My God*. I answered, yes: he might say more; he might say, "My *Father's God*," quoting Exodus, xv. 2. He took hold of my hands, saying, "Thank you, thank you! O I never knew what happiness was till now!"

On the Thursday following, the Duke again received the Sacrament, with the Princess, his sister, and the Duchess, with the same feelings of true devotion as on the former occasion. In the course of the service he was praying *ex tempore*, and I was particularly struck with the following expressions,—"O my Saviour! plead for me, plead for me; intercede for me; without thee I am lost. Send thy Holy Spirit to strengthen and support me." Afterwards he asked for the *Te Deum*, and when I had finished it, he said, "Begin again at 'Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!'" He then desired two prayers to be said out of the Litany, which his father had asked for on his deathbed.

I never witnessed a more gratifying scene. It was truly delightful to see three persons of the highest rank in life so entirely forgetting all earthly grandeur, and desirous only of throwing themselves at the feet of their Saviour, and pleading his atonement as the sole ground of their hope of pardon and forgiveness! O that we had many such examples of piety and humility amongst the great ones of our land!

The outer man was visibly decaying; but, blessed be God, the inner man was renewing day by day. On Saturday he was very weak, and his voice feeble. He then said to me, "You are my chaplain; you stand between me and my God: pray for me; go and pray for me now." During the night, he said distinctly the following short, but fervent and effectual prayer — the prayer of the humble publican—"God be merciful to me a sinner!" Not long afterwards he became insensible, and remained in that state for about twelve hours; when, near seven o'clock on *Advent* Sunday, without a groan or a sigh, "he fell asleep," and angels bore the immortal spirit to the bosom of his Saviour and his God.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit!

T. SNELL.

The Gatherer.

St. Giles's.—The general corruption of manners among the lower orders in St. Giles's, owing to the continued influx of poor in this district, (says Mr. Dobie,) is noticed by Hogarth in his prints: the scene of his *Harlot's Progress* is laid in Drury-lane; Tom Nero, in his *Four Stages of Cruelty*, is a St. Giles's charity boy. His *Gin-street* is situated in St. Giles's; and in a night cellar in the same parish the *Idle Apprentice* is supposed to be taken up for murder. Fielding also strictly agrees with the truth of these representations, in a pamphlet published a few years afterwards, when he mentions to have had it as information from Mr. Welch, then high-constable of Holborn, that "in the parish of St. Giles's there were a great number of idle persons and vagabonds, who have their lodgings there for twopence per night. That in the above parish, and St. George's, Bloomsbury, one woman alone occupies seven of these houses, all properly accommodated with miserable beds, from the cellar to the garret, for such twopenny lodgers. That in these beds, several of which are in the same room, men and women, often strangers to each other, lie promiscuously, the price of a double bed being no more than three-halfpence. That in these places gin is sold at a penny a quartern; so that the smallest sum of money serves for intoxication. That in execution of search-warrants, Mr. Welch rarely finds less than twenty of these houses open for the receipt of all comers at the latest hours; and that in one of these houses, and that not a large one, he hath numbered fifty-eight persons of both sexes." W. G. C.

Rev. Edward Irving acted in Ryder's company, in Kirkaldy (a few miles from Edinburgh), about twenty-four years since, and was then passionately devoted to the stage. The obliquity of his vision, his dialect, and peculiarly awkward gait and manner, created so much derision, that he left the stage for the pulpit, after about three months' probation.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Gin.—The expense incurred in fitting up gin-shop bars, (says a recent writer,) is almost incredible, every one vieing with his neighbour in convenient arrangements, general display, rich carving, brass work, finely-veined mahogany, gilding, and ornamental painting. Time was when gin was only to be found in by-lanes and blind-alleys—in dirty obscure holes, called dram-shops; but now gin is become a giant demigod—a mighty spirit, dwelling in gaudy, gold-bespattered temples, erected to his honour in every street, and worshipped by countless thousands, who daily sacrifice at his shrine their health, their strength, their money, their minds, their bodies, wives, children, sacred home, and liberty. Juggernaut is but a fool to him, for the devotees of Juggernaut, though they put themselves into the way of being crushed to death beneath his chariot wheels, are put out of their misery at once; but the devotees of the great spirit Gin devote themselves to lingering misery: for his sake they are contented to drag on a degraded, miserable existence—to see their children pine, dwindle, and famish, to steep themselves in poverty

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to the very lips, and die at last poor and despised paupers. In these temples of the great spirit Gin, may be seen unwashed multitudes—the old and young, grandsires and grandams, fathers and mothers, husbands, wives, and children, crowding, jostling, and sucking in the portions of the spirit which the flaunting priestesses dole out to them in return for their copper offerings.

W. G. C.

Drunkenness.—In the city of Mexico, tumbrils are sent round by the police to take up those who are drunk. They are kept a night, and made to work in the streets for three days with a ring round their ancle.

Premiers, from the accession of George III. to the present period:—Earl of Bute, May, 1762; Mr. Grenville, April, 1763; Marquess of Buckingham, July, 1765; Duke of Grafton, August, 1766; Lord North, January, 1770; Marquess of Rockingham, March, 1782; Lord Selbourne, July, 1782; Duke of Portland, April, 1783; Mr. Pitt, December, 1783; Mr. Addington, March, 1801; Mr. Pitt, May, 1804; Lord Grenville, January, 1806; Duke of Portland, March, 1807; Mr. Percival, June, 1810; Lord Liverpool, June, 1812; Mr. Canning, April, 1827; Lord Goderich, August, 1827; Duke of Wellington, January, 1828; Earl Grey, November, 1830; Lord Melbourne, June, 1834; and Sir Robert Peel, December, 1834.

At Abingdon, in Berkshire, the first Sunday the new mayor goes to church after his election, the people of the town adorn the outside of their houses with boughs and garlands of flowers, and the paths are strewed with rushes. This ceremony is more particularly attended to in the street where the mayor happens to live, and his house is distinguished by extraordinary decorations.

Crying and Laughing.—A man is mentioned by Thomas Coryate, in his *Crudities*, who had acquired so complete a command over the muscles of his face, that he could cry on one side and laugh on the other, at one and the same time.

During Passion Week in Italy, Sicily, &c., all clocks and bells are silenced; and this principle was carried so far at Malta, that even the governor's dinner-bell, in the time of Sir Hildebrand Oakes, was dismounted by the Maltese part of his establishment.

Native Eloquence.—The following extract from a speech before the governor and assembly of Pennsylvania, by the chief of the Menomonies, has all the figurative energy of Indian eloquence:—"Brother: we see your house. It is large and beautiful. But the Council House of the Red Man is much larger. The earth is the floor; the clear sky is the roof; a blazing fire is the chair of the Chief Orator, and the green grass the seats of our Chiefs. You speak by papers, and record your words in books; but we speak from our hearts, and memory records our words in the hearts of our people."

Ulloa remarks, that the immoderate use of spirituous liquors made more havoc among the Indian population of Peru in a twelvemonth, than the mines in half a century.

The Teeth.—According to M. La Baume, the tartar on the teeth is produced in the same manner as coral, by animalculæ, which after having formed the nidus, insinuate themselves between the gums and the teeth, causing diseases of both. Washing the teeth with vinegar and a brush will, in a few days, remove the tartar; and the use of powdered charcoal and the tincture of rhatany will effectually prevent its formation.

Witchcraft.—Bishop Jewel, in a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, tells her, "It may please your Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers, within these four last years, are marvellously increased within your Grace's realm. Your subjects pine away even unto death—their colour fadeth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft; I pray God they never practise farther than upon the subject." John Bell, minister of the gospel at Glaidsmuir, says, "Providently two tests appeared to discover the crime: if the witch cries out, 'Lord have mercy upon me!' when apprehended; and the inability of shedding tears: because, as a witch could only shed three tears, and those with her left eye, her stock was quickly exhausted; and that was the more striking, as King James I. shrewdly observes, 'since other women in general are like the crocodile ready to weep upon every slight occasion.'"

W. G. C.

Fish.—The natives of Sinde believe that fish diet prostrates the understanding; and, in palliation of ignorance in any one, they often plead that "he is but a fish-eater."

In Paraguay, the violation of the confidence of letters is so well known, that few take the trouble of sealing them.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXIV.

(*From the Literary Gazette, March* 7, 1835.)

"We have only to repeat our praise of our diligent and enterprising contemporary. This volume contains more than a usual portion of good original matter; and the selections are, as heretofore, made with judgment."

(*From the Athenæum, Feb.* 28, 1835.)

"An amusing and well-conducted Miscellany."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand*, (*near Somerset House,*) *London; sold by G. G. BENNIS*, 55, *Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

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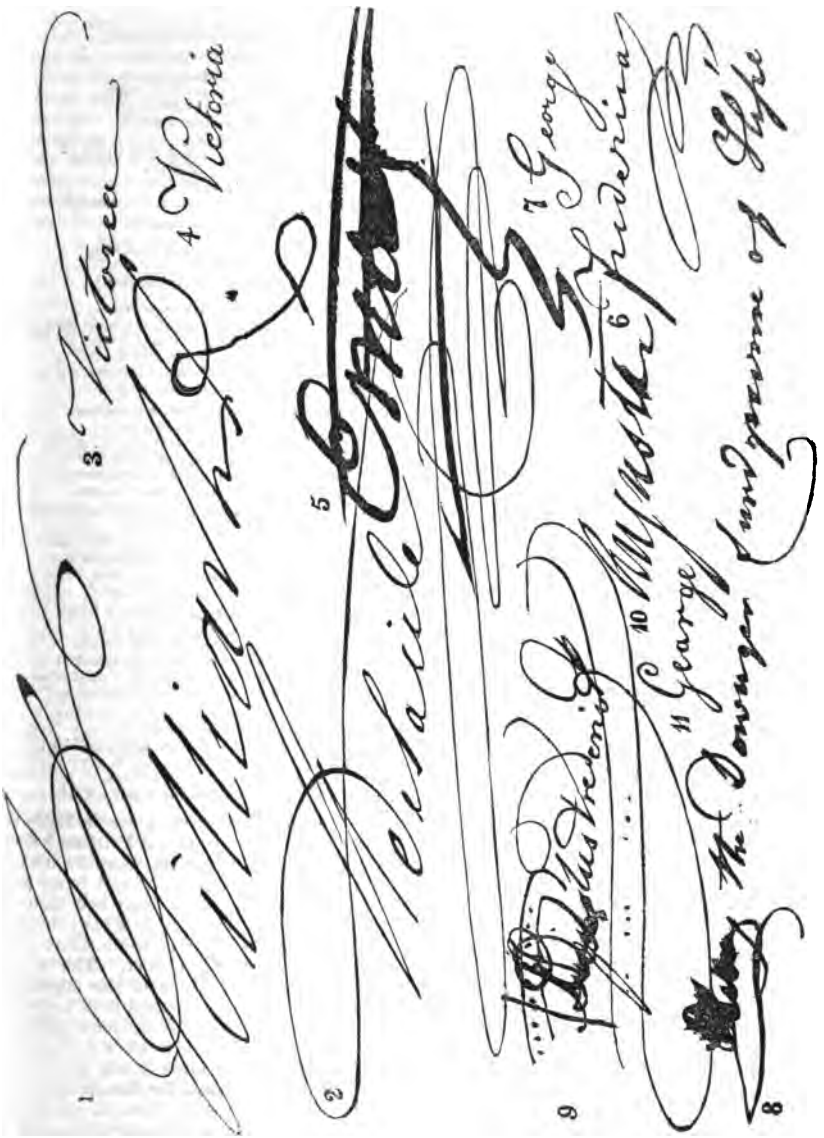
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 712.] SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1835. [Price 2d.



AUTOGRAPHS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

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ROYAL AUTOGRAPHS.

THE prefixed page bears Fac-Similia of the Autograph Signatures of their Majesties, and of the majority of the Members of the Royal Family of Great Britain, in the following order:

1. HIS MAJESTY.
2. HER MAJESTY.
3. Her R. H. the DUCHESS of KENT.
4. Her Highness PRINCESS VICTORIA.
5. His R. H. the DUKE of CUMBERLAND.
6. Her R. H. the DUCHESS of CUMBERLAND.
7. His Highness PRINCE GEORGE of CUMBERLAND.
8. Her R. H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, LANDGRAVINE DOWAGER OF HESSE-HOMBURG.
9. His R. H. the DUKE of SUSSEX.
10. Her R. H. PRINCESS AUGUSTA.
11. His Highness PRINCE GEORGE of CAMBRIDGE.

His Majesty's Signature is of date soon after his accession. The remaining Signatures are of the same date, as inscribed in the General Subscription Book to the Portrait of His Majesty, engraved in mezzotinto by Mr. Hodgetts, from one of the last and finest works of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence; and published by Mr. M. Colnaghi, Cockspur-street, Charing Cross, in the summer of 1831.

The whole page must be considered an interesting memorial, and needs nothing to recommend it to the approbation of the reader.

THE MOSS ROSE AND THE SPIRIT OF THE GARDEN.*

(*From the German.*)

THE garden flowers with dews are wet,
From dappled skies the morn is breaking:
All their bright forms together met,
The incense sweets of morn are seeking:
The butterfly is on the wing,
That lovely, transient, fluttering thing!

Naught save the murmur of the bee,
Is heard along those garden bowers;
Beneath the jasmine canopy,
A shade still lingers on the flowers;
And clustering on the hedge-rows there,
Red honeysuckles scent the air.

The bright convolvolus uncloses,
Her blue eyes to the sunny morn,
And there are met a thousand roses,
That earthly Eden to adorn:—
A place for heavenly musings—free
From this world's care and vanity!

The rhododendron's flowers are spreading,
The star-like cestus lends its charm,
And the fair lily, downward bending,
All rival envy to disarm;
Geraniums flaunt their crimson hue,
Beside the lupin's tender blue.

All through the balmy summer night,
A guardian spirit kept the ground,
Before the first faint rays of light,
To spread refreshing dews around;
And in the soft leaves of the rose,
That garden spirit found repose.

* See the present volume, page 114.

"Tell me, fair queen," the spirit said,
"What boon wilt thou require of me,
For resting where thy leaves have shed
On me a perfumed canopy;
Haste! for the day is breaking now,
And I to other regions go."

"Then deck me not with colours bright,
Some added charm of thee I crave:"—
Swift as the darting rays of light,
The spirit's wings around her wave,
And the soft *moss*, in tender green,
Around her peerless form is seen.

And thus I heard that spirit sing,
As mounting on the zephyr's wing,
He fled the beams of garish day,
And floated soft in light away,
Till twilight's close—
"Would that all beauty deck'd would be
With virtue's garb, humility,
Like thee, sweet rose!"

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE R——.

DEATH-BED SCENES.

(*From various Authorities.*)

BEFORE my plate the salt was overset,
And thirteen guests were round the table met;
"Oh heavens!" I cried, and gazed around the room,
Dire omens these, and warnings of the tomb;"
Scarce had I said, when to my wondering sight,
Appeared a spirit beautiful and bright.

No scowl of anger fired her eyes so sweet;
A broken chain was lying at her feet;
And round her brow she wore a chaplet rare,
Twined 'mid the ringlets of her auburn hair;
And her white fingers pointed to her breast,
Where slept an infant in unconscious rest.

"Why," said the spirit, "why should mortals fear
Their only friend, their best protector, here?
Why should the weary and the slave complain?
I send one rest, and break the other's chain;
And give to man ungrateful for my love,
Immortal wings to waft his soul above."

"Thy soul, Oh man! imprison'd here below,
Crawls in the mire, a prey to every woe;
But freed by me, on angel-pinions borne,
Shall visit worlds beyond the gates of morn;
Shall soar to spheres where sorrow is unknown,
And see the Godhead on his sapphire throne!"

"Then fear not me, nor say I'm foe to man;
And till I call, be happy if ye can."
The vision's fled!—fill, fill your bumpers high;
If this be death, O who would fear to die?
Life is an ocean—we the sailors there—
The tides are with us, and the winds are fair.

"There is no spectacle more profitable, or more terrible, (says Owen Feltham,) than the sight of a dying man, when he lies expiring his soul on his death-bed: to see how the ancient society of the body and the soul is divided; and yet to see how they struggle at the parting: being in some doubt what shall become of them after. The spirits shrink inward, and retire to the anguished heart; as if, like sons pressed from an indulgent father, they would come for a sad vail, from that which was their life's maintainer; while that, in the mean time, pants with affrighting pangs, and the hands and feet, being the most remote from it, are, by degrees, encoiled to a fashionable clay; as if death crept in at the nails, and by an insensible surprise, suffocated the environed heart. To see how the mind would fain utter itself,

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when the organs of the voice are so debilitated, that it cannot. To see how the eye settles to a fixed dimness, which, a little before, was swift as the shoots of lightning, nimbler than the thought, and bright as the polished diamond: and in which this miracle was more eminent than in any of the other parts, that it being a material, earthly body, should yet be conveyed with quicker motion than the revolutions of an indefinite soul; so suddenly bringing the object to conceits, that one would think the apprehension of the heart were seated in the eye itself. To see the countenance, (through which, perhaps, there shined a lovely majesty, even to the captivating of admiring souls,) now altered to a frightful paleness. To think, how that which commanded a family, nay, perhaps a kingdom, and kept all in awe with the moving of a spongy tongue, is now become a thing to be transmitted from all these enchanting blandishments, to the dark and noisome grave; where, instead of shaking the golden sceptre, it now lies imprisoned but in five feet of lead. There is even the difference of two several worlds between a king enamelled with his robes and jewels, sitting in his chair of state, and his condition in his bed of earth; and yet all this change without the loss of any visible substantial, since all the limbs remain as they were, without the least sign either of dislocation or diminution. From hence it is, I think, Scaliger defines death to be the cessation of the functions of the soul; as if it were rather a restraint than a missive ill. When thou shalt see all these things happen to one whose conversation had endeared him to thee; when thou shalt see the body put on death's sad and ashy countenance in the dead age of night, when silent darkness does encompass the dim light of thy glimmering taper — tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, devoting thee to pleasure and the fugitable toys of life? O what a bubble, what but a wink of life, is man! When Hadrian asked Secundus, what death was, he answered in these several truths:— 'It is a sleep eternal; the body's dissolution; the rich man's fear; the poor man's wish; an event inevitable; an uncertain journey; a thief that steals away man; sleep's father; life's flight; the departure of the living, and the resolution of all.' Who may not, from such sights and thoughts as these, learn, if he will, both humility and loftiness? the one to vilify the body, the other to advance the soul. As I would not care for too much indulgiating of the flesh, so I would ever be studious for such actions as may appear the issues of a divine and noble soul."

Why trouble ye the air with spells? Death is the hour and the empire, and the storm is the creature of his power. Far yonder to the west, it sweeps over the sea, and the ship ceases to vex the waves: it smites the forest, and the destined tree, torn from its roots, feels the winter strip the gladness from its boughs no more! The roar of the elements is the herald of eternal stillness to their victims; and they who hear the progress of his power, idly shudder at the coming of peace. Knowest thou not that sorrow cometh with years, and that to live is to mourn? Blessed is the flower, that nipped in its early spring, feels not the blast, that, one by one, scatters its blossoms around it, and leaves but the barren stem. Blessed are the young whom he clasps to his breast, and lulls into the sleep which the storm cannot break, nor the morrow arouse to sorrow and toil. The heart that is stilled in the bloom of its first emotions—that turns with its last throb to the eye of love, as yet unlearned in the possibility of change, has exhausted already the wine of life, and is saved only from the lees. As the mother soothes to sleep the wail of her troubled child, he opens his arms to the vexed spirit, and his bosom cradles the unquiet to repose.

When the pious and amiable Gerson, the chancellor of the church and university of Paris, was on his death-bed, his soul appeared to be agonized at the thought of impending dissolution, and at the prospect of standing before his Eternal Judge. Astonished and affrighted by his terrors, his friends strove to console him. They brought to his recollection the great and virtuous actions of his public life; the services he had rendered to the cause of religion, of which, during many years, he had been one of the brightest ornaments; the learned and pious works he had written; his long, protracted, old age spent in prayer and meditation—but all in vain! His terrors continued, and he appeared to be sinking under them. At length, one of his friends quitted the room. In about half an hour he returned, followed by three hundred children, who were supported and educated by the charity of the dying man. The little creatures spread themselves from the threshold of his house to his bed-chamber, and there, falling on their knees, raised their hands to heaven and cried, "O God, be merciful to one, who, in thy name, has been so kind to us! O God, be merciful to our kind and generous benefactor!" Hope, peace, and comfort returned to his fainting heart. "Now, O God!" he exclamed in a transport of holy joy, as he closed his eyes in death, "thou dost let thy servant depart in peace! The soul that is accompanied to eternity by the prayers of three hundred children, may advance with humble hope into the presence of their Father and their God."

In the suburb of St. Marcellus, in Paris, a poor man, in a wretched stable, lay friendless and expiring. To him a venerable Capuchin

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friar came to administer consolation. The aged victim to penury and sickness lay stretched on a few rags, his only covering a truss of straw. Not a chair was there—not an article of furniture. All had been sold on the first days of his illness for the sad nourishment of a little broth. On the black and naked walls there yet hung an axe and two saws: these, with his two arms when he could move them, were all the fortune of the dying man. "My friend," said the confessor, "praise God for his goodness to you in this moment; for you are now going to quit a world in which you have experienced nothing but misery." "What misery?" answered the expiring sage, with a feeble voice; "you are mistaken: I have lived contented, and have never complained of my lot. Hatred and envy have been alike unknown to me. My sleep was ever peaceful. In the day, indeed, I was fatigued; but in the night I rested. These tools could procure me a loaf, which I ate with pleasure, and never did I long for the tables of luxury. I have seen the rich more subject to diseases than others. I was poor, but till now I have been tolerably well. If I should recover, (which I do not expect,) I will return to my workshop, and continue to bless the hand of God who has been my constant protector." The Capuchin, astonished, was at a loss how to behave to such a penitent. The wretched bed, on which he saw him stretched, bespoke not such sentiments of acquiescence in the divine disposition of things. However, resuming his discourse, "My son," said he, "although you have not been unhappy in life, you ought not the less to resolve to quit it, since we must submit to the will of God." "Certainly," answered the dying man, with a steady voice and eye; "death is the inevitable lot of all men. I have known how to live, and I have known how to die. I bless God for having given me life, and for leading me to himself through the dark valley of death. I perceive the moment now—it is come—my good father, adieu!"—W. G. C.

VENERABLE YEW-TREES.

(*To the Editor.*)

It has appeared strange to me that Gilbert White, in his *History of Selbourne*, has entirely passed over, unnoticed, a very fine yew-tree of venerable age and large dimensions, which was standing in 1832 in Selbourne churchyard. I do not know whether or not it has since been removed. Now that I am on the subject of yews, I will mention one which is in the churchyard of Fortingal, a small village about three miles northward of Loch Tay, in Perthshire. According to eminent physiologists, it is now *rising* (?) 2,500 years! So says Anderson, in his *Guide to the Highlands*, p. 441. By far the most picturesque and wide-spreading yew-tree I have ever met with, is in Mallwyd churchyard, a sweet Swissy spot on the borders of Montgomeryshire. Constant Reader.

New Books.

A TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES.

(*By the Author of "the Sketch-book."*)

[This delightful work is published as the First Volume of Miscellanies, the accumulated contents of the Author's portfolio, as well as the casual lucubrations of his brain. In the Preface he modestly observes: "he has been much importuned to write an account of a tour which he made to the Far West, and various publications on the subject have been announced as forthcoming from his pen, when, in truth, he had not as yet put pen to paper. To meet in some degree the expectations thus excited, he now furnishes a portion of that tour, comprising a visit to the Buffalo Prairies. It is a simple statement of facts, pretending to no high-wrought effect. Should it give satisfaction, however, he may be tempted to give further sketches of American manners in some future numbers." Sincerely do we hope, or rather, "we calculate," the success of the present will insure the desired continuation.

In the opening chapter, Mr. Irving describes his party to have been headed by one of the Commissioners appointed by the Government of the United States to superintend the settlement of the Indian tribes migrating from the east to the west of the Mississippi. Another of the party was an Englishman, who by travel had become a citizen of the world, and was a man of a thousand occupations; a botanist, a geologist, a hunter of beetles and butterflies, a musical amateur, a sketcher, in short, a complete virtuoso; and an indefatigable sportsman: never had a man more irons in the fire, and, consequently, never was a man more busy or cheerful. The third fellow traveller was one who had travelled with the second as his Telemachus, a young Swiss count, full of talent and spirit, but galliard in the extreme, and prone to every kind of wild adventure. The attendant of the party—the squire, the groom, the cook, the tent-man, in a word, the factotum, the universal meddler and marplot, was a little, swarthy, meagre, wiry, French creole, dubbed Tonish, a kind of Gil Blas of the frontier. Well mounted and with scrimp equipments, this party left Fort Gibson in October, 1832, and our extracts may be taken as specimens of their adventures.]

Prairie Hunting Grounds.

In the often-vaunted regions of the far West, several hundred miles beyond the

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Mississippi, extends a vast tract of uninhabited country, where there is neither to be seen the log-house of the white man nor the wigwam of the Indian. It consists of great, grassy plains, interspersed with forests and groves and clumps of trees, and watered by the Arkansas, the Grand Canadian, the Red River, and all their tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, the buffalo, and the wild horse, in all their native freedom. These, in fact, are the hunting-grounds of the various tribes of the far West. Thither repair the Osage, the Creek, the Delaware, and other tribes, that have linked themselves with civilization, and live within the vicinity of the white settlements. Here resort also the Pawnees, the Comanches, and other fierce and as yet independent tribes, the nomades of the prairies, or the inhabitants of the skirts of the Rocky Mountains. The region I have mentioned forms a debatable ground of these warring and vindictive tribes. None of them presume to erect a permanent habitation within its borders. Their hunters and "braves" repair thither in numerous bodies during the season of game; throw up their transient encampments, formed of light bowers, branches, and skins; commit hasty slaughter among the innumerable herds that graze the prairies; and, having loaded themselves with venison and buffalo meat, retreat rapidly from the dangerous neighbourhood. These expeditions partake, always, of a warlike character; the hunters are always armed for action, offensive and defensive, and are bound to practise incessant vigilance. Should they in their excursions meet the hunters of an adverse tribe, savage conflicts take place. Their encampments, too, are always subject to be surprised by wandering war parties, and their hunters, when scattered in pursuit of game, to be captured or massacred by lurking foes. Mouldering skulls and skeletons, bleaching in some dark ravine, or near the traces of a hunting-camp, occasionally mark the scene of a foregone act of blood, and let the wanderer know the dangerous nature of the region he is traversing. It is the purport of the following pages to narrate a month's excursion to these noted hunting-grounds, a part of which had not, as yet, been explored by white men.

Morning in the Forest.

The morning repast being over, the party amused themselves in various ways. Some shot with their rifles at a mark, others lay asleep, half-buried in the deep bed of foliage, with their heads resting on their saddles; others gossiped round the fire at the foot of a tree, which sent up wreaths of blue smoke among the branches. The horses banqueted luxuriantly on the pea vine, and some lay down and rolled among them.

We were overshadowed by lofty trees, with straight, smooth trunks, like stately columns; and as the glancing rays of the sun shone through the transparent leaves, tinted with the many-coloured hues of autumn, I was reminded of the effect of sunshine among the stained windows and clustering columns of a Gothic cathedral. Indeed, there is a grandeur and solemnity in some of our spacious forests of the West, that awaken in me the same feeling that I have experienced in those vast and venerable piles; and the sound of the wind sweeping through them supplies, occasionally, the deep breathings of the organ.

A Bee Hunt.

The beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far West within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that, in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and the buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farm-house and the flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of men; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders; and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets; and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.

At present, the honey bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.

We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, lank fellow, in homespun garb,

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that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat, shaped not unlike a bee-hive; a comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles; for no one stirs far from the camp without fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

After proceeding some distance, we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey, they would rise up in the air, and dart off in one straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way, they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the mean time, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree, and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or agitating this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disrupture of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain: at length, down came the tree, with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a whisp of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge: they seemed stupified by the catastrophe, and unsuspicions of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins, without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown colour; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream-tart before the holyday appetite of a schoolboy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community. As if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbours. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerily as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that had been driven on shore,—plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do any thing, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them, but crawled backward and forward in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow, with his hands in his breeches pocket, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived, from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down, in clusters, on a dry branch of a neighbouring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to burz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene on which the "melancholy Jacques" might have moralized by the hour.

We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. "It will be all cleared off by varmint," said one of the rangers.

"What vermin?" asked I.

"Oh! bears, and skunks, and racoons, and 'possums. The bears is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees, and all."

Picturesque March.

At the signal note of the bugle, the sentinels and patroles marched in from their stations around the camp, and were dismissed. The rangers were roused from their

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night's repose, and soon a bustling scene took place. While some cut wood, made fires, and prepared the morning's meal, others struck their foul-weather shelters of blankets, and made every preparation for departure; while others dashed about, through bush and brake, catching the horses, and leading or driving them into camp. During all this bustle, the forest rang with whoops, and shouts, and peals of laughter. When all had breakfasted, packed up their effects and camp equipage, and loaded the pack-horses, the bugle sounded to saddle and mount. By eight o'clock, the whole troop set off in a long, straggling line, with whoop and halloo, intermingled with many an oath at the loitering pack-horses; and in a little while, the forest, which, for several days, had been the scene of such unwonted bustle and uproar, relapsed into its primeval solitude and silence.

It was a bright, sunny morning, with that transparent atmosphere that seems to bathe the very heart with gladness. Our march continued parallel to the Arkansas, through a rich and varied country. Sometimes we had to break our way through alluvial bottoms, matted with redundant vegetation, where the gigantic trees were entangled with grape-vines, hanging, like cordage, from their branches. Sometimes we coasted along sluggish brooks, whose feebly trickling current just served to link together a succession of glassy pools, imbedded, like mirrors, on the quiet bosom of the forest, reflecting its autumnal foliage, and patches of the clear, blue sky. Sometimes we scrambled up broken and rocky hills, from the summits of which we had wide views, stretching on one side over distant prairies, diversified by groves and forests, and, on the other ranging along a line of blue and shadowy hills, beyond the waters of the Arkansas.

At one time we passed through a luxuriant bottom, or meadow, bordered by thickets, where the tall grass was pressed down into numerous "deer beds," where those animals had couched the preceding night. Some oak trees also bore signs of having been clambered by bears, in quest of acorns, the marks of their claws being visible in the bark. As we opened a glade of this sheltered meadow, we beheld several deer bounding away in wild affright, until, having gained some distance, they would stop and gaze back, with the curiosity common to this animal, at the strange intruders into their solitudes. There was immediately a sharp report of rifles in every direction, from the young huntsmen of the troop; but they were too eager to aim surely, and the deer, unharmed, bounded away into the depths of the forest.

[This is, indeed, a gush of delightful writing.]

Superstitions of the Delawares.

The expeditions of the Delawares, whether of war or hunting, are wide and fearless. A small band of them will penetrate far into these dangerous and hostile wilds, and will push their encampments even to the Rocky Mountains. This daring temper may be, in some measure, encouraged by one of the superstitions of their creed. They believe that a guardian spirit, in the form of a great eagle, watches over them, hovering in the sky, far out of sight. Sometimes, when well pleased with them, he wheels down into the lower regions, and may be seen circling with wide-spread wings against the white clouds. At such times, the seasons are propitious; the corn grows finely, and they have great success in hunting. Sometimes, however, he is angry; and then he vents his rage in the thunder which is his voice, and the lightning, which is the flashing of his eye, and strikes dead the object of his displeasure.

The Delawares make sacrifices to this spirit, who occasionally lets drop a feather from his wing, in token of satisfaction. These feathers render the wearer invincible and invulnerable. Indeed, the Indians generally consider the feathers of the eagle possessed of occult and sovereign virtues. At one time, a party of Delawares, in the course of a bold incursion into the Pawnee hunting grounds, were surrounded on one of the great plains, and nearly destroyed. The remnant took refuge on the summit of one of those isolated and conical hills that rise almost like artificial mounds from the midst of the prairies. Here the chief warrior, driven almost to despair, sacrificed his horse to the tutelar spirit. Suddenly an enormous eagle, rushing down from the sky, bore off the victim in his talons, and mounting into the air, dropped a quill feather from his wing. The chief caught it up with joy, bound it to his forehead, and, leading his followers down the hill, cut his way through the enemy with great slaughter, and without any one of his party receiving a wound.

Deer hunted by Wolves.

We were getting more and more into the game country. As we proceeded, we repeatedly saw deer to the right and left bounding off for the coverts; but these appearances no longer excited the same eagerness to pursue. In passing along a slope of the prairie, between two rolling swells of land, we came in sight of a genuine natural hunting-match. A pack of seven black wolves, and one white one, were in full chase of a buck, which they had nearly tired down. They crossed the line of our march without apparently perceiving us. We saw them have a fair run of nearly a mile, gain-

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ing upon the buck until they were leaping upon his haunches, when he plunged down a ravine. Some of our party galloped on rising ground, commanding a view of the ravine. The poor buck was completely beset —some on his flanks, some at his throat. He made two or three struggles and desperate bounds, but was dragged down, overpowered, and torn to pieces. The black wolves, in their ravenous hunger and fury, took no notice of the distant group of horsemen; but the white wolf, apparently less game, abandoned the prey, and scampered over hill and dale, rousing various deer that were couched in the hollows, and which bounded off likewise in different directions. It was altogether a wild scene, worthy of the "hunting-ground."

We now came once more in sight of the Red Fork, winding its turbid course between well-wooded hills, and through a vast and magnificent landscape. The prairies bordering on the rivers are always varied in this way with woodlands, so beautifully interspersed as to appear to have been laid out by the hand of taste; and they only want, here and there, a village spire, the battlements of a castle, or the turrets of an old family mansion rising from among the trees, to rival the most ornamental scenery of Europe.

Fall of a Buffalo Bull.

There was a mixture of the grand and the comic in beholding this tremendous animal and his fantastic assailant. The buffalo stood with his shaggy front always presented to his foe, his mouth open, his tongue parched, his eyes like coals of fire, and his tail erect with rage; every now and then he would make a faint rush upon his foe, who easily evaded his attack, capering and cutting all kinds of antics before him. We now made repeated shots at the buffalo, but they glanced into his mountain of flesh without proving mortal. He made a slow and grand retreat into the shallow river, turning upon his assailants whenever they pressed upon him; and, when in the water, took his stand there, as if prepared to sustain a siege. A rifle-ball, however, more fatally lodged, sent a tremor through his frame. He turned and attempted to wade across the stream; but, after tottering a few paces, slowly fell upon his side, and expired. It was the fall of a hero, and we felt somewhat ashamed of the butchery that had effected it; but, after the first shot or two, we had reconciled it to our feelings by the old plea of putting the animal out of his misery.

A Banquet in the Prairies.

In a twinkling, the negress lugged from the fire a huge iron pot, that might have rivalled one of the famous flesh-pots of Egypt, or the witches' caldron in Macbeth. Placing a brown earthen dish on the floor, she inclined the corpulent caldron on one side, and out leaped sundry great morsels of beef, with a regiment of turnips tumbling after them, and a rich cascade of broth overflowing the whole. This she handed me with an ivory smile that extended from ear to ear; apologizing for her humble fare and the humble style in which it was served up.

Antiquariana.

THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON.

Records of this awful visitation may be found in the previous volumes of this Miscellany. It is the most lamentable event in the history of our metropolis, and the popular yet painful interest of its details led us early in our volumes to select them for narrative and illustration. Even so early as in our second volume, the Pest Houses are mentioned in the letter-press accompanying a print of Tothill Fields in the seventeenth century; and, in a subsequent volume, the fifth, is reprinted "An Account of a Grocer, in Wood-street, who preserved himself and family from Infection during the Great Plague in 1665."

The Pest Houses, it need scarcely be explained, were set apart as receptacles for the poor creatures afflicted with the pestilence, as hospitals were provided during the recent visitation of the Cholera. In one of the accounts of the plague, we read:—"Neither cart nor coach was to be seen from morning till night, excepting those employed in the conveyance of provisions, in the carriage of the infected to the Pest Houses, or other hospitals, and a few coaches used by the physicians. The Pest Houses, of which there were only two, were situated in Bunhill Fields, near Old-street, and in Tothill Fields, Westminster.* These were found to be of the greatest utility, yet the hurry and multiplicity of cases which the rapid increase of the pestilence occasioned, prevented the establishment of any more."

The date of the subjoined print is much more recent than that of the print of Tothill Fields in our second volume. It represents the Pest Houses as they appeared within the present century. It is somewhat remarkable that houses built for such a purpose as refuge from pestilence should have been allowed to remain to our time; since it might have been expected that popular prejudice would long since have condemned the buildings as unfit for habitation. They were not, however, temporary places, but substantial, red brick structures built in 1644, or twenty years before the Great Plague. Of their subse-

* Brayley's London and Middlesex, vol. i. p. 402. —Here must, however, be some error; since there was also a Pest House built by the great Lord Craven upon the site of Golden-square, originally called Pest House Fields, and for many years a dirty waste.

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(The Pest Houses, or "Five Chimneys," Tothill Fields.)

quent occupation we are not aware, until the beginning of the last century, when they were converted into alms-houses; and a few remains of them exist to this day, abutting on the Vauxhall-bridge road; though the pond, seen in the Engraving, has long been filled up.

The Naturalist.

A HISTORY OF BRITISH FISHES.

By William Yarrell, F. L. S.

[The name of Yarrell occupies such pre-eminence among British naturalists, that we do not presume our commendation of the present work may contribute to its success. We are, nevertheless, so impressed with its beautiful execution as to be anxious to point our reader's attention to a few of its excellencies. Mr. Yarrell's object is, by the publication of a complete History of British Fishes, to render ichthyology as popular in this country, as ornithology has become through the medium of Bewick's celebrated work. Among Mr. Yarrell's qualifications is his possession of an extensive collection of British fishes, containing upwards of one hundred and fifty species; and so great has been his success in obtaining species, either entirely new, or new to our coast, and so extensive are his other resources, that this work will contain a greater number of species by one-fourth than has yet appeared in any British catalogue. The first part, before us, contains descriptions and figures of fifteen species, with nine vignettes illustrative of form or structure. These are, for the most part, Perches, including the genus Serranus of Cuvier. Among the specimens thus figured are the Perch, the Stone Basse, three species of Serranus, the Ruffe or Rope, Mullets and Gurnards. These illustrations are engraved in the first style of the art; and in them the rays of the different fins are marked with exquisite clearness. We are likewise much gratified with the vignettes "subservient to the general subject;" as a scale from the Perch, the Basse, and the Ruffe; a scale from the Plain Red and Striped Red Mullet; and the air-bladder of the Gurnard; the latter being accompanied by an ingenious account of the structure, variety of form, and contents of the swimming-bladders of different fishes. Of the letter-press, generally, we subjoin a few specimens.]

The Perch.

So remarkable is the Perch for its boldness and voracity, that in a few days after some specimens had been placed in a vivarium, in Bushy Park, Mr. Jesse tells us, they came freely and took worms from his fingers; and the Perch is generally the first prize of the juvenile angler. They have been known to breed in small vases; and Bloch mentions having watched some while depositing their ova in long strings in a vessel kept in his room. A Perch of half a pound weight has been found to contain 280,000 ova; and the spawning season is at the end of April, or beginning of May. Perch live for some hours out of water, and bear a journey of forty or fifty miles, if carried steadily, and watered

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occasionally. They are constantly exhibited in the markets of Catholic countries, and, if not sold, are taken back to the ponds from which they were removed in the morning, to be reproduced another day. The flesh of this fish is firm, white, of good flavour, and easy of digestion. A Perch of three pounds weight is considered a fish of large size; Perch, however, of four pounds have been taken from the Richmond Park ponds. Mr. Donovan, in his History of British Fishes, records one of five pounds taken in Bala Lake. Mr. Hunt, of the Brades, near Dudley, Staffordshire, took a Perch of six pounds from the Birmingham Canal. Montagu once saw a Perch of eight pounds taken in the Avon, in Wiltshire, by a runner, or night-line, baited with a roach for a pike: and a Perch of eight pounds was caught in Dagenham Breach. Pennant records his having heard of one that was taken in the Serpentine River, Hyde Park, that weighed nine pounds: and it is stated by Bloch and others, that the head of a Perch is preserved in the church of Luehlah, in Lapland, which measures near twelve inches from the point of the nose to the end of the gill-cover.

The Perch, though very common, is one of the most beautiful of our fresh-water fishes, and, when in good condition, its colours are brilliant and striking. The upper part of the body is a rich, greenish brown, passing into golden yellowish white below; the sides ornamented with from five to seven dark transverse bands; the irides golden yellow; the first dorsal fin brown, the membrane connecting two or three of the first and last rays spotted with black; the second dorsal and pectoral fins pale brown; ventral, anal, and caudal fins, bright vermilion.

Couch's Serranus.

Favoured by Mr. Couch with a drawing of the Stone-Basse, included in his memoir on the Natural History of Fishes found on the coast of Cornwall, published in the fourteenth volume of the Transactions of the Linnæan Society, it appears to be a species of Serranus; and judging by a comparison with the detailed descriptions of all the *Serrani* of Cuvier and Valenciennes, in their *Histoire Naturelle des Poissons*, it also appears to be an undescribed species; and the name, therefore of its discoverer has been accordingly appended to it, as a proper tribute to a gentleman who has for many years devoted his unceasing attention to the natural history of his particular county. This species, Mr. Couch states, in the memoir above referred to, "approaches the Cornish coast under peculiar circumstances. When a piece of timber, covered with barnacles, is brought by the currents from the more southern regions, which these fishes inhabit, considerable numbers of them sometimes accompany it. In the alacrity of their exertions, they pass over the wreck in pursuit of each other, and sometimes, for a short space, are left dry on the top, until a succeeding wave bears them off again. From the circumstance of their being usually found near floating wood covered with barnacles, it might be supposed that this shell-fish forms their food; but this does not appear to be the case, since, in many that were opened, nothing was found but small fishes. Perhaps these young fishes follow the floating wood for the sake of the insects that accompany it, and thus draw the Stone-Basse after them."

The Great Weever, Sting-bull, Sea Cat.

When caught, it should be handled with great caution. "I have known," says Mr. Couch, "three men wounded successively in the hand by the same fish, and the consequences have been in a few minutes felt as high as the shoulder. Smart friction with oil soon restores the part to health;" but such is the degree of danger, or apprehension of it rather, arising from wounds inflicted by the spines of the Weevers, that our own fishermen almost invariably cut off the first dorsal fin, and both opercular spines, before they bring them on shore: the French have a police regulation by which their fishermen are directed to cut off the spines before they expose the fish for sale; and in Spain there is a positive law by which fishermen incur a penalty if they bring to market any fish whose spines give a bad wound, without taking them off.

Fish from Shallow and Deep Water.

It may be considered as a law, that those fish that swim near the surface of the water have a high standard of respiration, a low degree of muscular irritability, great necessity for oxygen, die soon—almost immediately, when taken out of water, and have flesh prone to rapid decomposition. On the contrary, those fish that live near the bottom of the water have a low standard of respiration, a high degree of muscular irritability, and less necessity for oxygen; they sustain life long after they are taken out of the water, and their flesh remains good for several days. The carp, the tench, the various flat fish, and the eel, are seen gaping and writhing on the stalls of the fishmongers for hours in succession; but no one sees any symptom of motion in the mackerel, the salmon, the trout, or the herring, unless present at the capture. These four last-named, and many others of the same habits, to be eaten in the greatest perfection, should be prepared for table the same day they are caught;* but the turbot, delicate as

* The chub swims near the top of the water, and is caught with a fly, a moth, or a grasshopper, upon the surface; and Isaac Walton says, "But take this rule with you—that a chub newly taken and newly dressed is so much better than a chub of a day's

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it is, may be kept till the second day with advantage, and even longer, without injury; and fishmongers, generally, are well aware of the circumstance, that fish from deep water have the muscle more dense in structure—in their language, more firm to the touch,—that they are of finer flavour, and will keep longer, than fish drawn from shallow water.

Mullets.

The Red Mullets were well known to the ancients, and the generic term *Mullus*, by which they are distinguished, is said to have reference to the scarlet colour of the sandal or shoe worn by the Roman Consuls, and in later times by the Emperors, which was called *mulleus*. So much were these fish in estimation, that a Mullet of large size appears always to have been an object of particular admiration, and sometimes of contention. A fish of three pounds weight produced a considerable sum to the fortunate fisherman, while the cost of a fish of four pounds and a half, says Martial, was ruinous. A Mullet of six pounds is recorded to have produced a sum equal to 48*l.*; one still larger, 64*l.*; and even 240*l.* were given for three of very unusual size, procured on the same day for a repast of more than usual magnificence. The Striped Red Mullet is the species which occasionally only attains to so enviable a size in the Mediterranean; the second species, which on our coast is very rare, is much smaller, but more beautiful in colour, and is the species which on that account the Romans exhibited in vases of glass to their friends and guests. They also kept Mullets in their numerous *vivaria*: but, thus confined, the fish did not continue to increase in size. At the present time the Mullets of Provence and Toulon are in high estimation. The flesh is white, firm, of good flavour, and being free from fat, is considered easy of digestion. The liver is the part of the fish in the greatest request. On our own coast the Striped Red Mullet seldom exceeds fourteen inches in length, and even this would be considered a fish of large size. The largest for which I possess any authority occurred several years since. This Mullet weighed three pounds six ounces, was in the highest perfection, and beautiful in colour. It was sent from Weymouth as a present to the late Thomas Palmer, Esq., of Berkeley-square. The Striped Red Mullet has been considered migratory; but it appears in the shops of the London fishmongers throughout the year, though in much greater plenty during May and June, at which time their colours are most vivid, and the fish, as food, in the best condition.

keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly as to cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water."

The Swimming, or Air Bladder of Fishes.

The air-bladder does not occur in all fishes: some fishes, and those principally that live near the bottom of the water, are without any. Among those species that have an air-bladder, many appear on the closest examination to have no canal or tube by which the air, with which the bladder is more or less distended, can escape. Muscles for compressing the air-bladder are obvious in some species, and wanting in others, yet the air-bladder apparently performs the same service in all. The air found in these bladders, however variable in its nature, is believed to be secreted by the inner lining membrane, and in some instances by a red body, which appears to form part of the walls of the air-bladder itself, and is made up of minute blood-vessels arranged between the membranes. This structure in the Conger Eel will amply repay the trouble of examination.

That the air found in this bladder is not taken in at the mouth, is proved not only by the perfection of the valves of the canal, which only open outwards, but also by the want of uniformity in the quality of the air itself, and its existence in those swimming-bladders that have no canal of communication. That one use of these air-bladders to the fishes possessing them is to enable them to alter their specific gravity with reference to that of the fluid they inhabit, seems almost certain. We see the gold-fishes in our ornamental vases ascend and descend in the water without making any visible external muscular effort. In this respect their action is to be understood and explained by the well-known hydrostatic toy of the philosophical instrument makers, in which a small glass balloon, or other figure, confined in a column of water, has its weight, by the introductien of a small quantity of air, so nicely balanced in reference to the specific gravity of the water, that it is made to ascend or descend according to the degree of pressure made by the finger on the elastic cover of the top. In other respects, however, the function is quite as anomalous and uncertain as the quality of its contained gas. Our two Red Mullets have no swimming-bladder, yet they appear in the water to possess all the powers of the Indian or American species, which are well provided with them. The two British species of Mackerel both swim near the surface of the water with the same apparent swiftness and ease: one has a swimming-bladder, the other none.

The trivial names of *cuculus* and Cuckoo Gurnard are said to have been appropriated to this species on account of the similarity in the sound which issues from this fish when taken out of the water to the note of the well-known bird.

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The Public Journals.

A WEDDING FETE.

A Sicilian Fact.

I was invited to a wedding fête by the Marquis of P———, on occasion of the marriage of his sister. The entertainment was splendid, and the palace fitted up in a sumptuous style. We ascended the staircase through a double file of servants, at least fifty in number, many of them, I suspect, hired or borrowed for the occasion, but they were all in the same gay livery, and impressed one with a suitable idea of the importance of the proprietor of the mansion.

On being ushered into a magnificent saloon, with rich crimson hangings, we found the bride superbly attired and adorned with a profusion of jewels, surrounded by her female relatives, in attendance to receive the homage and congratulations of the company. The ball was led off by the newly-married couple. After dancing some time, supper was announced, and here joking seemed the order of the evening.

The supper was elegant and inviting in appearance, but what in English would be termed a hoax. Not a dish but what had its trick; one exploded on the application of the knife, another suddenly took fire as we were about to help ourselves; whilst a lady, who was laughing heartily at the sight, stretching out her hand to take a fine peach, suddenly changed her note on disturbing a lizard, which had been nestling among the leaves. In the middle of the table was an immense pasty which appeared smoking hot and diffused so inviting a smell, that there was no suspecting deceit; the crust was lifted up in order to commence the attack, when a flight of small birds burst forth at once to the astonishment of the carver.

I was sorry to observe that some of the tricks were far from humane. At the top and bottom was a fine fowl properly served with suitable sauce, all apparently as it ought to have been; some one requested to be helped to a part, but no sooner was the fork thrust in than the poor animal uttering a cry, leapt off the dish, and in its struggles to escape, liberally bestowed a portion of the sauce on those in its way: the same took place at the other end. The cruelty here practised deserves the severest censure, and cannot fail to alloy the pleasure which a sensible mind might otherwise have derived from the festivities of the evening. The unfortunate bird is first plucked, then stupified with opium, whilst the highly coloured sauce, poured over, gives it the appearance of being dressed. When the different jokes, if they all may be termed so, had been played off, the pseudo eatables were taken away, and a real and excellent supper brought in to replace them.

But the deceptions did not end here. After supper we were shown into another apartment. We had scarcely entered it, when surprise and consternation seized the whole company. Every one was alarmed to see his neighbour's face assume a yellow, cadaverous aspect, so that we all looked like so many walking corpses. The ladies, lately so gay and blooming, were particularly shocked at their transformation, and each anxiously inquired if she looked so ill and ugly as her companions.

The bride and bridegroom had fortunately escaped this trial, having retired after supper; but our laughter-loving host had not yet finished his operations. From this room he led us into another, the walls and ceiling of which appeared covered with reptiles and insects of various descriptions. Vipers, toads, centipedes, tarantulas, and scorpions, seemed crawling about in every direction, forming a spectacle so revolting and alarming that I could not forbear shuddering. It was too much for the ladies, who, without waiting to be squired, instantly made the best of their way back to the ball-room, where they soon forgot their fears, and continued to divert themselves until a late hour.

The two latter deceptions are uncommonly ingenious, and I believe very little known. The last is mentioned by Smollett, in Peregrine Pickle, as having alarmed the honest Morgan, and made him take the operator for a conjuror. The marquis promised to procure for me the secret of these spells, but as I never got them, I presume the professor was unwilling to communicate them.

The first was evidently in a great degree effected by the preparation of the candles, which emitted a thick smoke, and gave a dull, heavy light. On our entering the room where the latter appearances took place, a servant preceded us with a large braciere, or pan of burning charcoal, which also threw up a dense smoke, and spread a strong and rather unpleasant odour through the apartment. The forms of the reptiles must of course, in some manner, be thrown on the walls; and I suppose the composition burst in the braciere affects and disorders the senses in such a manner as to give the appearance of life and motion.—*Metropolitan.*

THE UNGRATEFUL MAN.

(*A Story of the Middle Ages. From a work of Massenius, a German Jesuit, published at Cologne, in* 1657.)

Vitalis, a noble Venetian, one day, at a hunting party, fell into a pit, which had been dug to catch wild animals. He passed a whole night and day there, and I will leave you to imagine his dread and his agony. The pit was dark. Vitalis ran from the one side of it to the other, in the hope of finding some branch or root by which he might climb its

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sides, and get out of his dungeon; but he heard such confused and extraordinary noises, growlings, hissings, and plaintive cries, that he became half dead with terror, and crouched in a corner motionless, awaiting death with the most horrid dismay. On the morning of the second day he heard some one passing near the pit, and then raising his voice, he cried out with the most dolorous accent, "Help, help! draw me out of this; I am perishing!"

A peasant crossing the forest heard his cry. At first he was frightened; but after a moment or two, taking courage, he approached the pit and asked who had called.

"A poor huntsman," answered Vitalis, "who has passed a long night and day here. Kelp me out, for the love of God. Help me out, and I will recompense you handsomely."

"I will do what I can," replied the peasant.

Then Massaccio (such was the name of the peasant) took a hedge-bill which hung at his girdle, and cutting a branch of a tree strong enough to bear a man,—"Listen, huntsman," said he, "to what I am going to say to you. I will let down this branch into the pit. I will fasten it against the sides, and hold it with my hands; and by pulling yourself out by it, you may get free from your prison."

"Good," answered Vitalis, "ask me any thing you will, and it shall be granted."

"I ask for nothing," said the peasant, "but I am going to be married, and you may give what you like to my bride."

So saying, Massaccio let down the branch —he soon felt it heavy, and a moment after a monkey leapt merrily out of the pit. He had fallen like Vitalis, and had seized quickly on the branch of Massaccio. "It was the devil, surely, which spoke to me from the pit," said Massaccio, running away in affright.

"Do you abandon me, then?" cried Vitalis, in a lamentable accent; "my friend, my dear friend, for the love of the Lord, for the love of your mistress, draw me out of this; I beg, I implore you; I will give her wedding gifts, I will enrich you. I am the Lord Vitalis, a rich Venetian; do not let me die of hunger in this horrible pit."

Massaccio was touched by these prayers. He returned to the pit—let down another branch, and a lion jumped out, making the woods echo with a roar of delight.

"Oh certainly, certainly, it was the devil I heard," said Massaccio, and fled away again; but stopping short, after a few paces, he heard again the piercing cries of Vitalis.

"Oh God, oh God," cried he, "to die of hunger in a pit. Will no one then come to my help? Whoever you may be, I implore you return; let me not die, when you can save me. I will give you a house and field, and cows, and gold, all that you can ask for; save me, save me only."

Massaccio, thus implored, could not help returning. He let down the branch, and a serpent, hissing joyously, sprang out of the pit. Massaccio fell on his knees, half dead with fear, and repeated all the prayers he could think of to drive away the demon. He was only brought to himself by hearing the cries of despair which Vitalis uttered.

"Will no one help me?" said he. "Ah then, I must die. Oh God, oh God!" and he wept and sobbed in a heartbreaking manner.

"It is certainly the voice of a man for all that," said Massaccio.

"Oh, if you are still there," said Vitalis, "in the name of all that is dear to you, save me, that I may die at least at home, and not in this horrible pit. I can say no more; my voice is exhausted. Shall I give you my palace at Venice, my possessions, my honours; I give them all; and may I die here if I forfeit my word. Life, life only; save only my life."

Massaccio could not resist such prayers, mingled with such promises. He let down the branch again.

"Ah, here you are at last," said he, seeing Vitalis come up.

"Yes," said he, and uttering a cry of joy, he fainted in the arms of Massaccio.

Massaccio sustained, assisted him, and brought him to himself; then, giving him his arm, "Let us," said he, "quit this forest;" but Vitalis could hardly walk,—he was exhausted with hunger.

"Eat this piece of bread," said Massaccio, and he gave him some which he took out of his wallet.

"My benefactor, my saviour, my good angel," said Vitalis, "how can I ever sufficiently recompense you?"

"You have promised me a marriage portion for my bride, and your palace at Venice for myself," said Massaccio. But Vitalis now began to regain his strength.

"Yes, certainly, I will give a portion to your wife, my dear Massaccio, and I will make you the richest peasant of your village. Where do you live?"

"At Capalatta in the forest; but I would willingly quit my village to establish myself at Venice in the palace you have promised me."

"Here we are out of the forest," said Vitalis; "I know my road now; thank you, Massaccio."

"But when shall I come for my palace and the portion of my intended?" returned the peasant.

"When you will," said the other, and they separated.

Vitalis went to Venice, and Massaccio to Capalatta, where he related his adventure to his mistress, telling her what a rich portion

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she was to have, and what a fine palace she was to live in.

The next day early he set out for Venice, and asked for the palace of the Signor Vitalis, —went straight to it, and told the domestics that he should come shortly with his mistress, in a fine carriage, to take possession of the palace which the Signor Vitalis had promised to give him. Massaccio appeared to those who heard him mad, and Vitalis was told that there was a peasant in his hall, who asked for a marriage portion, and said the palace belonged to him.

"Let him be turned out immediately," said Vitalis; "I know him not."

The valets accordingly drove him away with insults, and Massaccio returned to his cottage in despair, without daring to see his mistress. At one corner of his fireplace was seated the monkey, at the other corner the lion, and the serpent had twisted itself in spiral circles upon the hearth. Massaccio was seized with fear. "The man has driven me from his door," thought he; "the lion will certainly devour me, the serpent sting me, and the monkey laugh at me; and this will be my reward for saving them from the pit." But the monkey turned to him with a most amicable grimace; the lion, vibrating gently his tail, came and licked his hand, like a dog caressing his master; and the serpent, unrolling its ringy body, moved about the room with a contented and grateful air, which gave courage to Massaccio.

"Poor animals!" said he, "they are better than the Signor Vitalis; he drove me, like a beggar from the door. Ah! with what pleasure I would pitch him again into the pit. And my bride! whom I thought to marry so magnificently! I have not a stick of wood in my wood-house, not a morsel of meat for a meal, and no money to buy any. The ungrateful wretch, with his portion and his palace!"

Thus did Massaccio complain. Meanwhile the monkey began to make significant faces, the lion to agitate his tail with great uneasiness, and the serpent to roll and unroll its circles with great rapidity. Then the monkey, approaching his benefactor, made him a sign to follow, and led him into the wood-house, where was regularly piled up a quantity of wood sufficient for the whole year. It was the monkey who had collected this wood in the forest, and brought it to the cottage of Massaccio. Massaccio embraced the grateful ape. The lion then uttering a delicate roar, led him to a corner of the cottage where he saw an enormous provision of game, two sheep, three kids, hares and rabbits in abundance, and a fine wild boar, all covered with the branches of trees to keep them fresh. It was the lion who had hunted for his benefactor. Massaccio patted kindly his mane. "And you, then," said he to the serpent, "have you brought me nothing? Art thou a Vitalis, or a good and honest animal like the monkey and the lion?" The serpent glided rapidly under a heap of dried leaves, and re-appeared immediately, rearing itself superbly on its tail, when Massaccio saw, with surprise, a beautiful diamond in its mouth. "A diamond!" cried Massaccio, and stretched forth his hand to stroke caressingly the serpent and take its offering.

Massaccio then set out immediately for Venice to turn his diamond into money. He addressed himself to a jeweller. The jeweller examined the diamond; it was of the finest water.

"How much do you ask for it," said he.

"Two hundred crowns," said Massaccio, thinking his demand to be great; it was hardly the tenth part of the value of the stone. The jeweller looked at Massaccio, and said, "To sell it at that price you must be a robber, and I arrest you!"

"If it is not worth so much, give me less," said Massaccio; "I am not a robber, I am an honest man; it was the serpent who gave me the diamond."

But the police now arrived and conducted him before the magistrate. There he recounted his adventure, which appeared to be a mere fairy vision. Yet as the Signor Vitalis was implicated in the story, the magistrate referred the affair to the state inquisition, and Massaccio appeared before it.

"Relate to us your history," said one of the inquisitors, "and lie not, or we will have you thrown into the canal."

Massaccio related his adventure.

"So," said the inquisitor, "you saved the Signor Vitalis?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"And he promised you a marriage portion for your bride, and his palace at Venice for yourself?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"And he drove you like a beggar from his door?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"Let the Signor Vitalis appear," said the same inquisitor.—Vitalis appeared.

"Do you know this man, Signor Vitalis," said the inquisitor.

"No, I know him not," replied Vitalis.

The inquisitors consulted together. "This man," said they, speaking of Massaccio, "is evidently a knave and a cheat; he must be thrown into prison. Signor Vitalis, you are acquitted." Then, making a sign to an officer of police, "Take that man," said he, "to prison."

Massaccio fell on his knees in the middle of the hall. "Noble signors, noble signors," said he, "it is possible that the diamond may have been stolen; the serpent who gave it me may have wished to deceive me. It is possible that the ape, the lion, and the ser-

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pent may all be an illusion of the demon, but it is true that I saved the Signor Vitalis. Signor Vitalis," (turning to him,) "I ask you not for the marriage portion for my bride, nor for your palace of marble, but say a word for me; suffer me not to be thrown into prison; do not abandon me; I did not abandon you when you were in the pit."

"Noble signors," said Vitalis, bowing to the tribunal, "I can only repeat what I have already said: I know not this man. Has he a single witness to produce?"

At this moment the whole court was thrown into fear and astonishment, for the lion, the monkey, and the serpent, entered the hall together. The monkey was mounted on the back of the lion, and the serpent was twined round the arm of the monkey. On entering, the lion roared, the monkey sputtered, and the serpent hissed.

"Ah! these are the animals of the pit," cried Vitalis, in alarm.

"Signor Vitalis," resumed the chief of the inquisitors, when the dismay which this apparition had caused had somewhat diminished, "you have asked where were the witnesses of Massaccio? You see that God has sent them at the right time before the bar of our tribunal. Since, then, God has testified against you, we should be culpable before him if we did not punish your ingratitude. Your palace and your possessions are confiscated, and you shall pass the rest of your life in a narrow prison. And you," continued he, addressing himself to Massaccio, who was all this time caressing the lion, the monkey, and the serpent, "since a Venetian had promised you a palace of marble, and a portion for your bride, the republic of Venice will accomplish the promise; the palace and possessions of Vitalis are thine. You," said he to the secretary of the tribunal, "draw up an account of all this history, that the people of Venice may know, through all generations, that the justice of the tribunal of the state inquisition is not less equitable than it is rigorous."

Massaccio and his wife lived happily for many years afterwards in the palace of Vitalis with the monkey, the lion, and the serpent; and Massaccio had them represented in a picture, on the wall of his palace, as they entered the hall of the tribunal, the lion carrying the monkey, and the monkey carrying the serpent.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE MORISTAN OF CAIRO.

By a recent Visiter.

THE *Moristan*, or mad-house of Cairo, is placed near the centre of the town, not far distant from the assemblage of bazaars, which, under the name of *Khan Khalil*, forms the principal mart of trade and the vanity fair of that crowded city. Viewed from the street, the edifice seems of considerable extent, and, at the period of my visit, its exterior had recently been ornamented in the best style of Arab art,—in other words, had been coloured from base to pinnacle with alternate stripes of red and white. The interior of the mosque, which occupies a large portion of the building, and is a favourite resort of numerous devotees, had also shared in the decorations, on which large sums had been lavished. The exterior display, the interior embellishments, though tawdry, as is usual in the mosques of Cairo, induced me to augur favourably of the establishment I was visiting, when, following my Arab guide down a dark passage, I was introduced to that portion of the building which is intended to be an asylum for the insane. This is a small open quadrangular court, having in its centre a stone reservoir half filled with dirty water, called a fountain. Around the court are a dozen *iron-grated cages*, precisely such as would be employed for the confinement of wild beasts in a menagery. In each was a wretched animal, presenting a human form, but chained by the neck to the wall of his cell. Several were entirely naked, others but scantily covered with dirty rags; a few had pieces of old matting to lie upon, but the majority were wallowing in their own filth. At our approach some assumed their frantic gestures, and burst forth in incoherent menaces; but the greater number seemed dead to all but animal instincts, and took no other notice of us than to call loudly and vehemently—"*Esh, esh! moyeh, moyeh!*"—bread, bread! water, water! We had brought the former, and the latter, though not the purest imaginable, was at hand; cake after cake was snatched and devoured with all the greediness of half-starved animals—cup after cup seemed scarcely to assuage their neglected thirst. So far as I could learn, no treatment, medical or moral, is applied to these miserable patients: pipes are their only relief; and were it not for the charity of curious, and occasionally superstitious, visiters, the inmates of the Moristan would of necessity perish.—*Athenæum.*

The Gatherer.

Masques.—In Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*, the Queen, and the Ladies Suffolk, Derby, Effingham, Herbert, &c., personated the parts of Moors, and had, as we are informed by Sir Dudley Carleton, "their faces and arms, up to the elbows, painted black." In the *Masque of Oberon*, Sir John Finnet tells us, "the little Duke Charles was still to be found in the midst of the fairy dancers." *The Hue and Cry after Cupid*, as performed at Lord Haddington's marriage, in 1608, transcended in expensiveness even the ever-memorable fête at Boyle Farm, in 1827,

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having cost the eleven noblemen and gentlemen concerned in it 300*l.* each.

Duels.—Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Captain Ramsay, in one about a servant; Mr. Fetherston, in one about a recruit; Sterne's father, in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about an *acre of anchovies.* One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy a second goblet; and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith, for declining a glass of wine with him at a dinner in a steam-boat, although the general had pleaded in excuse that wine invariably made his stomach sick at sea.

A short time since, a man in black, hurriedly entered a druggist's shop in Edinburgh, and exclaimed, "Haste ye, and give me an emetic. I have something here," laying his hand on the upper buttons of his vest, "that sadly troubles me." The druggist, fearing he had by some mistake taken arsenic, administered the desired emetic, which soon produced its usual effects. The man then felt more at ease to answer the druggist's questions. "Have ye taken arsenic," said the druggist. "No," said the man, "but I was at a funeral, and thinking the service was wine, I drank off my glass, but have since found it was rum; and as I am a member of the Temperance Society, my conscience could not feel at ease till I had got the ruinous stuff ejected." W. G. C.

Snuffers.—A gentleman travelling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and its stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest; "before I received this pretty present, I used, after taking off the candle-snuff to throw it about the floor, or, perchance, on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now, mark the difference!" So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuffers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly-amused spectator.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Absent Man.—Old Thornton has been the hero of many a tale; his "absence of mind" was, I am convinced, not affected. When from home, he would put on his clean shirts one after another, omitting the customary process of first taking off the soiled ones. As he walked about whilst he shaved himself, it will not surprise the reader to hear that he frequently went forth half margin and half lather. He generally in dressing put both his stockings on one leg, and then wondered where the deuce the other stocking could be. A bowl of negus, with a plug bottom which could be withdrawn at pleasure, was once put before him; he filled his wine-glass but once, when the plug — it having been placed on a receptacle on purpose—was drawn, and the liquor taken away; in a minute or two he was about replenishing his glass, and saw the bowl empty; he paused a moment, then rang the bell to have it refilled; it was, and after he had taken two more glasses full, the trick was repeated: the second time he beheld it empty, he gave his nose a long pull, and rubbed his eyes, as if he doubted whether he had slept or not, but he ordered a third, and paid for the three bowls, evidently and entirely unconscious that he had not drunk their contents. The last instance I relate on the authority of Richer, the rope-dancer, and others, who were at Dover when it occurred (1800).—Mrs. T. was taking a three days' trip to the land of frogs, and Thornton, who remained at Dover, went to the post-office to inquire if there were any letters, when this colloquy occurred:

T.—"Any letters for me, sir?"

Office-keeper.—"What name, sir?"

T.—"Dear me, in the multiplicity of my affairs I can't recollect; I'll call again."

Passing down the street, Richer met him, and saluted him with a "How d'ye do, Mr. Thornton?"

"Thank ye, sir," replied the manager, "that's the very thing I wanted." He went back and claimed his letters.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Asiatic Tradition.—Shumsi-Tabreezee, a saint from Bagdad, performed many miracles, and even raised the dead. This worthy, as the story goes, was flayed alive for his pretensions. He had long begged his bread, and in his hunger caught a fish, which he held up to the sun, and brought that luminary near enough to roast it!

Runjeet Sing, Chief of the Seiks, is so fond of riding, that he often breakfasts without dismounting from his saddle.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 713.] SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1835. [Price 2*d.*

British Benefactors.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

It has been well said that no occupation can be offered to the mind of man so congenial, so interesting, or affording such real and unmixed gratification, as systematic and well-directed benevolence. In this happy country, eleemosynary institutions are one of its most fertile sources of human good, as they are one of the best uses of the bounties of Providence. The number of our charitable institutions may be estimated by the fact of their descriptive details occupying twenty-six large folio volumes in the Reports of the Commissioners appointed by Parliament to investigate the Charities of England and Wales; and except through their means, the actual extent of the majority of these splendid benefactions would have remained unknown to the present generation. Thus, whilst the warrior often gaining renown by the slaughter of his fellow men, or the statesman by ambition, have been immortalized by biographers, in how many instances has the philanthropist, benevolently seeking to alleviate the miseries of mankind, been overlooked, or scarcely remembered, by the immediate object of his bounty.

In the Reports already referred to, appear the names of many excellent persons, who entirely devoted their lives and fortunes to benevolent purposes, and yet have been but slightly mentioned by biographers, or on other accounts than for their munificence. Of some of the most remarkable of these Benefactors — these "honourables of the land" — we propose to give brief biographical outlines, occasionally, in future Num-

bers of the *Mirror*;* to be illustrated with portraits from accredited sources. As the earliest, and, in many respects, the most celebrated, exemplar, we shall commence this National Series with

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

This munificent merchant, of whom so many adventures have been told, was born about the year 1360. He was the son of Sir William Whittington, Knt., a merchant of London, of whom we only know that he is called the father of our benefactor in the charter of Whittington College, and that he was said to be a native of Shropshire. Sir Richard Whittington was brought up to the trade of a mercer, and being endowed with much intelligence, he raised himself in the world by successful speculations, and acquired a considerable fortune, of which he made a most honourable use. "To have a true idea," says Entick, "of this gentleman's wealth, and the little regard he paid to money, which, to those that adore it, is the root of all evil, we must recite the entertainment he gave King Henry V. and his Queen, at Guildhall, after the conquest of France. On which occasion, Sir Richard, having caused a fire to be made of wood mixed with cinnamon and other spices and aromatics, tore and burnt in that fire the King's bond of 10,000 marks, due to the Company of Mercers; another of 1,500 marks, due to the Chamber of London; another of 2,000 marks, due to the Grocers; another of 3,000 marks, due to several other Companies; and divers others, in all to the amount of 60,000*l.* sterling, borrowed by the King to pay his army in France; and then told his Majesty, that he had taken in and discharged all those debts, and made his Majesty a present of the whole." For these and other eminent services, the King conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Whittington did not, however, confine his good deeds to gaining the favour of the Court; for, with pious generosity, he rebuilt his parish church of St. Michael's Vintry, and, amongst other acts of munificence, built a splendid library for Christchurch, in Newgate-street, and gave four-fifths of the books to fill it, at a cost of 400*l.*, a large sum in those times. Honoured and beloved by his fellow-citizens, he was called three times to the civic chair, in 1397, 1406, and 1419, after having been Sheriff, and he acquitted himself with as much zeal as prudence in the discharge of these important functions.

The well-known story of Whittington having made his fortune by the sale of his favourite cat, however fabulous it may be, is not without its parallel in history; for, it is recorded of Alphonso, a Portuguese, that, being wrecked on the coast of Guinea, accompanied by a cat, he was presented by the King with his weight in gold, for the cat's services in killing mice, and for an ointment to kill flies; which he improved within five years to 6,000*l.* in the country, and returning to Portugal after fifteen years' traffic, became the third man in the kingdom.* A modern writer has endeavoured to reconcile the tradition by observing, that Sir Richard had sent out a ship named *the Cat*, which, returning prosperously, gave rise to the story. Whittington died about the year 1425, and was buried in the church of St. Michael, under a handsome monument; but his remains were twice disturbed from their resting place, once by the avarice of the clergyman of the parish, who thought to find great riches buried with him, and again, in the reign of Mary, in order to restore the leaden covering of which the priest had despoiled him: and here he remained until the Great Fire of London again violated his resting place.

By his Will, dated 5th of September, 1421, Whittington gave his house in the street now called College Hill, and all his other estates in London, to his executors, in trust to convert the house into a college for a Master, four Fellows, Masters of Arts, Clerks, &c.; and an alms-house, or hospital, for thirteen poor men. The college was suppressed by statute of Edward VI. The management of the alms-house is in the Mercers' Company; but, on account of the Lord Mayor being the Visiter appointed by the founder, the Commissioners of Charities were not allowed to ascertain the amount of the present revenue, which is said to be very considerable. In lieu of this foundation, the Company have erected a handsome collegiate building on the Highgate Road. It has a central chapel of the pointed style of architecture, the gable of which is surmounted by a lofty pinnacle. The two wings are embellished in corresponding style.

The remainder of his property, Whittington directed his executors to lay out in various acts of charity and public service; among which they, in 1442, built the first gaol of Newgate, "as an asylum for those unhappy persons who, on account of their offences, are compelled to be confined in prison, but who before used to be shut up in loathsome dungeons, and were turned out from thence at the expiration of their imprisonment, declaring open war against society. They contributed a great part of the expense of rebuilding Guildhall, and gave largely to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, thus commemorating his name by far nobler means than by improbable stories and romantic traditions."

The prefixed portrait is from a somewhat scarce print by R. Elstrack; in which Whittington appears in his mayoralty robes, with

* At the suggestion of an ingenious Correspondent.

* A Description of Guinea, 4to. 1665, p. 87.

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the SS collar, and jewel. The cat is emblematic of his singular fortune; but, in the early impressions of the plate, a skull appears in place of the cat, a circumstance which has rendered the original print a rarity of great price among collectors. Around the portrait are the arms of Whittington; and beneath is the following quaint summary of his good deeds:—

"The true portraicture of RICHARD WHITTINGTON, thrise Lord Maior of London, a vertuous and godly man; full of good works, (and those famous,) he builded the gate of London, called Newgate, which before was a miserable dungeon. He builded Whittington Colledge, and made it an Almose-house for poore people. Also he builded a greate parte of ye hospitall of S. Bartholomewes, in Westsmithfield in London. He also builded the beautifull Library at ye Gray Friers in London, called Christes Hospitall. Also he builded the Guilde Hall Chappell, and increased a greate parte of the East ende of the saied halle, beside many other good workes."

Of Guildhall Chapel we subjoin an engraving at page 216. It was a venerable structure adjoining Guildhall on the east side, and was pulled down in 1822, to make room for the new Law Courts. It was originally founded about 1299, and in the following century, a Chantry, with four chaplains, was established within it. Henry the VIth, in his eighth year, granted a license for rebuilding the Chapel, or College, as it was then styled; and in his twenty-seventh year, he empowered the Parish Clerks of London to have a Guild, dedicated to St. Nicholas, with two Chaplains in the said Chapel. Edward the VIth, after the Suppression, sold this Chapel, and its appurtenances within the City, to the Corporation, to be held in soccage of the manor of Greenwich. Among other eminent citizens, John de Welles, Mayor in 1431; Thomas Kneseworth, or Kneesworth, Mayor in 1505, and Sir John Langley, Mayor in 1576, were buried in this Chapel. In the west front was a large and handsome pointed-arched window; before which, on the lower part, within heavy niches, were full-sized statues of Edward VI.; Queen Elizabeth, with a phœnix; and Charles I. treading upon a globe.

Pennant describes the Library as 129 ft. long, 31 ft. broad: it was ceiled with wainscot, had twenty-eight desks, and eight double settles of wainscot.

STANZAS TO FAITH.

"Faith—Faith is the supporting pillar of the mind."
Tillotson.

On thy firm rock, pure Faith! reclin'd,
Which points to Glory's crown on high,
With stedfast thoughts still let me gaze,
And learn with Fortitude to die.

Thou, sainted beam! still teach my soul,
That dreadful hour with smiles to meet;
Nor let me sink in conscience' gloom,
Nor let Death's triumph be complete.

For by thy fostering hopes upheld,
His sting but gives one moment's pain;
Then shines the spirit cloth'd in light,
Freed from the bondage of his chain.

Teach me then, true religion's guide!
In Heaven's wise precepts to stand fast,
That, with each other child of bliss,
I may alike be blest at last. ENORT.

PLAGIARISM, BY GOLDSMITH.

(To the Editor.)

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,—
What art can wash her guilt away?

"The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die."

THE above lines are, doubtless, well known to your readers, as the production of Dr. Goldsmith, that singular compound of talents and foibles, whose character is so well described in the line, "who writes like an angel but talks like poor Poll." It is not, however, I believe, generally understood that the above verses are a shameless plagiarism from the works of an obscure French poet, by name Ségur, who wrote early in the eighteenth century. His poems are very scarce. My copy, by the title-page, was printed at Paris, in the year 1719. I have transcribed the fragment alluded to, from which it may be seen that the Doctor's lines are, in some parts, a literal translation of Ségur's.

CHANSON.

Lorsqu' une femme, après trop de tendresse,
D'un homme sent la trahison,
Comment, pour cette si douce foiblesse,
Peut-elle trouver une guérison?

Le seul remède qu'elle peut ressentir,
La seule revanche pour son tort,
Pour faire trop tard l'amant repentir,
Helas! trop tard,—est la mort.

R. H. G.

The Naturalist.

THE COMMON ASH-TREE.

THE common ash is botanically called Fraxinus excelscior, the Greek generic name being derived from phraxis, in reference to the ease with which its wood splits, while its Latin specific name denotes its exceeding in height all the other species.

From the earliest times the ash has been known to man, its geographical distribution being very extensive. No tree, perhaps, is so hardy. It will endure almost every kind of soil and climate; and even, as Loudon observes, will grow by the sea-side without suffering from the salt breezes.

It has ever been very justly admired for its

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graceful, ladylike appearance. The poet Virgil, who permitted no natural beauties to escape his notice, declares

The tow'ring ash is fairest in the woods.—Ecl. vii.

"Gilpin, in his work on forest scenery, calls the oak the Hercules of the forest, and the ash the Venus. The chief characteristic of the one is strength; of the other, elegance. The ash carries its principal stem higher than the oak; and its whole appearance is that of lightness, and the looseness of the leaves correspond with the lightness of the spray. Its bloom is one of the most beautiful appearances of vegetation. The ash, however, drops its leaves very early; and instead of contributing its tint to the many-coloured foliage of the autumnal woods, it presents wide blanks of desolated boughs. In old age, too, it loses that grandeur and beauty which the oak preserves."* In this extract, be it observed, the ash is said to be higher than the oak, which is contrary to the statement of Virgil, who speaks of

Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies.
Georgic iv.

"The drip of the ash is injurious to most other plants; and, therefore, when it is planted in corn-fields, a certain portion round it is unproductive; but in marshy situations, where the roots of it, which run a long way at a considerable depth, act as underdrains."† On the ash injuring the corn the following good remarks are made by a recent writer:—"Whether the roots of the ash excrete a deleterious matter, which acts upon the rootlets of the corn-plants within their reach, or whether they draw so much nourishment from the soil, that sufficient food is not left therein for the healthy support of the corn-plants, I have no means of ascertaining; probably, each contributes its share of the ills experienced by the agriculturist, whose corn-field fences are encumbered with ash timber. Large timber trees of all kinds overhanging corn-fields, doubtless, are injurious to the corn growing within the spread of their branches, even if no excrementitious matter is ejected by their roots, and that their roots penetrate too deep into the earth to draw nourishment from the soil in contact with the rootlets of the corn. Light and exposure to the passing breeze are necessary to the rearing of a good crop of corn, as they are to the production of wide-spreading, useful, and ornamental timber."‡

The ash lives to a tolerable old age, and Hooker observes that old ashes are remarkable for "the curving upwards of the extremities of their lower pendant branches." An aged ash, known by the name of the Maiden of Midstrath, at Birse, in the north of Scotland, which perished by the winds in 1833, was supposed to have existed ever since the end of the sixteenth century. At the time of its fall the circumference of its trunk was found to be 21 feet nearest the earth, and 18 feet at the elevation of nine feet from the ground. One is mentioned, from ninety to a hundred years old, that grew at South Runcton, a village in Norfolk, and which at the time it was felled in 1834 was 45 feet in height, and possessed a root 133 feet in length. The circumference of one at Galway, in Ireland, is said to have been 42 feet, of one mentioned by Dr. Plot, 24 feet, and of another, mentioned by Marsham, at Dumbarton, nearly 17 feet. An Irish specimen is mentioned by Arthur Young as having, in the course of thirty-five years, nearly attained the height of 80 feet.

An old ash is generally rendered a picturesque object by its being embraced by the ivy; and it is a matter of question whether this supports and defends its remains, or, as Shakspeare supposes, "sucks the verdure out on't." Bloomfield says of the woodbine,

"Round the *young ash* its twining branches meet."

Anciently, according to the prices which Howel Dda, in his Welsh laws, fixed upon trees, an ash must have been valued at only fourpence. Since his time, however, the price has risen, for in every stage of its growth the ash is applicable to useful purposes. The young branches are converted into hoops and hurdles, and the older into building timber, hop-poles, and numerous implements of husbandry, whence it has acquired the cognomen of the "Husbandman's Tree."

The Greeks used the ash in ship-building, on account of its lightness, a quality which they deemed requisite to vessels intended to be swift. The Argo, the first ship in profane history, is conjectured to have been built of ash and other light woods, from the circumstance of its crew having contrived to carry it on their shoulders. From a very early period the ash has been prized for making the best darts. Cupid, according to the poets, made his first arrows of ash. The Grecian spear was usually made of it:

"A lance of tough ground ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew."
Æneid, b. ix.

Our gallant knights of ancient times thought those lances the best which were made of it.

The ash, too, was one of the trees of which Edward IV. ordered every Englishman or Irishman in England, should have a bow as high as himself.

Its leaves and twigs "are eaten by cattle with great avidity; the bark is useful in tanning; and the wood yields, when burnt, a considerable quantity of potash."§

Let us now turn to the strange superstitions connected with this tree.

* Vegetable Substances, vol. i.
† Ibid.
‡ Field Naturalist, vol. ii. page 72.
§ Timber Trees, vol. i.

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"In a farm-yard," says Gilbert White, "near the middle of this village, [Selborne,] stands a row of pollard ashes, which, by the seams and long cicatrices down their sides, manifestly show that, in former times, they have been cleft asunder. These trees, when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges, while ruptured children, stripped naked, were pushed through the apertures, under a persuasion that, by such a process, the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity. As soon as the operation was over, the tree, in the suffering part, was plastered with loam, and carefully swathed up. If the parts coalesced and soldered together, as usually fell out, where the feat was performed with any adroitness at all, the party was cured; but where the cleft continued to gape, the operation, it was supposed, would prove ineffectual. * * We have several persons now living in the village, who, in their childhood, were supposed to be healed by this superstitious ceremony, derived down, perhaps, from our Saxon ancestors, who practised it before their conversion to Christianity." The Rev. Mr. Bree has recorded another instance of a resort to the same mode of supposed cure within these few years. "In a plantation which I had made and nursed with some interest, I observed a thriving young ash plant carefully lapped round with a taching end, *i. e.* a shoemaker's waxed string. On closer examination I perceived that the tree had been cut through in a horizontal direction to the centre, and then split upwards perpendicularly to the length of about two feet. I was not a little puzzled even to conjecture for what purpose the tree had been subjected to such severe treatment. The injury sustained, it was plain, could not have been done accidentally; and, had it been done for mere mischief's sake, the perpetrator, I thought, would hardly have been at the pains carefully to lap the injured stem round with a taching end. After some inquiry, the whole history came to light: a neighbouring shoemaker had a child badly ruptured; and, in order to effect a cure, the tree had been split, and the infant passed between the two halves thus separated for the purpose; these were then bound together, as already described; and if the parts finally united (so the belief goes) the child would recover!"*

The ash was, also, considered efficacious in curing cattle of maladies which they were absurdly supposed to have received from a shrew-mouse having run over their bodies. Gilbert White thus writes of an ash, at Selborne, which was used for this purpose:—"At the south corner of the Plestor, or area, near the church, there stood, about twenty years ago, a very old, grotesque, hollow, pollard ash, which for ages had been looked on with no small veneration as a shrew-ash. Now, a shrew-ash is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected: for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature, that wherever it creeps over a beast, be it horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb. Against this accident, to which they were continually liable, our provident forefathers always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which, when once medicated, would maintain its virtue for ever. A shrew-ash was made thus:—Into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor, devoted shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plugged in, no doubt, with several quaint incantations long since forgotten. As the ceremonies necessary for such a consecration are no longer understood, all succession is at end, and no such tree is known to subsist in the manor or hundred." This shrew-ash, according to a writer in the Magazine of Natural History, seems to have been felled about the year 1758. The use of the shrew-ash is said to be also mentioned in Plot's Staffordshire.

The Reverend Mr. Bree mentions a vulgar belief that if ash-trees have no keys or seed-vessels on them, it is a sign that in the course of a twelvemonth there will be no king. "William IV. and his royal successors," says he, "need be under no alarm on this account. The proverb supposes two events which never take place: for, as according to the genius of our constitution, the king never dies; so, no season, I believe, ever occurs, in which the ash-trees are wholly destitute of keys."

The lads of Cambridgeshire are stated by Mr. Denson to amuse themselves in seeking a leaf of the common ash having as many leaflets as they had years in their age, and then regarding the first lass they meet, when they have obtained the object of their search, as destined to be their future partner.

It appears from the Edda, that in the ancient Runic or Icelandic mythology, there was an allegory concerning the ash, and serving to trace the progress of learning in a manner very similar to our account of the tree of knowledge.

JAMES FENNELL.

Southwark.

* According to Brand, this is a very ancient and extensive piece of superstition.—See Brand, ii. 591, where an account is given from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for October, 1804, of the ceremony having been practised in the parish of Solihull, in Warwickshire.

BRITISH BIRDS.

EVERY production of nature when rightly studied, (says Mr. Mudie, in the introduction to his *Natural History of Birds*,) becomes,

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in after time, an index to that part of nature in connexion with which it is found; and a bird, as being one of the most remarkable of those productions, is more easily suggested to the mind than any other, and more readily brings along with it all the relations of its locality, and all the phenomena of the time when it is observed. On this account, he who knows all the birds of the British Islands, in their connexions and relations, can, whenever he is so minded, live mentally in all the varied scenes of the British Islands, and, therefore, enjoy all the pleasure of them, be his bodily locality where it may. He may be on the bleak moor where there is not a shrub; in the close lane of the city, where even the sky is barely seen; in the solitude of a prison-house, or laid on a bed of sickness, deprived of the use of sight, and with all his senses dull and indifferent to present objects. But still, if his former study had been true to nature, nature will not desert him in the hour of affliction, or even at the moment of dissolution. Even then, the eagle and ptarmigan shall fetch him to the mountain, and he shall climb, with bounding heart and sinewed limbs, and the healthful breeze shall play around him, and he shall look down upon a hundred valleys, scan all their inhabitants, and taste all their freshness, till the grief of the body become clean forgotten in the enjoyment of the mind. Or, if other scenes please him more, the warbler shall lead him to the groves and bowery glades of the forest, and the green leaves shall play in the scented breeze, and the flowers shall blow, and the song of nature shall be sweet and varied, and he shall anew be "the happy boy," even in the extremity of decrepitude. Or the sea-bird shall conduct him to the cliff, against whose caverned base the waves of ten thousand seas have thundered in vain; and he shall look upon the majesty of the waters; and the ship shall appear, and he shall mentally get on board, girdle the world, and visit every scene and every tribe of men under the sun. All this, and much more may be done by any one who has studied the birds, even of one little nook of earth, so in their connexion they may be (which they never fail to be when rightly studied) an artificial memory; and in proportion as this species of knowledge extends to the tribes of other lands, the enjoyment—the real and substantial value—for there is no value but in enjoyment, extends and multiplies in a progression far more rapid than even the knowledge; so that he who has studied the whole in all their connexions, may, literally, and without any figure, be said to have won the whole world for his heritage. And it is an heritage secured under the charter of the Almighty, of which the possession cannot be taken away by all the power and all the arts of man; neither can the possessor himself squander it, as external possessions are often squandered. But no man who has once acquired knowledge can despoil himself of that. The mental perception is as immortal as the mind itself; and the attempt to extinguish the one, were as vain as that to annihilate the other.

W. G. C.

CURIOUS FISH.

In some of the rivers in Guiana, there is found a curious fish, about the size of a smelt, which has four eyes, two on each side, placed one above the other; when swimming, it keeps two eyes above, and two below the surface.

W. G. C.

Notes of a Reader.

NOTES,

From the Second Series of Captain Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.

Irish Hospitality.

It is a far easier thing to get into a house in Ireland than to get out of it again; for there is an attractive and retentive witchery about the hospitality of the natives which has no match, as far as I have seen, any where else in the wide world. In other places, the people are hospitable or kind to a stranger, as the case may be, or as the guest seems to want assistance; but in Ireland, the affair is reduced to a sort of science, and a web of attentions is flung round the visiter before he well knows where he is. So that if he be not a very cold-blooded, or a very clear-sighted, or a very temperate man, it will cost him sundry headaches — and, mayhap, some touches of the heartache—before he wins his way back again to his wonted tranquillity.

Good whisky-punch, well made, is certainly, of all the tipples ever invented by mortal man, the most insinuating and the most loving, because, more than any other, it disposes the tippler to be pleased with himself. It brightens his hopes, assuages his sorrows, crumbles down his difficulties, softens the hostility of his enemies, and, in fact, inclines him, for the time being, to think generously of all mankind, at the tip-top of which, it naturally and good-naturedly places his own dear self, with a glass in one hand and a mug in the other, without a wish ungratified, and as unsuspicious of evil as if not a single drop of gall, or a sprig of wormwood, existed on the face of the earth.

Leaving the Channel.

This fair start is always a grand affair, whatever succeeds; for if the prevalent westerly wind catches a ship before the Channel is left well behind, she may be driven back to Plymouth or Falmouth, and all the agony of bills, news, leave-taking,

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and letters, has to be endured over again. Whereas, if she once gets the Lizard Light some fifty leagues astern of her, all these ferreting distractions may be considered at an end. A totally new world—"the world of waters."—is now entered upon, far beyond the reach even of those long-armed persons, the "gentlemen of the press," or the startling sound of the postman's knock, that call which so often sets off the steadiest-going pulse at a gallop! No one, indeed, who has not tried the experiment, can have an idea of the extraordinary and delightful change which a few hours can bring about in this respect, or of the peculiar calm, which, when the ship is once fairly at sea, succeeds to the furious storms, or rather squalls, of the parting scene in port.

Trade Winds.

These vast currents of air, which sweep round and round the globe in huge strips of more than twelve hundred miles in width, are in a manner forced, more or less, on every one's notice, from contributing essentially to that boundless interchange of the productions of distant regions, by which modern times are so agreeably distinguished from the old.

Cold and Hot Weather.

Let people say what they please of the fine, bracing weather of a cold climate, I never saw any truth-speaking persons who, on coming fairly to the trial, did not complain of a cold, frosty morning as a very great nuisance, or who did not cling eagerly to the fire to unbrace themselves again. For my own part, I have always delighted in the relaxation, if such be the word, or the lassitude caused by hot weather, and accordingly, have very rarely in my life encountered too hot a day. Of course, in saying this, I take it for granted that the weather is to have fair play, and that our dress, apartments, and all other circumstances, shall be suitable. Many a day far too hot have I met with in the choky, oven-like streets of London, where the blacks and the dust and the multitudes of people combine to augment the temperature, already raised to the true German stove pitch by the reflection of such of the sun's rays as succeed in forcing their way through the stratum of smoke to the half-black, half-red bricks of the walls. In winter evenings, too, when every crevice or opening for the air in a well-packed ball-room is carefully kept shut, by orders from those perverse dowagers who choose to plant themselves near the windows, a lively representation of the climate of the black-hole at Calcutta is sure to be enacted. At such seasons it certainly is rather too hot. Occasionally, also, at night, on board ship, in warm climates, in harbour, or in a calm at sea, when all hands are below, the climate may well be called insufferable. Or in such horrible sinks and swamps as Batavia and New Orleans, where the motionless air becomes thick and clammy with miasmata, there is no denying that the heat is too great.

Washing a Shirt.

Ever since the days of Captain Cook, (the father of our present domestic economy on board ship,) it has been the practice to allow the crew two washing days per week.

There is a prodigious difference between a shirt scrubbed in salt water, and one which has been washed in fresh. We all know the misery of putting on wet clothes, or sleeping in damp sheets. Now a shirt washed in salt water is really a great deal worse than either; because, in the cases alluded to, one may apply to the fire or the sun, and remedy the evil at the cost of a little time and trouble; but in the wretched predicament of putting on salt-water-washed linen, no such process avails any thing. You first dry your unhappy shirt, by exposing it to the sun or the fire till it seems as free from moisture as any bone: you then put it on in hopes of enjoying the benefit of clean linen. Alas, not a whit of enjoyment follows! For if the air be in a humid state, or you are exposed to exercise, the treacherous salt, which, when crystallized, had hidden itself in the fibres of the cloth, speedily deliquesces or melts, and you have all the tortures of being once more wrapped in moist drapery. In your agony, you pull it off, run to the galley-range, and toast it over again; or you hang it up in the fiery heat of the southern sun, and when not a particle of wet seems to remain, you draw it on a second time, fancying your job at last complete. But, miserable man, you are as ill off as ever; for the insidious enemy has merely retired out of sight, but still lurks so close, that no art we yet know of will expel him, save and except that of a good sound rinsing in fresh water.

Light of the Sea.

Porpoises appear to have some very rapid method of communication among themselves; for they not only proceed in myriads in one straight course, but often amuse themselves by leaping in considerable numbers out of the water, with such perfect identity of time in all their movements, that on hearing them fall we might fancy them but one fish. For hours at a time I have leaned over the gangway railing, when the ship has been going at the rate of ten or eleven miles, merely to watch them gliding alongside of us in pairs, leaping simultaneously out of the water. At night, this companionship is always particularly striking; but most so when the sea, either from some inherent, phosphorescent property, or from the presence of animalculæ, possesses

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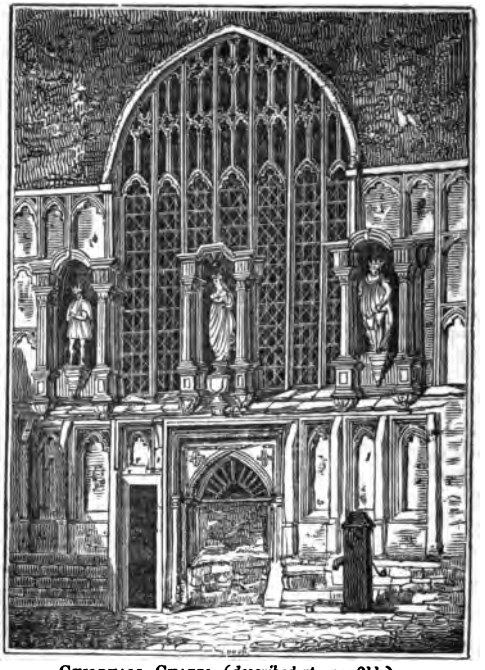

GUILDHALL CHAPEL, (*described at page* 211.)

the quality of giving out light upon being agitated. On such occasions, when the foam dashed off from the ship's bows resembles molten silver, and the train in her wake stretches far astern along the sea, like the tail of a comet across the sky, the track of the porpoise is likewise marked in the most beautiful style that can well be imagined. Besides trailing behind this long, unbroken line of fire, each fish is surrounded by a sort of halo, or glow of bright bluish sparks, and the form of its head and body can then be distinctly seen, or even the slightest movement of the tail discovered fully better than in daylight. The lustre of this mysterious illumination is at times so great, that one may read off the seconds-hand of a watch by its help alone. Indeed, the light caused by the foam on the lee-side of a ship, when much pressed with sail, and the agitation of the water becomes considerable, often casts a distinct glow on the bulge, or belly of the courses, and reaching as far up as the foot of the topsails, may almost be detected on the foot top-gallant sails in a very dark night.

The Shark.

The blow of a tolerably large-sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three-inch hide tiller rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victors keep at the most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method for measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead, would furnish a sort of scale of the force exerted.

Cutting up a Shark.

The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another, who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the Alceste, in Anjeer Roads at Java, when we were pro-

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ceeding to China, with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, "There, my lads; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not dis-gest the hide!"

The Public Journals.

THE REVOLUTION IN SWEDEN—DETHRONEMENT OF GUSTAVUS IV.

[Six and twenty years and three weeks have elapsed since this grand political manœuvre; the date of its occurrence being March 12, 1809. The poor king, shorn of his sovereignty, subsequently retired into private life, and, in his seclusion, has thrown the particulars of the Revolution into the form of a pamphlet, which has just been published at Hamburg, and is noticed in the No. (xxix.) of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.* "In this pamphlet," says the Reviewer, "the dethroned King of Sweden himself relates the circumstances attending the revolution which deprived him of power and drove him into exile, and shows very clearly that he must necessarily have fallen a victim to so powerful a confederacy as that of Erfurt in 1809. Napoleon wanted to have a supple half-revolutionary king in Sweden; Alexander wanted Finland; both were adverse to the then reigning sovereign, whose legitimacy and attachment to the English party stood in the way of the French emperor, and whose equally legitimate right to Finland was a stumbling-block to the Russian autocrat. The parties in the country itself which accomplished this *coup d'état* were merely the tools of an interest that was not Swedish. The account given by the ex-king of the seizure of his person by the conspirators will be perused with interest."]

Field-marshal Count von Klingsporr, commander-in-chief of the army of Finland, had returned some months back to Stockholm, and after him General von Adlercreutz had arrived from the same army, covered with laurels, but yet lacking those of revolution. These generals were to receive the orders of the king before they returned to their posts. They and several other military and civil officers, some of whom had been already admitted to the king, were assembled in the ante-chamber. He desired Klingsporr to be called, and, during the conversation, the field-marshal secretly opened the door to General von Adlercreutz and Adjutant-General von Silfversparre: these gentlemen immediately entered, and besought the king not to quit the capital. The king perceiving that several staff-officers were following and forcing an entrance, drew his sword, exclaiming "Treason!" The officers on guard hastened to the spot; but, instead of putting a speedy end to this outrage, they suffered themselves to be disarmed by those whom they ought themselves to have disarmed. The king, surrounded by a great number of officers, could not resist alone: M. von Silfversparre fell upon him from behind, and wrested the sword from the king with both hands, and with the utmost violence; and then, amidst blows, the confusion reached the highest pitch. While the conspirators were striving to secure the person of the king, and with that view locking the door of his apartment, other officers and faithful servants were endeavouring to break it open for the purpose of rescuing him: in this struggle the entrance door was split from top to bottom, and there was seen upon the floor of the room a stove-fork, which had been dropped by or snatched from some person, besides bits of glass which belonged to the lustre, and also small blue and yellow feathers, part of the plumes of the staff-officers, the fragments of which lay scattered, as if by the most vehement tempest, upon the carpet. When the king perceived that the conspirators had made themselves masters of the door, he called out aloud, "Save me, in the name of Jesus Christ!" and strove to release himself. He forcibly seized the sword of General Von Stromfeldt, but, being completely encompassed by the conspirators, he was soon disarmed again. When tranquillity was in some measure restored, and the greatest part of the officers engaged in the conspiracy were gone, Field-marshal von Klingsporr and some other persons, only were left with the king. General von Adlercreutz, who had thought fit to assume the office of adjutant-general, deemed it equally expedient to make his report to H. R. H. the Duke of Sudermannia of what had just happened to the king: at his desire, his new comrade, Adjutant-general von Silfversparre, accompanied him thither. The two gentlemen strove to persuade the Duke to place himself as regent at the head of the government, and H. R. H. considered it his duty to comply.

* By the way, in every respect, an excellent Number, and an earnest of the proprietor's anxiety "to make this journal more and more worthy of the distinguished patronage which the public has been pleased to bestow upon it ever since its first commencement."

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In the apartment in which the king was arrested, there were two side-doors, each having a different outlet. The first was that which had been broken, and through which the people were watching the king; none of the conspirators bethought them of guarding the other. Before these violent proceedings began, the king had locked it with the key, but the door opened of itself as if by a miracle. The king alone observing this, and seeing that the general's sword which he had seised had been from negligence left behind in the room, he armed himself with it, put on his hat, went out at the above-mentioned door, and locked it after him with the key. General von Adlercreutz, who had returned from the Duke of Sudermannia, was instantly apprized of the circumstance, and with several officers pursued the king. The king, after locking the door with the key, ascended a winding staircase, leading to the upper story. He saw the general enter, after breaking open the folding doors with violence, and had only time to throw at him the key which he yet held in his hand, upon which he pursued his way, running so fast that he distanced all those who were in pursuit of him. While the king hurried through the queen's apartments, he ordered some of the servants to lock the doors after him; but these people, seeing him pursued by so many officers, had not the courage to obey. During the pursuit, General von Adlercreutz, or one of his officers, fell on the stairs and rolled from top to bottom; the king thereby gained such an advantage, that he had hopes of reaching the main-guard of the palace, and there ending either the revolution or his life. After he had reached the great staircase, the king also fell, from tripping against one of the steps, and received a severe contusion on the right arm; but rising again, he continued his course through the corridor to the north door, intending to proceed across the inner court-yard of the palace to the western door, before which the main-guard was stationed. But Providence, whose decrees are frequently so inscrutable, willed otherwise: the steps of two conspirators were directed towards the north door at the very moment when the king arrived there. One of these was an old military officer, a stout, robust man, named Greif, who had an appointment in the royal hunting establishment with the rank of major; the other a young civilian: the latter fled when he saw the king rushing on the officer, sword in hand, to run him through the body; but he avoided the thrust, and was only slightly wounded in the left arm; and, as the weapon was left sticking in the sleeve of his great coat, he availed himself of this circumstance to seize the king, and to hold him fast with all his strength. The king, weakened, exhausted, breathless, could not disengage himself. A wood-carrier belonging to the palace coming up unexpectedly, advanced and said to the officer, "What are you doing to the king?" "I will do the king no harm," replied the officer quite calmly. The king, having lost the power of speech, could not utter a word, and the wood-carrier, quite confounded by what he had just seen, ran off as the other conspirators came up to secure the king. They led him by force up the great staircase to the first floor, to the queen's apartments. The king was no longer able to walk: he said to them in a faint voice, "Carry me." In passing two German sentries, he strove to tell them to release and follow him; but General von Adlercreutz, who was at his side, protested, as it might naturally be supposed, against it. When they had reached the first saloon on the principal story, the king, feeling that he had somewhat recovered his strength, said that he would walk again; and in this manner he proceeded, surrounded by the conspirators, who held him fast. In the second saloon were two of the body-guard of the Duke of Sudermannia on duty, who presented arms as the king passed. On reaching the third gallery, the conspirators were undecided which way to turn, the king pointed to the near door of the apartment called the White Room, and they obeyed. They placed the king upon a chair near the window, opposite to the gallery, where he remained for several hours in a state of the deepest humiliation, exposed to the gaze of persons who had taken part in the revolution, or whom the circumstances of the moment had brought together in the palace.

[Such (adds the Reviewer) were the circumstances that tore the crown from the brow of the legitimate monarch of Sweden, and led to the exaltation of a foreigner, a child and champion of the French revolution to the throne of the Scandinavian peninsula.]

THE JUNGFRAU OF THE LURLEI.—A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Who sails with pennant waving gay
So swift adown the Rhine?—
A chief I see with ostrich plume,
A chief and boatmen nine.

As swallow swift with dipping wing,
So swift they glide aloug,
And ever as they lift the oar
They raise the merry song.

It is the young Count Palatine
That comes in that swift boat,
And he a deed of strange intent
Within his heart hath thought.

For he hath heard of the Jungfrau
That on the Lurlei stands,
And he in haste is coming now
On her to lay his hands.

By Mary Mother hath he sworn,
The maiden shall be mine—
Now fresh to work, my merry men,
And row we down the Rhine!

The pilot was an aged man:
Deep thought with blithe content
Upon his weather-beaten brow
And cheek was friendly blent.

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"I rede thee, young Count Palatine,
I rede thee well," quoth he,
"I am a man of many years,
Though but of low degree.

"I rede thee well, Count Palatine,
My spirit bodes no good
Of this strange voyage that we sail,
We do not as we should.

"The Virgin of the Lurlei rock,
We know not what she be;
She may be of the angel race;
She is no bride for thee.

"Or an Undine she may be,
A daughter of the stream;
Rough mortal hand to touch a maid
So pure may not beseem.

"For oft-times at calm eventide,
As native fishers tell,
When mellow shines the parting light,
And chimes the vesper bell.

"She beckons with a friendly hand,
And, pointing to the flood,
There, if you fish, she seems to say,
Your fishing will be good.

"And whoso, with the rising sun,
First casts where she hath shown,
The choicest fish that Rhine can boast
That day he calls his own.

"I rede thee well, Count Palatine,
My heart misgives me sore,
I rede thee turn from this Jungfrau,
And think on her no more."

"Have thou no fear, my pilot true,
Thou know'st I mean no harm;
The maid shall grace my festal board,
Shall rest within my arm.

"And be she of Undine-tribe,
Or of the angel race,
The Heaven that sent me such a boon,
Therefore shall grant me grace."

And to his words a loud halloo
His merry comrades shouted;
The pilot strove to smile in vain
He shook his head and doubted.

And plash, and plash, and hil-hilloa!
Still gaily on it goes
Adown the stream, till to their view
The Lurlei rock uprose.

And on that rock there shone a sheen
Of mingled sun and moon,
And as they nigher came, they heard
A strange, unearthly tune,

But wondrous sweet. The Jungfrau sat
Beside the silver sand,
And held a string of amber beads
In her uplifted hand.

And her the mellow-setting sun
And mellow-rising moon
Beshone, as there that Virgin sat
And sang her witching tune.

"Now, by high Heaven! that golden hair,
That eye of blue is mine!"—
So spake, and sprang with sudden leap,
The young Count Palatine;

But sprang too soon. His hasty step
Missed the deceiving shore:
The whirling eddy sucked him down,
He sank and rose no more.

"Saint Ursel, save us!" cried the men,
And rowed them up the Rhine:
The maid was seen no more that night,
Nor more the moon did shine.

The Count was wroth; he loved his son:
Three trusty knights sent he,
To seize that Jungfrau, and revenge
Her wicked sorceric.

For he did deem his son was drowned
By cursed craft of hell—
Three holy red-cross knights he sent,
To break that fiendish spell.

The three knights came. The Jungfrau read
Their message on their face.
"Touch me no mortal hand, for I
Am of Undine race."

She said, and in the deep, blue wave,
Her amber beads she threw—
"Come, father!—welcome, watery home!
Ungrateful earth, adieu!"

The waves did swell, the waves did roll,
The waves did heave them high;
Into twin foamy steeds their crests
Did shape them fearfully.

And on the one a king there sat,
Old Kühleborn he hight;
He wore an emerald mantle green,
With pearls his crown was dight.

A sceptre of the watery reed,
His outstretched arm did wave;
And with an eye of ocean's blue,
A quick command he gave.

And she, the daughter of his love.
Besprang the second steed,
And bowed her low before her sire,
That helped her in her need.

The waves fell back, the waves fell down,
Into their caves they coil;
As if by Jesu's voice rebuked,
Their face lay calm as oil.

The knights beheld it from the rock,
Their knees sink down in prayer,
And signing many a holy cross,
Unto their boats they fare.

And on the cradled wave upborne,
A silver shell they saw;
A shining text was writ thereon,
They read that text with awe.

"Think twice, rash man! before thy foot
Disturb a holy spot:
The lovely shapes of earth and sky
Behold—but touch them not!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

New Books.

TOPOGRAPHY OF THEBES, AND GENERAL VIEW OF EGYPT.

By J. G. Wilkinson, Esq.

[ANOTHER "great big book," (pp. 600,) describing the antiquities of Egypt is somewhat too much for our digestive columns. We shall, therefore, merely premise that the bulky volume before us is "a short account of the principal objects worthy of notice in the valley of the Nile; with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the ancient Egyptians, the productions of the country, &c." It is, consequently, a guide to Ancient Egypt, divested of technicalities as far as the subjects will allow, and has, evidently, been written rather for the million than for the antiquary. It is conveniently divided into chapters, as the Topography of Thebes, Gates of the Kings' Tombs; Luqsor and El Karnak; Journeys from Alexandria to Thebes, and from Thebes to Nubia; Chronologies of the Kings, Caliphs, and Moslem kings; the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, &c. We quote, for the

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present, passages relating to a popular wonder, and promise our readers a selection from the Egyptian manners and customs. First, are a few pages explanatory of a much disputed phenomenon,—

The Vocal Statue of Memnon.

The easternmost of the two sitting colossi (in the plain of Thebes) has been the wonder of the ancients, and the subject of some controversy among modern writers; nor were the numerous inscriptions, which decide it to have been the Memnon of the Romans, sufficient to convince every one that this was the statue reported by ancient authors to utter a sound at the rising of the sun. Strabo, who visited it with Ælius Gallus, the governor of Egypt, confesses that he heard a sound, but could "not affirm* whether it proceeded from the pedestal, or from the statue itself, or even from some of those who stood near its base;" and independent of his total disbelief that it was uttered by the stone itself, he does not hint that the name of Memnon had as yet been given it. The superstition of the Roman visiters, however, shortly after, ascribed it to the son of Tithonus, and a multitude of inscriptions testified his miraculous powers, and the credulity of the writers. Previous to Strabo's time, the "upper part of this statue above the throne, had been broken and hurled down," as he was told, "by the shock of an earthquake;" nor do the repairs afterwards made to it appear to date prior to the time of Juvenal, since the poet† thus refers to its fractured condition:—

"*Dimidio* magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ."

But from the account in the Apollonius Thyaneus of Philostratus, we should conclude that the statue had been already repaired as early as the age of Juvenal, who was also a cotemporary of the emperor Domitian; since Damis, the companion of the philosopher, asserts that the "sound was uttered when the sun touched its *lips*." But the license of poetry and the fictions of Damis render both authorities of little weight in deciding this point. The foot was also broken, and repaired, but if at the same time as the upper part, the epoch of its restoration must date after the time of Adrian or at the close of his reign; as the inscription on the left foot has been cut through to admit the cramp which united the restored part. Pliny, following the opinion then in vogue, calls it the statue of Memnon, and adds that it was erected before the Temple of Serapis;—a strange mistake, since the temple of that deity was never admitted within the precincts of an Egyptian city, and the worship of Serapis was unknown in Egypt at the epoch of its foundation.

The nature of the stone, which was also supposed to offer some difficulty, is a coarse, hard gritstone, "spotted," according to Tzetzes' expression, with numerous chalcedonies, and here and there coloured with black and red oxide of iron. The height of either Colossus is forty-seven feet,‡ or fifty-three above the plain, with the pedestal, which, now buried from six feet ten inches to seven feet below the surface, completes, to its base, a total of sixty. The repairs of the vocal statue are of blocks of sandstone, placed horizontally, in five layers, and forming the body, head,§ and upper part of the arms; but the line of hieroglyphics at the back has not been completed, nor is there any inscription to announce the era or name of its restorer.‖ The accuracy of Pausanias, who states that "the Thebans deny this is the statue of Memnon, but of Phamenoph, their countryman," instead of clearing the point in question, was supposed to offer an additional difficulty: but the researches of Pococke and Hamilton have long since satisfactorily proved this to be the Memnon of the ancients; who, we learn by an inscription on the left foot, was supposed also to bear the name of Phamenoth. And the hieroglyphical labours of M. Champollion at length decided the question, and Amunoph once more asserts his claims to the statues he erected.

The destruction of the upper part has been attributed to Cambyses, by the writers of some of the inscriptions and by some ancient authors, which seems more probable than the cause assigned by Strabo, since the temple to which it belonged, and the other colossi in the dromos, have evidently been levelled and mutilated by the hand of man.

The sound it uttered was said to resemble the breaking of a harp-string, or, according to the preferable authority of a witness, a metallic ring, and the memory of its daily performance, about the first or second hour after sunrise, is still retained in the traditional appellation of Salamat, "salutations," by the modern inhabitants of Thebes. The priests, who, no doubt, contrived the sound of the statue, were artful enough to allow the supposed deity to fail in his accustomed habit, and some were consequently disappointed on their first visit, and obliged to return another morning to satisfy their curiosity. This fact is also recorded on its feet with the precision of the credulous.

In the lap of the statue is a stone, which, on being struck, emits a metallic sound,¶ that

* Strabo, lib. xvii.

† Juv. sat. xv.

‡ The head is a single stone.

§ I make the west statue, by the sextant, forty-seven feet; and the other, by actual measurement, forty-seven feet nine.

‖ Perhaps repaired by the Theban priests, who must have been considerable gainers by the credulity of those who visited their *lion*; or through the liberality of Adrian after his Egyptian tour.

¶ Mr. Burton and I first remarked the metallic sound of this stone in 1824, and conjectured that it might have been used to deceive the Roman visiters; but the nature of the sound, which did not agree

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might still* be made use of to deceive a visiter, who was predisposed to believe its powers; and from its position, and the squared space cut in the block behind, as if to admit a person who might thus lie concealed from the most scrutinous observer in the plain below, it seems to have been used after the restoration of the statue; and another similar recess exists beneath the present site of this stone, which might have been intended for the same purpose when the statue was in its mutilated state.

The form of these colossi resembles that mentioned by Diodorus, in the tomb of Osymandyas, in which the figures of the daughter and mother of the king stood on either side of the legs of the larger central statue, the length of whose foot exceeded seven cubits, or ten and a-half feet. Such, indeed, is the size of their feet; and on either side stand attached to the throne the wife and mother of Amunoph, in height about six yards. The traces of a smaller figure of his queen are also seen between the feet, whose height did not exceed two and a-half yards. The proportions of the colossi are about† the same as of the granite statue of Remeses II.; but they are inferior in the weight and hardness of their materials. The thrones are ornamented with figures of the god Nilus, who, holding the stalks of two plants peculiar to the river, is engaged in binding up a pedestal, or table, surmounted by the name of the Egyptian monarch; a symbolic group, indicating his dominion over the upper and lower countries. A line of hieroglyphics extends perpendicularly down the back, from the shoulder to the pedestal, containing the name of the Pharaoh they represent.

Three hundred feet behind these are the remains of another colossus of similar form and dimensions, which, fallen prostrate, is partly buried by the alluvial deposits of the Nile.

with the accounts given by ancient authors, seemed to present an insuperable objection. In a subsequent visit to Thebes, in 1830, on again examining the statue and its inscriptions, I found that one Balilla had compared it to the striking of brass; and feeling convinced that this authority was more decisive than the vague accounts of those writers who had never heard it, I determined on posting some peasants below, and ascending myself to the lap of the statue, with a view of hearing from them the impression made by the sound. Having struck the sonorous block with a small hammer, I inquired what they heard, and their answer, "Ente betdrob e'nahás." "You are striking brass," convinced me that the sound was the same that deceived the Romans, and led Strabo to observe that it appeared to him as the effect of a slight *blow*.

* More than one modern traveller has repaired to the statue before sunrise in hopes of hearing the sound.

† They measure about eighteen feet three across the shoulders; sixteen feet six from top of shoulder to elbow; ten feet six from top of head to shoulder: seventeen feet nine from elbow to the fingers' end; nineteen feet eight from knee to plant of foot.

ARFWEDSON'S TRAVELS.

(*Continued from page* 186.)

[We quote a painfully interesting scene from this impartial work, and must add our earnest hope that such traits of cold humanity will ere long be exterminated from that boasted land of freedom in which the following occurred.]

Slave Auction.

During my stay in the capital of Virginia, for the first time in my life I witnessed a scene, alike degrading to mankind and abhorrent and disgusting to the friends of humanity. Who can doubt that I allude to the slave-trade? The newspapers had several days previously inserted an advertisement to nearly the following effect:

"On Saturday next, at nine o'clock A.M., will be sold by public auction the following excellent and good-looking Negro Slaves, &c.

"Betsy, a Negro woman, twenty-three years of age, with her child Cæsar, three years old. She is a good cook; understands washing and ironing, and is warranted sound.

"Julia, a Mulatress, thirteen years old; an excellent hand in the fields; strong and hearty; has a trifling blemish in one eye, otherwise warranted.

"Augustus, a Negro boy, six years old; a good subject for a servant. Faultless.

"The above slaves will be sold, without reserve, to the highest bidder; and the buyer may have one, two, and four months' credit, on offering unexceptionable paper, &c."

I was not behindhand, as it may be supposed, in attending the auction: among a variety of other saleable articles, such as pots, pans, beds, chairs, books, &c., the unfortunate slaves were sitting close to each other, all as decently dressed as might be expected from persons who are considered by their equals as mere animals. The mother, with the child in her lap, was the first who drew my attention. She had seated herself, or rather the vender had placed her, in such a situation that any one entering the store could, without difficults, see both her and the child. Speculators went round and surveyed the unfortunate group with looks of curiosity and scrutiny, as if it had been some masterpiece from the chisel of a Canova, a Thorwaldsen, or a Byström. These cold-blooded and unfeeling beings treated the slaves with an indifference, a roughness, which made me shudder.

The only one of these blacks who appeared to feel her degraded situation was poor Betsy. Her eyes were constantly fixed on her infant; and if at times she lifted them up, it was at the commanding request of some buyer, desirous of ascertaining if they were strong enough to support work night and day; but the moment she had complied with the injunction, she looked down again on her babe, and answered every question without again raising

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them, or even casting a glance on the inquirer. This, however, was not the case with the other slaves: they laughed good-naturedly at every jest, looked upon the inspection as extremely foolish, and their large white eyes sparkled like brilliants in their heads with delight at the lively and witty talk of the "Gentlemen" who had come all the way from the country for the purpose of purchasing human creatures! Julia indulged in innocent playfulness, ignorant of the real character of the scene: the more harshly she was commanded the better she was pleased.

But the time for sale approached. Several buyers had assembled in the store, anxious to overbid each other for the possession of the Negroes. The auctioneer invited them to come out; and on a table before the door, in the middle of the street, one of the slaves at a time was exposed for sale. Betsy and her child had the honour of occupying the first place in the catalogue. Close to her side stood the auctioneer on a chair, and round them a number of people who, partly from motives of curiosity, partly from a desire to speculate, attended on the occasion. In the crowd, I discovered at least a dozen Negroes and Negro women, who stopped in passing to gratify their curiosity. They appeared to listen with an extraordinary degree of attention to the progress of the sale. I could not avoid sympathizing with them, in witnessing the expression of feeling they showed towards their fellow-creatures.

At that moment, I heard, to my horror, a burst of laughter from the crowd. I looked round, and observed all the surrounding blacks indulging in so hearty a laugh, that I was nigh being smitten with the same fit, so ridiculous was the scene, and so many contortions did the various faces exhibit. Full of surprise, I inquired the cause, and was informed that one of them had happened to make a most striking and ludicrous remark, respecting the mother then about to be sold. Can there be anything more unfeeling, more unbecoming, than that persons, themselves slaves, who have often gone through the same ordeal of being sold like beasts, and who are consequently thoroughly acquainted with its iniquity, that these persons should jest and laugh at the natural horror and timidity felt by a mother at the time of sale?

"A woman to be disposed of!" commenced the auctioneer, with a loud voice; "who will start a price? She is an excellent woman, without blemishes! And a boy into the bargain! What shall I say for mother and son? Two hundred and fifty dollars. I thank you, sir. Two hundred and fifty dollars once. Will any person give more than two hundred and fifty? Why, gentlemen, this is as cheap as cattle; look at her eyes, limbs, &c. Shall I say two hundred and sixty? Much obliged to you. Two hundred and sixty are offered, once. Two hundred and seventy-five dollars did I hear? Gentlemen, it is the cheapest lot I ever sold. Only two hundred and eighty dollars for the very best cook, laundress, and seamstress? Is she to be knocked down for a paltry two hundred and eighty dollars? Going for two hundred and eighty dollars. Three hundred dollars, two voices: I am glad to see you get into the spirit, gentlemen. Three hundred and ten is offered, once. Three hundred and thirty—three hundred and thirty-five—three hundred and forty: going for three hundred and forty. Really, gentlemen, I am astonished; allow an experienced cook to be sacrificed for only three hundred and forty dollars! By Jupiter, and all the gods in Olympus! such a woman as this for the trifling sum of three hundred and forty dollars! I beg you for a moment to reflect, gentlemen! and a boy into the bargain!"

Here the auctioneer was stopped by one of the buyers, a man whose features from the beginning had inspired me with horror, and who now, with the indifference and *sang-froid* of a real assassin, made the following observation: "The boy is good for nothing; he is not worth a day's feed. If I buy the mother, I will sell the brat immediately, at a cheap rate, to the first comer."

I cast a glance at the unfortunate mother, to observe what effect this barbarous expression might produce. She uttered not a word; but her countenance denoted profound grief and resignation. The little innocent child in her arms fixed his large dark eyes upon her, as if to ask, "Why do you weep, mother?" and then turned, astonished, towards those who witnessed this touching scene, with an expression which seemed to say, "What is the matter? What have ye done to my mother, since she is crying so bitterly?" I shall never forget this moment; it confirmed me for life in my former abhorrence of the traffic in human flesh.

The auction continued:—"Three hundred and forty dollars—three hundred and fifty, three hundred and fifty dollars—a better woman has never come under the hammer, I feel well satisfied—three hundred and fifty dollars for a woman worth at least six hundred dollars—three hundred and sixty dollars—going for three hundred and sixty dollars—three hundred and sixty dollars, once, twice, thrice—going for three hundred and sixty—for three hundred and sixty—going—going—going—for three hundred and sixty dollars—three hundred and sixty dollars, I say—make up your minds, gentlemen—you will lose her—going—going—gone. She is yours for three hundred and sixty dollars." A blow with the hammer concluded the bargain; the victim descended from the table, and the buyer carried her off.

None of the speculators had uttered a

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single word during the progress of the sale. When they overbade each other, it was not done in the customary way by means of words. They nodded to the auctioneer, who rolled his eyes round the assembly, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another. Each movement with the head had probably a peculiar signification, for the intention of the speculator was never mistaken, and he added, accordingly, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars to the bidding.

The other slaves were disposed of in the same manner as poor Betsy. Julia fetched only three hundred and twenty-six dollars; and Augustus one hundred and five dollars. Both were bought by the same individual who purchased the first lot. He appeared to be a young farmer, and I was assured that such was his occupation. I rejoiced at least to think that these unfortunate beings had not fallen into the hands of a regular slave-trader. True enough, his looks denoted the delight he felt at having made an advantageous bargain; but he treated his acquired property with mildness, and never addressed the slaves in a harsh and humiliating tone.

GEORGIAN ERA.*

Burns.

Mr. Lockhart, in his life of Burns, gives several instances, which show that "he shrunk with horror and loathing from all sense of pecuniary obligation, no matter to whom." In answer to a letter from Mr. Thomson, inclosing him *5l.* for some of his songs, he says, "I assure you, my dear sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes. However, to return it would savour of affectation; but, as to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear, by that honour which crowns the upright statue of Robert Burns's integrity—on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the by-past transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you."—The following anecdote is told of him in his character of exciseman, by a writer in the Edinburgh Literary Journal, who saw him at Thornhill Fair. "An information," he says, "had been lodged against a poor widow woman, of the name of Kate Wilson, who had ventured to serve a few of her old country friends with a draught of unlicensed ale, and a lacing of whisky, on this village jubilee. I saw him enter her door, and anticipated nothing short of an immediate seizure of a certain grey beard and barrel, which, to my personal knowledge, contained the contraband commodities our bard was in quest of. A nod, accompanied by a significant movement of the forefinger, brought Kate to the doorway or trance, and I was near enough to hear the following words distinctly uttered: —"Kate, are ye mad? D'ye no ken that the supervisor and me will be in upon you in the course of forty minutes? Guid-b'ye to ye at present.' Burns was in the street, and in the midst of the crowd in an instant; and I had reason to know that his friendly hint was not neglected. It saved a poor widow woman from a fine of several pounds."—Though totally free from presumption, in the presence of the superior circles of society to which he was admitted, he did not hesitate to express his opinions strongly and boldly. A certain well-known provincial bore, as Mr. Lockhart describes him, having left a tavern-party, of which Burns was one, he, the bard, immediately demanded a bumper, and addressing himself to the chair, said, "I give you the health, gentlemen all, of the waiter that called my Lord ——— out of the room."

Smollett.

In person, Smollett was stout and well-proportioned, and had an engaging countenance; his manner was reserved, and had an air of dignity about it, that seemed to indicate he was not unconscious of his own powers. His disposition was generous and humane; though free from vanity, he had a considerable share of pride and sensibility; and his passions, easily moved, were too impetuous when roused. "He was," says Dr. Moore, "of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition; equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve, than of those who could serve him." He is said to have drawn his own character, and described his manner of living, in the Expedition of Humphry Clinker, where young Melford, introduced to Dick Ivy, is supposed to dine with him at his house in Chelsea. In this sketch he describes himself as "one of the few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence," and adds, "S—— is not without weakness and caprice; yet he is certainly good-humoured and civilized; nor do I find that there is any thing overbearing, cruel, or implacable in his disposition." He died so poor, that the tragedy of Venice Preserved was performed for the benefit of his widow, some time after his death, with a prologue, written by Houston Nicholson, Esq., in which the various works of Smollett are enumerated.

The following characteristic and affecting anecdote is told by Dr. Moore, of Smollett, on his going to Scotland to visit his mother, as a stranger, after a long separation from her:—With the connivance of Mrs. Telfer, on his arrival, he was introduced to his mother as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed

* Continued from page 182.

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character, he endeavoured to preserve a very serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while the old lady's eyes were rivetted with a kind of wild and eager stare on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling: she immediately sprang from her chair, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!" She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere look, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; "but your old roguish smile," added she, "betrayed you at once."

The Gatherer.

Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, while under the influence of his hypochondriacal affection, being offended at the intrusion of a poor woman, he gave the following order to the sentinel placed in front of his gate:—"If any passenger should dare to *fix his eyes* upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, *this* is for a second shot—(handing him another musket loaded with ball)—and if you miss again—I shall take care not to miss *you*." The order being quickly made known through the city, the inhabitants carefully avoided passing before this terrible palace, or if any person was obliged to do so, he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the ground. A fortnight had passed without any accident, when an Indian of the tribe of Payagua, who knew nothing of the order, stopped to look at the Government-house; the sentinel discharged his carbine, but missed him, probably intentionally: the report of fire-arms brought out the Dictator, and when the cause was made known to him, he revoked the order, averring that he did not recollect ever having given it. —*New Monthly Magazine.*

Musical Snuff-box.—I received a summons from the Sheikh of Bornou, (says Major Denham,) to whom a report had been made of a musical snuff-box of mine, which played or stopped merely by my holding up my finger. The messenger declared he was dying to see it, and I must make haste. The wild exclamations of wonder, and screams of pleasure that this piece of mechanism drew from the generality of my visiters were curiously contrasted in the person of the intelligent Sheikh. He was, at first, greatly astonished, and asked several questions, exclaiming, "Agieb! agieb!"—(Wonderful! wonderful!) But the sweetness of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches* which it played, at last overcame every other feeling; he covered his face with his hands and listened in silence. G. C.

One of the largest diamonds in the world is the "Koh-i-noor," or mountain of light, which Runjeet Sing has extorted from the ex-king of Cabul. Nothing can be imagined more superb than this gem: it is of the finest water, and about half the size of an egg. Its weight amounts to three and a-half rupees, and it is said to be worth three and a-half millions of money. It is set in an armlet, with a diamond on each side about the size of a sparrow's egg. Runjeet has also a large ruby, weighing fourteen rupees, with the names of several kings engraven on it, and among them Aurengzebe and Ahmed Shah. Runjeet has likewise a topaz as large as half a billiard ball, for which he gave 20,000 rupees.

In some parts of Bokhara, the people shoe their horses with the antlers of the mountain deer. They form the horn into a suitable shape, and fix it on the hoof with horn pins, never renewing it till fairly worn out.

Mid-Lent, or Mothering Sunday.—On this day, at Seville, there is an usage evidently the remains of an old custom. Children of all ranks, poor and gentle, appear in the streets fantastically dressed, somewhat like English chimney-sweepers on May-day, with caps of gilt and coloured paper, and coats made of the crusade bulls of the preceding year. During the whole day they make an incessant din with drums and rattles, and cry "saw down the old witch." At midnight, parties of the common people parade the streets, knock at every door, repeat the same cries, and conclude by throwing in two the figure of an old woman representing Lent. This diversion is emblematical of Mid-Lent.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

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(*From the Metropolitan, April*, 1835.)

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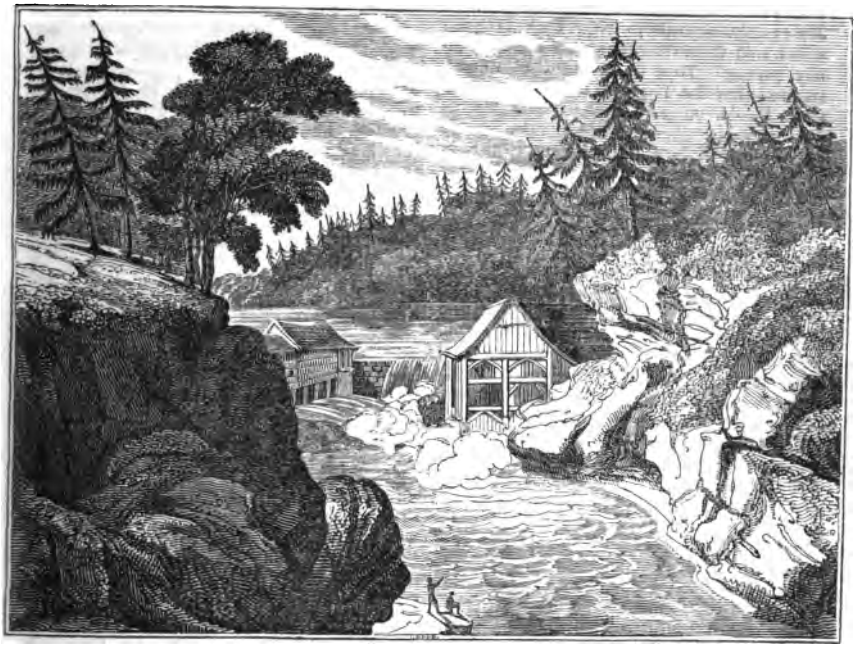
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 714.] SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1835. [PRICE 2*d.*



SOURCE OF THE HUDSON RIVER.

THROUGHOUT North America, the surname *Majestic* is synonymous with the Hudson, or North River. This nomenclature savours of nationality, and is mainly appropriate in denoting the vast importance of the Hudson in the civilization of the United States; for, mighty indeed have been the strides, and rapid has been the race, of human improvement, upon the banks of this noble stream. It rises in a mountainous country west of Lake Champlain, in the counties of Essex and Montgomery, in the State of New York, and communicates with the Atlantic below New York city. It is remarkably straight for 200 miles, and is a channel for an extensive navigation; particularly between the cities of New York and Albany, by means of steam-boats and sloops. There are upon its banks numerous handsome and flourishing towns; and, in passing up the river through the Highlands, the scenery has the character of picturesque magnificence. The distances between the main towns on its banks are as follow:

	Miles.	*Whole Dist.*
From its source to Sandy Hill, about	100	100
Waterford	42	142
Troy	4	146
Albany	6	152
Hudson	30	182
Poughkeepsie	55	237
Newburgh	10	247
New York	65	312
The Narrows	12	324

It is connected with lake Champlain by the Champlain canal, with lake Erie by the Erie canal, with the Delaware river by the Hudson and Delaware canal and the Morris canal.

To this general outline of the course of the Hudson, we shall append a few details of the scenery of its banks. The intelligent traveller, Mr. Arfwedson,* tells us, that one of the first evenings after landing at New York, he spent on the banks of the majestic Hudson. "There is something attractive and inspiring in this stream. From Broadway, which traverses the whole city, there is a

* From whose Travels the annexed Engraving is copied.

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[redacted] following [redacted] Arbuckle's poetical [redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] New York is one of its [redacted] Mr. Arbuckle [redacted] — The Hudson continues wide for a [redacted] [redacted] breadth, with now [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] one [redacted] [redacted]. The eastern shore [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] in the eye a [redacted] [redacted]. Most of [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] and fruit- [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] down to [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] corn-fields, [redacted] [redacted] the midst of which [redacted] [redacted]. Villages, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] and then [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

granted to the god of waters; and this respect, which they invariably observed, was, after he had conquered all the country round Manhattan, and governed his kingdom in peace and quiet, changed into a majestic veneration: to this circumstance may probably be attributed the surname *Majestic*."

MARY HOWITT.

WHAT a peculiar charm pervades the touching and most charming tales and antique ballads written by this lady. There is a fresh and sparkling fount of original and somewhat quaint simplicity in her writings, which carries the fancy captive; and, from its vraisemblance, transports you with her to the dark confessional, or to the convent-garden, where a remorseful spirit unburthens its conscience in a tale of woe. In describing the outpourings of guilty but penitent memories, she has a peculiar and thrilling power. Witness *The Old Man's Story*: how graphically simple is its unadorned commencement:—

"There was an old and quiet man,
And by the fire sat he,
'And now,' he said, 'to you I'll tell
A dismal thing which once befell
A ship upon the sea.'"

How strikingly is the murdered man described, whose gold from Mexico proved the murderer's temptation!—

"His body was wasted, bent, and bowed,
And amid his gold he lay—
Amid iron chests that were bound with brass,
And he watch'd them night and day."

And then the horrid deed on the lone, high seas, and the Captain's after-feelings—"his white and palsied lips, and the stare of his ghastly eye!"—

"But even then, that very hour,
The wind dropp'd, and a spell
Was on the ship—was on the sea,
And we lay for months, how wearily,
Where the old man's body fell!"

One is reminded of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, by some expressions in this thrilling tale of the sea,—something of his startling abruptness, which pleases from its faculty of bringing the incident fully to the mind's eye, as in a picture.

In *The Countess Lamberti's Confession*, how admirably does she describe her attachment for Guiesppe, "her first and only love:"

"I lov'd him ever—never knew
The time I lov'd him not."

Perhaps no two lines ever expressed better the entire and all-engrossing nature of a first affection.—Her marriage with Lamberti:

"At the dagger's point they married me,
Amid my prayers and tears."—

Her dream of the murder of Guiesppe—the frenzy to which she is driven on seeing the murderers "dwell calmly in their guilt,"—the madness which leads her to crime of the darkest hue—the murder of her husband,—have all a fearful distinctness of colouring. Memory, seldom more than an uncertain attendant on madness, in her case, holds her place, "within the book and volume of the brain," as if to be her life-long torture; bringing before her mental eye, with scrupulous exactness, every circumstance in the fearful tragedy of her life. How well is an abiding remorse, struggling through the dark clouds of insanity, portrayed in the concluding lines:

"I too—there is a weight of sin
Upon my soul; it will not hence:
'Tis therefore that my life is given
To one long penitence."

There is a cheering and healthy tone of sound moral principle, which, utterly divested of all assumption of the teaching spirit, bestows the highest charm over the writings of Mary Howitt. A single eye to good inference, an innocence of purpose, a genius rich, and "fraught with many a legend old," a fancy bright and original, yet in no instance lending its power of expression to that sophisticated glossary of language which would give smooth names to vice, and deck with the flowers of poetry, infidel sentiments, or unhallowed and lawless deeds. The great Johnson, in the zenith of his fame, when the country owned no other arbiter in literature and morals, acknowledged, in one of his reflective moods, (when his great mind turned from the applause of the world, to feel the awful responsibility of its own gifts,) that his soul yearned for something more than the passing meteor of earthly fame. Doubtless, in those moments, every good feeling he had laboured to implant, every moral which he had deduced from passing events, every fallacy of evil he had exposed, arose before his mental eye like cherub forms of hope, dispelling the gloom of his mind with the prospect of reward from a higher tribunal. Such hope may be hers, who has preserved throughout her poetry the great end of all writing—the furtherance of truth and right feeling. Dr. Beattie entreats of those to whom indulgent Heaven "vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire," to "know their own worth, and reverence the lyre;" and amidst the sneers which are too prevalent in the present day against the fine imaginings of poesy, it is delightful to listen to the burst of enthusiasm for her divine art, which this writer has given us:—

"Men build to thee no shrine,
Yet every holy place is fill'd with thee;
Dim groves and mountain-tops alike are thine,
Spirit of poesy!

Island and mountain peak,
Seas, where the keel of ships shall never go,
Cots, palaces, and graves, whate'er can speak
Of human joy or woe.

How hast thou cast a glory
Over the dust of him sublimely wise—
The blind old man, with his immortal story
Of a lost Paradise!

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"How then, by mountain streams,
Met'st the poor peasant, and from passion's heaven
Refined his soul, wooing with holy themes,
In Mary's voice from Heaven."

Long may the muse of Mary Howitt rejoice in that art, by which she leads her readers on through the flowery maze of poetry to the pure and bracing mountain-tops of truth and sound morality. ANNE R.

Kirton-Lindsey.

Retrospective Gleanings.

CURIOUS ANCIENT PROVERBS.

"NEVER be ashamed to eat your meat."—Erasmus says this proverb is handed down to us from the ancients.

"Charity begins at home."—Many sentences occur in the ancient Greek and Latin poets to this purpose.

"Out of debt, out of danger."—This is a Greek sentence: "Happy he that owes nothing."

"What soberness conceals, drunkenness reveals."—Erasmus cites to this purpose a sentence out of Herodotus, viz., "When wine sinks, words swim; and Pliny hath a saying to the same purpose.

"Experience is the mistress of fools."—There is a Greek proverb, viz., "Wise men learn by others' harms; fools by their own." —*Epimetheus.*

"Look not a gift horse in the mouth."—It seems, (says Ray,) this was a Latin proverb in Hierom's time. Erasmus quotes it out of his preface to his commentaries on the Epistle to the Ephesians.

"Give a thing and take a thing."—Plato mentions this as the proverb of children in his time, which, with us, also continues a proverb among children to this day.

"Gold goes in at any gate except Heaven's."—Philip, Alexander's father, was reported to say, that he did not doubt to take any castle or citadel, let the ascent be never so steep or difficult, if he could but drive up an ass laden with gold to the gate.

"Ill-gotten goods seldom prosper."—Hesiod, the Greek poet, says, "To naught it goes that came from naught."

"That that's good sauce for a goose is good for a gander."—This is a woman's proverb.

"Hunger is the best sauce."—This proverb is reckoned among the aphorisms of Socrates.

"Hunger makes hard bones sweet beans."—Erasmus relates as a common proverb among the Dutch, "Hunger makes raw beans relish well, or taste of sugar." Darius, in his flight, drinking puddle water defiled with dead carcasses, is reported to have said that he never drunk anything that was more pleasant; for, saith the story, he had never drunk thirsty.

"Little strokes fell great oaks."—Pliny reports that there are to be found flints worn by the feet of pismires, which, (says Ray,) is not altogether unlikely; for the ants, I have observed to have their roads or footpaths so worn by travelling, that they may easily be observed.

"One may live and learn."—A famous saying of Solon.

"The master's eye makes the horse fat."—The answers of Perses and Libys are, (says Ray,) worth recording. The former being asked, what was the best thing to make a horse fat, answered, "The eye of the master:" the other being questioned, what was the best manure, answered, "The master's footsteps." Not impertinent to this purpose, is that story of Gellius: A fat man riding upon a lean horse, was asked, how it came to pass that himself was so fat, and his horse so lean, he answered, "Because I feed myself, but my servant feeds my horse." (See *Ray's Proverbs*, 1670.)

"A good neighbour, a good good-morrow."—Themistocles, having a farm to sell, caused the crier who proclaimed it to add, that it had a good neighbour; rightly judging that such an advantage would make it more vendible.

"Fat paunches make lean pates."—This, Hierome mentions, as a Greek proverb.

"Pull hair and hair and you'll make the carle bald."—There is a story of Sertorius, mentioned by Plutarch, in his Life:—he, to persuade his soldiers that counsel was more available than strength, causes two horses to be brought out; the one poor and lean, the other strong, and having a bushy tail. To the poor, weak horse, he sets a strong, great, young man. To the strong horse, he sets a little, weak fellow, each to pluck off his horse's tail. This latter, pulling the hairs, one by one, in a space of time got off the whole tail: whereas, the young man, catching all the tail at once in his hands, fell a tugging with all his might, labouring to little purpose; till at last he tired, and made himself ridiculous to all the company.

"Too much of one thing is good for nothing."—This is an apophthegm of one of the seven wise men; some attribute it to Thales, some to Solon.

"Good riding at two anchors, men have told;
For if one breaks, t'other may hold."

—Aristides and Pindar.

"No mill, no meal."—He that would have honey, must have bees." Erasmus saith, they commonly say, "He that would have eggs, must endure the cackling of hens."

"Ramsey the Rich."—"Ramsey," (in Huntingdonshire,) says Ray, in his Proverbs, "was the Cresus of all our English abbeys"; for, having but sixty monks to maintain therein, the revenues thereof, according to t

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standard of the times, amounted unto 7,000*l.* per annum, which, in proportion, was 100*l.* for every monk, and 1,000*l.* for their abbot; yet, at the dissolution of monasteries, the income of the Abbey was reckoned at but 1,983*l.* a year; whereby, it plainly appears how much the revenues were under-rated in those valuations." P. T. W.

Anecdote Gallery.

A MALEFACTOR SAVED TO GOOD PURPOSE.

THE Abbé —— was sent for one day to prepare a hardened robber for death. After they had been conversing together some time, the Abbé perceived that he paid no attention, that amidst all his arguments and exhortations, the man scarcely took any notice of him. "Strange!" said he; "friend, do you believe that in a few hours you are to appear before your Maker? What can divert your mind from such an awful truth?"—"You are right, father," he replied; "but it occurs to me that it is in your power to save my life, and well may that divert my thoughts." —"I save your life! How can that be? —Besides, your present conduct leads me to suppose I should then be the instrument of your doing more mischief — of increasing your sins?"—"You misjudge me, father," replied he; my errors have not proceeded from a heart destitute of every correct feeling: in youth I was led by false expectations to form habits above my station, to support which required more money than my indulgent parents could supply. Habit became second nature. Work I had not the fortitude to get, and was induced to steal. Smooth is the descent from good to evil; one step in the wrong path too often induces a second; even, (as may sometimes be,) to hide the first; crime succeeded crime: till now I have banished reflection, but believe me to be a repentant sinner."—"But how can I save thee, my son?"—"Why, father," said the malefactor, "only remove the altar, (as it is portable,) to the wall; set your chair upon the altar, and stand you upon the chair, and I will stand on your shoulders; I shall then be enabled to reach yon little window, through which I will escape." The Abbé closed with the expedient; the malefactor was out in a trice.

Twenty years afterwards, the Abbé, travelling through Ardennes, a woody country in the north-east borders of France, happened to lose his way. He felt very uneasy at a man, who was closely observing him, but considering that there was no escape, even if he had any bad design, the Abbé asked him where he could find lodging for the night. The stranger offered to conduct him to his own house which was near: this he did, saying, as he entered, to his wife and children: "There, go and pay your respects to that good Father; for without him I should not have been in the world." Here the Abbé recollected the man's features, so far as to perceive that he was the identical robber, whom he had assisted to escape from prison.—"I have kept my word, Father," said he; and being resolved to live honestly, I immediately, on my escape, set off, and begged my way hither; the master of this farm took me into his service, and by diligence and honesty, I so far gained his good will, that he bestowed his daughter on me. God has so prospered my honest endeavours that I have laid by something; and a great joy it is to me that I can show you my gratitude." —"The service I did for you," said the Abbé, "is overpaid; truly 'honesty is the best policy.'" S. T. BRITTLEBANK.

THE POOR MAN'S MITE.

THE fire at Ratcliffe, in the month of July, 1794, was more destructive than any conflagration since the Fire of London, in 1666. Out of 1,200 houses, not more than 570 were saved. Government immediately sent 150 tents for the accommodation of the sufferers. The City, to their honour be it known, subscribed 1,000*l.* for their relief; Lloyd's, 700*l.*; the East India Company gave 210*l.* But more remarkable traits of that universal feeling for the wants of others, for which Englishmen are peculiarly distinguished, are shown in the fact, that on the Sunday immediately after the fire, the collection, from spectators who thronged to view the encampment, amounted to upwards of 800*l.*; of which 400*l.* was in copper, including 38*l.* 14*s.* in farthings, each a poor man's mite.—S.T.B.

"BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING."

VERY few quotations are brought oftener into daylight than the following — "*commence par le commencement;*" although most persons are unacquainted with the source from whence it is derived; much less of its author being no less a personage than Count Anthony Hamilton, the gay, the witty, the accomplished courtier of James II., with whom he retired on the Continent at the Revolution. The Count died there in 1720.

In one of his Tales, written in ridicule of the Arabian Nights, and called "the Ram," one of the principal characters, as might be supposed from the title, is the Ram himself, the attendant on a giant, whose spirits to compose, he tells a tale, thus abruptly beginning:—

"Since the wounds of the White Fox, the Queen failed not to visit him."—"Friend Ram," said the Giant, "I understand nothing of all that. If you could *begin at the beginning*, you would please me more; for all those tales that begin in the middle, only

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muddle the imagination."—"As you will," said the Ram, "I consent, though contrary to custom, to put every thing in its place: thus the beginning of my story shall be at the head of the tale." G. F.

ADVICE TAKEN.

Counsel is often allowed criminals in the Parisian courts. A thief was one day caught in the very act of cutting a purse. An advocate was appointed for the prisoner to have his advice; when the latter drew the prisoner aside: "Is it true," said he, "that you cut so-and-so's purse?"—"It is, sir," said the thief, "but——"—"Hold your tongue," said the advocate; "the best advice I can give you is to be off as quickly as possible." The thief followed the advice, and retreated down stairs. The advocate then returned to his seat, when the President inquired what he had to say in defence of the prisoner: "Gentlemen," said he, "the poor fellow has confessed his crime, and as he was left unguarded, and I named his counsel, I thought it best to advise him to take flight: he did not hesitate, but, upon this advice, immediately disappeared." This gave rise to much mirth; but no blame could attach to the advocate: it was the duty of the Bench to regulate the practice of the Court, and of the gaolers to keep their eyes on the prisoner, and prevent his escape.

G. F.

PLINY THE ELDER'S MODE OF PASSING HIS TIME AT ROME.

Before daybreak he waited on Vespasian, who was also an early riser; and then proceeded to execute the Emperor's orders. On returning home, he employed the rest of the day in study. After taking a light repast, he reclined in the sun, according to the Roman custom, while a book was read to him, from which he took notes. He never perused any work without making extracts, as he was accustomed to say, "that no book was so bad as not to afford something valuable." He then bathed, slumbered a little, and rising fresh, as if to another day, studied till supper-time. Even during that repast, a reader was at his side, as there was upon all his journeys; and a vacant hour never occurred which he did not employ in reading and writing. Of his avarice of time, his nephew, the younger Pliny, gives the following instance:—One of his friends having obliged the reader to repeat something that he had pronounced improperly, "Did you understand him?" said Pliny; "I did," he replied; "Why then did you stop him? We have lost more than ten lines by the interruption." He always went from place to place in a sedan chair, that he might read on the road; and reproved his nephew for walking, as so much time lost. It was an ardent curiosity and thirst of knowledge that occasioned his death: he perished in his flight from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

P. T. W.

UNHAPPY END OF HOLLAR, THE ENGRAVER.

Hollar was by birth a gentleman, and a native of Prague, in Bohemia. He was intended by his parents to have been educated to the study of the law; but the civil commotions which happened in his youth, and which led to the memorable battle of Prague, obliging them to abandon this intention, and Hollar's genius for art discovering itself about the same time, he was placed under Marian, an able designer and engraver of views.

He travelled through part of Europe, and engraved views of its principal cities. The Earl of Arundel, then on an embassy to the Imperial Court, met with him at Cologne, and being struck with his abilities, and particularly delighted with a large drawing of Prague, (which, says Vertue, was "curiously and exactly done with a pen and pencil,") took him under his protection, and brought him to England, where it is said, the noble earl recommended him to the favour of King Charles the First.

Hollar was left destitute by the death of this nobleman, and at the latter period of his life, worked for the book and print-sellers, at the rate of fourpence an hour; and, notwithstanding his extraordinary merit as an artist, his loyalty, and past favour of Lord Arundel and Charles the First, he died poor and miserable after a life of vicissitude, and, for the most part, of suffering. "Thus the engraver, (says his biographer,) of more than two thousand plates, which have been since sought for through Europe, and most of which are after his own designs, expired in the very act of entreating the bailiffs, who had entered his wretched apartment, for a little forbearance.—Alas! what is society if it befriend not the ingenious!"

He died, (I believe,) in Gardeners' Lane, Tothill Fields, or in being carried to the workhouse, as report says.

The large view of the Royal Exchange, London, engraved by Hollar, sold at Sir Mark Sykes's sale, April the 10th, 1824, for the sum of 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* I have the good fortune to be in possession of one of these prints, in my illustrated Pennant's *London*.*

P. T. W.

BACON, THE SCULPTOR,

Was remarkably neat in his dress, and, according to the costume of the old school, wore, in fine weather, a powdered wig, ruffles, silver buckles, white silk stockings, &c., and walked with his golden-headed cane. Thus

* This print has been *pen-and-ink* lithographed by the ingenious Mr. Martin; and we were lately gratified at seeing a copy, handsomely framed, in one of the ante-rooms of Grocers' Hall.—Ed.

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attired, he one day visited at St. Paul's, shortly after having erected the statue of the benevolent Howard, and shortly before the boarding, which inclosed the statue, was removed. One of his sons was employed at this time in finishing the statue. After remaining here a short time he complained of feeling somewhat cold; on which the son proposed, as no one could overlook them, that he should put on, as a kind of temporary spencer, an old, torn, green, shag waistcoat, with a red stuff back, which had been left by one of the workmen. He said it was "a good thought," and accordingly buttoned the waistcoat over his handsome new coat. Shortly afterwards he was missing, but returned in about an hour, stating that he had been to call on a gentleman in Doctors' Commons, and had sat chatting with his wife and daughters, whom he had never seen before; that he found them to be exceedingly pleasant women, though perhaps a little too much disposed to laugh and titter about he knew not what. "Sir," said his son, "I am afraid I can explain this mysterious behaviour—surely you have not kept on that waistcoat all this time?"—"But, as sure as I am a living man, I have," said Bacon, laughing heartily; "and I can now account not only for the strange behaviour of the ladies, but for all the jokes that have been cracked about me as I walked along the street; some persons hooting, others crying, 'Let him alone, he does it for a wager,' &c., all of which, from being quite unconscious of my appearance, I thought was levelled at some other quiz that might be following near me: and I now recollect that whenever I looked round to discover the object of their pleasantry, the people laughed, and the more so, as, by the mere force of sympathy, I laughed also, although I could not imagine what it all meant."—W. G. C.

THORWALDSEN, THE SCULPTOR,

TRAVELLING to Stuttgard, overtook on the road a poor German, heavily laden with a knapsack. On seeing the carriage pass, the man called to the coachman to stop, and entreated to be taken up; but the driver, giving an insolent reply, would have continued his way, when the sculptor himself peremptorily ordered the coachman to stop, saying he would make room inside. He accordingly requested the tired pedestrian to come in and take a seat. They soon entered into familiar conversation, in the course of which the stranger said he was a painter, and hearing that Thorwaldsen was shortly expected at Stuttgard, he had started from where he was residing, on foot, resolving to see an artist whose works had made such noise in Europe. "And pray, sir," said he, "as you say you have just left Rome, have you seen, or do you know, Thorwaldsen personally?"—"Yes," replied the sculptor, "I have the good fortune to be very intimate with him, and promise, on our arrival at Stuttgard, to present you to him." At this assurance, the German's joy knew no bounds; he grasped him by the hand, and a silent tear bespoke his gratitude. The benevolent old man felt sensibly moved at the unsophisticated zeal of the young artist, and not being able to sustain his incognito any longer, "My dear good friend," he exclaimed, "I will not keep you in longer suspense—I am Thorwaldsen."—W. G. C.

Antiquariana.

ANCIENT AMPHITHEATRE.

[SIR GRENVILLE TEMPLE, Bart., having lately returned from a tour through Egypt and some of the states of Barbary, which are seldom visited by travellers, has published the interesting results of his excursions in two handsome volumes, entitled *Excursions in the Mediterranean:—Algiers and Tunis*. Sir Grenville's researches in the latter country will be found a valuable contribution to antiquarian and classical geography, inasmuch as the sites thus explored are identified with some very celebrated events in history. After carefully examining the ruins of Carthage, and other monuments of antiquity in the vicinity of Tunis, Sir Grenville visited the chief towns on the coast of the Regency; and, then proceeding from Gabes across the Sibkah él Ludiah, or Salt Lake of the Marks, to Nefra, which stands on the borders of the Great Desert, he returned to Tunis by a route across the mountains. To quote the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, (to which Sir Grenville Temple contributed a few anticipatory leaves of his diary,) the numberless stately remains of Roman architecture which still crown every hill and moulder in every valley of the Regency of Tunis, speak more for the energy and civilizing influence of the government of the Cæsars than the greatness of Rome itself. The following extract, describing the remains of the amphitheatre at El Jemm, the ancient Tysdrus, will fully justify this remark.]

Within two miles of El Jemm (says Sir Grenville), the land is cultivated and inclosed by hedges of the prickly pear, through an avenue of which we soon after beheld the great amphitheatre towering loftily over the miserable mud hovels of the village, and appearing still more colossal from the lowness of the plain, and smallness of all surrounding objects. Immediately after we had dismounted, we proceeded to view the amphitheatre, and to ascertain by inspection what other remains existed of the former *Tysdrus;* the principal of which, and indeed the only one of any consequence, we found to consist in

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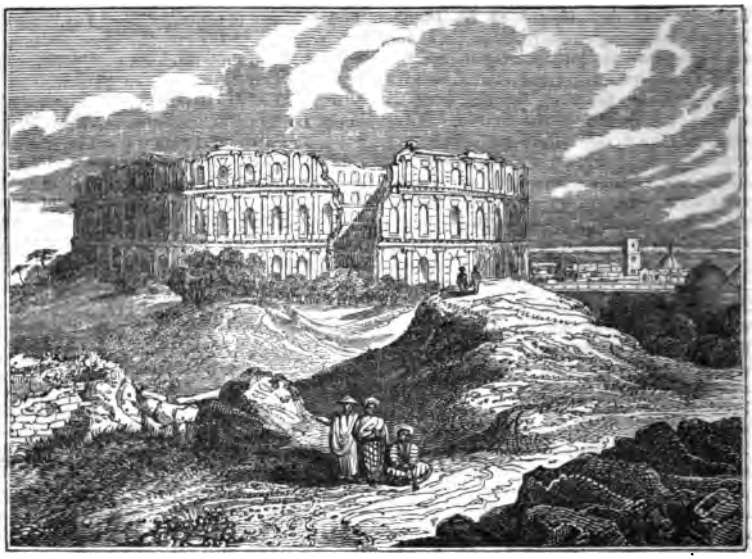

(Amphitheatre at El Jemm.)

the great extant edifice built in former ages as the spot in which the inhabitants were wont to seek for amusement. Shaw states that it dates its origin from the reign of the Gordians, who were here first recognised as chiefs—if not by the whole, at least by a great majority—of the vast Roman empire, tired of the cruelty and despotism of Maximinus; and who for this support may have erected, as a memorial of their gratitude, this splendid monument, dedicated entirely to the amusements of their party. All this is, however, conjecture, for not the vestige of an inscription, at least that I could discover, remains to prove or contest the supposition. I entertain, nevertheless, little doubt, that if excavations were judiciously made round the spot, and the interior of the surrounding hovels were minutely examined, the stone bearing the dedication to the emperor who erected it would be discovered. Deprived, however, of the information which such an inscription would convey to us, we are compelled to satisfy ourselves with beholding an edifice which, though yielding in magnitude and splendour to the Coliseum, is still one of the most perfect, vast, and beautiful remains of former times which exists—to our knowledge, or, as I should perhaps more correctly state, to my own individual knowledge—combining in itself more of those united properties than any other building which I can at this moment bring to my recollection. The amphitheatre of Nismes I have never seen, that of Pola, in Istria, is perfect in its exterior, though completely the reverse interiorly; whilst, on the contrary, the one at Verona is diametrically the opposite, possessing the range of seats as entire as at the time when admiring citizens witnessed the sports performed in the arena for their gratification, but, with the exception of four arches, completely deprived of its exterior façade, the principal and most beautiful feature of these stupendous edifices.

The length of the amphitheatre of *Tysdrus*, which extends nearly east and west, is 429 by 368 feet; and that of the arena, 238 by 182 feet. These two latter measurements are taken from the inner *existing* wall, the real boundary of the arena being uncertain. The height of the level of the first gallery is 33 feet, and to the summit of the edifice 96 feet.* It possesses four ranges of pillars and arches, 60 in number in each, or rather in the three lower ones, for the fourth is a pilas-

* The following list may perhaps prove interesting, as showing the rank in magnitude which this amphitheatre holds among edifices of the same nature.

	Extreme Length.	Extreme Breadth.	Length of Arena.	Breadth of Arena.	Height.
Coliseum	615¼	510	281	176	164
Verona	506	405	247	145	
El Jemm	429	368	238	182	96
Nismes	430	338			76
Pola	416	337			
Side (Karamania)	409		125		79
Utica	363	240			
Paestum	211	151			
Capua					
Pompeii					
Syracuse	300	230	180	100	
Carthage	240	200	150	110	
Thapsus	160	113			

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trade, elevated on a stylobata, with a square window in every third inter-pilaster. The capitals are of that species of the composite order which we see on Diocletian's pillar at Alexandria, with a slight variation between the second range and those composing the first and third. At each extremity was a grand entrance, but the west one, together with an arch on each side of it, was destroyed, together with the same portion of the whole superstructure, about one hundred years ago, by Muhammed Bey, who thereby wished to prevent the possibility of the amphitheatre being converted into a strong and vast fortress by some tribes of Arabs, then in open revolt against his authority. A very small portion also of the exterior wall of the fourth or upper story remains to this day. The interior of this magnificent building is in a far more dilapidated state than the exterior, which, with the above-mentioned exceptions, may be stated to be in complete preservation; but great part of the vaulted and inclined plane, which supported the seats, the galleries, and the vomitoria, are still left. The galleries and stairs leading to the different stages were supported by arches and vaults, composed, not like the rest of the building, of large *pierres de taille*, but of a mass of small stones and mortar; and they have, consequently, in many places fallen in. Under the surface of the arena, as in those of the Coliseum and Amphitheatre of Capua, are seen passages, and little chambers for containing the wild beasts, as well as square apertures opening upon the arena, up which were raised the lions and tigers, inclosed in boxes made on the principle of the pigeon-traps used at shooting-matches, whose sides, on reaching the summit, being unsupported by the walls of the tunnel, fell to the ground, and, working on the hinges which joined them to the bottom of the box, left the ferocious monsters at once exposed to the view of the spectators.

The key-stones of the outward arches of the lower order were intended each to have borne some figure sculptured in relief, for on one we see the bust of a female, and on the other the head of a lion; this design was, however, never completed, for on all the others we only see the projecting part of the stone which was to have assumed the shape of different figures or devices. I could discover no inscription on any part of the building, except some in Cufic and Arabic characters; the one which doubtless existed to commemorate its founder was probably placed over the gate, since destroyed, which faced the town of Tysdrus to the west.

In some parts of Bokhara, the Kaffir women do all the out-door work, and follow the plough; and it is said that they are sometimes yoked in it along with an ox.

The Naturalist.

RAINBOWS IN IRELAND.

One day, while returning from a hasty ride, (says a recent writer,) I was greatly delighted with the appearance of a rainbow, gradually advancing before the lowering clouds, sweeping with majestic stride across the troubled ocean; then, as it gained the beach, and seemed almost within my grasp, vanishing amid the storm, of which it had been the lovely, but treacherous forerunner. It is, I suppose, a consequence of the situation, and the close connexion between sea and mountain, that the rainbows on the hills of Ireland are so frequent and so peculiarly beautiful. Of an amazing breadth, and with colours vivid beyond description, I know not whether most to admire this aerial phenomenon, when, suspended in the western sky, one end of the bow sinks behind the island of Boffin, while at the distance of several leagues, the other rests upon the misty hills of Ennis Turc; or when, at a later hour of the day, it appears stretched across the ample sides of Mulbrea, penetrating far into the deep, blue waters that flow at its base. With feelings of grateful recollection, I hail the repeated visits of this heavenly messenger, occasionally as often as five or six times in the course of the same day, in a country exposed to such astonishing, and, at times, almost incessant floods of rain. W. G. C.

THE WILL O' WISP.

The following original description of the *Will o' Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*, by a clergyman, an active observer of nature, appeared a short time since in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*:—"I do not know precisely what the Romans thought of the Will with the Wisp; but they called it *ignis fatuus*—'a foolish,' perhaps they meant, 'a delusive, fire.' Whatever it was, I have had scarcely any thing else in my brains during the whole of the preceding week. This fire has existed for thousands of years, and thousands have seen it in circumstances favourable to minute observation; yet, hitherto, no naturalist has explained its substance, its organization, or its powers. It has been related by a gentleman, a native of Shropshire, whose veracity is above suspicion, viewing its blazing sphere through a spy-glass, discovered in it the lineaments of the human form. I questioned whether the most intense exertion of the eye, unassisted by an instrument, could discern these features. An opportunity of the kind was presented to me lately, where an *ignis fatuus* gradually approached me. His front exhibited a circular surface, resplendent with a white, silvery light, but flat, or with very slight convexity, with no perceptible trace of constituent members or component parts.

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Easily I might have received it in my hand. At the precise moment of passing the eye it was scarcely visible, as it then displayed little more than its thin verge or narrow ring. Presently after, the complete circle of its rear was revealed to the view, brilliant as its front, but distinctly marked with two wings, resembling beautiful silken webs of the clearest transparency, fixed in a perpendicular position, each extending two inches in length and one in breadth, and covering the whole of its posterior disk, except a small triangular space and its crest, on the lower corner of which his head, probably, though imperceptibly, reposed. The wings were in constant, easy action, propelling the body on a principle different to that observable in every species of birds. Their movements were perpendicular, alternately receding and closing on the surface, and by their retrogressive impulse on the atmosphere, preserving the continuity of its flight. I conclude that this singular animal subsists upon flies, attracted towards it by the luminous appearance it presents." W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

FRANCIA, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

[PARAGUAY is an inland South American state of nearly the size of England, with a salubrious climate and rich soil, watered by fine navigable rivers. This state has, since 1814, been under the absolute control of one master-mind, Gaspard Roderick de Francia, of whom little was, until lately, known in Europe. The *New Monthly Magazines* for the past and present month supply many details of considerable interest and importance. The Magazine for March contains a sketch and anecdotes, by the Hon. Mrs. Erskine Norton, from a small volume lately published by two Swiss gentlemen. In the Magazine for the present month appears the statement of a gentleman whose personal intercourse has enabled him to supply, in some respects, the most valuable information, which we proceed to present, abridged, to our readers.]

When the Spanish Governor Velasco was deposed after the victory gained over the Buenos Ayres troops, a junta, consisting of the two military chiefs, Yegros and Cavallero, who had been in the action, together with a Dr. Francia, was elected in the ordinary way, to preside over and direct the affairs of the infant republic.

This Dr. Francia has made himself infamous by his tyranny. He has exercised, in a spirit so ferocious and unrelenting, every species of cruelty, not over his fellow-mortals merely, but over his fellow-countrymen, that though, politically speaking, he is little known in Europe, he yet deserves to be made known as a rare monster of atrocity in these days of comparative humanity and civilisation. He would have ranked in the worst days of Rome, in refinement of cruelty, with the worst of the Roman emperors.

This extraordinary person was educated at Cordova, (the Salamanca of South America).* He is a man of a shrewd, saturnine disposition, and of very retired and studious habits. By dint of application, and in spite of the jealousy of the Church, he contrived, in addition to the ordinary branches of education taught at the University, to get a slight knowledge of algebra, and a still more superficial one of geometry and Greek. It was asserted that he understood both these branches of study well; nor in the whole fraternity of collegians was there anybody to vouch for the contrary. Having taken out his degree, he returned to Paraguay, where he soon came into considerable practice as a lawyer. A stern adherence to the justice of the case as he conceived it,—more than ordinary acuteness and learning in his profession,—great knowledge and consequent management of the weaknesses of his countrymen,—together with his reputation for mysterious familiarity with the occult sciences,—brought him into great repute.

This ascendancy of Dr. Francia in his own profession was carried by him into the government of which he soon became a member. He began too soon, however, to attempt the overthrow of the military influence of his two colleagues, by the mere strength of his own legal knowledge and growing popularity. He sneered, cavilled, and commanded, till the other members of the junta got impatient of his petulance. He, on the other hand, refused any longer to brook their ignorance and assumption. In a fit of disgust and spleen on his part, and under very ready acquiescence on theirs, he retired to the privacy of his small country house, about six miles from town.

Here it was that gradually and effectually, though silently, he kept extending his influence among the people, by assiduously courting the lower classes,—by apparent indifference about power, but constant insinuations how much it was abused,—and by an affectedly close prosecution of those studies to which he knew he owed so much of the blind and increasing deference he enjoyed.

I happened to live very near to him, at this period, in the country; and being one evening out shooting, passed so close by his house that, in the exercise of a hospitality at that time common in all the Spanish colonies, he invited me in. The cottage had a

* In Mrs. Norton's sketch: "Francia was born at Paraguay, and has never been beyond the Spanish colonies of South America. His father is supposed by many to have been a Portuguese, but he prefers to have it believed that he is of French origin; his mother was a creole of Paraguay, and he was one of several children.

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low, thatched roof with a little porch around it, which afforded shade out of doors, and, by keeping the walls and the windows free from the rays of the sun, not only preserved the humble dwelling cool, but cast an agreeable shade of chiaro-scuro over the small rustic apartments within. It was situated at the foot of a little hill, beautifully wooded from the base to the top. A few palm trees waved their graceful and lofty foliage on the natural greensward of the open lawn in front of it. A large field of the sugar-cane and one of cotton on one side of the house, and a thick, dark, orange grove, affording food and shade to a multitude of parrots, on the other, half occupied the little valley in which stood the lowly but romantic dwelling of him who was to be the Dictator and Tyrant of Paraguay.

The last rays of the sun were just streaming in upon the peaceful little vale, and tinging with the bright colours of evening the woody acclivities in which it was embosomed. The parrots were coming to roost, and the pheasants were taking their evening's repast along the skirts of the fine natural copses everywhere around.

There was a delightful air of tropical luxuriance and stillness in the scene, well calculated, one should have thought, with the solitary and studious habits of Dr. Francia, to soften his character into something in unison with the ostensible nature of his occupations, and the beautifully sequestered spot in which he pursued them: but wild ambition, like a lurking monster, lay crouching within his bosom, and only waiting for an opportunity to spring from its lair, that it might destroy and desolate the land with blood, and leave around it a scene of carnage and dismay.

He was walking to and fro under the porch, enveloped, after the Spanish fashion, in a loose scarlet cloak, and sipping, through a tube, out of a small calabash, or maté-cup, an infusion of the yerba or Paraguay tea. His figure was tall and spare, his complexion swarthy, and his air and manner evidently stern, though relaxed into an expression of grave politeness to receive a guest, whom he perceived to be a foreigner.

After the first salutation, there was leisure to examine a countenance full of sagacity, asperity, and penetration. His jet black hair was carefully combed back from his bold forehead, and allowed to fall in profusion from the back part of his head almost down upon his shoulders. He shot forth from his dark eyes a very keen and searching glance, from which the attention was taken, however, in some slight degree, by a composed, natural, and even simple demeanour and address. He spoke in very general terms of the state of the country; said he lived very much to himself, and made offer of his house and services in the terms of commonplace civility usual in the country.

Shortly after this period he came again into power, having laid all his plans and taken all his preliminary measures for making it permanent, cruel, exclusive to himself, and wholly uncontrollable.

About the time of Dr. Francia's return to be a member of the government, Buenos Ayres sent a deputy to Paraguay, with the reasonable and natural expectation of entering into such arrangements, as, without the remotest acknowledgment of dependence on the part of the latter, should lead to reciprocal and friendly relations in politics, but especially in commerce between both. The defined alliance proposed by Buenos Ayres was one so obviously called for by the relative position and circumstances of the two countries, that one should have expected a very speedy termination of the business, by the execution of a treaty founded on stipulations consonant with the views and interests of both parties. The result was far otherwise.

Dr. Francia had previously determined to have *no* intercourse with Buenos Ayres or any other country, except Great Britain; and this was to have been permitted on pretty much the principles and terms so long and so liberally conceded to us by China. He was to have established an outport at a place called Neembucú, 240 miles from Assumption, the capital of Paraguay, and to have allowed his mercantile allies, the English, to supply from thence their manufactures, on condition that they should at the same time provide him with arms and ammunition. He determined about this period also to get rid of his colleagues in power; and affected, that before he could give an answer to the deputy from Buenos Ayres, it was necessary he should assemble the Grand Congress, to be composed of representatives minutely and scrupulously chosen from among the people. He accordingly issued orders for that purpose, in such a way as that it would require about three months to collect the representatives. The intermediate time he successfully employed in encouraging and increasing the enmity there naturally existed among his countrymen to Buenos Ayres—in gaining over to his interest the officers in immediate command of the Paraguay troops—in making himself personally and familiarly acquainted with every deputy as he came into town—and in at once flattering his vanity, and stimulating his cupidity, by large but undefined promises of protection and encouragement in relation to the order of men to whom the deputy might happen to belong. By one delay after another, never appearing to originate with Dr. Francia, he protracted the meeting of Congress two months beyond the time appointed for its sitting, after all the Deputies had arrived in Assumption. By this plan, he not only had an opportunity of increasing adherents, fortifying converts, and deciding

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doubters, but brought such inconvenience and expense upon the poor deputies, as, aided by Francia's suggestions, determined them to insist upon a final settlement of all their business on the first day of the meeting of Congress.

They delivered themselves and the country up, bound hand and foot, to the man who was to use the power with which they had invested him for the annihilation of their trade—the ruin of their agriculture—the absolute slavery of the lower classes—and the prostration, imprisonment, or execution, of every man in the country with the remotest pretension to influence, wealth, or knowledge.

It were endless to relate the petty, low, but determined and systematic devices by which Francia proceeded now to initiate his system of terrorism. His first care was to call in and to have repaired under his own immediate inspection every straggling musket and rusty blunderbuss which could be collected. The number of guards ("Quarteleros" as they were called, from occupying a quartel or species of barracks) was augmented, and all higher rank than that of captain dispensed with; the Dictator himself became colonel, general, paymaster, quartermaster, and head-tailor to the regiment. Not a musket was delivered out but by his own hands; grenadier hats and coat-trimmings were not only devised, but fitted, stored, and distributed by himself. He held personal communication with every man, almost, in his regiment of guards; pampered, flattered, paid, and caressed them. At the same time he diffused among them a spirit of constant and ever-jealous rivalry, and aspiration to his favour and countenance. He began his system of indulgence with the private, and diminished it as he carried it through the grades of corporal, sergeant, ensign, lieutenant, till it faded into nothing with the captain; whose superior rank was thus held subordinate to the estimate and importance which every man in the company naturally attached to the Dictator's private countenance and favour as shown to him—but denied, or at all events not publicly shown, to his captain.

At the same time, an *esprit de corps* was not only encouraged, but inculcated, by which every man in the regiment—even the lowest—was to consider himself as higher in the scale of importance than any mere civilian. By this distinction in favour of his soldiers, the Dictator not only meant to soothe and compensate for the little feverish feeling to which, individually, every man in the regiment was subjected by his system of discipline, but to try how far he might push a system of terrorism, and annihilation of every spark of civil liberty among the people. He was determined, if possible, at once to quell into absolute and silent submission every spirit daring enough to question an authority which he seemed to have determined should not only be boundless, but boundless in its career of cruelty. He devised incessantly new means by which to render still more abject, servile, and ignorant—under the appearance, withal, of contentment—a people already so low as the Paraguayans were in the scale of political prostration.

At this period, accordingly, it became impossible to walk the streets without being intentionally jostled by every soldier you met; he obliged you to take off your hat to him—laughed at you—sneered at you—and asked you for money. No home was safe from their obtrusion, and not many could escape the contagion of their vices. Francia occasionally checked them—more to let them feel the Dictator's unbounded power even over the military license which himself had encouraged, than to benefit, or oblige, or gain popularity from those who thus suffered by it.

(*To be continued.*)

WOMAN'S TEARS.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
When they arise from fancied woe,
The ocean's waves—that waste and wide,
Bear worthless weed—in restless tide,
They have their ebb and flow.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
If from the fount of gentle love—
The dewdrops of the blessed morn,
Kiss'd by Heaven's breath as soon as born,
As meet for realms above.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
If pour'd in scorn and wounded pride—
A torrent from a mountain source,
That, pent a moment, rends its course,
And spreads a ruin wide.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
If thankful joy the flood compels—
They fall but like the gentle rain,
That blesseth and is blest again,
And fills the sacred wells.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
The one soft tear in pity sped—
Pearl beyond price, the crystal gem,
That shines in Mercy's diadem,
And such as Angels shed.

Blackwood's Magazine

New Books.

WILKINSON'S EGYPT.

(*Continued from page* 221.)

[Our next extract includes Mr. Wilkinson's views of those most wonderful of all wonders,]

The Pyramids.

Though last, not least, among the objects worthy of notice in the vicinity of the metropolis, are the pyramids of Géezeh. Pliny says they stand on the barren and rocky African hills between the Delta and Memphis, from which last they are distant about half as far again as the Nile. That of Cheops, or rather of Suphis, covered an area of about

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570,000 square feet;* but now stript of the exterior tier of stones, the total length of each face, without the casing,† is reduced to 732 feet, and its actual height to 474.‡ The entrance is nearly in the centre, and a passage descending at an angle of 27° terminates in an unfinished chamber, below the level of the ground. About 100 feet from the entrance, this passage is joined by an upper one, which ascends at the same angle to the great gallery, when it runs horizontally into what is called the Queen's Chamber. But the gallery itself, continuing at an angle of 27°, leads to a larger room, called the King's Chamber, in which is a sarcophagus of red granite, seven feet four inches by three feet; being only three inches less than the width of the door by which it was admitted. At the bottom of the great gallery is the well; and it was by this that the workmen descended, after they had closed the lower end of the upper passage, which was done with blocks of granite. And having gone down by the well, and reached the lower passage, they followed it upwards to the mouth, which they also closed in the same manner. But those who opened the pyramid, in order to avoid the granite blocks, at the junction of the two passages, forced a way through the side; and it is by this that you now ascend, in going to the great gallery.

Several other chambers and passages, hitherto undiscovered, no doubt exist in the upper part of the pyramid; and one seems to me to be connected with the summit of the great gallery. I suppose it first to run upwards in a contrary direction to the north, from that end which is above the well; where a block, apparently of granite, projects at the complement of the usual angle of these passages. It probably turns afterwards, and extends in a southerly direction over the great gallery. Above what is called the King's Chamber is a low room, I may say entresol, which should support another similar chamber; and the stone at the south-west corner of it has probably been let in after the workmen had closed the above-mentioned passage; so that this room served also as an outlet from the upper apartments, as the well from those about the great gallery. The names of Aibek, Baybérs, and Soltan Mohammed occur at the entrance of the great gallery, but they were probably written by some one who wished to deceive future visiters.

This pyramid is said to have been opened by the caliph Mamoon,§ about the year 820; and the long forced passage, to the east and below the level of the present entrance, is supposed to have been made at that time. Great hopes were entertained, say the Arab historians, of finding a rich treasure; but it was soon discovered that the pyramid had been previously opened and reclosed, and the caliph had nearly finished his vain search, when the people began to evince their discontent, and to censure his indiscretion. To check their murmurs, he had recourse to artifice. He secretly ordered a large sum of money to be conveyed to, and buried in, the innermost part of the excavated passage; and the subsequent discovery of the supposed treasure, which was found to be about equal to what had been expended, satisfied the people, and the caliph thus gratified his own curiosity at the expense of their labour, their money, and their unsuspecting credulity.

It has always been a matter of surprise that no hieroglyphics are met with, either in the interior or on the exterior of the pyramids, and that, above all, the sarcophagus should be destitute of those sacred characters, so generally found on Egyptian monuments. Herodotus says he saw an inscription on the front, and, by his account, it seems to have been in the Enchorial or in the Hieratic character; but the Enchorial did not exist at the time of its erection, and the Hieratic, from not being monumental, could scarcely have been used for such a purpose. His "figures of animals" on the causeway appear to allude more particularly to hieroglyphics; but as the exteriors, both of the causeway and the pyramids, are lost, we cannot now decide this question. At all events, we may be certain that the stones, mentioned by some writers, in the walls of the adjacent tombs, were not taken from the pyramids; nor is any one of them anterior in date to the great pyramid, since their position is evidently regulated by the direction of that monument. In the hieroglyphic inscriptions of the tombs, the names of the kings are of very great antiquity, long before the accession of the sixteenth dynasty; and we may trace, in one instance, a name very much resembling that of Suphis, the supposed founder of the Great Pyramid. Some of the royal ovals are preceded by the title of priest instead of king, which occurs again in some of the oldest tombs in upper Egypt; and this fact alone would suffice to prove their great antiquity, and consequently *à fortiori* that of the pyramids themselves.‖

* The area of Lincoln's-inn-fields approaches very nearly to that of the great pyramid, being about 550,000 square feet, according to a rough measurement of paces.

† Or the outermost tier of stones. The coating of the third pyramid is of granite, that of the others of limestone; but not of marble, as has been asserted, and much less of granite.

‡ The total height, if entire, being 494 feet, and, with the casing, 502.

§ Not Maymoon, as some have erroneously written it. This word signifies a baboon. Ebn Abd-el-Hokm says that a statue resembling a man was found in the sarcophagus; and in the statue was a body, with a breast-plate of gold and jewels, and characters, written with a pen, which no one understood. Lord Munster found some bones of an ox in the sarcophagus.

‖ Contrary to the opinion of some, who suppose from the pyramids not being mentioned in the Bible,

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I do not pretend to explain or decide the real object for which these stupendous monuments were constructed, but feel persuaded that they may have served for tombs, and also have been intended for astronomical purposes. For though it is in vain to look for the pole-star at the bottom of a passage descending at an angle of 27°, or to imagine that a *closed* * passage, or a pyramid covered with a smooth and inaccessible casing, was intended for an observatory, yet the form of the exterior might lead to many useful calculations. They stand exactly due north and south; and while the direction of the faces to the east and west might serve to fix the return of a certain period of the year, the shadow cast by the sun, or the time of its coinciding with their slope, might be observed for a similar purpose.

The style of building in the second pyramid is inferior to that of the first, and the stones used in its construction were less carefully selected, though united with nearly the same kind of cement. Nor was all the stone of either pyramid brought from the quarries of the Arabian mountains, but the outer tier or casing was composed of blocks hewn from their compact strata. This casing, part of which still remains on the second pyramid of Cephren or Sensuphis, is in fact merely formed by levelling or planing down the upper angle of the projecting steps, and was consequently, as Herodotus very justly observes, commenced from the summit. The passages in the second pyramid are very similar to those of the first; but there is no gallery, and they lead only to one main chamber, in which is a sarcophagus, sunk in the floor. It is remarkable that this pyramid appears to have had two entrances; an upper one, by which you now enter, and another about sixty feet below it, which is still unopened. One hundred and thirty feet from the mouth of the upper one was a granite portcullis, and the other was closed in the same manner about one hundred feet from its entrance. A little beyond the latter portcullis, is a long, narrow chamber; and the passage is afterwards united with the upper one by an ascending talus. The actual height of the second pyramid is about four hundred and thirty-nine feet, and the length of its base six hundred and ninety; but if entire, its height would be increased to about four hundred and sixty six feet.

The third pyramid of Mycerinus,† Mosche-

or in Homer, that they did not exist before the Exodus, or in the time of the poet. The presence of the name of Remeses the Great (who preceded the Trojan war) in a very secondary position, sufficiently answers the latter objection.

* The second was opened by Belzoni in 1816, but he found, from an inscription in the chamber, that it had been entered before and reclosed by the Soltan Alee Mohammed.

† Diodorus says the name of this king was written on its north face.

ris, or Mecherinus, has not yet been opened. It differs from the other two, being built in almost perpendicular degrees, to which a sloping face has been afterwards added. The outer layers were of red granite, and many of them still remain; nor can we doubt the justness of Pliny's remark, when he says, —"The third, though much smaller than the other two," was "much more elegant," from the "Ethiopian stone" (granite of E'Souan) that clothed it. The exterior of the lowest row of the second was also of the same stone, which is testified by the blocks and fragments that lie scattered about its base, and by the evidence of Herodotus.

Manners and Customs.

THE LATE ECLIPSE IN AMERICA.

Extract of a Letter, dated Columbus, Georgia, Sunday Evening, Nov. 30, 1834.

Our Georgian astronomers promised us, through the newspapers, a total eclipse of the sun on the fifth of this month; however, owing perhaps to the inclemency of the weather, they postponed it, first to the fifteenth, then to the twenty-fifth, and, finally, to the thirtieth of this month, which day, being warm and perfectly cloudless, was suitable for it; and accordingly, to-day *our* eclipse took place with all proper splendour.

I, who dreamt not of eclipses, went to stroll in the woods across the river, when I came in sight of Fikata's log-hut, I felt an irresistible desire to rest myself. Fikata, a sober, good-natured widow, dressed in a shift and petticoat, was sitting in a chair under the piazza, carding cotton. By her side sat a pretty, quiet girl, her eldest daughter, Folotkie, dressing her hair with a vial of grease (of ursine kind, for aught you or I know,) at her feet: she was dressed in a new gown, and seeing me coming, she snatched up the vial by the string round its neck, and slipped into the house with it, while her mother, handing me a stool, said, "Lyga," (abide.) Sillee, the second daughter,) a laughing little hussey, some nine years of age, was gone to the spring for water; a golden and somewhat curly-pated boy, (Chevanie,) still younger, was playing about with his bow and arrows, and a squaw was busily employed for the family, under a shed, which serves as a kitchen. Soon after I had arrived, one of Fikata's companions, another very old woman, joined our party, which was thus deficient of men.

We had not been together long, before I noticed a remarkable change in the atmosphere, which at once reminded me of the eclipse. I looked up at the sun, and saw that only a small part of it, on the west side, was darkened; yet it seemed entirely to have lost its power of giving heat. The light was milder, the blue of the sky was changed

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the trees in the distance appeared indistinct, and the shadows on the ground about me were more so. I looked at my watch, it was twenty-three minutes past one; we are not, however, very correct about our timepieces in Columbus. After an unsuccessful attempt to get possession of Folotkie's looking-glass, which I intended to have destroyed without mercy, as I was blacking my spectacles, the sun decreased to a crescent, blunt at the points, the cloudless sky assumed gradually a leaden hue, and the air felt chilly and damp as night. While I thought I heard the shrill frogs croak louder, as they generally do at night, the shadow of the house, and my shadow, were of that double kind, which is produced in a room at night, by two candles placed at a little distance apart; whilst the shadow of an oak, whose withered leaves the full blaze of the sun had faithfully pictured on the ground, became, when but a crescent of light was left, a deep black mass streaked with narrow, crescent lines of light, crossing each other, and having a curve opposite to the crescent which was left of the sun, so that the crescent of the sun and the crescent on the ground stood horns to horns, and, if they could have been brought together, would, by touching each other's horns, have been completed to a circle. The moment when, as the eclipse went off, the west side of the sun became visible, the crescent lines on the ground also changed their direction.

The Indians at first took little notice of what was going on, but by the time Sillee had returned with the water, the whole of them began to be frightened, their thoughts naturally turning to the prophecies of their own seers, and to that of the Creeks, about emigration to the Arkansaw, "Darkness and fire await this land when the red men leave it;" so no wonder the women cried out, "Ayee! isté efekee somks," (people's hearts are lost, frightened.) "Hisee somk artliss!" (the sun will be gone; it is just as we have been told.) "Owee yokúfkee apéantitás," (it is best to go to the muddy water, (Mississippi,) this land will burn up soon.) "Ayee! Yamoochk harkis," (Oh! it is getting dark: Oh! it is quite dark in the house,"—and well it might be, for it had no windows.) "Chevanie," said one of the old dames, "go and fetch some wood; how shall we get away before the land takes fire? Oh! the sun's nearly gone; we shall have to travel all the way in the dark!" "The Indians ought to be firing guns, said the oldest woman, who had seen such things before: "Oh! that Chevanie will lose himself," cried Fikata, "it is getting quite dark. Why do not the Indians shoot? Chevanie! Chevanie! make haste home! why do not the Indians shoot?" Such were the exclamations and the confusion of the party, when bang went several guns in the neighbourhood, with the noise peculiar to plenty of powder and little wadding, accompanied by a loud and continued yelling.

Whilst the last faint ray of sunshine disappeared, and left our party cold and terrified under a black, starless sky, a faint, whitish light was seen close about the sun, not spread equally round it, but more at the sides than above and below. Far above the tops of the trees, also round the horizon, was a whitish light, apparently reflected from the earth; it wanted two minutes and a half to two o'clock; I could see the watch plainer than in a moonlight night. "One sweet star kindly remains," cried Fikata, expecting to find that every thing above her was destroyed, and rejoicing that it was not, as she pointed to the only star we could see, a bright one, east of the sun, and rather nearer the horizon. It was a thrilling moment, even to me, unaffected as I was by superstition: what must it have been to the Indians, who heard in it the voice of the Almighty, warning them to leave the land they love, as he is about to destroy it. I was with a timorous party, but our neighbours with the guns were not so. Reckless defiance of such things is far more common among Indians, than the fear of harm.

One stormy night last summer, I was with a party of them standing round a fire, when the electric fluid, in a column as big as the body of the tree, shivered a magnificent pine within thirty steps of us. While our ears were stunned, our eyes dazzled, and bark and splinters falling round us in all directions, the Indians burst into one of their long, tremendous yells, accompanied by a frightful laugh, and significant gestures of the body, which must be seen and heard to be appreciated, and which mean, "Here I am, in spite of you!"

On the present occasion, our neighbours with the guns, who, though not very far off, were concealed by the woods, blazed away, and whooped and hallooed most manfully; while some big-souled woman, who possessed stouter nerves than I am willing to give any man of my acquaintance credit for, bawled out at the very top of her voice, to a most appropriate tune, loud, clear, and without the least tremulousness, the following stanza of a popular Creek song:—

"Owee eyokuf kee — To the muddy waters
Sippotoo hokayee, — We are warned to go, *are we?*
Aya koo tita ee. — We shan't go, that's it.
Ecoo ya lee
Ecoo ya lee o oo ecoyah ah lee
Eco ya lee o oo ecoh yah hah leeh."

The last three lines are a mere burden, and have no meaning. This state of things did not last long, not above a minute, I think. We lost the last rays on the lower eastern edge of the sun, and the sudden ex-

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clamation from more voices than one, "Chee! pala humkee alarks," (see! the other side is coming back,) announced their reappearance on the lower western edge. The oldest woman then commented on the efficacy of the "reports," (tapotts,) and noise, which remedy, in former eclipses, she said, had been applied much sooner, and had stopped the darkness halfway; and in the midst of her harangue, Sillee noticing that part of the sun which had again become visible, screamed out, "Chee! Immoxt tchay," (it has not been damaged at all.)

As near as I could tell, at a quarter past three the moon disappeared at the upper eastern edge of the sun, which, thanks to the discharges from the rifles and guns of the Indians in the town of Cootskalacha, three miles south of Columbus, has escaped being put out for this once.—*Nautical Magazine.*

The foregoing is highly descriptive of the Indian character; but it would appear that the eclipse was attended with some very extraordinary circumstances besides the crescents of light, which were, no doubt the effect of mirage.—Ed.

The Gatherer.

Westminster Abbey.—The collegiate body consist of a dean and twelve prebends. The duty of the dean is to reside 90 days in the year, and to preach on all great festivals. Of the prebendaries, a month's residence is exacted, and a sermon each Sunday afternoon. Each of the latter receives a salary of 1,400*l.*; the dean receives double; and each has a comfortable house, rent-free. There are also six minor canons; two of whom are to be in attendance twice a day, and perform the whole service: their salary is about 130*l.* a year; they had each a house, but the ground being wanted by the canons, they levelled the dwellings to the ground, and the minors receive from 30*s.* to 3*l.* as a compensation. The house of the precentor was rebuilt.—P. W.

Club Law.—In the canton of the Vallais, (says a recent writer,) a singular species of ostracism was formerly practised, when it was intended to drive away any powerful and obnoxious member of the state. A large club was provided, the end of which was rudely carved into the shape of a man's head, the supposed representation of the obnoxious party. Every one who wished his expulsion drove a nail in this club, and when the number of nails was thought to be sufficiently great, this emblem was carried in procession before the house of the offender, who was summoned to justify his conduct; but he was already condemned without being heard in his defence, and ordered to emigrate in a certain time. If he refused to obey the sentence, his house was attacked and pillaged. This summary process has been long obsolete. W. G. C.

The word of a Chinese of Yarkund is not doubted, nor does the tea ever differ in quality from the sample. The Calmuk Tartars settled here distinguish their chiefs and grandees by fixing deer's horns on their skull-caps.

In Peshawur, the country, it is said, continues green during the twelve months of the year. It yields a succession of three crops annually; and, if we reckon the barley, (which is cut twice before it ears, and given to horses,) we have no less than five returns a year. The wheat and barley are off the ground by April.

"*The Adjourned Debate.*" — Pennant notes:—"I cannot but remark the wondrous change in the hours of the House of Commons, since the days in which the great Earl of Clarendon was a member: for, he complains of the house keeping *those disorderly hours*, and seldom rising till after *four* in the afternoon."

Braham.—We are fortunate in being able to give an instance of the good effects of the Italian method of vocal teaching, in the person of the first singer of the English stage, and the most lasting popularity of this or any other country—Braham; to whose merits the Italians (not forgetting their Donzelli) have paid this high tribute—"Non c' è tenore in Italia come Braham." ("There is not such a tenor as Braham in Italy.") Though a native of England, Braham is an Italian singer. The richness, evenness, and permanency of his voice; the purity and power of his production of tone; the beauty, finish, and facility of his execution, and his clear and distinct articulation, are the results of his Italian education. His style (when he does not condescend to sing to the galleries) is chaste, impressive, and full of feeling. There is no class of music which he cannot perform with effect, whether it be the massive grandeur of Handel, the quaintness of Purcell, the brilliancy of Rossini, or the homely sweetness of Dibdin. Nature has been most bountiful to him, but he has made right use of her munificence. Braham presents the rare instance of a singer with a voice naturally of fine quality, compass, and power, judiciously trained, cultivated with assiduity, exercised with genius, and preserved by temperance.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXIV.

(*From the Gardeners' Magazine, April*, 1835.)

"We have before recommended this work as remarkably cheap, and as brimful of entertainment and instruction. We have only to repeat our praise, and to say that it contains excellent miscellaneous reading."

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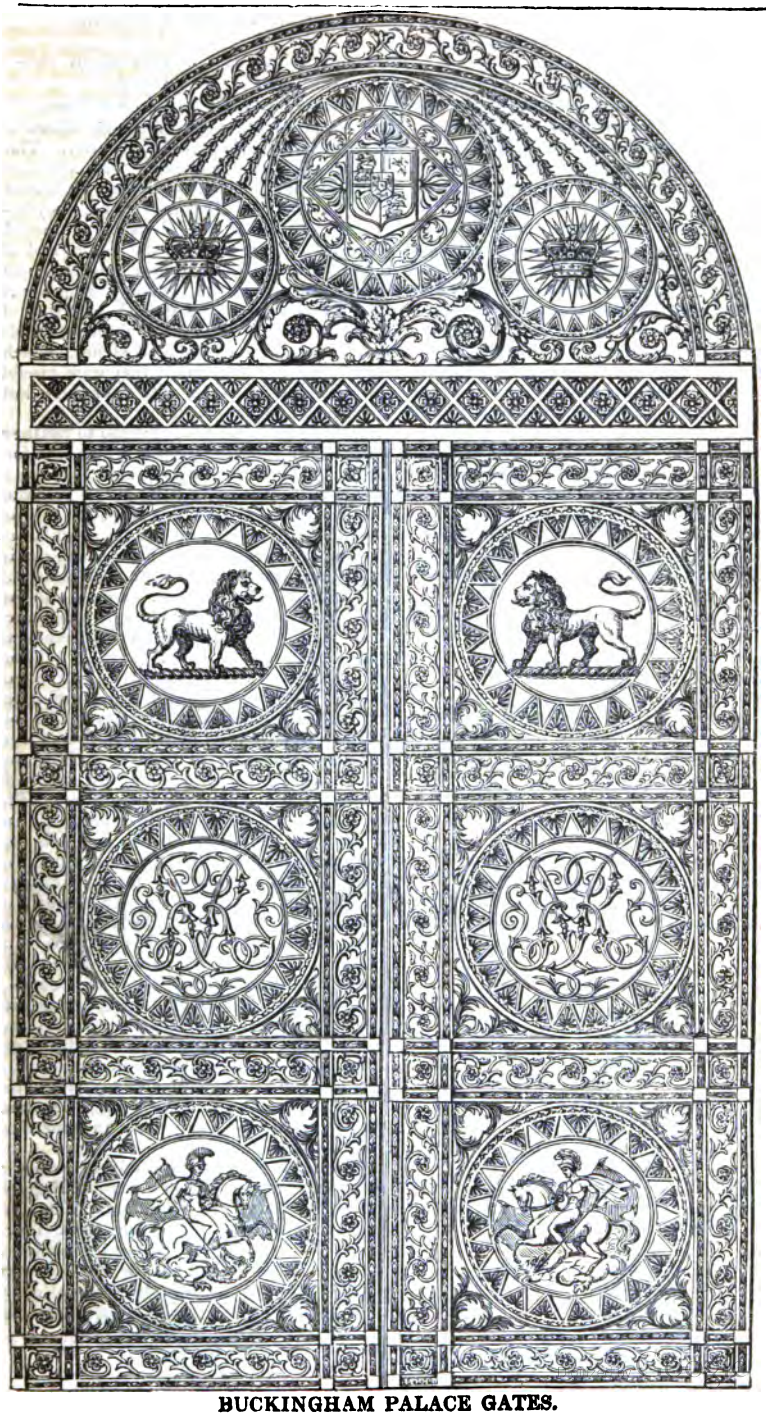
The Mirror.

No. 715.] SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1835. [Price 2d.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE GATES.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE GATES.

(From Arcana of Science and Art for 1835; just published.)

These magnificent gates have been manufactured for the central opening of the triumphal arch in front of Buckingham Palace. They were designed and cast by Mr. Samuel Parker, of Argyll-place; and are the largest and most superb in Europe, not excepting the stupendous gates of the Ducal Palace at Venice, or those of the Louvre, at Paris.

The Buckingham Palace gates are of a beautiful alloy, the base of which is refined copper. Although cast, they have all the sharpness and finish of the finest work, and the elaborate beauty of the enriched foliage and scroll ornaments must be seen to be appreciated. They are of gold colour, but will either be in part or wholly bronzed. The total height, to the top of the arch is 29 feet 10 inches; the height of each gate, independent of the frieze and arch, is 21 feet; and the width of each gate is 7 feet 6 inches. The weight of each gate is 2 tons 13 cwt., and the weight of the frieze and arch is 1 ton 9 cwt. 1 qr. Their extreme thickness is 3 inches.

These gates have been hung, experimentally, on Mr. Collinge's patent hinges: the steel sphere of the hinge was, however, not applied, but a mahogany one was used in its place; and a child might open and shut the gates when thus hung.

The total cost of these gates is 3,000 guineas. The side openings of the Buckingham arch are not, we believe, to be filled similarly to the centre: they will merely have halbert gates.

TO A VIOLET.

The following lines, from the pen of an esteemed Correspondent, were composed at my request, on a Violet gathered beneath Picton's Tree, on the plains of Waterloo.

T. S. Allen.

(Floris carptor ipse loquitur.)

Flow'ret once so sweet, alas!
Soon has all thy beauty gone;
Now a scentless, shrivell'd mass,
Form and fragrance thou hast none;
And a faint and pallid hue
Has usurped thy lovely blue.

Though a stranger scarce could guess
Violet was e'er thy name,
Yet to me in loveliness,
Fancy paints thee still the same,
As when erst I gather'd thee,
At the foot of Picton's tree.

Talismanic powers thou hast
Whensoe'er thou meet'st my eyes;
Pleasing visions of the past
As realities arise;
Straight I deem th' illusion true,
As I stand on Waterloo.

Manners and Customs.

ON BOUNDARIES AND INCLOSURES OF PROPERTY, IN FRANCE.

(Translated from L'Almanach des Bons Conseils.)

We are aware of the importance the Romans attached to the boundaries of property. The placing of these landmarks was attended with religious ceremonies, and sacrifices were offered to the god *Terminus*, who, they believed, presided at the division of landed property. The remains of the victim, and of the funeral pile, were thrown into the hole intended to receive the boundary, which was placed very deep in the ground, and was of a certain height. So much did the husbandmen respect the consecrated stones, which formed the boundary, that they were careful not to run against them with their carts, lest they should displace them.

But, we need not have recourse to heathen customs to show the respect which was formerly paid to landmarks, and also to a neighbour's property. The Bible contains positive injunctions in this respect. Moses says, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark, which they of old time have set in thine inheritance which thou shalt inherit." (Deut. xix. 14.) Besides, he goes still farther, and charges the Levites to pronounce this curse: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark!" (xxvii. 17.) There is nothing at the present day (in France) treated with more neglect and indifference than the boundaries of property. The old landmarks have been pulled up and removed. Those set up are in general nothing but stones hardly discernible, and are not sufficient to stand against the ploughshare. The boundaries should be legally established, and a plan of the estate should be made out accordingly. For want of a good fence, frequent encroachments take place which give rise to numerous law-suits. In some countries, property is divided by ditches, as the most certain and best means of preventing trespass. The ditch serves to prevent the roads being overflown; the water leaves a part of the manure which it brings along with it, and this mud when spread over the land, serves as a powerful means of fertilisation. If a quick hedge be planted on the bank of the ditch, it improves wonderfully, and in this advantageous situation, the young twigs may be interwoven so as to make an impervious boundary.

Inclosures are indispensably necessary to good cultivation. In this respect, England presents examples for imitation. There you see fields inclosed with such thick fences that there is no fear of leaving the cattle; so that a single shepherd has the care of several flocks, and has only to water them at convenient opportunities. How economical, com-

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pared with our own country (France), where the keeping of cattle is ruinous; besides, it is but a partial preventive to the great havoc which the cattle make among the crops and woods.

There is no field-keeper like a good fence, such as is seen in the province of Britany, &c.; in which country a field is an inaccessible citadel. The young shoots are bent and interwoven, so that they unite with each other, and form, from top to bottom, a thick wall of thorns. T. S. A.

Anecdote Gallery.

A REPENTANT FORTUNE-TELLER.

THERE resided a few years ago, (and perhaps still resides,) in a beautiful spot, in one of England's loveliest counties, a woman named Poll, whose sickness, and whose several grievous losses and misfortunes, so excited the compassion of the neighbouring gentry, that a subscription was set on foot for her, and a small sum raised. A couple of ladies, strangers in that part of the country, were one day commissioned to take to this poor creature, a part of the money already deposited in the hands of the friend at whose house they were staying. In their way to Mrs. Poll's cottage, they observed a woman eying them with fixed attention, sometimes endeavouring to hurry past them, and get considerably ahead; and sometimes striving to linger behind, and suffering them to get far in advance of her. The ladies, noticing this female's strange, shy conduct, accosted her, inquiring whether she knew one Mrs. Poll, who, they understood, lived thereabout, and whether she could direct them to her cottage? The woman in a sullen, uncivil manner, denied at first all knowledge of such a person; then owned to a slight acquaintance, but protested that nothing should induce her to show the strangers the way to her cottage:—"Indeed," added she, "if you be going there, 'tis of little use, believe me; for Mrs. Poll is from home, I know; or, if not, can't or won't be seen, which is the same thing: but what do you want with her?"—"We have a particular and pleasant message to deliver to her."—"Can't I take it as well?"—"No, good woman; that won't do: we must speak to Mrs. Poll herself."—"Humph!" quoth the rustic female, and "Good evening then;" and hurrying on, she was soon out of sight. Presently, the ladies came to a gate, on which a couple of pert village girls were swinging, of whom they inquired the way to Mrs. Poll's abode:—"What!" cried the girls; "is it old mother Poll, the fortune-teller, that you want? There's few gentry like you that wants to be told the way to her house, seeing she's the larnedest reader of the planets, the cards, and the tea-cup grounds in the kingdom: howsomever, there it be;" pointing across the field; "and ladies, you must have seen her by the way; she surely passed you in the lane, for she's not long gone through this gate to her home." True enough, when the ladies reached the cottage, they were received, though but shyly, by the woman they had fallen in with.—"Mrs. Poll," said one of the fair handmaids of charity, "several kind friends of yours, having heard of your late afflictions, have sent you some money by us:—see!"—and she laid two sovereigns on the table.—"God be thanked for his mercies!" cried the poor woman; "far greater are they than I deserve! And may God bless, and think of, all those kind gentlefolks, who have blessed and thought of me in my sorrow!"—"A grateful and proper prayer," observed Miss ——: "but why, Mrs. Poll, did you do so bad a thing, as to deny in the lane to us just now, all knowledge of yourself? You cannot expect that God will bless a deliberate liar?"—"And consider too," observed the other lady, what your falsehood might have lost you, had my friend and myself been misdirected to your cottage, or given up all idea of finding it."—"Oh, madam! Oh, ladies!" cried the poor woman with tears in her eyes, "I know I did very—very wrong, and that my lie deserved the punishment it might have brought upon me: but the blessed God is my witness, that I told it with a good intent! I was—I am—very poor, and used some time ago, as you may have heard, to tell fortunes for my livelihood; by this trade I often made a great deal, but I knew I was not turning an honest penny, because I shamefully deceived and cheated the country lads and lasses, and the ladies like yourselves, and gentlemen too, who came to me to have their fortunes told. But the Lord saw fit to punish me for, and to reclaim me, I hope, from my sin; I fell into the distresses of which you have heard; and as I lay upon the lingering bed of sickness, his Holy Word became my constant companion, and my daily study. There I saw how exceedingly wicked I had been, and how grievously I had caused my fellow-creatures to err, in encouraging them 'to seek after those that had familiar spirits, and were soothsayers, and diviners;' and then I solemnly vowed, if my life were spared, that I would reform, and never tell fortunes again. Ladies, I had obtained a name for my predictions which I have not yet lost; and many people strive, by bribes of money, to make me forswear myself: this, being now very poor, I am sometimes tempted to do; and when I saw you in the lane this evening, and found you had business with me, my mind misgave me, that you were coming, like others, to have your fortunes

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told, and that I might, perhaps, through poverty, fall into the snare; this it was, which tempted me to give you the lie about myself; and had you not talked of having 'a pleasant message' to deliver, I had resolved to hide myself, and not see you in this cottage at all. But — blessed be God!—he hath considered my weakness and my need; and your visit, ladies, will teach me more devoutly to trust Him, and more firmly to keep my vow!" M. L. B.

Note. — This interesting anecdote was communicated to the writer, by one of the ladies who visited Mrs. Poll: and surely, the real repentance of that poor, and subsequently pious woman, who resigned all, "even her living," for righteousness' sake," inculcates as striking a lesson, as it presents a beautiful example. Thus are "the poor of this world" sometimes made, in the hands of God, the honoured instruments of their fellow-creatures' good, by displaying, amidst overwhelming trials and temptations, the "riches of His grace," and the marvellous sufficiency of His Providence!

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF WILLIAM COWPER.

[Before us are the first and second volumes of a new and complete edition of the Life, Correspondence, and Poems of Cowper, the publication of which must be to the poet's admirers a matter of gratulation. In this edition, the editor, the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe, proposes to reprint Hayley's Life of Cowper, revised; also, by aid of the private correspondence of the poet, to incorporate upwards of two hundred letters, and thus present the whole correspondence in its entire and unbroken form, and in its chronological order. The revision of Hayley's *Life* is urged by Mr. Grimshawe on account of its conveying to the public, if not to Cowper's friends, a very erroneous impression of the character and principles of the poet. Hayley received considerable aid in his biography from the late Dr. Johnson, brother-in-law of Mr. Grimshawe. The Doctor's possession of documents, and intimate knowledge of facts, enabled him to discover the partial suppression of some letters, and the total omission of others, that, in his judgment, were essential to the developement of Cowper's real character. Hayley's great error lies in attributing the malady of Cowper to the operation of religious causes: indeed, he seems to be afraid of exhibiting Cowper too much in a *religious garb*, lest he should either lessen his estimation, alarm the reader, or compromise himself. The consequence, as regards Cowper, has been unfortunate. "People," observes Dr. Johnson, "read the letters with 'the Task' in their recollection, (and *vice versâ*,) and are perplexed. They look for the Cowper of each in the other, and they find him not; the correspondency is thus destroyed. The character of Cowper is thus undetermined; mystery hangs over it, and the opinions formed of him are as various as the minds of the inquirers." Dr. Johnson sought to dissipate this illusion by publishing his private correspondence; and Mr. Grimshawe reasonably infers from the incorporation of the two publications, "then, and not till *then*, will the real character of Cowper be fully understood and comprehended; and the consistency of his Christian character be found to harmonize with the Christian spirit of his pure and exalted productions." The merits of the private correspondence are first-rate. The late Rev. Robert Hall considered these letters as the finest specimen of the epistolary style in our language, and that they are superior to those in Hayley's Life,—possessing as much beauty, with more piety and pathos. Of the poems of Cowper, need a word of eulogium be said, when their natural imagery, moral reflections and delineations of character have endeared these productions to so large a circle of the admirers of simplicity and truth? With these sterling recommendations, and with what is essential to some degree of success, viz. exquisite printing and tasteful embellishment, — this new edition bids fair to rank with the drawing-room editions of Byron, Crabbe, and Scott, lately published. In Cowper, religion and morality are kept in view, and the object of their diffusion is never lost amidst matters of less serious import, or injured by appearing in the same volume with "trifles light as air." Happily then, the external elegance of this edition may be the means of introducing its excellent truths into circles wherein they have been but indifferently appreciated: they may displace the scandal of fashionable novels and reform the taste of certain readers by leading them to seek purer founts of intellectual gratification than they have hitherto been accustomed to enjoy. The success of the present undertaking will then be alike gratifying to its projectors, and honourable to the age that so nobly encourages the propagation of religious and moral truth, unalloyed by the playfulness of poetical genius.

We intend to quote a few interesting, anecdotic notes from these two volumes.]

Cowper's Acquaintance at Huntingdon.

An acquaintance I have lately made is with a Mr. Nicholson, a north-country divine, very poor, but very good, and very happy. He reads prayers here twice a day, all the year round, and travels on foot to serve two churches every Sunday through the year, his journey out and home again being sixteen miles. I supped with him last night. He gave me bread and cheese, and a black jug

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of ale of his own brewing, and doubtless brewed by his own hands. Another of my acquaintance is Mr. ——, a thin, tall, old man, and as good as he is thin. He drinks nothing but water, and eats no flesh, partly (I believe) from a religious scruple (for he is very religious) and partly in the spirit of a valetudinarian. He is to be met with every morning of his life, at about six o'clock, at a fountain of very fine water, about a mile from the town, which is reckoned extremely like the Bristol spring. Being both early risers, and the only early walkers in the place, we soon became acquainted. His great piety can be equalled by nothing but his great regularity; for he is the most perfect time-piece in the world. I have received a visit likewise from Mr. ——. He is very much a gentleman, well-read, and sensible. I am persuaded, in short, that if I had had the choice of all England where to fix my abode, I could not have chosen better for myself, and most likely I should not have chosen so well. W. C.

Gratitude.—(To Lady Hesketh.)

I thank God for your friendship, and for every friend I have; for all the pleasing circumstances here; for my health of body, and perfect serenity of mind. To recollect the past and compare it with the present is all I have need of to fill me with gratitude; and to be grateful is to be happy. Not that I think myself sufficiently thankful, or that I ever shall be so in this life. The warmest heart perhaps only feels by fits and is often as insensible as the coldest. This at least is frequently the case with mine, and oftener than it should be. But the mercy that can forgive iniquity will never be severe to mark our frailties; to that mercy, my dear cousin, I commend you, with earnest wishes for your welfare, and remain your ever affectionate

W. C.

A Day with the Unwins.

We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven, we read either the Scripture, or the sermons of some faithful preacher of those holy mysteries; at eleven we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve to three we separate, and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's collection, and, by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord, make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. When the days are short, we make this excursion in the former part of the day, between church-time and dinner. At night we read and converse, as before, till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or a sermon; and, last of all, the family are called to prayers. I need not tell *you* that such a life as this, is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness; accordingly we are all happy, and dwell together in unity as brethren. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something very like a filial one for her, and her son and I are brothers. Blessed be the God of our salvation for such companions, and for such a life, above all for a heart to like it!—W. C.

Advice to a young Lady on keeping the Sabbath.

The sabbath, I think, may be considered, first, as a commandment no less binding upon modern Christians, than upon ancient Jews, because the spiritual people amongst them did not think it enough to abstain from manual occupations upon that day, but, entering more deeply into the meaning of the precept, allotted those hours they took from the world to the cultivation of holiness in their own souls, which ever was, and ever will be, a duty incumbent upon all who ever heard of a sabbath, and is of perpetual obligation both upon Jews and Christians; (the commandment, therefore, enjoins it; the prophets have also enforced it; and in many instances, both scriptural and modern, the breach of it has been punished with a providential and judicial severity, that may make by-standers tremble;) secondly, as a privilege, which you well know how to dilate upon, better than I can tell you; thirdly, as a sign of that covenant, by which believers are entitled to a rest that yet remaineth; fourthly, as a *sine quâ non* of the Christian character; and, upon this head, I should guard against being misunderstood to mean no more than two attendances upon public worship, which is a form complied with by thousands who never kept a sabbath in their lives. Consistence is necessary to give substance and solidity to the whole. To sanctify the day at church, and to trifle it away out of church, is profanation, and vitiates all. After all, could I ask my catechumen one short question—"Do you love the day, or do you not? If you love it, you will never inquire how far you may safely deprive yourself of the enjoyment of it. If you do not love it, and you find yourself obliged in conscience to acknowledge it, that is an alarming symptom, and ought to make you tremble. If you do not love it, then it is a weariness to you, and you wish it was over-

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The ideas of labour and rest are not more opposite to each other than the idea of a sabbath and that dislike and disgust with which it fills the souls of thousands to be obliged to keep it. It is worse than bodily labour." W. C.

John Gilpin.

That admirable and highly popular piece of pleasantry was composed at the period of which we are now speaking (1782). An elegant and judicious writer, who has favoured the public with three interesting volumes relating to the early poets of our country, conjectures that a poem, written by the celebrated Sir Thomas More in his youth, (the merry jest of the Sergeant and Frere) may have suggested to Cowper his tale of John Gilpin; but this singularly amusing ballad had a different origin; and it is a very remarkable fact, that, full of gaiety and humour as this favourite of the public has abundantly proved itself to be, it was really composed at a time when the spirit of the poet was very deeply tinged with his depressive malady. It happened one afternoon, in those years when his accomplished friend, Lady Austen, made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increasing dejection. It was her custom, on these occasions, to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment: he informed her the next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad.—So arose the pleasant poem of John Gilpin. It was eagerly copied, and finding its way rapidly to the newspapers, it was seized by the lively spirit of Henderson the comedian, a man, like the Yorick described by Shakspeare, of "infinite jest, and most excellent fancy," it was seized by Henderson as a proper subject for the display of his own comic powers, and, by reciting it in his public readings, he gave uncommon celebrity to the ballad, before the public suspected to what poet they were indebted for the sudden burst of ludicrous amusement. Many readers were astonished when the poem made its first authentic appearance in the second volume of Cowper.

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.—LACOCK ABBEY.

By Mrs. Crawford.

LACOCK ABBEY is so interwoven with my recollections of early days and early friends, that when memory conjures up the fairy scenes of my happy youth, that venerable pile rises up in all the touching character of its holy beauty. Lacock Abbey was founded in a distant age, by Ela, Countess of Shrewsbury; who, with her two nieces, took the veil, and is buried in the cloisters of the abbey. There is something highly picturesque and moving to the feelings, in the appearance of this fine abbey, standing in a fertile vale, with its old avenue, broad terrace walks, and extensive cloisters, breathing, as it were, the heavenly music of those holy spirits, that once animated the vestal forms of beauty, now mouldered into dust, and of which the profane foot that treads over it takes no account.

The entrance hall is a magnificent apartment, with a double row of niches round its sides, filled with statues, many of them finely executed; one of a bishop, with a book in his hand, is particularly striking, and looks instinct with life. There is another equally good (though out of keeping with the tone of the building) of Diogenes, with his lantern, going in search of an honest man. Over the high mantel that crowns the hospitable hearth of olden days, are the effigies of the Countess of Shrewsbury and her two beautiful nieces, habited as nuns.

From a door on one side of the hall you enter the inner cloisters, and a small green inclosure, which still bears the name of "the nun's burying ground." The great dining-room is a noble and lofty apartment, fit for the banquetings of ancient times. Some fine paintings upon panel adorn the sides. There are also two full-length portraits, by Vandyke, of Charles I. and his queen, Henrietta Maria; and, one of bluff King Hal, by Holbein. From the dining-room, a few steps conduct to a gallery hung with family portraits, and other old pictures; one of a nun, who, (as a legend of the abbey says) "escaped with her lover, having leaped from the high tower, in which the abbess had confined her, and sustained no injury from her fall, but the fracture of her little finger." The portrait of her lover, if the painter was correct in his likeness, would only justify the nun's conduct upon the supposition of witchcraft; for to look at his more than disagreeable visage, one would imagine the young maiden to have broken her finger in running away from, instead of to, him. At the end of the gallery, another flight of steps leads up to the library, one of the most appropriate rooms for study imaginable. One of the windows looks into the cloister; and contemplation seems, with its still, small voice, to woo us to sit down, and muse upon "the days of other years." There are some scarce old books, and many interesting records, together with some good paintings in this room. A portrait of Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, a lovely me-

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lushely looking creature, claims all our sympathy for the poor victim of a father's heartless ambition. Lord and Lady Falconbridge, and the celebrated beauty, Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland, Waller's "Sacchariss," also adorn the walls. The abbey is not so largely accommodated with sitting-rooms as many good country houses, long galleries and corridors taking up much of the building. Of the chapel I cannot speak; for though a constant visiter at the abbey for many years, I never once attended service there, and that, from no other motive than a repugnance to go out of mere curiosity, as many of my friends did. At the period to which I am now reverting, the late Countess of Shrewsbury resided at the abbey, which she held of the present owner, Mr. Talbot, son of Lady Elisabeth Talbot, since married to Captain Fielding. Lady Shrewsbury, though nearly eighty years of age, had all the vivacity of youth; and her good temper, hospitality, and a large fund of anecdote, made young people delight in her society. She was a strict Catholic, pious without parade, and a genuine supporter of the old aristocracy, without any of those unbecoming airs of pride, too often attending high rank. She had been in her youth a great beauty, and was sent by her father, Lord Dormer, to a French convent to be educated. Her own account of her first interview with the Earl of Shrewsbury was very amusing: "Being told that an English gentleman had brought letters from my father, I hurried into the lady abbess's parlour, where the earl, then a beautiful young man, was waiting to see me. I had been so long within those dismal walls, and never seen a man, but our old confessor, and a hideous-looking creature, who came to draw my teeth, that the earl looked like an angel to me." They were soon married, and spent some time at the court of the French monarch. On her arrival in England, Lady Shrewsbury went in all her bridal state to visit her sister, Miss Dormer, at the convent where she was passing her noviciate, previously to her taking the veil. Lady Shrewsbury used all her sisterly arts to entice back the young recluse to the gay world she had forsaken, but in vain. She thanked the countess; but told her she did not envy her grandeur, but was far happier in her humble state. She afterwards took the veil, and was made abbess (I think) of a convent at Winchester. Lady Shrewsbury had no children; but she had adopted two young boys, the sons of a Mr. Talbot, who was next heir to the earldom. The eldest of the boys (and her favourite) died; and the survivor, John Talbot, (who is now Earl of Shrewsbury,) and the domestic priest, the Rev. George Witham, made up the family circle of the countess when I was a visiter at the abbey. She had frequently old friends staying with her for several weeks at a time, all Catholics. The Blounts, Cliffords, and Hydes, were her most frequent guests. She also lived on very friendly terms with the Protestant families in the neighbourhood, by all of whom she was much respected. It is time to close these reminiscences for the present; but I cannot conclude without some passing remarks upon the family priest before mentioned. Mr. Witham was in appearance, what the poet Thomson describes in his Castle of Indolence,—

"A little, sleek, fat, oily man of God,"

looking as unlike a mortified religieux, as man can look; but he was a kind-hearted, good-tempered man, happy in himself, and therefore no alloy to the happiness of others. He passed an easy life at the abbey, and was at home there in the real sense of the word. Lady Shrewsbury allowed him to do just as he liked; and excepting at meals, or when in the discharge of his sacred duties, she saw little of him. He was, in fact, a sort of "Will Wimble," extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He had three rooms appropriated to his own special use; and those rooms were, perhaps, as well worth visiting as any in the abbey. His bed chamber was a perfect Noah's Ark, hung with old tapestry, and stuffed full of all sort of curious things, looking more like the museum of an antiquary, than the dormitory of a priest. The other two chambers he had converted into a printing and turning shop, where he alternately amused himself with making little offerings for the ladies, sometimes forming out of boxwood, fancy reels to wind cotton upon, and boxes to hold pins; at others, printing in large type, riddles and divers bagatelles of the like character, given him by the young ladies who visited at the abbey. He once also printed a history of the abbey, which for real antiquarian research, curious phraseology, and primitive typography, would have been well worthy of a place in the British Museum. Alas! that busy head and those industrious hands are now resting in the quiet grave; and the little ancient chambers where he spent his blameless hours, are now inhabited perhaps by beings less innocently active and happy in spirit. Poor Witham, I owe him a debt of gratitude; for it was he who was my first printer and publisher, and a proud day it was to me (then a girl of thirteen) when I saw my own name at full length, most conspicuously placed in large and very black letters, at the head of my juvenile attempts in the art of stringing rhymes together. Indeed, I am very certain, that could I now (with the fame of a Byron) see my works brought out in all the elegance of modern publication, the pleasure could never equal that with which I regarded again and again the rude typo-

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graphy, and coarse blue-looking paper, of my reverend and gratuitous printer. Peace to his memory, to which I pay this late but just debt of many years standing.—*Metropolitan.*

STANZAS.

When the voices are gone
That breathed music around,
And the faces we look for
Are not to be found;
Then Love is a hermit,
And steals all apart,
For cold strikes the world
On the strings of the heart.

That world that we dreamt of
In home's pleasant bowers,
Ere we drank at its fountain,
Or gathered its flowers;
That we pictured as bright,
And we found as frail too,
As the gossamer's web
With its garlands of dew.

All the glitter that dazzled,
The newness that won,
Fade away from our reason,
Like clouds from the sun;
As the angel of truth,
Growing bright through our tears,
Shows the world but a desert,
When sorrow appears.

Our childhood is fleet,
As a dream of the night;
And youth fades anon,
Like the flower in sunlight:
And manhood soon ripens
As corn for the flail;
And age drops to dust,
Like the leaves on the gale.

Thus, year after year,
Life's enchantments decay;
The glow of the spirits,
So buoyantly gay,
Is chilled by unkindness,
Or chastened by woe,
Till man finds his paradise
Darkened below.

But man has a spirit
The world cannot bind,
That mounts to the stars,
And leaves darkness behind;
Where the voices we loved
Breathe a holier sound,
And the faces we look for,
Again may be found! *Metropolitan.*

FRANCIA THE DICTATOR.

(*Concluded from page* 236.)

Francia's next step was to cut off all intercourse, both mercantile and epistolary, with every place beyond the boundaries of Paraguay; not a soul was permitted to enter or leave the province—not a bale of merchandise to be exported;—a dead and horrid silence pervaded the province, as if to hide the sad and awful scenes about to be enacted there from the observation, and even from the knowledge, of mankind.

Busy vessels no longer enlivened the river, nor ministered to commerce; the exportable produce of the country rotted in the warehouses; no more tobacco was grown, because none was inquired for; the yerba could not be sent away, and therefore was not collected; the sugar cultivator suspended his labour; thousands of hale, active men were thrown listless and idle upon the community; and poverty stalked forth over the land, in all the length and the breadth of it. Twenty-one years have elapsed since Francia shut up the country from its natural intercourse with other parts; and in that time, not only have the inhabitants relinquished the active and industrious pursuits by which they carried on their once beneficial traffic, but idleness, vice, and misery, and a slavish apathy and total indifference about their condition, have overtaken them. At the same time, the countries which they before supplied, especially with the yerba, or tea, and mild tobacco, have either relinquished the use of them, or have had them superseded by importations from other places: so that their misery is not only present but prospective, inasmuch as it will require great exertion and re-action to bring things back even to their original state.

Having delivered himself from all interference from *without* the province, the Dictator proceeded now to silence all *within*. First, under the most frivolous pretexts, and soon under none at all, he proceeded to question, investigate, and set up a political inquisition into the private actions, words, and even looks of every man of the least respectability in the country. One man was taken up because he had written a letter to Buenos Ayres, another because he had received one from that place. Sometimes it was a delinquency to have spoken to the former members of Government; and at others, to have regretted that the trade of the province was dying away. One after another of such presumptuous scribblers and babblers as these was first imprisoned, and soon after shot: their friends and relations often shared the same fate, because they had been heard to regret the untimely end of him who had suffered before them. Latterly, it was an unpardonable offence to *inquire* even after the fate of a long-imprisoned, solitary, and famished dungeon-outcast, under the Dictator's displeasure. One very fine young man, Andrez Gomez, who was several years in my service in the capacity of agent, upon the simple ground of better knowledge and more free inquiry than was usual among his countrymen, and of connexion and correspondence with people *not* in the country, was torn from the arms of his mother and sister—thrown into a dungeon—chained to the floor of it—left without communication with a human being but the gaoler—without the means even of cleaning his person—till despair took place of patience and reason, and he became a mourrful maniac—the victim of Francia's groundless but unrelenting displeasure. To such a length and to so great a degree has this persecution of well-doing, virtuous men been carried,—of men who constituted the only little respecta-

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bility that was to be found in the country,—that there is not now a single family of that class which does not mourn the loss of a father, a husband, or a brother, and always of that member of the family who was looked upon as its *greatest ornament.*

The Dictator's practice, when he rides out, is to send two guards about one hundred yards before him; it being an understood requisition to the inhabitants, when these guards come in front of their houses, either that they shut their doors quite close, or leave them wide open;—in the latter case, the owner of the house is obliged to stand out in the street. This is to prevent the supposed probability of any one's taking aim, from behind a half-opened door, at the Dictator; but it seems, in fact, only to be one of the many devices by which he has chosen to bring it irresistibly home to every man under his government, that Dictator Francia is lord and master absolute. No one knows so well as the Dictator himself, in Paraguay, that he has effectually silenced sedition and conspiracy. He has left wholly unnerved every arm, and most effectually subdued every spirit capable of giving that arm an impulse strong enough to reach his cold heart.

Nothing can be more clearly indicative of the penetration, management, and resolution by which Francia has subdued into slavish fear the people over whom he rules, than the fact that, though they are 300,000 in number, his whole regular military force does not exceed 3,000 men.

But the same system of discipline, founded upon the great agitating principles of our nature—hope and fear, which he introduced into his small regiment of guards, he diffused over the whole community. He dispensed with all assistance in his government, except what was merely mechanical, and could be rendered by the very lowest members of the community. He was his own Minister of Finance, Secretary at War, Collector of Customs, and Keeper of the strong box of the State. No petty commandant of a petty village could pay his drummer and fifer without an express order from the Dictator. He was the very axis upon which every piece of the State-machinery turned,—at once the centre of attraction toward which everything gravitated, and the point from which all public matters, great and small, were made to emanate. At the same time, he professed ever to be looking out for agents and assistants; and the lowest man employed about him was allowed to entertain the hope that he might become his minister or secretary. As the hopes of those about him were thus excited, so, on the other hand, was their fear equally alarmed, lest, instead of having places under the Government, they might one day find themselves in a prison, or on the scaffold.

He once imprisoned a man, for whom an individual, in acknowledged favour, ventured to intercede. "Sir," said the Dictator, "I made you my friend, not because you deserved it, but because I chose it. You now pretend to *dictate* to me, and by implication to impugn my judgment, by speaking in favour of a person whom you know that judgment has condemned. You thus negatively advocate his cause, and support his principles. Go where he is." And without a word more, he dispatched him to a solitary dungeon, contiguous to that in which lay confined the individual for whose liberation he had so imprudently and so fruitlessly pleaded.

A lieutenant, presuming upon the Dictator's fancied partiality for him, disobeyed his captain, and gave it as a reason for his doing so, that he was more a favourite of the Dictator than the captain himself. The Dictator heard this—said not a word to the lieutenant; but ordering a muster of the Quarteleros, or Guards, he went up to the officer, and pulling him out of the ranks, he addressed him in this way:—"I found you a beggar, and I made you an officer: I now find you are an ill-behaved officer, and send you back to be a well behaved beggar: for if you are not that, I shall put you in the stocks or a worse place." Hereupon, he had the officer stripped of his uniform, clothed in garments suited to a beggar, and drummed out of the regiment.—*New Monthly Mag.*

New Books.

SCENES AND STORIES, BY A CLERGYMAN IN DEBT.

[The avowed object of this work, in three lightly-printed volumes, is to show the injustice of Imprisonment for Debt, by the experience of a Clergyman during his confinement into the Debtors' Prisons of London. We confess this to be a matter which we have no disposition to dispute; but with this concession, we are not willing to couple any suggestions or views of our own, respecting the substitute for the present Law of Arrest. We will, however, take a few pages from the first volume of the *Scenes and Stories*, the object of which is to illustrate a few points of the question, merely premising that Montfort is the debtor hero.]

Horrors of Imprisonment for Debt.

When Montfort awoke in the morning, (in the Fleet Prison,) a throng of those wild, warm memories, which rush so passionately upon young hearts, came eloquently, reminding him of his mother and sister in a far land. Happily, how unconscious must they be of his fate! How would they have startled had any of those visions, in which affection so often bodies forth in sleep the forms of the absent loved, presented to them the fond brother and the fostered son, an actor

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in any one scene of the drama which we have lately seen performed. Bad enough, indeed, would they have deemed it to have been in difficulty or debt; to have seen him in a spunging house would have pained them with most intense affliction; but to have known him an incarcerated prisoner within the walls of a debtor's gaol, would have laid prostrate the fervent mind of his mother, and have destroyed her senses, if not broken her heart.

Montfort began to think of this in a spirit of sadness which soon led his mind into a mood of reason; and as the actual experience of sorrows, will be found to engender reflection more than all the acquired habits of philosophy or thought, he fell into that sort of powerful self-scrutiny by whose means our present woes summon to the bar of conscience our past actions; and which at once placed before him, in panoramic routine, all the wild waste, the thoughtless hours, the mistaken generosity, the loose habits, the hasty extravagance, the mad recklessness, which had conspired to place him in his present degrading sphere of society, and harassing personal difficulty and distress.

A picture of this sort — painted as it were by an indignant PRESENT, at once a satire and a reproach upon the PAST—Hogarthian in its outline, and powerful in its own vivid truth and depth of colour, laid bare before the bright perceptions of the human sense—the warm feelings of the heart brightening the noble eye of the mind—affords the best, because the most striking and the most touching moral that man can gather from experience to urge him in a pursuit of virtue—to aid him in a defiance of vice. It tells him what crimes he has committed, and what will be their retribution—what lessons he has learned, and what price he has paid for the knowledge—what time he has lost, and also how great was its value. And, oh!—of what mighty worth to him is this information, gathered not from the lore of learning, nor the wisdom of books, but from the sensible promptings of his own soul. Truth—pure, brilliant, undying truth, filtered through the beautiful dripstone of the human mind—

> That casket of bright gems which shine,
> When virtue lifts the lid.

The reflections which produce it are rapid in their evolutions, but they are also powerful in their effects—the parents of abandonment or resolution, according to the frame in which they work. For, come at what period of his life it may, (whenever that life exhibits the vicissitude from prosperity to its reverse,) it is usually this sudden bursting of the Past upon a man's reason, which decides his after career. Afraid to meet it—and he is lost; to see and take his lesson from it—he is redeemed: and, oh! how great is the glory of that redemption! It bears upon its brawny shoulders the whole weight of experience, of sorrow, of young imprudence, of reason, and of time. It chastens the spirit, it reins the impulses, it purifies the passions, it points the heart to God. Great in the victory which it has acquired over the human mind, it never suffers that victory to be regained by crime, except where the lessons we have learnt with it are forgotten, and the moral it has taught us is abused. The man who wilfully plunges again into the sins or errors for which he has suffered bitterly before, may be too wicked for a madman, but he is also weak enough for a fool; and whether it be in great matters of crime and sorrow, or the more trivial events and misfortunes of every day life, having faced their recollection in the day of trouble, and looked back to actions of which we then repent, we are morally bound to make of that retrospection a mirror to set up before our future life, so that we cannot err without the knowledge of our own hearts; nor, therefore, without deserving a just retribution; for which no one is to be blamed but ourselves.

[We ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that the work is divided into sections, as, the Spunging House — the Fleet Prison — the King's Bench — Whitecross-street, &c., in which these domiciles of debtors are described with graphic ease, and their social systems illustrated by anecdotes and adventures of grave and gay character; though, in their minutest details, the writer never loses sight of the purpose of his book. The second volume, especially, is enlivened or saddened with such anecdotic incidents as that which follows:]

A Dinner and a Hoax.

A diverting hoax was played off upon a sheriff's officer, by an older prisoner, a captain in the army, who had been some years in the King's Bench, and who, every term time, took out his day-rules, and, under their protection, walked his ways daily, and had the consolation of quoting Dr. Watts to himself, and saying—

"'Whene'er I take my walks abroad,'
there's no fear of my being arrested."

However, he was one day passing the shop of a man in the Strand, to whom he owed money, and whose quick eyes twigged the captain.

"How d'ye do, captain?"

"Very well, I thank you;" and the captain was going to pass on.

"I suppose you're in a hurry now, captain; but if you're passing here to-morrow, I wish you'd look in; I want a word with you."

"By all means," said the captain; "I'll look in at four o'clock;" and on he went.

The next day the captain kept his word; he called in upon his creditor at four o'clock, and his creditor had a sheriff's officer wait-

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ing for him. The officer happened to be a master—not a follower—and he and the captain sallied forth, arm in arm.

"I tell you what," said the captain, "this is no execution; you need not take me to the lock-up till evening; and I've an inclination for a good dinner. Come with me to Long's Hotel, and I'll treat you to whatever you like; we'll have a bottle of good wine, at all events."

The offer was accepted; they got into a coach, and alighted at Long's. When they entered, the waiter, who knew the captain, made his bow.

"We want to dine," said the captain.

"What will you like, sir?"

"What would *you* like?" said the captain to the officer; "come, now, just order what you fancy."

The officer was modest at first, but at last did as he was bid.

"Gravy soup and turbot, followed by roast duck."

"And if we had a pint of Madeira while it is preparing," insinuated the captain.

"True," said the officer, "bring a pint of Madeira."

"And some bitters, to sharpen the appetite," asked the captain.

"Ay, and some bitters," said the officer.

The Madeira, bitters, dinner, and dessert, were duly demolished, the officer having, at the suggestion of the captain, ordered a pine-apple with the latter, punch with the turbot, and champagne with the duck. The *petits terres* were taken before the cheese; a bottle of port, and about four of claret, were all that our officer ventured to order after the repast.

By the time these were demolished, the evening waned towards half-past eight of the clock, and the officer was not so blinded with wine as to forget his duty.

"If you please, sir," said he to the captain, "we must go."

"With all my heart," said the captain; "you had better call for the bill."

The officer called for the bill; it came; and while he was counting it over, the captain whispered the waiter, "Do not let him go until he has paid that;" and then taking down his hat, and buttoning his coat, he made a movement to depart. The officer rose to accompany him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the waiter; "but you have not settled the bill."

"Oh! Captain will do that."

"Oh no, sir! the captain said you would pay; and if you recollect, sir, all the orders were given by you; besides, sir, the captain is going."

"Ha! but he can't go, though!" shouted the officer; "he's my prisoner."

"No—no, my dear fellow, you are wrong this time at any rate," said the captain; "you see here's my '*day-rule*;' and as I must make haste back, I will wish you a good evening, thanking you for your good dinner and pleasant company, and leaving you to pay the bill."

The officer glanced at the day-rule,—it was enough, he had no more authority over the captain; and while he was pulling out his purse, the captain sallied forth in quest of Banco Regis, which, it is to be presumed, he reached in safety.

[Of this volume, upwards of 120 pages are occupied with "The Escapes and Adventures of Captain Johnson, the celebrated Smuggler," mostly narrated by himself to the author. From these we select the captain's]

Second Escape from the Fleet Prison.

Captain Johnson was arrested in London, and a second time committed to the Fleet,—fixed, as he says, to the best of his recollection, with debts and liabilities to the amount of 13,000*l.* At the period of this, his second imprisonment, he had plenty of money; had given a bond, through his attorney, to the warden, to guard against any escape; and kept up an establishment of two handsomely furnished rooms in the prison; giving entertainments, and making himself generally popular.

"During all this time," he says, "I had an eye to future difficulty; I used, in my walks, to mark the walls and windows, and calculate upon the best quarter for an escape. For one or two days I remarked a young glazier, who had been mending the pulleys of the windows, and who had some capital, good patent sash-line.

"'This is good line,' said I.—'Yes, sir.' 'Who is your master?'—'Mr. Barron, in the Strand, sir.'—'Well, I think I could sell a few tons weight of this rope; I have a commission to send something of this sort over to Flushing. What do you say; can you get me a specimen?'—'Oh yes, sir, certainly; how much do you want?'—'Why almost any quantity will do; suppose you bring me about 300 yards.'—'Very well, sir.'

"The next day, the young man brought the 300 yards of the line; which I sent out by a confidential friend, to try its strength. I then weighed fourteen stone; I directed my friend to see if the rope would bear twenty-eight stone. When he brought it back, he reported that he had tried it with twenty-eight stone, and that it bore it well. Of course I preserved the rope, and very soon after I had occasion for it.

"I bent my mind to my escape. I began by telling my charwoman in confidence that I was going to Newgate, but that I was going to take my trial, and was sure to floor them; but begged her not to tell how certain I was that my enemies would be beaten. As

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I foresaw, when I asked her confidence, she told every body, so that the whole prison, including the turnkeys and the warden, hearing of the matter, felt too much convinced of my determination and certainty of winning at the trial, to dream of my escaping before it. To add to the influence of this feeling, I called in counsel, gave them instructions, paid them heavy fees, and talked largely of the certainty of my acquittal.

"My solicitor soon called on me; and I said, that as I was committed for trial upon a matter of life and death, he had better withdraw his bond, as the debts were now of no consequence.

"He turned pale, and said he could not; it would look as if I meant to escape.

"I assured him nothing was further from my intention. 'But I want to relieve you of your responsibility, and you must withdraw your bond.'

"'No,' said he, 'but indeed I will not.'

"'Well, then, I will tell you what; you *must*; the fact is,—and you will know how to be secret with *me*—in forty-eight hours I shall be out of this, or a dead man.'

"The poor fellow trembled, and looked more like a ghost than a gentleman. 'But,' said he, 'how can I withdraw the bond?'

"'Go,' said I, 'say that I have quarrelled with you—that you have done me good service—that I am an ungrateful fellow, and that you will have nothing more to do with me; then withdraw your bond, and do not come near the prison again.'

"The worthy fellow shook me by the hand, God blessed me, went his way, and did as I had directed. "I now commenced active operations. The strong room was at the opposite end of the coffee gallery; and I could not file the window-bars because of the person in the next room, who complained if I made any noise; and over the double doors of my apartment there were panels, which the turnkeys had told me contained iron bars. I soon, however, discovered that this was false.

"There was, at this time, in the prison a mad-headed, mad-brained fellow, who had the credit of being really insane,—a Captain Fitzhugh, a fine, powerful, well-made, young gentleman, who was perpetually urging me to escape, but to whom I always said it was of no use to think of it. I, however, had him in my eye, and contracted an intimacy with him, that he might be at my service at the proper moment.

"I began with a gimlet, which I procured, to bore some holes in the inner panel of my room; alas! the panel was of oak, five inches thick, and my gimlet soon broke. I then recollected that I had seen very strong gimlets, used by brewers to bore spigot-holes in the casks; and I directed a confidential friend to bring me half a dozen of them. I also smuggled in a sword in a basket of greens, and bought two brace of pistols, (duelling pistols,) from Captain Forbes, nephew to the Marquis of Hastings, and intimate with Fitzhugh.

"I now set to work in earnest; bored away the holes of the inner panel all day, leaving very narrow interstices, and filled them up with putty that they might not be seen. I had previously provided myself with a bottle of splendid Hollands gin to assist my operations.

"At night, when all was quiet, I made Fitzhugh acquainted with my plan. I got him to borrow the attic, in which Forbes and a fellow-prisoner slept; and also to persuade the owner of the next room but one to me, to give them part of his apartment, by sending in four bottles of wine to keep them amused. After the prisoners had retired to their beds, Fitzhugh was to make a noise along the galleries, singing, hooting, and hallooing, and confirming the character he had acquired, of being mad.

"It was necessary, in order effectually to burst the panels after they were bored, to give them a tremendous blow with some powerful instrument. This instrument I acquired by taking one of the iron pulleys, (near two feet long,) from out of the window sash, and, at the moment I required, to strike the blow against the panel. Fitzhugh got the signal, and set up the shouting and bellowing of Beelzebub to drown the noise; still a good number of people came out of their doors, but they only said, 'It's that mad fellow, Fitzhugh,' and turned in again.

"I then began to bore at the outer panel, (having burst the inner one,) as gently and as quickly as I could; and, to tell truth, I got on rapidly.

"Poor Fitzhugh, however, who had been walking the galleries, got terribly exhausted, and, at last, came with a gentle tap at the door.

"'Captain,' said he, 'by the powers, if I were you I'd give it up. Go out at the gate in the morning, and shoot the turnkey.'*

"'Well,' said I, 'take another turn, and come back in ten minutes.'

[The captain gave Fitzhugh two glasses of Hollands, at an interval of ten minutes.]

* Captain Johnson had a second plan of escape, which he had mentioned to Fitzhugh. It was this:—The Fleet lobby had a door on either side, and the lobby itself was between. In this the head-turnkey slept, in those days, with the keys. Johnson's plan was to give an alarm the first thing in the morning, at the inner door; and the moment it was opened, to intrude with a pistol, and blow out the man's brains if he moved. Then, having got the keys, he was to shut and lock the inner door, and, opening the outer one, shut that also; and, locking it upon the turnkey, make his escape, when no one could, by possibility, pursue. This plan was rejected for the one we now describe.

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"'Now,' said I, 'run down the gallery; give a thump at every door you come to, and sing and halloo to your utmost.'

"Fitz did as he was told; he gave a hard blow at a door—I a tremendous one at the panel! he gave a kick at another door—I another blow at the panel; my work was completed. Fitzhugh, singing and whistling, ran to my end of the gallery, and pushed up the falling panel, so that I could take it inside, while it would appear to have been forced without; and people hearing the voice of Fitzhugh, did not heed the noise, but simply wished him in the strong room, and went to sleep.

"I then got out with my head foremost above the door, resting part of my weight on a meat-hook, as assisted by Fitzhugh, to whom I had previously handed my basket, now despoiled of its cabbages, and containing my sword, pistols, rope, and grapple-hook.

"We now stole along the gallery, and went up stairs to the top of the prison, into the attic, where there were four beds. I now found that although Forbes and his companion were gone, as we had provided, there were still, unluckily, two old men sleeping in the other couches.

"'It's a fine night, however,' said I, throwing up the window.

"'It is indeed,' said Fitzhugh, approaching with the basket, so as to cover my movements, while I got outside, and walked up the wall on to the roof by a strong lightning conductor. Arrived there, I threw down a ball of twine, which Fitzhugh fastened to the basket, which I pulled up with my pistols and sword. These I disposed about my person in such a manner as not to interfere with my movements, when I threw the grapple end of the rope over the opposite '*chevaux de frize*,' and making the other fast by means of a single hitch, I went along it by my hands and feet to the wall; then throwing my body lengthways under the spikes, they turned with me, and I found myself on the outside, with plenty of room to stand on the wall. Having released my rope by a sudden jerk, I then walked round the wall a considerable distance, until I came to that part of it which faced Fleet Market, when I tied my rope round one of the stanchions that supported the spikes, and letting a certain length down the wall, trusted myself to it; and, on my way down, alighted on a lamp-iron, and slightly grazed my shins.

"My escape, however, was not complete. I had a confidential man on the outside, with a given signal,* to apprize me of danger, and just as I had alighted on the lamp-iron, I saw this signal, and almost immediately the prison out-watchman, armed with a small fusee on his shoulder, made his appearance. This did not disturb me in the least. I simply drew out one of my pistols, and pointed it at him, moving it as on a pivot as he passed, and determined, in case he saw me, to shoot him dead. He, however, went upon his beat without discerning me, and I then lowered myself to the ground. Before leaving I drew my sword, and heaving up, cut the rope as high as I could reach, in order that the watchman might not discover it the next time he passed.

"I should here say that I had, during my incarceration, smuggled into the Fleet the uniform of a lieutenant of a regiment of hussars, then stationed at Brighton; and in this uniform I had dressed myself previous to striking my last blow at the outer panel.

"The arrangements for my departure had been thus managed with the only friend who had communicated with me whilst in the prison. He had gone to livery stables in Doctors' Commons, and ordered a post-chaise to be ready at ten o'clock at night, and to be kept waiting till countermanded. He described himself as the friend of a young officer of hussars, who was obliged to join his regiment at Brighton in the morning; but who, unhappily, had that mania for gambling, that he could not control his own actions when led away by his appetite for play. He had been requested by his father to see that he joined his regiment; he was then at some gambling-house at the west end, and he would go and fetch him as soon as he could tear him from the table.

"The grooms and postilions were well feed with this story, and, altogether, it obtained, as it well might, implicit belief.

"My friend joined me after I had alighted from the wall, threw away his flint and steel, and accompanied me to my post-chaise, in which we soon reached Brighton. There, having paid off the vehicle, I changed my garb, and soon after embarked in one of my own cutters from Hoo, near Brighton.

"I ought to mention that, on my way to Doctors' Commons, through St. Paul's Church-yard, I still held in my hand the coiled end of the rope which I had cut off with my sword on alighting from the Fleet wall; and that, on throwing it from me over the railings, it fell, by an odd chance, exactly round the neck of the statue of Queen Anne. The next day it was discovered; compared with the rope which still hung to the prison-wall; and on being found to correspond, sold rapidly at one shilling per inch. Such is the real history of my escape from the Fleet."

* This signal was the gentle striking of a flint and steel, till they should emit sparks, under cover, however, of the striker's coat, so that the sparks could only be seen in a straightforward direction.

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Useful Arts.

METHOD OF DESTROYING MICE, &c., IN THEIR LURKING PLACES.

M. Thenard, in 1832, submitted to the Academy of Sciences a plan for destroying noxious animals, when they have taken refuge in their hiding places. The instrument of destruction is sulphuretted hydrogen, which he had remarked to be peculiarly deleterious to animal life. Animals when allowed to breathe the pure gas fall down as if struck with a bullet. Even when considerably diluted with atmospheric air, the effects are deadly. A horse dies in less than a minute, in air containing 1-250 of this gas. A dog of moderate size is speedily killed in air containing 1-1000, while a greenfinch expires in a few seconds in air possessing 1-1500 of sulphuretted hydrogen. Influenced by these facts, the French chemist proposed the employment of this gas to several individuals for the purpose of extirpating noxious vermin, but his suggestions being treated with indifference, he determined to put the method in practice by his own experiments.

His first trial was in an apartment infested by rats, which showed themselves occasionally during the day, and at night were actively engaged in plundering a chest of oats, to which they had access through an aperture of their own formation. The holes by which they retreated amounting to eighteen in number, Thenard adapted to each of them in succession retorts capable of containing half a pint measure, by introducing the beak of the retort and filling up the interval round its neck with plaster. Sulphuret of iron was deposited in the retort, formed from a mixture of iron filings, sulphur, and water, and dilute sulphuric acid was introduced by means of a tube placed in the tubulure. The sulphuretted hydrogen was disengaged with great rapidity, and in a few minutes not a rat remained alive in the building. His next experiment was in an old abbey where he was equally successful, and having opened up part of the wall he found many dead rats. He recommends the application of this method to the destruction of moles, foxes, and all animals which cannot be extirpated by the usual means. Thenard then gives popular directions for the formation of the materials required to produce the gas.

Mix four parts of iron filings, three parts flowers of sulphur in a mortar with a pestle. Place the mixture in a convenient vessel, and moisten it with four parts of boiling water, stirring it with a piece of wood or glass. Add gradually afterwards four parts more of water, and introduce it into the retort. Pour upon the mixture common oil of vitriol diluted with five times its volume of water, and continue to add it gradually till the effervescence ceases. Should any of the gas escape into the apartment and occasion inconvenience, it may be removed by dropping a little sulphuric acid upon bleaching powder. The holes should be closed immediately, to prevent the disagreeable effects of the putrefaction of the carcasses of the animals which have thus been destroyed.—*Translated from the Annales de Chimie, in Dr. Thomson's Records of Science*, No. 1.

QUILL AND STEEL PENS.

[In the *Literary Gazette*, April 4, we find the following very interesting details of the pen manufacture, in a lecture on the subject recently given by Mr. Faraday, at the Royal Institution.]

The great object which Mr. Faraday appeared to have in view, was to compare and contrast the pens of ten years ago with those of the present time; his subject, therefore, was naturally divided into two parts, viz.—the quill pen, and the steel pen. The chief marts for the former were Russia and Polish Prussia. The extraordinary elasticity of quill and feather was illustrated by showing that a peacock's feather, crumpled and pressed together to the utmost degree, could be perfectly expanded and arranged by subjecting it to the heat of steam. All the operations necessary in pen-making were then shown. The average number of quills manufactured by some of the old established houses in the metropolis was 6,000,000 each, annually. During the last seven years the imports of quills into London were—

In 1828	-	-	-	22,418,600
1829	-	-	-	23,119,800
1830	-	-	-	19,787,400
1831	-	-	-	23,670,300
1832	-	-	-	17,860,900
1833	-	-	-	23,976,600
1834	-	-	-	18,732,000

After touching upon the manufacture of the portable pens, and exhibiting the machine (from Morden's) by which they were made, Mr. Faraday proceeded to notice the steel pens of Wyse, Donkin, Wollaston, Doughty, and others. The mode of manufacturing steel pens at present was by the presses and apparatus of Mr. Morden; who, as a member of the Royal Institution, evinced his zeal for its welfare by transporting his beautiful machinery, as well as his men, to the lecture-room. The points of mechanical and chemical philosophy which continually arose as the pens passed through their numerous stages—fourteen—were of the utmost interest. Mr. Faraday then stated some particulars respecting the present enormous production of pens, and referred to the establishment of Messrs. Gillot, of Birmingham, in which there are about three hundred pairs of hands constantly employed, and which consumes

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about forty tons of steel per annum in the manufacture of this article. One ton of steel can produce 1,935,360 pens, or nearly two millions. The whole production in England was supposed to be equal to thrice that of Gillot's, or about 220,000,000 annually. Steel pens have been made by Wyse above thirty years ago, yet the great trade had arisen within the last nine or ten; and although the quill pen trade has been somewhat affected by it, the consumption of such pens has diminished very little, and is now increasing. Hence it becomes a matter of curious speculation to consider what would have been the case had steel pens not been introduced; for, taking the importation of quills ten years ago as 22,000,000, or 23,000,000, there is now added to that amount a tenfold production of steel pens, or about 220,000,000. In considering the manner in which these pens were disposed of, Mr. Faraday stated that many were exported. To account for the disposal of the rest, he took the population as having increased in the above period by one-fourth of its present number: he supposed that, from the diffusion of education, probably the proportion of persons who could write now, as compared with those who did so ten or fifteen years ago, was as four to one; or rather that the proportion of writing was in that ratio. Finally, he considered that the cheapness of the pens now produced would probably cause an increase in the waste amounting to one-third of the whole supply. These causes put together would account for an increase of consumption as seven to one, and with the exports, gave an idea of the manner in which the whole was disposed of.

Antiquariana.

THE PARISH OF ST. GILES'S IN THE FIELDS.

This part of London was, about the time of the Norman Conquest, an unbuilt tract of country, or but thinly scattered with inhabitants. The parish, (says Smith, in his *Antiquities of London*,) derived its name, if not its origin, from an ancient hospital for lepers, which was built on the site of the present church by Matilda, queen of King Henry I., and dedicated to *St. Giles;* before which time there had been only a small chapel or oratory on the spot. It is described in old records as abounding with gardens and dwellings in the flourishing times of St. Giles's hospital; but it declined in population and buildings after the suppression of that establishment, and remained but an inconsiderable village till the end of the reign of Elizabeth, after which period it was rapidly built on and became distinguished by the number and rank of its inhabitants. The great increase of St. Giles's parish occasioned the separation of St. George's, Bloomsbury parish from it, anno 1734. The second church was built anno 1631, the present one 1734. Hog-lane was formerly called Elde-strate; Monmouth-street, Le-lane; the Seven Dials, Cock and Pye Fields; Long Acre, Elm-close; Lincoln's-inn Fields, Pickets-fields.

In ancient times, (says Pennant,) it was customary to present to malefactors, on the way to the gallows, (which, about the year 1413, was removed from Smithfield and placed between St. Giles's High-street and Hog-lane,*) a great bowl of ale, as the last refreshment they were to receive in this life. Such a custom prevailed at York, which gave rise to the saying, "*That the saddler of Bawtry was hanged for leaving his liquor.*" Had he stopt, as usual, his reprieve, which was actually on the road, would have arrived time enough to have saved him. Here was executed, in the most barbarous manner, the famous Sir John Oldcastle, Baron Cobham. He was hung on the gallows by a chain fastened round his body, and, thus suspended, burnt alive. Near the church, was the house of Alice, Duchess of Dudley, who died here in 1669, aged 90. She was the widow of the great Sir Robert Dudley, son to Robert, Earl of Leicester. The famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the inflexible patriot Andrew Marvell, and Richard Pendrell, were buried in the old church. The *basso-relievo*, over the Resurrection Gate, as it is called, is a most elaborate performance, which was executed about the year 1687. The present state of St. Giles's is well known; it has sometimes been called Little Dublin. P. T. W.

* The gallows is represented in the ancient plan of St. Giles's.

The Gatherer.

Origin of the Geranium, (an Eastern tradition.)—The prophet Mohammed one day having washed his shirt, threw it upon a plant of the mallow for the purpose of drying; and when the shirt was taken away, the mallow was found to have been transformed by contact with so sacred an object into a magnificent geranium, a plant which had never previously existed.

The sugar-cane thrives in Afghanistan, but the people are ignorant of the mode of crystallizing its juice. That which is candied is brought from Hindostan, though the native sugar is excellent. The Afghans are very fond of the fresh cane, which they cut in small pieces and eat as a sweetmeat.

Origin of the word Chocolate.—This drink the Mexicans called chocolate, from *chacoc*, sound; and *alte*, or *atte*, water; that is, water that makes a noise: from the noise which the instrument used to mill and prepare the liquor, made in the water.—P.T.W.

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Fleet Marriages.—"In walking along the street, in my youth, (says Pennant,) on the side next to the Fleet Prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you walk in and be married.' Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with, '*Marriages* performed within,' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin, or roll of tobacco. Our great Chancellor, Lord Hardwick, put these *dæmons* to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by these extemporary thoughtless unions."—*See Pennant's London.*

There are two curious, humorous prints of these marriages, one representing the marriage ceremony, and the other the wedding entertainment; both may be had of Mr. Evans, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

When Sergeant P——, who had a remarkably long nose, was once thrown from his horse on the road, a countryman coming up, and seeing he had fallen on his face, looked earnestly at him as he helped him to rise, and inquired if he was not hurt. On the sergeant replying in the negative, the fellow grinned, and said, "Then your *ploughshare* saved you, sir."

Study of the Classics.—The men of this mechanical, gain-pursuing age, may possibly ask, *cui bono*, to what useful purpose does all this labour tend? Much, say we, much every way. 'Tis true we may not be able to apply this branch of knowledge to the augmentation of the physical comforts of our race; we cannot, we confess, by any acquaintance, how intimate soever with the writings of the olden time, convert "these stones into bread," nor multiply thereby the means of procuring for ourselves and others the blessings of raiment and habitation; but, is it nothing, we ask, to have a mind, disciplined by the patient and persevering attention indispensable to the acquisition of the languages, by pre-eminence called *learned*. Is it nothing to acquire thus a deep and delightful insight of the principles of universal grammar and the constituent parts of our own native tongue; nothing to be enabled to read in all their original brightness the burning thoughts of the earth's noblest spirits, or to hang in breathless admiration on the record of those glorious deeds, the memorials of that imperishable fame, which dignified the days of old? Is it, we repeat, nothing to possess a charm capable of re-opening the sepulchre, and re-collecting the scattered ashes of the pyre; of causing to pass in review before us, not in their impalpable, shadowy visions, but in all their living and breathing vigour, the patriots, poets, sages, and heroes, of Greece and Rome? Yet all this, and much more, does an intimate acquaintance with the classical languages of antiquity enable us to effect; and, say, shall we deprive the ingenious youth of England of so noble a privilege, merely because Ignorance cannot, and Envy will not, see how glorious, how elevating is such a study? F. R.

Killing a Cayman.—Dr. Meyen, in his *Voyage round the World*, lately published at Berlin, says, a few days before his arrival, in one of the Philippine Islands, a cayman of extraordinary size had been killed there. This animal had seized a horse that was drinking, and dragged it to a small river on the boundary of the hacienda, where he devoured it. But, as the water in this stream was too shallow to swim in, and the belly of the animal was so dilated in consequence of its voracity that it projected beyond its feet, it could not walk, and it was, therefore, soon discovered; twelve balls were lodged in its head and breast, but it was not killed till the point of a lance entered the spine just below the neck. Its length was twenty Spanish feet, and its circumference eleven, close behind the fore-feet. The feet of the horse were found in the cayman's stomach, and also several pounds of stones, some of which were pieces of porphyry: its head weighed [illegible]. Another cayman, supposed to be the [illegible] has since been seen in the same place; and calculated to be twenty-five feet long.

Cons. for Chemists.

Like what medicine is one who cashes bills?—Cassia.

What medicine bespeaks in its name its fitness for dogs?—Bark.

Like what is a speech against money?—Anti-mony.

What instrument is like a cutting reply?—The Retort.

What two articles would a hod-man be most likely to carry out from a chemist's shop?—Mortar and Plaster.

What medicine are we reminded of by a man beating his wife?—Elixir (he licks her).

What does a negro take when he's hung?—Black Drop. J. F.

Just published, with many Cuts, price 5s.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE, AND ANNUAL Register of the Useful Arts, for 1835. Eighth Year.

"This is the eighth volume of an Annual Register of interesting and valuable facts in mechanics, science, and social economy. The materials are looked for in America and on the Continent, as well as at home."—*Tait's Magazine, April*, 1835.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 716.] SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1835. [PRICE 2*d*.

British Colonies:

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

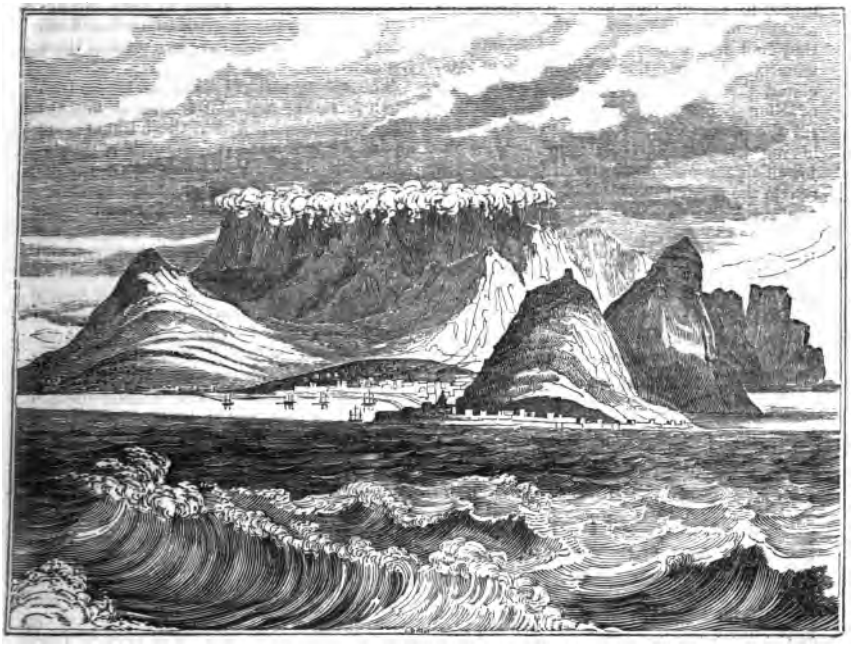

TABLE BAY AND CAPE TOWN.

FEW of our colonies are of such convenience, if not sterling importance, to the mother country, as the Cape of Good Hope. It may, therefore, be not inaptly selected as the first of a series of papers, occasionally to appear in this Miscellany, with the view of affording our readers some idea of the distant resources of the British Empire.

The advantages of the Cape of Good Hope need scarcely be pointed out in detail. It has been for the last thirty years a British settlement, presenting more numerous inducements to emigrants than a newly-cleared country;* and lying near the southern extremity of Africa, its chief town is a delightful resting place, either on the voyage out to, or home from, India.

* We may here advert to the recent events in Caffraria, on the eastern coast of the Cape, chiefly with the view of corroborating, from private evidence, some of the disastrous accounts which have appeared in the public journals, describing terrific affrays between the British settlers of Graham Town and the Caffres. Before us is a letter dated Graham Town, January 19, 1835, the writer of which is a respectable English settler, who, after trading peacefully with the Caffres for eleven years, and acquiring considerable property, has been plundered by the savages, and almost reduced to poverty. He writes "in the midst of war and tumult," but with gratitude to God for sparing his life, while numbers of fellow colonists have fallen victims to the ferocious vengeance of the Caffres. They surrounded the settlement, set fire to the crops in the fields and the houses in the town, broke the furniture, tore clothes to pieces, and even cut open the beds, and scattered the feathers to the wind; and, having destroyed all they could, that no man should benefit by what was left, they even mixed lime with the stores of tea and starch, and strewed them about the floors of the rooms. This attack was made just before Christmas-day last: the colony had never been in a more flourishing state, and the settlers had laid in their Christmas store of provisions; within half an hour on the day of attack, the whole place was in confusion: some left their tea-tables, and others their dinners cooking, and many escaped only with the clothes they wore. The writer had lately built a large, stone house in Caffre-land, which he had just left as the attack was commenced: indeed, on the very day, he had taken coffee with Eno, one of the

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The history of the Cape may be thus briefly told:—When the Portuguese navigators of the fifteenth century extended their voyages southward, with a view of finding a direct and easy route to the East Indies, under Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, they encountered such a continuance of boisterous weather as obliged them to put back without effecting their object; and, when they returned to Lisbon, they gave so appalling an account of the dangers of the cape which they had reached, its perpetual storms and mountainous sea, that it immediately received the name of *Cabo Tormentoso*, Cape of Storms. It held this forbidding name till the more fortunate Vasco de Gama, following the track of Diaz, soon doubled the formidable promontory, and led the way by sea to the golden treasures of the East. On the accomplishment of this glorious work, John the reigning King of Portugal, elated with the prospect which it appeared to present of acquiring wealth and grandeur, emphatically named it the Cape of Good Hope:

"At Lisbon's court they told their dread escape,
And from her raging tempests named the Cape;
'Thou southernmost point,' the joyful King exclaimed,
'Cape of Good Hope be thou for ever named!'"
Mickle's Lusiad.

"Nevertheless, the early fame of its boisterous sea has not suffered in after-times, and its haven is looked forward to as a refuge from them by vessels on their way to India. High are the expectations formed by the weary passenger of the rest he will enjoy at the Cape; and, tired of the continual sameness of a sea-voyage, many an anxious, inquiring look does he cast from the approaching vessel to the lofty mountain at the foot of which is the little establishment of Cape Town, where he knows that he will find plenty of good cheer, and a relief from all his wants."*

The Dutch were the first to establish themselves in the colony, and in the year 1652, they built the first house where Cape Town now stands. They reduced the Hottentots to slavery, or drove them beyond the mountains, and extended the Cape settlement nearly to its present limit. In 1795, the fortune of war transferred the possession of it to the British. It was restored to the Dutch in the short peace of 1801, but was again taken by the English in 1806, and has since remained a colonial possession of Great Britain.

The colony extends about 230 miles from north to south, and 550 from east to west; the space included within these limits being about 120,000 square miles, with a population of about one to a square mile. On the west and south it is washed by the ocean, and on the north, it is bounded by a range of lofty mountains. The principal bays on the coast are Saldanha, Table, Plattenburg, and Algoa bays. Cape Aguillas is the most southern point of the old world. The colony is deficient in navigable rivers for vessels of any considerable burthen. The soil is various, but not generally fertile: indeed, Barrow states that nearly seven-tenths of the colony are destitute of vegetation during a great part of the year. But wheat and maize thrive well; the vine flourishes luxuriantly; oranges, lemons, and figs are good, but all kinds of nuts have failed. The aloe and myrtle grow to a great size: timber is scarce; the chestnut, wild almond, and plum are indigenous. Domestic animals have been introduced: the horses are noble creatures; the sheep are of the fat, broad-tailed kind. Lions, tigers, wolves, hyænas, buffaloes, and jackals, are numerous in the vicinity of the settlement; in the more remote parts are the elephant, the rhinoceros, the quagga, the giraffe, &c.; and the springbok is seen in herds of 10,000. The ostrich is common, and vultures, condors, and other birds of prey inhabit the mountains. Reptiles, especially lizards, are numerous, and fish is plentiful on the coast.

Approaching the coast by sea, the rocky strata of sandstone resemble turreted battlements. On rounding Green Point, the majestic Table Mountain in all its grandeur, with its broad and wall-like front, lies before you. It is perfectly flat at the top, and being 3,500 feet above the level of the sea, is the

Caffre chiefs. He goes on to describe the whole colony as under martial law, and his two sons in the mounted volunteer body-guard to Colonel Smith: Graham Town was barricaded, the inhabitants burnt lights in the windows of their houses at night, and the affrighted women and children left their homes to sleep in the church and other places of safety; parties of armed men paraded the streets, and signals were burnt on the neighbouring hills. The writer thus concludes his letter of calamities: "The Caffres have killed our men and burnt our shops, stolen and destroyed my property, driven away or killed 120 oxen, and robbed me of almost every thing I had in Caffre-land." Again, he says, "We have lost in Caffre-land some thousand dollars, and have nothing left but our house and a few bits of furniture." He adds, in simple but touching words to his relatives in England: "I hope you will not fret about us: God has preserved our lives, and doubt not but he will spare us." There are patience and resignation in these words which forcibly remind us of the hero of "the Hebrew epic," the book of Job. It need not be added that the writer of the above letter is a good Christian and an excellent man.

* Voyage of the Chanticleer, vol. i. p. 235. Mr. Holman, the blind traveller, says, it did not afford more satisfaction to Vasco de Gama, when he first saw the extreme point of Southern Africa, (so justly named the Stormy Cape,) than his (Mr. H.'s) landing there afforded him.—Voyage round the World, vol. ii. p. 103. By the way, Captain Basil Hall objects to the above change of name in terms too characteristic to be omitted. Speaking of the stormy latitude of the Cape, he says: "I have often regretted that, by a royal ordinance of the King of Portugal, the name of this mighty promontory was changed from *Cabo de Tormentos*, the headland of storms, to its present spoony title."—Fragments of Voyages and Travels, Second Series, vol. i. p. 213.

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highest land in that neighbourhood. At the foot of this mountain is Cape Town. Table Bay, which is in part shown in the annexed Engraving, is considered quite safe in summer, from October to April; and many ships touch there in winter, although the risk of north-westerly gales blowing into the bay with much violence, and a high sea, is very great. In the summer months, when the Table-Cloth is on the Mountain, as shown in the Engraving, it indicates a strong south-easter: when the Mountain is free from cloud, this gale will be mild; and a gentle sea-breeze blows in on the western side of the bay, when a fresh south-east breeze prevails from the east side half across during most of the day. The phenomenon of the Table Cloth will, however, be found described more in detail, at page 138 of the present volume.

A pier has lately been built in the bay, 600 feet long by 20 wide, and 21 feet high; and it has long been proposed to improve Table Bay by a breakwater, similar to that at Plymouth.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ENGLISH TITLES OF NOBILITY.—THEIR ORIGIN.

THE Nobility of this Kingdom is divided into Dukes, Marquisses, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons, which are generally and collectively called Peers of the Realm. The reason why they are called peers is, that notwithstanding a distinction of dignities in our nobility, yet in all public actions they are equal; as in their votes of parliament and trial of any nobleman, &c. The appellation seems to have been borrowed from France, from those twelve peers instituted by Charlemagne in that kingdom, and called *Pares, vel Patricii Franciæ.*

All degrees of nobility and honour are derived from the King as their fountain, and he may institute what new titles he pleases. Hence it is that all degrees of nobility are not of equal antiquity.

A *Duke* in England, in respect of his title of nobility, is inferior in point of antiquity to many others, yet is superior to all of them in rank; his being the first title of nobility after the royal family.—*Camden Britan. Title Ordines.*

Among the Saxons, the Latin names of dukes, (*duces,*) is very frequent, and signified, as among the Romans, the commanders or leaders of their armies. In the laws of Henry I., (as translated by Lambard,) they are called *henetochii.* But after the Norman Conquest, which changed the military polity of the nation, the kings themselves continuing for many generations Dukes of Normandy; they would not honour any subject with the title of duke, till the time of Edward III., who claiming to be King of France, and thereby merging the ducal in the royal dignity, in the eleventh year of his reign, created his son Edward the Black Prince, Duke of Cornwall; and many of the royal family especially, were afterwards raised to the like honour. This reason, however, does not seem very satisfactory; as, in fact, this order of nobility was created about a year before Edward III. assumed the title of King of France, A. D. 1337.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1572, the whole order became utterly extinct; but it was revived about fifty years afterwards by her successor, who was remarkably prodigal of honours, in the person of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. A duke, according to Camden, is created with solemnity, "*per cincturam gladii, cappæ et circuli aurei, in capite impositionem.*"

A *Marquis,* (Marchio,) is the next degree of nobility. This office formerly was—for dignity and duty were never separated by our ancestors—to guard the frontiers and limits of the kingdom, which were called the marches, from the Teutonic word, *marche,* a limit; such as, in particular, were the marches of Wales and Scotland, while each continued to be an enemy's country. The persons who had commanded there were called lord-marchers, or marquisses, and had, (according to Camden,) in times past, their laws, "*potestatem vitæ,*" &c., like petty kings. Their authority was abolished by statute, 27 Hen. VIII. cap. 27. (26?) though the title had long before been made a mere ensign of honour; Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford, being created Marquis of Dublin, by Richard II. in the eighth year of his reign; he appears to have been the first that held that title.

A marquis is created by patent; and anciently by cincture of sword, mantle of state, &c.

Earl, (Saxon *Eorle,* Lat. *Comes.*) This is a title of nobility so ancient that its origin cannot be clearly traced out. Thus much seems tolerably certain; that it was a great title among the Saxons, among whom they were called ealdormen, *quasi* elder men, signifying the same as senior or senator among the Romans; and also sciremen, because they had each of them the civil government of a separate division or shire. On the irruption of the Danes, they changed the names to Eorles, which, according to Camden, signified the same in their language. In Latin, they are called *Comites,* a title first used in the Empire, from being attendants or associates to the King in his council and martial actions. William the Conqueror gave this dignity in fee to his nobles, annexing it to a certain county or province, and allotting them for the maintenance of it a certain portion of

* In the South African Advertiser, 5th of February, it is, however, attempted to be proved that Table Bay is as secure as any other roadstead in the world.

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money arising from the prince's profits, for the pleadings and forfeitures of the provinces; (*Camd.*) from this they were called counts or countees, from the French; but they did not long retain that name themselves, though their shires are from thence called counties to this day. Formerly, one earl had divers shires under his government, and had lieutenants under him in every shire, such as are now sheriffs; as appears by several of our old statutes. The name of earls or comites has now become a mere title, they having nothing to do with the government of the county as formerly, which now entirely devolves on the sheriff, the earl's deputy or *Vice-Comes*. In writs and commissions, and other formal instruments, the King, when he mentions any peer of the degree of an earl, usually styles him "trusty and well-beloved cousin"—an appellation as ancient as the reign of Henry IV., who, being either by his wife, his mother, or his sisters, actually related or allied to every earl then in the kingdom, artfully and constantly acknowledged that connexion in all his letters and other public acts; whence the usage has descended to his successors, though the reason has long ago failed.

The title of Earl is the most ancient of the English peerage, there being no title of honour used by our present nobility that was likewise in use by the Saxons, except this of Earl, which was usually applied to the first in the royal line; and anciently there was no Earl but had a *shire* or county for his earldom. Earls, however, at the present day, generally take their titles from some eminent part of a county, considerable town, village, or their own seats, &c. The method of investiture into this dignity, (according to Dugdale,) was *per cincturam gladii*, without any formal charter of creation.

Viscount or *Viscount* (Vice Comes).—Signifies as much as sheriff; between which two words, there seems to be no other difference but that the one comes from the Normans, the other from our ancestors the Saxons. It is a degree of nobility next to an Earl, which Camden, in his *Britanica*, says is an old name of office, but a new one of dignity, never heard of amongst us till Henry VI., in the eighteenth year of his reign, created John, Lord Beaumont, Viscount Beaumont. It seems, however, as a title of honour, to be far more ancient in other countries. (See Selden's *Tit. Hon.* 761.)

Baron (Baro).—Is a French word, and hath divers significations. It is a degree of nobility next to a viscount, and according to Bracton, an ancient writer, Barons were called *Barones quasi robur belli*. This signification seems to agree with other nations where *baroniæ* are as much as *provinciæ*, so that Barons seem also originally to have had the government of territories or provinces. This appears to have been the most general and universal title of nobility, for originally, (according to Coke,) every one of the peers of superior rank had also a barony annexed to his other titles. But it hath sometimes happened that, when an ancient Baron hath been raised to a new degree of peerage, in the course of a few generations the two titles have descended differently; one perhaps to the male descendants, the other to the heirs-general; whereby the earldom, or other superior title, hath subsisted without a barony; and there are also modern instances, where earls and viscounts have been created, without annexing a barony to their other honours, so that now the rule does not hold universally that all peers are barons.

The origin and antiquity of baronies have occasioned laborious inquiries among English antiquaries. The most probable opinion seems to be that they were the same with our present lords of manors; to which the name of Court Baron (which is the Lord's Court, and incident to every manor,) gives some countenance. It may be collected from King John's Magna Charta, c. 14, that originally all lords of manors or Barons, that held of the King *in capite*, had seats in the great council, or parliament; till about the reign of that prince, the conflux of them became so large and troublesome, that the King was obliged to divide them, and summon only the greater Barons in person, leaving the small ones to be summoned by the sheriff; and, (as it is said,) to sit by representation in another house; which gave rise to the separation of the two houses of parliament.—Gilb. *Hist. of Exchey.* c. 3., Seld. *Tit. Hon.* 2, 5, 21. After this, men observing the estate of nobility to be but casual, and to depend merely upon the King's will, were induced to obtain *letters patent* of this dignity, by which it was descendable, by inheritance, to their posterity, and these are called *Barons by Letters Patent*, of which kind the King may create at his pleasure; yet there are still *Barons by writ*, as well as by letters patent. Camden refers the origin of Barons by writ to King Henry III., and Barons by letters patent, or creation, to the 11th of Richard II.—Camd. *Brit.* p. 109. There are now no feudal baronies; but the bishops are called by writ, and sit in the House of Lords as Barons, by succession, by virtue of ancient baronies held of the King, into which the possessions of their bishopricks have been converted. Their temporal possessions are held by the service to attend in Parliament when called, which is in the nature of a barony. In former times, before there was a lord mayor of London, the burgesses were called barons, as appears by the city seal and their ancient charters. And the earls palatine and marches of England had anciently their barons under them; but no barons, save

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those who held immediately of the King, were peers of the realm. It is certain the King's tenants were called barons, as we may find in Matthew Paris and other writers; and in days of old, all men were styled barons, whence the present law term of baron and feme, for husband and wife. Previous to the time of King Edward III. there were but two titles of nobility, viz. earls and barons.

Barons, (according to Coke,) have two ensigns given them, to remind them of their duties: first, a long robe of scarlet, in respect whereof, they are accounted "*de magno concilio regis*;" and, secondly, they are girt with a sword, that they should ever be ready to defend their king and country. C. H.

TO SPRING.

Welcome, once more, O blushing, bright-eyed Spring!
Giver of genial skies, and leafy bowers,
And flow'rets watered by thy gentle showers;
I bid thee hail, sweet Spring! thy angel wing
Hath skimmed along each dark and desert grove,
And started into life its leaves. Once more
The fields are green, and the whole scene which bore
The frown of Winter, now proclaims thy love.
Blest Nature's minister! I feel thee here,
Within this seared and care-worn breast of mine,
Making it radiant with a joy divine,
And breathing thy soft accents in mine ear—
"This is the spring-time of the heart, arise,
And view the works of God with grateful eyes!"

G. H.

THE HUDSON RIVER.*

BY AN AMERICAN POETESS.

Through many a "blooming wild" and woodland green,
The Hudson's sleeping waters winding stray:
Now 'mongst the hills its silvery waves are seen,
And now through arching willows steal away:
Then bursting on the enamour'd sight once more,
Gladden some happy peasant's rude retreat;
And passing youthful Troy's commercial shore,
With the hoarse Mohawk's roaring surges meet.

* * * *

Now more majestic rolls the ample tide,
Tall waving elms its clovery borders shade,
And many a stately dome, in ancient pride,
And hoary grandeur, there exalts its head.
There trace the marks of culture's sunburnt hand,
The honeyed buck-wheat's clustering blossoms view,
Dripping rich odours, mark the beard-grain bland,
The loaded orchard, and the flax field blue.
Albania's gothic spires now greet the eye;
Time's hand hath wiped their burnish'd tints away,
And the rich fanes which sparkled to the sky,
'Reft of their splendours, mourn in cheerless grey.
There many an ancient structure tottering stands;
Round the damp chambers mouldy vapours creep,
And feathery-footed Silence folds her hands,
While the pale genii of the mansion sleep.
Yet thither Trade's full-freighted vessels come;
Thither the shepherds mercantile resort:
There Architecture late hath raised her dome,
And Agriculture's products fill her port.
The grassy hill, the quivering poplar grove,
The copse of hazel, and the tufted bank,
The long green valley where the white flocks rove,
The jutting rock, o'erhung with ivy dank;
The tall pines waving on the mountain's brow,
Whose lofty spires catch day's last lingering beam;
The bending willow weeping o'er the stream,
The brook's soft gurglings, and the garden's glow.

* * * *

Low sunk between the Alleganian hills,
For many a league the sullen waters glide,
And the deep murmur of the crowded tide,
With pleasing awe the wondering voyager fills.
On the green summit of yon lofty cliff
A peaceful runnel gurgles clear and slow,
Then down the craggy steep-side dashing swift,
Tremendous falls in the white surge below.
Here spreads a clovery lawn its verdure far,
Around it mountains vast their forests rear,
And long ere day hath left his burnish'd car,
The dews of night have shed their odours there.
There hangs a louring rock across the deep;
Hoarse roar the waves its broken base around;
Through its dark caverns noisy whirlwinds sweep,
While Horror startles at the fearful sound.
The shivering sails that cut the flattering breeze,
Glide through these winding rocks with airy sweep;
Beneath the cooling glooms of waving trees,
And sloping pastures speck'd with fleecy sheep.*

* Poems, by Margaretta V. Faugeres. Published in 1793.

* See the Engraving of the Source of the Hudson, page 225 of the present volume.

THE AZORES.

TERCEIRA.

[The following may be interesting in connexion with the illustrated paper on the Azores, in our No. 711; especially as Terceira has been an oft-named point in the late Azorean struggles for independence.]

Terceira is a beautiful island, and, like all the other Azores, of volcanic formation. The climate is delightful, the air generally clear and serene, and the soil so prolific, that almost every European and tropical plant grows on it. The face of the island is diversified with volcanic hills, and gardens, pastures, vineyards, and orangeries serve to enrich the landscape. Fine roads are cut to every part of the island, by which means travelling is much easier in it than in any other; and the island appears better adapted for invalids than Madeira or any of the western islands, as they are thus able to take exercise and recreation. The capital of the Azores, as well as of the island, is Angra, the residence of the civil governor; but the bishop resides at St. Michael's. The population of the island is estimated at 40,717, of which one-tenth part are priests; and the town of Angra is said to contain of the above number 8,000 inhabitants. About four thousand pipes of wine are considered to be made annually on the island, but this quantity is distilled into brandy; what wine is consumed is brought from Fayal. There are six convents for nuns, and one for married women, when their husbands are from home; there are twenty-two parishes, and thirty large churches, with smaller ones to a great extent, of which I could get no certain information. The present governor has done much for the island, by causing good roads to be cut, and compelling the proprietors of ground to let out such land as they do not cultivate them-

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selves to the poor, for what it will bring. This has, within these few years, enriched the island, by raising much more corn than formerly, and given scope to industry. The inhabitants are civil and attentive to strangers; and cleanlier in their persons than at Madeira. They are an innocent, good, and honest people; and although oppressed by their ecclesiastical establishments, they seek distinction by industry rather than arms, preferring the olive-branch to the laurel, and submitting to a yoke which is most galling. The houses in the town are well-built, the streets broad and paved; but a stranger is annoyed in passing, from the number of pigs that feed there, and the noise of the musical carts. Every house has several of those animals, and having no back ground, they are set loose in the streets, and the passenger has often to stop until he clears his way, or is obliged to pass round these animals. And the cart-wheels and axle are fixed together, so that in turning round, the friction of the axle with the body of the cart makes a great noise, which their owners like, as they say it cheers the bullocks, and makes them go quicker. It is, however, a great annoyance to a stranger, for when two or three of them are together, as is often the case, the noise is so great that two travellers cannot converse together; they cannot be heard when these vehicles are near.

The yearly produce of Indian corn, wheat, and a trifling quantity of barley, is on an average about 720,000 bushels; with 4,000 pipes of wine, and fifty tons of Orchilla weed; though, if pains were taken to collect it, there would be more. The military force consists of 1,200 regular troops, 2,000 militia, and, in case of an attack, the inhabitants are all obliged to arm themselves with a long pike, (or what they drive the bullocks with, being a goad about ten feet long,) from the age of fifteen to sixty years.

People of property, and those in business, both men and women, imitate the English in dress; the males of the lower class wearing short jackets, with trousers or small-clothes, and blue cloth caps of a curious shape, trimmed with red or brown; the females wearing black bombasin skirts, and a hood attached, which they pull up over their heads, and which serves as a cloak when they walk abroad; in the house it is thrown back. The women in general are rather handsome, but have an awkward and loitering gait.

The custom at table is the same as observed in most parts of Portugal; all the different articles are cut up, and being put on separate plates or dishes, are handed round one after another. Ladies and gentlemen therefore help themselves; and I have seen some persons help themselves on one plate from four or five different dishes. Every one fills his glass or tumbler, and drinks what he pleases; the cloth is kept on the table until the company rise, and very little wine is taken after dinner.

The coast round Terceira is high and craggy, excepting in a few places; and those accessible are well defended with batteries: round the bay and town of Angra, in particular, the fortifications are strong and well built.—(From the private journal of Captain Bartholomew, R. N., in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*.

The Naturalist.

DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

In the pursuit of natural history, few observations are more interesting than those which acquaint us, that certain beings are only to be found respectively in some particular and narrow piece of land or water. Such observations, however, impress the mind of the naturalist with a melancholy anticipation that, from the very limited distribution of such objects of creation, they may, by accident, be lost for ever, and only be known to future ages through the medium of his descriptions.

Otherwise, though, are the feelings with which we view such beings as are distributed universally, or nearly so; for, upon these, men of all, or almost all, countries can converse, and we have the less reason to anticipate their extinction.

In the coldest parts of the arctic regions, to which Captain Ross and his enterprising companions penetrated, they observed the raven; and Mr. Clark, in a lecture upon the ascent of Mont Blanc, stated that he had seen the chough, (*Corvus graculus*,) fly over the Roche Rouge, at the foot of which, on the surface of the snow, Mr. Clessold found a bee. He also mentioned that the *Ansonia* butterfly is, at times, observed to fly over the very summit of Mont Blanc, notwithstanding its great altitude and extreme cold; and that Mr. Fellowes saw a moth which he supposed to be the *Pavonia major*, pass rapidly over his head. M. Menetries found an orthopterous insect, named by M. Fischer, *Phlocerus Menetriesii*, at Schadach, to the east of Caucasus, at the height of more than 9,000 feet, and near to the region of perpetual snow.*

The hottest and the foulest atmospheres equally afford living beings. "In Africa," says Dr. Graves, "particularly in the neighbourhood of the Egyptian pyramids, the heat is so intense, and the sand appears so parched and burnt, that it seems impossible for either plant or animal to find sustenance; and yet Hasselquist found both here, viz. the *Condrilla juncea*, a small species of

* Magazine Nat. Hist. vol vii. p. 188.

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lizard, and lion-ants innumerable. Scheuchzer and Pallas both observed plants and animals in sulphureous springs. Forskal, in Arabia, Barrow, at the Cape of Good Hope, and Hooker, in Iceland, found different species of *Conferva* and *Ulva* growing in boiling springs. The most remarkable account of vegetation at a very high temperature is mentioned in Staunton's *Account of Lord Macartney's Embassy to China*. They found at the island of Amsterdam, a spring, the mud of which, hotter than boiling water, gave birth to a species of *Marchantia*. The *Turbo thermalis*, a shell-fish indigenous in the Adriatic, is found also in the thermal springs of Albano, at a temperature of 120°. A curious, black, sponge-like plant, (the name of which I have forgotten,) hangs in great abundance from the ceiling of the dark wine-cellars at St. Katherine's Dock and elsewhere. Professor Lindley speaks of a phosphorescent plant, called *Rhizomorpha*, which grows in the coal-mines near Dresden.

Nature, in her economy, has even packed some animals within the bodies of others. Thus we find, from the largest beast down to the earwig, (the smallest being, I believe, in which the discovery has been made,) that each creature has internal parasites. I have read an instance, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, (No. x. p. 442,) of a plant, the *Fucus confervoides* of Bertolini, having actually been found vegetating in the body of a cod-fish.

JAMES FENNELL.

Southwark.

THE CONDOR, IN SOUTH AMERICA.

[DR. MEYEN, in his recent and very interesting *Voyage round the World*, relates:—]

About two leagues from Nantoco, we perceived in the road before us a dead mule, which was instantly attacked by ten of the large vultures called condors. We immediately alighted and went up to them with a double-barrel gun. They very quietly suffered us to come up till we were within 200 paces of them, when one after the other hopped off and took their station at some distance in a semicircle, watching us closely, and retreating a little at every step we advanced. Only one of them remained with the prey, on which he placed his claw, every now and then turning his head to observe us. We fired at him just as he was about to rise; the ball hit his side; he flapped his wings violently, ran forwards, and rose a little. We then fired the shot from the second barrel, which lodged under his wing; he made another effort, expanded his wings, and flew away with the rest. We never again met with this species of condor; they were certainly above four feet high; nearly the whole of their body of a greyish brown, their back quite white, and a yellowish white ruff round the throat. We saw the black condor with the white back in great numbers on the summit of the volcano at Maipù, and we may almost certainly affirm that the vultures we had just seen are a totally distinct and much larger species of the same genus. Molina remarks that the word condor is of Peruvian origin, and that it signifies very large and different kinds of vultures. Hamilton saw condors five feet high, whose legs were as thick as a man's wrist. Their iris was of a dark brown, while that of the vultur gryphus, *Humb.*, was yellow. From all this it seems probable that there exist other and larger species of the condor than those with which we are acquainted. The usual manner of catching this king of birds is by placing some dead animal near to a spot where a person lies in wait for them. From the great rapidity with which we were obliged to travel we were unable to pursue this method, and we never succeeded in shooting any of them. Though much has been fabled about the condor, we think Vidaure's account very probable. He says that the peasants inclose a narrow space with a paling, into which they throw some dead animal. The vultures instantly pounce down upon it, and, when they have consumed their prey, find themselves unable to get out of the paling, as there is not room for them to spread their wings: we have ourselves seen that they require a clear space of from six to ten paces to run before they can rise. The peasants then come up and kill them with clubs. It is said that the condor is sometimes taken alive by a man concealing himself under an ox-hide, and holding him down by the feet till others come up to his assistance. It is affirmed, even by credible writers, that large flights of condors will attack horned cattle, and begin by tearing out their eyes, that they may have them more in their power. Now this story is very improbable, though it nearly approaches the truth. We ourselves saw a mule which had fallen down from exhaustion, and been left behind by the *tropa*. While yet alive, it was attacked by a large flock of the urubu; they had already pulled out one of its eyes, and begun to tear out its intestines, but retreated four or five paces whenever the animal rallied its remaining strength and attempted to struggle; they then immediately resumed their onset till the poor beast was finally overcome.—*Translated in the Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published.

MOUNT CALVARY, AT ANTWERP.

CALVARIES, in the ritual of the Catholic church, are small chapels raised on hills in the vicinity of cities, with a crucifix, in allusion to the place and manner of Christ's death. The Calvary at Antwerp, of which the annexed Engraving represents a correct view, is one of these extraordinary displays of devotion, and is in such request at Ant-

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(The Calvary.)

werp, that the question is frequently asked of a stranger, "Have you seen Calvary?" It is situated in the churchyard of St. Paul, formerly belonging to the Dominicans; and consists of two lines of pedestals bearing forty or fifty statues, as large as life, of prophets, saints, priests, and patrons; some of them are exceedingly well executed, particularly the first pair, which represent two of the Dominican padrés, who are said to have travelled to Jerusalem, and brought back with them a model of the Holy Sepulchre, from which the one in this churchyard has been copied. At the head of the lines of statues a mass of rockwork rises to a considerable height, terminating with a representation of the Crucifixion on Mount Calvary: beside the cross are two soldiers, one of whom is piercing the body crucified; beneath appear, here and there, the figures of saints and angels. At the foot of the rock you descend into a cavity representing the tomb of our Saviour, wherein he is seen through a glass window, lying on a couch, covered with a fine muslin sheet. On each side of the tomb are grottoes, in which the horrors of purgatory are meant to be represented by a multitude of figures carved in wood, men and women huddled together, with faces expressive of the greatest agony, whilst flames of fire are bursting forth and raging in the midst of them. The whole *model*, as it may be called, is worth inspection as a work of art, taking for granted that the reader is not weak enough to believe the vulgar story connected with the dungeon—that persons may purchase exemption from its torments, or shorten their duration, in proportion to their contributions; and boxes to receive their donations are carefully placed in different parts of the churchyard. When education, which is fast spreading over every nation in Europe, shall have fully enlightened men's minds, such exhibitions as the above will be regarded as objects of curiosity, and not of adoration.

The church of St. Paul, part of which is shown in the Engraving, has in it some good pictures; as the Scourging of Christ, by Rubens; Christ carrying his Cross, by Vandyke; the Crucifixion, by Jordaens; and paintings by Teniers, De Crayer, Quellyn, De Vos, Jordaens, and other Belgian artists. But, the church is more frequently visited to see the Calvary, near its entrance.

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New Books.

SIR GRENVILLE TEMPLE'S EXCURSIONS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

[HAVING already noticed the publication of these volumes, in our description of the Amphitheatre at El Jemm, we shall merely note a few more miscellaneous passages, from the very lively journal.]

The French at Algiers.

The French have already re-christened one of the sea-gates, Porte de France, and they are stirring in other quarters.]

About halfway between the two sea-gates, the French have lately cleared away an extensive space of ground which is called Place du Gouvernement, and which is to be faced with public offices and other edifices, built according to European models: the erection of a church and of a theatre has already been ordered. Many of the Moorish houses are of very large dimensions, and possess in their interior great beauty of architecture. The mosques, mesjids, and zaweeahs, or chapels, are numerous, but exteriorly have no claims whatever to our admiration; what they may be within, I had not the power of ascertaining, as the French government have strictly prohibited Christians from crossing their thresholds; but flat roofs and ugly, square towers, like those of our English churches, are but poor substitutes for the swelling bronze domes, and graceful, lofty minarets, which, at Stambool and at Kahira, rise in beauty at every step before the admiring eye. The principal mosque was pulled down by the French, to make room for the new square, and another in the Rue du Divan was shortly to be consecrated to Christian worship. All the houses are numbered, and the streets have received names, the medley of which is curious; for we read, Rue Annibal, Orléans, Sophonisba, du Chat, Belisaire, Trois Couleurs, Barbarossa, Sidney Smith, Numides, la Charte, Lotophages, Etat-Major, &c.

Algiers is daily assuming a more European aspect; hats are nearly as often seen as turbans, cigars have replaced the long pipes, and the Moorish bazaars give way to the glazed windows of French shops. Upwards of fifty merchants have established counting houses, and a considerable number of mechanics and tradesmen, including of course a full proportion of modistes, couturières, and perruquiers, are thickly scattered about. Eleven grand cafés with billiard tables, four grand *hotels*, (which are, however, execrable,) three restaurateurs, one hundred eating-houses, two *cabinets littéraires*, one circus, a cosmorama, &c., have already been established; and cabriolets and omnibuses were shortly to ply from the Bab hazoon to Mustafa Pasha, and from Bab el haout to the dey's country villa.

The Kazbah is a little town in itself, containing the late dey's palace, and several other houses, and gardens; the palace has suffered much from the French soldiery, who, on first occupying it, pulled up the pavement, tore down the glazed tile coating of the rooms, and otherwise committed great injury in their eager search after treasure. The marble flooring, the arched galleries, supported by marble pillars of fantastic but graceful forms, which surrounded the open courts, the elegant fountains which scattered coolness around, and the latticed shahnesheens, still, however, remain to repay the fatigue and trouble of the visiter's ascent. The *corps-de-garde* with the gate, and the sycamores, banana-trees, and vines, which surround it, together with the mixture of French uniforms and Moorish costumes, formed altogether a beautiful little picture; as did also a wine-shop, shaded by a vine-covered *pergola*, under which were seated groups of soldiers, playing at cards, drinking, flirting with some *piquantes* French brunettes, or teaching Trumpette, the *chien du régiment*, a variety of tricks.

The enormous expense incurred by France in fitting out the powerful expedition to Algiers, was far more than counterbalanced by the fruits reaped by the success it obtained; for, independently of now possessing, as a colony, a portion of one of the finest countries in the whole world, and which may, probably, at a future period be entirely subject to her dominion, the treasure found in the Kazbah was very great, having been stated by the French official documents to have amounted to no less than 55,684,527 fr., or about 2,227,380*l.*: namely, in gold, silver, and jewels, 48,684,527 fr., wool and other goods, 3,000,000; and in the value of bronze artillery sent over to France, 4,000,000. Private accounts, however, assert that the victors found treasure to the surprising amount of 400,000,000 of francs, equal to 16,000,000*l.* Perhaps General Bourmont and the late dynasty of France could afford a little information as to what became of the balance. Never were our soldiers rewarded, even in their campaigns in India, the land of gold, of diamonds, and of pearls, with a prize amounting in value to any thing near what Algiers proved to be.

Visit to the Site of Carthage.

I walked to the site of the great Carthage, —of that town, at the sound of whose name mighty Rome herself had so often trembled, —of Carthage, the mistress of powerful and brave armies, of numerous fleets, and of the world's commerce, and to whom Africa, Spain, Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, and Italy herself bowed in submission as to their sovereign — in short, — "Carthago, dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli:" I was

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prepared to see but few vestiges of its former grandeur; it had so often suffered from the devastating effects of war, that I knew many could not exist: but my heart sunk within me, when, ascending one of its hills, (from whose summit the eye embraces a view of the whole surrounding country to the edge of the sea,) I beheld nothing more than a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry. Yes, all vestiges of the splendour and magnificence of the mighty city had indeed passed away, and its very name is now unknown to the present inhabitants. Two wretched villages, Maallakah, and Dowar es shatt, "the encampment on the shore," the Marabet of Sidi Abd-ul-Aziz, and the little fort of St. Louis, are the only inhabited spots within this part of the vast precincts of the ancient walls; and the scene that once was animated by the presence of nearly a million of active and warlike inhabitants is now buried in the silence of the grave; no living soul appearing, if we occasionally except a soldier going or returning from the fort, or the solitary and motionless figure of an Arab, watching his flocks from the summit of the fragment of some former palace or temple; in short, solitude and silence hold undisputed sway over the whole scene; a scene which impresses on the mind a feeling of melancholy, which I found difficult to shake off.

How full of deep interest and historical souvenirs are the environs of Tunis! There is not a plain, a mountain, a river, a bay, or a headland, which is not connected with the deeds of once powerful and gallant nations —nations that have long since vanished into the mellowed distance of the past; or with heroes immortalized by the splendour of a renown, that has brightly illumined the scenes of their high achievements. Africans, Phœnicians, Grecians, Romans, and Numidians—the Goth, the Vandal, the Arab, the Spaniard, and the Turk—have all in turn here held their sway in the full pride of power. What a long array of bright names present themselves in rapid succession before our mind's eye, as entranced we gaze on the scene around us; for was it not once animated with the presence of Dido, of Annibal, Amilcar, and Asdrubal; of Hanno, and Mago; of Agathocles, Regulus, Syphax, and Jugurtha; of Scipio, Julius, and Belisarius; and, in later days, of Charles and of St. Louisa? In short, are we not standing on the ruins of Carthage! and does not that one word itself embrace the history of ages, and explain the feelings and thoughts of the contemplative traveller?

Tower of Skulls, at Jerbeh.

Burj er Roos is a tower entirely constructed of human skulls, reposing in regular rows, on intervening layers of the bones of the appertaining bodies. This curious tower stands close to the sea, at a little distance from the Fort, or Burj es-Sook, and is, at present, twenty feet in height, and, at its base, ten feet in diameter, but tapering to its summit. With these data, knowing what space is occupied by a skull, a calculation might easily be made of the number of men which were required to build it; though there appears no doubt that it was formerly, as the natives assert, much wider and higher. No tradition is preserved of its origin, except that the skulls are those of Christians. I think it probable that they are the remnants of the Spanish soldiers, who, under the command of the Duke of Alva, having landed at Jerbeh during high water, were attacked and defeated by the Moors, and obliged to fall back upon their boats; but these, unfortunately for them, were now high and dry, the tide having, during the action, receded; and the ships and transports, to avoid the same predicament, had stood out to sea. The heavy-accoutred Spaniards tried to regain them, but whilst floundering in the mud and weeds, were shot or speared by their exasperated and more lightly accoutred enemies—who, it is probable, erected with the dead bodies, this tower, in commemoration of their victory and deliverance from foreign invasion. To preserve it, it is occasionally covered with a coat of mortar; but, when I saw it, a great part of this had fallen down, and exposed to view the ghastly-grinning skulls.

This tower, I believe, is quite unique of its kind; though certainly the Persian monarchs were wont, (according to that entertaining writer and correct delineator of eastern scenery and customs, Mr. Morier,) to erect, after a *grande battue*, similar monuments; but the component materials were not the same as these, for the heads of the animals killed in the chase, and not those of men, were used. These erections are called by the Persians, Kellah Minars, corresponding exactly to the Arabic name of Burj er Roos, and one of them is still seen at Guladûn, near Ispahan.

Visit to the Harem, at Tunis.

With regard to the harem, I refer to the following account, given by Lady Temple, of a visit she made there with her sisters. "We were received at the entrance of the palace by Giuseppino Raffo, the Bey's Bash-Kasak, who, leading us up a short staircase, consigned us over to the charge of a Christian woman, who, addressing us in Italian, conducted us to a door, where stood her highness, the Lillah Kebirah, ready to receive us. She took me by the hand, and, not speaking any other language but Arabic herself, addressed a great many compliments to us, through the Christian woman, who was

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a Tuscan, and served as interpreter. We passed through a *patio*, paved with white marble, covered in with a silk awning, and surrounded by arcades, in their turn supported by fluted pillars, likewise of white marble. In each corner was a beautiful vase-shaped fountain to cool the air in this delightful spot, than which nothing could look more truly oriental, and carrying one in imagination completely into those enchanting scenes described in the Arabian Nights. Under the arcades were seated a number of fat, unwieldy creatures, talking furiously, and looking most attentively at us. No etiquette seemed to reign amongst them, for, on the Lillah's approach, they none of them rose, but retained their half-reclining posture, with the exception of those blacks, who, from their meaner dress, I imagine were very subordinate slaves, and who, as she passed, came up and kissed the palm and back of her hand. Her dress was rich, and though shapeless, I thought not ugly: indeed they are right in covering themselves with this loose sort of robe; for the immense size to which they all attain, from the constant use of the bath, wearing no stays, and taking no exercise, would be quite disgusting, unless concealed by their dress.

"The Lillah herself, though much larger than we should in Europe consider becoming, was, however, amongst the least of the set. Her dress consisted of crimson silk trousers, loose till reaching the calf of the leg; they were then made to fit tight, down to the ancle, where they were covered with the most beautiful, rich and tasteful embroidery, in gold lace. The bare feet were thrust into slippers, very richly embroidered with gold, with here and there a precious stone, and just large enough to admit four of the extremities of her feet. How they could walk at all with such slippers is a wonder I have never got over; but though indolent people, the Moorish women seemed to shuffle about, and up and down stairs with them, without the slightest inconvenience or difficulty, and the height of *bon ton* amongst them is to make as much noise as they possibly can in walking about; a jacket made of tissue of silk and gold reaches down to the waist, with no sleeves; in place of these, her highness, however, wore a *chemise*, which being made of gauze was very loose, and long enough to be tied in a knot behind her shoulders. Over all this she had a blue, figured gauze blouse, confined only at the neck, without any belt at the waist; her head was dressed with a Tunis silk handkerchief, embroidered in the corners with gold, and which was tied tight round her head; the hair combed straight, and as smooth as possible across the forehead, with some apparently brought from behind, so as to hang down on each side of the face, when, after reaching as low as the bottom of the cheek, it was cut off quite straight: over all was thrown a large veil of rich, white figured gauze. From this description of the head-dress, one certainly can hardly conceive that it could look well; and yet, especially with those whose hair was very black, I have seen many Moorish women look beautiful with it, and I think that to all dark complexions it is becoming. The Lillah had, in her ears and on her fingers, rings of brilliants of enormous size; round her neck were chains in great numbers, to which were suspended all kinds of ornaments in gold and precious stones, such as small boxes to hold talismans, scents, &c., some above and some underneath her gauze robe, and some handsome rows of pearls on her arms. She was not pretty, but the expression of her face was most agreeable and good-humoured, and I felt quite sorry for her when I heard shortly afterwards that she had been put aside by the Bey, to make way for a young girl of thirteen. She led me by the hand through the *patio* into a long room, divided in the centre by an archway; one half of this room was surrounded by a low divan; on each side of the doorway, which had been covered until our approach, by a silk curtain of brilliant colours, stood a black slave with a large fan in his hand, beating out the flies. A low round table was laid out in the first half of the room, with a silk table-cloth, and covered with between twenty and thirty dishes of different kinds of cakes and sweetmeats; and here began my misery, for of all these we were obliged to eat. Some of their sweet things are good, especially pistachio cakes, of which they are particularly fond; but they are all so scented with otto of roses, jessamine, and amber, that to my taste they are spoilt. Sherbet, the most insipid of that insipid beverage I ever tasted, was then handed to us.

"The Lillah asked if I had no children, and on hearing that I had a little boy, inquired why I had not brought him, and seemed really sorry; all the Moors, both male and female, being very fond of children. When we had finished our luscious repast, she ordered all the remaining cakes to be put into a basket, and desired that I would take them for my child. She had her own little boy of about two years old in her arms; he was a miserable, sickly-looking child, and by his embroidered dress made to appear still more so; he wore a shasheah tight to the head, with an enamelled chain wound about it, and chains and amulets hung round his neck.

"On leaving the table, we adjourned to the divan at the end of the room, where we were joined by the wife of the Bey's eldest son, a handsome woman, with brilliant, black eyes; her dress was in every respect

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like that of the Bey's wife, excepting that her blouse was of silk instead of gauze, and of two colours, being half pink and half white, the two pieces joined in front and behind. That division of the room in which the cakes had been served was quite enchanting; the ceiling was vaulted, and painted and gilt in the usual Moorish style, than which nothing can be more beautiful; around the room were all kinds of boxes from Stambool, in mother-of-pearl; above the entrance-door was some of the open stucco-work with coloured glass, which has such a remarkably pretty effect. Where the room was divided, the wall, projecting on each side was formed into a kind of table or shelf, on and under which were piled mother-of-pearl boxes, looking-glasses, crystal bottles, &c. The divan was low and very comfortable, and the walls round it hung with the Bey's arms, which were splendid —yataghans covered with stones, pistols, swords, and every kind of weapon; but the most beautiful was one called a *topux*, the whole of which was of fretted gold, completely studded (especially the globe at the end of the handle) with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies: it was the most magnificent thing in the way of arms I ever beheld. On the walls were also hung a number of watches. Chocolate, perfumed with ambergris, was handed round to us; after which the Lillah, again taking me by the hand, led us upstairs through several suites of apartments, which were all divided into a great number of small rooms, none nearly so handsome as the one we had quitted. From the top story she pointed out the Manoubah, and asked if I did not greatly admire the view? Of course I assented, though I cannot say with truth. In this room was a large double bed, with watches again hung to the wall. On going down the stairs, which are all paved with glazed tiles, as in all Moorish houses, we went across a little, square garden into a large, vaulted gallery, delightfully cool, with a fountain playing in the centre, full of gold fish. Here, the interpreters told me, the ladies come to amuse themselves in summer by looking at the fish. What a delightful, intellectual amusement! But the poor creatures are allowed no other; and it is a very mistaken notion that they all despise us for going out for amusement, and that they think themselves much happier for being always obliged to stay at home. Indeed, I am sure they envy Christian women very much in that respect, notwithstanding what many affirm, that they do not wish for more liberty; for I never spoke to a Turkish or a Moorish woman, the Bey's wife included, who did not say with a sigh that she longed to go out with freedom.—This room was supported by about fifty white marble pillars, and was also paved with marble. After reposing ourselves here for a short time, we heard a slight bustle at the door, and the Bey himself walked in. We all rose, and the Lillah went to receive him. He addressed us in very tolerable Italian, was very smiling and affable, and after a few minutes conversation, consisting chiefly of reciprocal compliments, he retired. He was accompanied by all his sons, who stood behind him the whole time of his short visit. We then returned to the saloon, where we had been received, and shortly afterwards took our leave. The Lillah was most gracious, and pressed us much to return again before leaving Tunis."

Hard Drinking.

The Moors are certainly the hardest drinkers I ever heard of, which I think will be proved by the two following instances, both of which occurred during my residence in the country. The kaeed of Jerbeh drank one evening at supper, entirely unassisted, four bottles of rum, which did not prevent his walking about immediately after; and one of the servants of the Bash-Mamlook, after having swallowed, within an hour, a demi-jeanne of wine, equal to twenty-two bottles, asked for some rum. According to Leo Africanus, it would appear that the Tuniseens have other means of raising their spirits than those of wine and rum; for he says, "They have here a compound called lhasis, (hasheesh?) whereof whosoever eateth but one ounce, falleth a laughing, disporting, and dallying, as if he were halfe drunken; and is by the said confection maruellously provoked unto lust."

A Dishonest Baker.

Keerwan is looked upon as the second town in importance in the Regency of Algiers, and its Kaeed possesses in himself so much power, that he may, to a certain degree be said to be entirely independent of the Bey, and certainly, as regards the interior management of his district, he is so. His will is absolute, and his orders most strictly enforced. During the reign of Hammooda Basha, the Kaeed, who, according to custom, had made his rounds, and had ascertained from different travellers what they had paid for their provisions, found that one of them had purchased a quantity of bread, which was found deficient in weight when placed in the Kaeed's scales. The party proceeded to the baker's, whose scales gave correctly the weight at which he had sold the bread: on this the Kaeed had them broken, when they were found to contain a quantity of quicksilver in a hollow tube, which could thus be made to throw its balance on either side. The baker's oven happened at the moment to be properly heated, and the Kaeed, without any further trial, ordered the culprit to be immediately thrown into it.

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Hammooda having heard of this, remonstrated with the Kaeed on his precipitancy, when he answered, "I have done great good—bakers will, in future, deem it preferable to heat their ovens for bread of a proper weight, than to bake themselves of whatever weight they may chance to be."

A Bather killed by a Polypus.

In the shallow waters, at Tacape, are caught great quantities of fish, by forming curved lines of palisades some way out to sea, with palm-branches; by which the fish which come up with the high water, are retained when it recedes. The horrid polypus, which is, however, greedily eaten, abounds, and some are of an enormous size; they prove, at times, highly dangerous to bathers. An instance of this occurred two years since; a Sardinian captain bathing at Jerbeh, felt one of his feet in the grasp of one of these animals: on this, with his other foot, he tried to disengage himself, but this limb was immediately seized by another of the monster's arms; he then with his hands endeavoured to free himself, but these also in succession were firmly grasped by the polypus, and the poor man was shortly after found drowned, with all his limbs strongly bound together by the arms and legs of the fish; and it is extraordinary, that where this happened, the water was scarcely four feet in depth. The polypus, after having entwined its arms round its prey, adheres to it by suction, for which purpose the under part of its limbs is furnished with a double row of bell-shaped air-holes.

A Dwarf.

A most extraordinary personage presented himself to us; he was a dwarf, by name Aboo Zadek, and somewhat under three feet; it must not, however, be imagined that his short stature was owing to the want of years; for his age was forty-five, and he had a very fine family, consisting of four boys and two girls, and his wife—and, mark you, his fourth wife, who was said to be extremely pretty. Sidi Mustafa, during one of his visits to the Jereed, saw him, and was so pleased that he carried him off to Tunis, where, dressed in magnificent apparel, he formed the delight and amusement of the court. He was sometimes shut up in one of the boxes in which the sweetmeats are brought from Constantinople, and when any visiters arrived, the Bey's brother used to tell them he had just received a present of sugar plums, and begged them to open the box and take some of them; when out jumps Aboo Zadek to their great terror, and repeated exclamations of "Wallah! wallah! Allah Akbar!"

Notes of a Reader.

APRIL.

(*From the British Months. By Richard Mant, D. D. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.*)

HAIL, April! Lo, inspired by thee
Full many a lovely form I see
Its long lost garniture resume,
Of woodland leaf and woodland bloom.
No more with tassels here and there
Besprent, but in a vesture fair
The Larch to welcome thee is seen,
Unmingled, of the tenderest green.
Bright tints, to welcome thee, adorn
Of tenderest green the full-robed Thorn.
Of broader lobes, and darker grain,
His leaves for thee the Maple-Plane
Developes from their crimson sheaths:
For thee his bright and twisted wreaths
Five-finger'd, like a giant's hand,
The Chestnut's lengthening shoots expand.
Forth from his coral's ruby holds
The Lime his pale green leaves unfolds.
The Alder through the wat'ry mead,
About the mountain's rocky bend
The Birch for thee his leaves displays.
And Elm and spreading Beech arrays,
To grace thy course, a thickening screen;
This his smooth plates of glossy sheen;
And, stateliest of the woodland realm,
His rougher leaves the blossom'd Elm.
And, April, many a blossom'd tree
Besides appears to honour thee.
If dull to March's wooing, now
For thee the trembling Aspen's bough
Shows its long drops of scaly down,
White, but with rings of mottled brown.
For thee the Ash-tree's branches grey,
Whose lingering leaves crave longer stay,
Send now their flow'rs unshelter'd forth:
And, offspring of the hilly north,
The beauteous tree of mountain fame,
The Ash-tree's kinsman but in name,
For thee with winged leaflts spread
Puts forth his blossoms' cluster'd head.
And wilding fruit-trees, such alone
As Britain's isles can boast their own,
Indigenous, of more delight
Minist'rant to the curious sight,
Than grateful to the craving taste:
The Crab with virgin whiteness graced
Tinged with the rose's modest glow;
Of virgin whiteness, like the snow,
The cluster'd Cherry; and more rare,
Of rivel white the blooming Pear:
More justly valued for their use,
For swelling pulp, for flowing juice,
But not in form, or native die,
Or texture, lovelier to the eye,
Where, nurs'd by man's improving care,
With Peach and Apricot they share,
And luscious Nectarine, the praise
To light the garden's vernal blaze;
Or claim, their undivided reign,
The blooming orchard's rich domain.

Nor, April, fail with scent and hue
To grace thee lowlier blossoms new.
Not only that, where weak and scant
Peep'd forth the early primrose plant,
Now shine profuse unnumber'd eyes,
Like stars that stud the wint'ry skies:
But that its sister Cowslips nigh,
With no unfriendly rivalry
Of form and tint and fragrant smells,
O'er the green fields their yellow bells
Unfold bedropt with tawny red,
And meekly bend the drooping head.
Not only that the fringed edge
Of heath, or bank, or pathway hedge
Glows with the furze's golden bloom:
But mingling now the verdant Broom,

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the island a good berth, and then ship our masts, and make sail, steering for the United States.

"I calculated that no hostile ship or ships could impede our progress, so as to offer any very serious obstruction, as in the event of an attack, I should haul our sails, and strike yards and masts, (which would only occupy about forty minutes,) and then submerge. Under water we should wait the approach of the enemy, and then by the aid of the little Etna, attaching the torpedo to her bottom, effect her destruction in fifteen minutes.

"On my arrival at a secure and convenient spot on the coast of the United States, I should communicate with his Majesty's Government through the medium of my friend and patron, the late 'ever to be lamented' Duke of York, to negotiate for a more suitable and honourable asylum for his Imperial Majesty. Should my negotiations, as I anticipated, fail, I should then address his Imperial Majesty, and propose his return to France, where he would meet with a very favourable reception."

Such is Johnson's own outline of this daring and ingenious plan; the whole of the negotiations for which were, he declares, carried on through O'Meara. In constructing the vessels, he set to work at his own expense at his fortress at Battersea, opposite to which, at Chelsea, he had a cottage, where he resided with his wife, son, and daughter. The vessels were laid down to be coppered, when news arrived of the exile's death.—*Scenes and Stories by a Clergyman in Debt.*

The Gatherer.

Pensions granted by the Late Administration.—Professor Airey, 300*l.*; Mr. Southey, 300*l.*; Mrs. Somerville, 200*l.*; James Montgomery, 150*l.*; Sharon Turner, 200*l.*

Vanity of Sentiment.—Between two persons of liberal education, like opinions, and common feelings, oftentimes subsists a vanity of sentiment, which disposes each to look upon the other as the only being in the universe worthy of friendship, or capable of understanding it—themselves they consider as the solitary receptacles of all that is delicate in feeling, or stable in attachment:—when the odds are, that under every green hill, and in every crowded street, people of equal worth are to be found, who do more good in their generation, and make less noise in the doing of it.—*Charles Lamb.*

Theological Dispute.—The most curious anecdote of chivalry on record, occurs in the ecclesiastical history of Spain. Alphonsus IX. Anno 1214, having expelled the Moors from Toledo, endeavoured to establish the Roman missal in the place of St. Isidore's. This very alarming innovation was obstinately opposed by the people of Toledo, and the king found that his object would be attended with insuperable difficulties. The contest, at length, between the advocates of the two missals grew so serious, that it was mutually resolved to decide the controversy, not by a theological disputation, but by single combat; and the champion of the Toledan missal proving victorious, the king gave up the point.

W. H. H.

Ancestry.—When the late Mr. Anson, (Lord Anson's brother,) was on his travels in the East, he hired a vessel, to visit the island of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, remarked as they were sailing along with an air of satisfaction—"There 'twas where our fleet lay."—"What fleet?" demanded Mr. Anson.—"What fleet!" replied the astonished veteran; "why, our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy!"

The ancient Egyptian, having subdued his enemies of the Shepherd race, had the figures of them painted on the soles of his sandals, that so he might constantly trample on them. With a far more amiable yet romantic feeling, the lover in ancient Greece had the name of his mistress carved on the soles of his sandals, that wherever he trod he might leave the impression of that name upon the earth.—*Southey.*

Plutarch gives a pretty reason for residing in his native place:—"I live in a little city, and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less.—*Langhorne's Plutarch.*

Hindoo Maxim.—To sit is better than to stand, and to sleep than to wake; but death is the best of all.

Earnestness alone makes life eternity.—*Goethe.*

The World at Large.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base regard;
And all by wrong waies for themselves prepar'd:
Those that were up themselves kept others low;
Those that were low themselves held others backe;
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

Spenser's Faery Queene, b. ii. c. vii. 47.

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXIV.

(*From the Metropolitan, March*, 1835.)

"This, the best and the most ancient of the cheap periodicals, has now reached its twenty-fourth volume, and a very handsome volume it makes. It is a good, companionable book, that cannot be referred to without both amusement and profit. Its merits are known, and we are glad to contribute to them our testimony."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (*near Somerset House.*) *London*; *sold by G. W. BENNIS*, 55, *Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris*; *CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort*; *and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 717.] SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1835. [Price 2*d.*

BRITISH GUIANA:

A WAROW VILLAGE.

In resuming our notices of that portion of the West Indies which is known as British Guiana, it may be useful to refer to a general outline of the country. The name of Guiana was formerly given to the country extending from Orinoco on the north to the Amazon on the south; but, the part called Spanish Guiana now forms a province of Colombia, and Portuguese Guiana now belongs to Brazil. The rest of the country belongs to the British, Dutch, and French. British Guiana contains three small colonies, viz. Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice: these formerly belonged to the Dutch, by whom they were ceded to Great Britain in 1814; the Dutch reserving only for themselves, Surinam, also called Dutch Guiana. French Guiana, also called Cayenne, is noted for producing the pepper to be found at every well-appointed dinner-table.

Our colonies in Guiana produce abundance of sugar, rum, cotton, coffee, cocoa, and tobacco: Berbice coffee is mostly to be seen in the grocers' shop-windows. Of the natural beauties of the countries we have occasionally presented illustrations to our readers, from the *Journal of the Geographical Society*;*

* See a Narrative of an Excursion up the Essequibo River, in vol. xx., Mirror; and another, up the Massaroony, in our volume xxiv., just completed. The novelty of the details of these journeys must recommend them to every reader.

from which valuable source our present materials have been drawn. We now propose to leave the money-getting whites of this district to their profitable pursuits, and present the reader with a rough sketch of one of its aboriginal tribes.

There are five principal nations or tribes of Indians in British Guiana, commonly known by the name of Warow, Arowack, Accaway, Carib, and Macoushi. The Warow country extends from the Pomeroon River to the Oronoque coastwise, and from twenty to thirty miles into the interior. Of this district, Mr. Hilhouse has published in the *Guiana Chronicle*, a very interesting memoir, which has been judiciously reprinted in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*. This paper contains the author's views of the Guiana system of tillage, and his theory of the colour of the rivers, and the formation of its alluvial shores, all important inquiries; though his account of the Warow people has more popular interest, and supplies the substance of these details.

The Engraving shows a Warow village, built in and with eta-trees. They grow in

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clusters as thick as trees can grow: the Warow selects one of these groves, and fells the trees about four feet from the surface; on their surface he lays a floor of the split trunks; the troolies are generally adjacent for the roof, but, if not, the eta leaf serves; lumps of clay are laid upon the floor, on which fires are made, which at night illuminate the tops of the adjacent trees, as if they were actually inhabited; but the habitation is an irregular hut, raised on a platform just above the level of the water, which, in these regions, is three feet above the earth for three-fourths of the year. According to Mr. Waterton, the Indians live in small hamlets, which consist of a few huts, never exceeding twelve in number. They are always in the forest, near a river or some creek. Their principal furniture is the hammock. It serves them both for chair and bed. It is commonly made of cotton; though those of the Warows are formed from the eta-tree. At night they always make a fire close to it. The heat keeps them warm, and the smoke drives away the mosquitoes and sand-flies. You sometimes find a table in the hut; it was not made by the Indians, but by some negro or mulatto carpenter.*

Some of these huts will contain 150 people. Their duration is coeval with the supply of aroo,† or eta starch, or the completion of the formation of a corial or canoe. When an eta tree begins to fructify, it is cut down, a large slice is cut off one side, and the stringy substance of the interior is cut into shreds; the remainder of the trunk serving as a trough, in which it is triturated with water, which disengages a considerable quantity of starch: the fibrous particles are then extracted, and the sediment or aroo is formed into moulds like bricks. This is spread on stones or iron plates over the fire, and makes a very nutritive, but, at the same time, most immasticable, bread; it is, nevertheless, excellent to thicken soup, and is a general specific for diarrhœas and dysentries, which, in these aquatic regions, are the prevailing diseases.

There is no want of fish; so that the Warows have all the necessaries of life, without, in any one instance, cultivating the soil in this region. Those settlements of them at the heads of the creeks, where the land is firm and dry, cultivate the cassada, as the other tribes; but the bisce-trees, of which their canoes and corials are constructed, does not grow, except here and there, on the detached reefs in the eta swamps; and here, therefore, they are obliged to reside for the purpose of forming craft, by the sale of which they supply themselves with axes, knives, fish-hooks, iron pots, small looking-glasses, and the like; such articles of British manufacture having found their way even to the most uncivilized recesses of the forest.

The Warows are dirty in their persons, and, in point of intellect, are much despised by the other coast tribes; but they are, certainly, more industrious, and they can fashion a canoe for fifty people on the most perfect model of speed and sea-worthiness. They furnish the whole colony with small craft, which for cheapness and durability far exceed any European production. Mr. Hilhouse gave 10*l.* sterling for a bisce canoe, forty feet long, six feet broad, and three deep in the centre: she carried with ease twenty-five hands and baggage, and two months *materiel:* she passed four times over the falls of the Massaroony; went twice through the Pomeroon rollers to the Oronoque; was hauled over rocks, sands, and portages, and lasted ten years without a patch. No European craft, at three times the cost, would stand in the Guiana climate one third of this wear. Mr. Hilhouse bought several of these craft in the Iterité, where a depôt of them had been collected; and by selling them at about cent. per cent. in Georgetown, he cleared the expense of his journey.

Mr. Hilhouse's paper has been shown to Dr. Hancock, of Demerara, who allows his account of the Warow country to be very exact and valuable, particularly where he describes the inhabitants, whose close resemblance to the coast tribes of the Maranon, in Brazil, no one, Dr. Hancock believes, has noticed. "They are the same in physiognomy and manners; and their respective languages also resemble each other in sound and form, differing in both from the dialects of all the other tribes. Their idiom is more simple, perhaps, than that of any other human beings; they have a peculiar rattle and clatter in their speech, and their words abound in the letters *n* and *e*, as in *nane, mane, nahe*, &c.—peculiarities in which it is surprising to find a resemblance among tribes geographically so distant, and possessing no written character. These tribes have both also the spread in the foot, or duck's foot, as we used to call it in the Pomeroon, *i. e.* their feet and toes are spread out in the manner most suitable for walking on the muddy shores and marshes which they inhabit."‡

* Wanderings in South America, 4to. 1825.

† Aroo starch; aroo aroo (arrow root)—starch of starch, that root growing the greatest proportion of all known vegetables.

‡ Journal of the Geographical Society, vol. iv. part 2, page 333.

DEATH OF JAMES I.

(*To the Editor.*)

In the *Mirror*, No. 708, an article relating to the death of James I., illustrated with a curious old print, makes mention of an extraordinary precaution, which was taken in order to stifle any syllable that should be uttered

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by the Earl of Somerset, when upon his trial, that might be injurious to the character of the King. I have not the *State Trials* at hand to refer to; but such means would hardly have been permitted in any circumstances by those who tried him, and especially when the delinquency of such a person as the Earl of Somerset was to be investigated: the anxiety, however, of James upon the result of the trial is sufficiently notorious; and if you do not consider the following notices betray too much the dust of antiquity, and the prose of the book-room, for your pages, some of your readers may not be displeased with the narration; as the cause of this anxiety is one of those mysterious secrets, of no importance possibly—but which the searching scrutiny of time has not divulged.

James has been accused of conniving at, or occasioning, the death of his eldest son, Henry, from motives of jealousy at his extraordinary reputation and popularity. Somerset at this time was in high favour, being created Earl of Rochester in 1611, and the Prince died the following year: James, from the coldness and selfishness of his heart, might not manifest any great sorrow at the event; but it does not appear that his father was in any way accessary to his death, or that Henry had been unfairly dealt with by any person; the medical treatment might have been unskilful, but the *post mortem* examination of the body, to be found in the *Desiderata Curiosa*, and signed by all the medical attendants, renders it obvious that natural causes occasioned the death of that most promising young man; so, upon this event, we do not perceive that Carr had any secrets to disclose. Carr was arraigned for having, with that wretched woman his countess, Mrs. Turner, and others, occasioned, by the administration of poison, the death of Sir Thomas Overbury. This gentleman had been the particular friend and confidant of the Lord Rochester, and grieving at the criminal intimacy subsisting between him and the wife of the Earl of Essex, advised him, by all means, to abandon so disreputable a connexion. Carr, who, after her divorce, married the lady, told the advice given him to her; and a resolve to destroy him was immediately determined. By a series of deep treachery, he got Overbury into confinement; for, persuading the King to appoint him to a post, he then, under the mask of friendship, counselled Overbury to refuse it, which he represented to James as a mark of contempt of the throne; and, in consequence, for this alleged misdemeanour, he was committed to the Tower. In a few months afterwards he was poisoned; the means used are not quite certain, but such was the event. Though it was always suspected that Overbury had been murdered, yet the discovery of the perpetrators was concealed for nearly two years: Carr, in that interval, had been created Earl of Somerset. It appears possible that Somerset was not so deeply implicated as his wife: he, to be sure, imprisoned Overbury; but the Countess contrived, and hired the murderers. Now, in all this, James was in no way implicated; he could, therefore, have no uneasiness as to what might be drawn from Somerset in this affair; he was not now the reigning favourite; yet James's excitement, lest something might be said injurious to his reputation, was extraordinary. We are told that the King, who was at Greenwich, was in restless motion all day, sending to every boat he saw landing, and cursing such as came without tidings. But the most indisputable bearing upon this subject of his anxiety, is some letters in the King's own handwriting to Sir G. More, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and yet in existence;* from which it seems that Somerset had, previous to his trial, when under the custody of More, let fall some expressions not exactly accordant with the reputation of James, and fearful that he might say what was not desirable, endeavoured to persuade him not to stand the trial, but confess at once his guilt, and that he, the King, would immediately pardon him. Somerset, questioning the faith of these promises, stoutly refused doing it, and believing the King dared not bring him to trial, positively maintained his innocence. James, in great perplexity at this, sends secretly one Walter James to Sir G. More, with private instructions: James, after flattering More upon his honesty, &c., says, "I must now use your trust and secrecy in a thing greatly concerning my honour and service; you know that Somerset's day of trial is at hand, and you know also what fair means I have used to move him by confessing the truth to honour God and me, and leave some place for my mercy to work upon. I have now, at last, sent the bearer hereof, an honest gentleman, and who once followed him, with such directions unto him as if thaire be a sponke of grace left in him, I hoape thaye shall worke a goode effecte; my only desire is, that you would make his convoy unto him in such secrecy as none living may know it, and that, after speaking unto him in private, he may be returned back again as secretly." This stratagem, however, did not answer; for, in the next letter, James desires More "to use all possible means to move him to do that which is honourable for me and his best;"—"if he will, before trial, confess, I will not only perform what I promised by my last messenger, both towards him and his wife, but I will enlarge it." With great cunning he tells More what advice to give him; "but this must be as only from yourself, let none living know it." Enough of this mean artifice is de-

* Archæologia, vol. xviii.

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tailed, fully sufficient to manifest that James entertained great uneasiness of mind as to what might be drawn from Somerset upon his trial; and from his anxiety to prevent it, by other means than having "two persons with a cloak to muffle him," conjectures have arisen as to the cause of these apprehensions; but little beside conjecture. Suspicion is generally a base expedient; nor are we justified, in such cases, to pry into motives that affect no historical truth, nor influence the public weal. Somerset stood his trial; and when James tells us, that "his cause was so evil lykelie as no jurie coulde quyte him," we may easily suppose he, with his countess, was found guilty for conspiring the murder, and hiring the persons who accomplished it. Upon what plea the countess was saved from punishment, it is difficult to say, except the pledges given by the secret agent upon certain conditions; Mrs. Turner and some other inferior agents were executed. The more atrocious principals were confined for several years in the Tower, and then permitted to retire into the country; a pension of some thousands a year, in the names of other parties, being allowed them. A. A.

British Colonies.

CAPE TOWN.*

The first view of Cape Town from the anchorage is not very inviting. But, no sooner has the stranger landed, than he is pleased with the extreme neatness, cleanliness, and elegance of the place. The town has straight and broad streets, crossing each other at right angles, formed by handsome houses, the roadway being on the most improved plan of Mr. M'Adam. The town extends about a mile and a quarter along the shore of the bay. It contains about 20,000 inhabitants. The houses are generally two stories in height, and are built with flat roofs, in consequence of the violent winds to which the place is subject. The walls are of stone, whitewashed or stuccoed, and many of the houses have terraces, or, as they are termed in the country, stoeps, before them. They are frequently shaded by rows of fir-trees; and these walks in front of the houses are generally the favourite lounge of the family in the evening or during the heat of the day; and, at all times, they afford an agreeable promenade. The oldest houses are Dutch-built: the rooms are large, lofty, and airy, but unprovided with any ceiling, the bare joists being seen with the floor above them. Indeed, this is a peculiarity which is to be found in the most respectable houses of Cape Town. The floors are generally varnished; very few rooms have fire-places, and, from the deficiency of chimneys, the aspect of the place, although an English settlement, is very different from that of an English town; which an Englishman would not believe it to be, until he found himself among its inhabitants.

The houses of Cape Town have not gardens; but the principal and fashionable street is a row of handsome houses, screened by a fine avenue of trees: at one end are the public gardens with their long vista of trees; and at the other end is the bay, with generally a vessel or two at anchor; the effect of the whole being rural, elegant and picturesque.

The churches of Cape Town are few and obscure; Divine service is performed in the principal church, first in the Dutch fashion to a Dutch congregation, and immediately afterwards the Church of England service is read to an English congregation. The number of places of worship is six: one Dutch church, one Lutheran, one Catholic, and three Dissentient; besides two or three Mohammedan mosques. English churches are in course of erection, and there is, besides, a college for education in the various branches of knowledge. Among the other public buildings are the Castle, a pentagonal building, occupied by troops; the Barracks, formerly the storehouse of the Dutch East India Company, a handsome building, with a terrace; the Exchange Room and Public Library, on the Grand Parade; the Governor's House, a comfortable and unostentatious building; the Bank, Post-office, and Courts of Justice are together, in a small range of buildings. But the Observatory takes precedence of all these: it is a large and beautiful structure, erected under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Fallows, at an expense of 30,000*l.* It stands about three miles from Cape Town, on a flat and sandy heath: the central part of the building is allotted to the instruments, and the two wings form the residences of the astronomer and his assistants.*

There are likewise in the town a gaol and a house of correction. The police is good, and the streets are well watched, but neither paved nor lighted. There are fewer lanes and alleys than in most towns; pot-houses and gin-shops are rare, and beggars are very seldom seen in the streets. The shops are opened early, and closed at sunset, a practice which is not only healthy, but conducive to social enjoyment. The trade is principally with England, the Mauritius, and Rio Janeiro: the merchant's "'Change" is before his door, he being his own auctioneer.

The manufactures in the colony of the Cape are few and unimportant: they consist of a white woollen hat, used by the farmers. Some leather is also tanned with the oak-

*. Concluded from page 259.

* The Rev. Mr. Fallows, whose devotion to science has few parallels in its records, died in 1831, from the effect of a *coup de soleil*, while fixing the small transit. At this Observatory, Sir John F. Herschel is now engaged in a series of astronomical observations.

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bark; some sheep-skins are tanned with the bark of the acacia, and made by the country people into jackets and trousers. Soap and candles are likewise made, but of inferior quality. The Hottentots make good mats and baskets; and there are several breweries which produce good beer. The Dutch are admirable wheelwrights, and build excellent wagons: indeed, good carriages of every description are abundant; as the slow ox-wagon, the light horse-wagon, with six or eight horses, four-in-hand vehicles, and a motley collection of country conveyances. Horses and their keep are cheap: zebras are brought from the interior, and generally kept at livery-stables; a young one may be purchased for 20*l.* and is an elegant creature for a light chaise. Children ride on huge goats, saddled and bridled as ponies. Most of the inhabitants keep some vehicle: the Malays are reputed whips, and the genteel coachmen of the Cape. The Hottentots are likewise good drivers, and manage well the light Dutch wagons, drawn by six or eight, and sometimes eighteen or twenty horses. But the large ox-wagon, drawn by twenty-two oxen, yoked in pairs, headed by a Hottentot lad, and under the management of a driver with a whip sixty feet long, is one of the curiosities of the Cape. The wagons are as well made as in England; they have finished seats and cushions, cover, and curtains, and are very comfortable travelling vehicles.

The amusements of Cape Town are annual races; and dancing, in which the slaves and upper classes are equally graceful; music is much cultivated, and some very delightful private concerts are given.

The only place of public amusement is the theatre; the performances being Dutch and English, by amateurs. The entertainments at the Government House are in fitting style, and dispense the rules of fashion and etiquette to the colony.

The people of Cape Town are mostly well dressed. The population is English, Dutch, and Hottentots; having for their domestics Malays and negroes.

Cape Town is well supplied with water by a stream from the Table Mountain; some houses have the water laid on to them, and from the great height of the spring, water is easily conducted into any of the apartments. Other streams run through the town: one of them may be considered the public washing-tub; for here crowds of slaves may be seen beating and sousing linen.

The public library deserves especial notice. It is said to be conducted on the plan of Sir J. Barrow, the clever secretary to the Admiralty. It has a vast collection of books, which are open to the use of the public on very liberal terms. The expenses are defrayed by a shilling for every pipe of wine imported into Cape Town, and the fees of the subscribers. There are two newspapers published in Cape Town, in English and Dutch; viz. the *Government Gazette*, and *South African Advertiser. The South African Journal* is also published every alternate month, and two excellent almanacs yearly.

The wine trade of the colony must not be overlooked. The busy season at Cape Town is in the summer months of November, December, and January, when the roads swarm with teams of oxen bringing in wagon-loads of wine from the country. The trade is carried on by a numerous and respectable body of merchants: the wine is stored in long buildings, containing two rows of immense casks, each of which will contain 1,000 gallons, is nicely varnished, and has a brass faucet and spigot.* Raisins are cured in the colony, which is also celebrated for its dried fruits, as apples, pears, quinces, apricots, and peaches. Wheat is expected to become the staple commodity of export in place of wine, which in consequence of the vile adulteration of merchants, has lost its character. Cape wheat has already obtained in the London market *5s.* per quarter more than any other wheat, and it is said to average 68 lbs. to the bushel.

The English law, with some modifications, is administered in the colony. Whipping and solitary confinement are the principal punishments for minor offences. Death is incurred only by the crime of murder; and the culprit is beheaded.

The scarcity of inns in the colony is compensated by the hospitality of the Dutch farmers, who welcome their guests in proportion as they *make free:* in short, no one can stay too long at the house of a Dutchman, nor can he ever wear out his blunt hospitality. He expects no other acknowledgment of his attention than a pinch of snuff to each of his slaves, who, when they get it, rub it on their teeth.

The labours of pious missionaries among the Hottentots have been very successful; and apart from the religious benefits which they have conferred on the people, their exertions in bettering the general condition of the Hottentots are entitled to high praise.†

At the Cape, the year is summer and winter; the mean temperature of the whole being 67°. In November, the summer commences, and continues to the end of March;

* The wines made at the Cape are Red and White Constantia, Frontignac, Pontac, Hock, Suzet Muscadel, Stein Constantia, and Madeira; of the latter, 90,000 pipes are annually brought into the Town, and sold from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per gallon. It is drunk by the higher classes, and is superior to Cape Madeira in England. Of Constantia, only about 33 pipes are made annually, valued at about 100*l.* per pipe, and drunk as a liqueur.

† Within a few days, in the Morning Herald, letters of recent date, from the Cape, have detailed the satisfactory progress of these pious and philanthropic exertions.

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April is a kind of intermediate and unsettled month. In May, the winter commences, and continues till September; October being a preparatory month for the summer. It is in October that the flowers make their appearance, in promise of the fruits of summer. In this season, the thermometer ranges from 66° to 92° in the shade, the average being 76°; but there are fine refreshing south-east breezes and cool nights. The winter may be compared to the cold and mild summer of England, and is the pleasantest season, the temperature averaging 60°. The mean temperature of the coldest month of the year is 56°, and that of the hottest 79°. The barometer ranges through the year from 29·7 the minimum, to 30·6 the maximum; the mean state being 30·23 inches; the range is higher in the winter than in the summer. The climate is, probably, as healthy as any in the world; and the people are, in general, ruddy and hearty.

We have condensed and in part re-written these details, mainly from Mr. Webster's valuable *Narrative of the Voyage of the Chanticleer;* and are likewise indebted to the second volume of Lieutenant Holman's interesting *Voyage* for the previous Engraving, and occasional facts.

Mr. Webster has drawn this estimate from the various opinions of the Cape as a land of promise to emigrants. "By some it has been represented a paradise, and by others a dreary waste; the truth lies between them. * * * I know of no place where a person in quest of a happy, quiet life, can find it more readily than at the Cape: if a fine climate, with all the necessaries and luxuries of life at a reasonable rate and easy of acquisition, may be considered as contributing to it, a life of quiet, comfortable competence is within the reach of most persons. Although the Cape colony may improve considerably, still I am inclined to believe that, unless some new and unexpected sources are opened, it will never be a great or thriving nation. But, limited as its population is,* and with such vast range of country, it is well able to support its present people, and many thousands more in happiness and comfort, vying in this particular with more splendid and older nations, and even far outstripping them."

* When the Chanticleer was at the Cape, in 1829-30, the population was about 118,000: of white people, 50,000; Hottentots, 32,000; slaves, 32,000; and free blacks, 4,000. Slavery ceased here and in other British dominions with last year.

Fine Arts.

PANORAMA OF JERUSALEM.

About three months since, we noticed a new specimen of Mr. Burford's skill, in a panoramic painting of Père la Chaise: this was a Christmas offering to the sight-lovers; and now they have Jerusalem by way of Easterling. The subject is most appropriate to the season: it must prove attractive to the shoals of sight-lovers and exhibition-hunters that crowd the metropolis at this period. To the thousands also who are drawn thither for nobler purposes than mere curiosity — we mean the religious improvement of their fellow-creatures—the painting we are about to notice must be intensely interesting. The gay and the grave have, therefore, inducements to witness its pictorial beauty, and may alike be improved by meditation upon the events which have sanctified so many portions of "the City beloved by God"—"the fair and favoured City"—"the Holy City."

As two of our early volumes contain Engravings and descriptive outlines of Jerusalem,* we may presume the reader to be acquainted with the principal features of the city. The drawings for the present Panorama were taken from the Terrace of the Aga, or Governor, formerly the Palace of Pontius Pilate; and the view, both from the situation and height of the house, embraces nearly the whole of the important stations mentioned in Scripture, and a vast assemblage of monasteries, mosques, domes, minarets, which, being mostly of white stone, sparkle beneath a glorious eastern sun with inconceivable splendour. Immediately in front of the spectator, towards the south, *stands out* the beautiful Mosque of Omar, occupying the site of the Temple of Solomon; it resembles, from its curious style and gay colours, an immense piece of mosaic work, and is backed by the summits of unfruitful hills, a portion of the Dead Sea appearing in the distance, inclosed by majestic mountains. Beneath, towards the west, commences the Via Dolorosa, which may be traced in its ascent through the thickest part of the City, towards the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary, whose vast dome rises above the surrounding buildings: on this side also are seen the Castle and Tomb of David, and the Armenian Convent, on "God's Holy Hill of Zion." Northward, beyond a considerable portion of the city, formerly "the Daughter of Zion," is seen the hill Scopo, (where Titus, at the memorable siege, fixed his head quarters,) and other sterile hills, bearing only a few olive-trees. Eastward is the most interesting portion—a long line of the city walls, beneath which lies the Valley of Jehosaphat; the Mount of Olives rising majestically in front, presenting the Mount of Ascension and village of Olivet, the Mount of Offence, Garden of Gethsemane, and other holy stations, relieved by cultivated patches, and sprinkled with olive-trees; and thus closing the view.

* See Mirror, vol. ii. p. 17—and Mirror, vol. vi. p. 417.

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Jerusalem is yet a considerable place, though rather from its central situation between Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, than its present splendour. Recollections of its ancient magnificence invest its ruins with an interest far superior to that awakened by the most superb and perfect city of our times. Indeed, this interest is untiring, exhaustless, and immortal; though the general aspect of the city and its vicinity be blighted and barren, the sycamore and cedar be no more, the vineyards be gone, and the vine cut off; and the Holy Temple be destroyed:

"The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more;
Her tale of splendour now is done;
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er—her grandeur and her guilt.
Oh, fair and favour'd City! where of old
The balmy airs were rich with melody,
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky,
In vestments flaming with the orient gold;
Her gold is dim and mute her music's voice,
The Heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice!
How stately then was every palm-deck'd street,
Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet!
How proud the Elders in the lofty gate!
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
With white-rob'd Levites and high-mitred Priests!—
How gorgeous all her Temple's sacred state!
Her streets are raz'd, her maidens sold for slaves;
Her gates thrown down, her Elders in their graves;
Her feasts are holden 'mid the Gentiles' scorn,
By stealth her Priesthood's holy garments worn."
Milman.

Yet there is nothing in antiquity more impressive than the scene of desolation which Jerusalem now presents: for its historical interest is not lost in its antiquity, as in the case of the Pyramids and Palmyra. At Jerusalem, hundreds of sites are identified with some sacred event recorded in the Book of Life, in which also are pictured their minutest features. Above all, "here the spectator views the spot, where, in the early days of the world, the dread voice of the Almighty had sounded, and where he made His glory visible; here is the scene of much that is venerable in Holy Writ, the cradle of our religion, and the theatre of most of its grand and important miracles; here he may trace almost every striking event in the pathetic history of the blessed Redeemer, to the spot where he shed his blood for the sins of man, and where he took his final, affecting leave of his weeping disciples, and ascended once more to heaven." Again, no city in the world has been so often the scene of war: seventeen times has it been sacked; it has been the field of the most brilliant exploits of the Jewish, Roman, and Saracenic arms, and of the romantic bravery of the Crusades.

It would occupy more space than we can spare to enumerate the sieges and attacks, or the captors. The Christians finally retired in 1291, and the Turks have since retained possession. "But this ill-fated City, though its punishment has been so protracted and severe, appears not yet to have atoned for its unexampled guilt. A few years back, the plague made fearful ravages amongst the inhabitants, since which it has suffered severely from the army of the Pacha of Egypt; and in July last, an earthquake damaged many of the principal buildings."

The form of the present city is an irregular, oblong square, about three miles in circumference. It is surrounded with embattled walls, and has six gates, three of which are seen in the Panorama; the others being Bethlehem on the west, Zion on the south, and Herod's on the north, are obstructed by buildings. There are no public squares; the streets are mostly straight, but steep, narrow, and unpaved; and the convents, which are the principal public buildings, resemble fortresses. The houses are heavy, square masses, two or three stories high, generally of stone; below they have only one small door, and above not more than two or three small, latticed windows, (the principal looking into a small, inner court;) the roofs are flat, and form pleasant terraces; some houses have small domes. There are three rows of arched bazaars in decay; and near them is a street, about half a mile long, with piles of ruins on each side, in heaps twenty or thirty feet high, having the appearance of the remains of some great fire, of which no tradition exists.

We need scarcely add that with the clever *Description* in hand, the visiter may pass an hour or two in picking out the interesting Scriptural localities of this Panorama—as the spot whereon the Prayer was taught by our Saviour—where Christ wept over the City—the Garden of Gethsemane—Potters' Field—the Holy Sepulchre—Pool of Bethesda—the spot where the Angels appeared—and upwards of fifty other consecrated sites. The Mosque of Omar, as we have already said, is one of the main points, and is the most picturesque portion of the Panorama: its beautiful Saracenic architecture, said to be the finest extant, with its surrounding lawn, gates, and fountains, is a pleasing, if not refreshing, relief to the roofless walls of the city.

The Minaret on the site of Pilate's House is one of the most effective objects in the picture; its architectural details being worked out very cleverly.

The drawings for this Panorama were taken last year by Mr. F. Catherwood, architect; the painter being Mr. Robert Burford; and both parties have executed their portion with great skill. The tone of the colouring is pleasing throughout; and to the merit of high finish must be added that of rare fidelity, as travelled visiters daily attest.*

* We are much pleased with the following note of commendation in the *Quarterly Review*, just published:—"We take this opportunity of saying that

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Spirit of Discovery.

INVENTION OF THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

THE invention of this precious instrument has hitherto been awarded to Flavio Gioia, a Neapolitan, in 1302 or 1303. But this statement has rested on no satisfactory evidence; and when it was discovered that the Chinese and Arabian authors had spoken of the magnet's polarity before the fourteenth century, it began to be suspected that the Neapolitan was merely the introducer of the compass into Europe. To settle the question, in January, 1834, Baron Humboldt wrote to M. Klaproth to ascertain the epochs, —1st. When the Chinese discovered the polarity of the magnet; and 2nd. When they began to apply it to the purposes of navigation. M. Klaproth has replied in a work, published in Paris towards the close of the year, in which the most remarkable proof of the Chinese claims to this invention, is in the history of the magnetic chariots, whose origin is lost in the obscurity of the mythological ages. The accompanying representation of one of these chariots, is taken from the 33rd volume of the *Japanese Encyclopædia*.

(Magnetic Chariot.)

The figure in front of the chariot was made of some light material; it was fixed upon a pivot, and its finger invariably pointed to the south, which, as we have already said, was the *kibleh*, or sacred point of the Chinese, to which they always turned when performing their devotions. It is intimated rather obscurely, that these magnetic chariots were first invented for a religious purpose, namely, to enable the devout to discover their *kibleh* when the sun and stars were obscured by clouds — a purpose to which the compass is frequently applied in the present day by Mohammedan nations; but there are very full descriptions of the use made of these chariots in directing the march of armies, and guiding ambassadors. M. Klaproth has collected, from Chinese authorities, many curious anecdotes of the use made of these chariots; under the Tsin dynasty, they formed a part of every royal procession. In the *Tsin-tchi*, or history of that dynasty, we find — "The wooden figure placed on the magnetic car resembled a genius wearing a dress made of feathers; whatever was the position of the car, the hand of the genius always pointed to the south. When the emperor went in state, one of these cars headed the procession, and served to indicate the cardinal points."

In the history of the second Tchao dynasty, which lasted from A. D. 319 to A. D. 351, we read, — "The Chang-Fang, (president of the board of works,) ordered Kiai Fei, who was distinguished by his great skill in constructing every kind of instrument, to build a number of magnetic chariots, which were sent as presents to the principal grandees of the empire." There are several accounts of the manner in which the magnetic figures were constructed: as our readers have probably anticipated, a magnetized bar passed through the arm of the figure, and the only variety of ingenuity displayed by the architects was in balancing the figure upon its pivot.

The antiquity of these magnetic chariots is established incontrovertibly; the step from them to the compass is so very easy, that we may safely assert that the one must have led immediately to the other.*

LIGHTHOUSES.

ON Saturday the 18th ult. the chairman and members of the Committee of the House of Commons on Lighthouses, inspected at the Trinity House, the results of the experiments made by Mr. Gurney at their request, since last session, for producing artificial light for beacons. It appeared that Mr. Gurney had not only removed the difficulties hitherto connected with the oxy-hydrogen lime-lights discovered by him in 1816, and reported by the Lighthouse Committee in 1823; but he has discovered another light of considerable beauty, simplicity, and intensity, of 140 times greater

the Panorama of Jerusalem, now open in Leicester-fields, will richly reward the trouble of a visit. We do not say this without having ourselves inspected it, in company with a traveller recently arrived from the Holy Land."

* From a clever notice of M. Klaproth's work, in the *Athenæum*, No. 369.

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(Thornton Abbey.)

power than the present standard lights; this, in compliment to the discoverer, has been termed the Bude-light, from his place of residence. The more intense light, however, it appeared, was obtained from egg-shells; for, this was found on measurement, to be 293 times greater than the argand burner now employed. The radiated light from it was made to light a candle and ignite paper, at the distance of forty-five feet. Mr. Gurney stated his belief, that it would be possible to make this light, by certain management, point out the precise situation of a coast-beacon to a ship three or four miles at sea, under circumstances of a fog so dense, that no other light, not even that of the sun, could penetrate it to any distance. — *Morning Chronicle.* [This paragraph will, doubtless, be read with interest in connexion with a few details of the illumination of lighthouses, appended to the description of the Corduan Lighthouse, at pp. 17, 18, and 19 of the present volume.]

Antiquariana.

THORNTON ABBEY.

THAT peninsula in Yorkshire denominated Holderness, was given by William the Conqueror to Drugo de Buerer, a Fleming, on whom also he bestowed his niece in marriage; but this inhuman lord, having poisoned his consort, fled from his possessions, and was succeeded in his estates and titles by Stephen Fitzodo, lord of Albemarle, in Normandy. On the death of Stephen, his son William, surnamed the Gross, obtained possession of his estates, established or enriched several religious houses, and among the rest, founded Thornton monastery, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1139, as a priory of black canons, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin: he died in 1180, and is supposed to have been buried here. The site of the monastery adjoins the parish of Thornton-Curtis, distant about five miles from Barton-on-Humber.

The establishment was at first governed by one Richard, a prior, who, together with the monks, were introduced from the monastery at Kirkham. As a priory it continued but a short period; for having been endowed with many liberal grants from its founders and other benefactors, it soon began to assume some degree of consequence, and Richard was advanced to the dignity of Abbot by Pope Eugenius III. in 1148.

The possessions of this Abbey were confirmed by Richard I.; and Pope Celestine III. granted its inhabitants exemption from the payment of certain tithes of cattle. The advowson of the Abbey, together with all the lands and possessions of the Earl of Albemarle, escheated to Edward I.; and Edward III. granted that the Abbot should hold the advowson immediately from the Crown.

In 1541, Henry VIII. on his return from a journey into the North, with his queen and retinue, crossed the Humber, from Hull to Barrow, and honoured the Abbey of Thornton with a ceremonious visit; when the whole monastery came out in solemn procession to meet the royal guests, and sumptuously entertained them for several days. This might probably be a skilful manœuvre of the Abbot to evade that impending storm, which threatened destruction to his own as well as every other monastic institution in the kingdom; nor did it entirely lose its effect: Henry remembered the flattering

attention here paid him; for, though at the Dissolution, Thornton was suppressed with the rest, the greater part of its revenues were preserved for the endowment of a college, which was established at this place for a dean and prebendaries, to the honour of the Holy and undivided Trinity. This college, however, was suppressed by Edward VI. in 1547, but some of its members were allowed pensions. At the Dissolution, Thornton was valued, according to Dugdale, at 594*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*; and 730*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.* by Speed.

From the present remains, Thornton Abbey must have been a magnificent structure. It originally consisted of an extensive quadrangle, surrounded by a deep ditch, and an exceedingly high rampart; thus being defended against piratical attacks, to which its contiguity to the Humber and German Ocean, perhaps, often exposed it.

The gate-house, which formed the western, and probably the only, entrance, is probably entire, truly majestic, and admirably calculated for defensive operations. The entrance-road crossing the ditch is flanked by cemented brick walls, with fourteen loop-holed recesses on each side; these support broad, embattled parapets, now covered with vegetation, and terminate with two strong, round towers, once covered with frowning battlements, but now softened into beauty by creeping evergreens. Between these two towers was originally a drawbridge, which formed the first security.

The grand entrance-arch has over it a parapet about four feet broad; a small doorway opening upon this path, which leads to a little cell, probably the watchman's lodge. In the entrance are the grooves of the decayed portcullis, and fragments of two ponderous doors.

The western face of this entrance has six embattled turrets rising to the summit; the two immediately connected with the entrance-arch are octangular until they reach the parapet, when they take an hexagonal form, and have archways for communication; above these arches they again assume their octagonal shape, and so continue to the top. The next two form the boundaries of the parapet; these are also octagonal, but those at the ends of the building are circular. Over the gateway between the two middle turrets, are three long niches, in the lower part of each of which stands a statue under an enriched canopy: the centre one appears to have a regal crown above his head; the figure on his right is partly in armour; that on his left is mitred, with a pastoral staff. Above these, and under other florid canopies, have been three smaller figures; two still remain, and seem in the attitude of prayer. Between these turrets and the adjoining are two other niches and canopies, which, doubtless, once also contained statues. Above the gateway is the refectory, rich in its architectural details.

The building is chiefly of brick, with the ornamental parts and embattled tops of stone.

Eastward of the entrance is the ruin of the church, consisting of an elegant clustered column and a pointed recess relieved with tracery; and adjoining the south part of the church are the ruins of the octagonal chapter-house.

Southward of these ruins stood the abbot's lodgings, once the residence of Edward Skinner, Esq., who married Ann, daughter of Sir William Wentworth, brother to the unfortunate Earl of Strafford.

Thornton was part of the estate of Henry Percy, fourth Lord Alnwick, and first Earl of Northumberland, who was slain on Bramham-moor, near Haleswood, February 29, 1407-8, after a sharp fight with the forces of Henry IV.: his head, white with age, was cut off and sent to London, with that of Lord Bardolf; it was there set upon the Bridge, upon a pole; his body being divided into four parts, one of which was placed upon a gate at London, another at Lincoln, a third at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the fourth at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but in May following they were taken down and interred.

Thornton was afterwards possessed by Henry, the second earl, son of Hotspur, who, in the civil wars of York and Lancaster, distinguished himself by espousing the latter interest.

At length, the property came into the possession of the Skinner family, from whom it was purchased by Sir R. Sutton, bart., in whose family it continued several years; during which was cut down an avenue of venerable trees, which extended from the gateway nearly to the remains of the church. The next proprietor of Thornton, G. Uppleby, Esq., evinced greater respect for the place, by reserving among its ruins a private room or two for occasional retreat, and otherwise taking great pleasure in the remains of this venerable pile.

Our acknowledgments are due to the *Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet*, for the annexed Engraving and the accompanying details, which have been considerably abridged. To this work, the description and engraving were contributed by Mr. T. Espin, of Louth.

New Books.

THE HINDOOS.—VOL. II.

[We noticed the first volume of this work in terms of high commendation; and happy are we to extend this praise to its completion. It is really brimful of *entertaining knowledge*, and worthy of place in the *Library* to which it belongs. In the present volume, the subject is resumed with remarkable cus-

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toms — fanatics and sacred orders, serpent charmers, jugglers, dancing girls, &c. From this chapter we quote a few particulars of the]

Bayaderes, or Dancing Girls.

The celebrated Bayaderes, or dancing-girls, were beheld with astonishment by the earlier traveller, but have been since disparaged and neglected. As objects of curiosity, however, they are not destitute of interest. Like the same caste of females in ancient Greece, where their performances were employed to enliven banquets and festivities at private houses, the Bayaderes, when not devoted from their birth to this profession, are commonly selected for their great personal beauty, their sparkling vivacity of temper, the elegant contour of their limbs, the lightness of their form, and the ease and gracefulness of their movements.

The dancing-girls who perform at private entertainments adapt their movements to the taste and character of those before whom they exhibit. Here, as in public, they are accompanied by musicians playing on instruments resembling the violin and guitar. Their dances require great attention, from the dancer's feet being hung with small bells, which act in concert with the music. Two girls usually perform at the same time; their steps are not so mazy or active as ours, but much more interesting; as the song, the music, and the motions of the dance combine to express love, hope, jealousy, despair, and the passions so well known to lovers, and very easy to be understood by those who are ignorant of other languages. The Indians are extremely fond of this entertainment, and lavish large sums on their favourites. An eastern traveller, describing the mode in which a Mohammedan of rank spends his evenings within the recesses of his harem, conveys an exact idea of what passes in the zenana of a Hindoo. Here, says he, secluded from the world, the voluptuous Musulman, laying aside the grandeurs of the day, with the irritation of mind which accompanies ambition, abandons himself to soft repose; and, in the stillness of a starry night, acquires that serenity of mind which lulls the soul into pleasing complacency; forming a delightful contrast to the stormy passions of an agitated day. Negligently stretched upon his couch, he listens to the melodious song, and contemplates the graceful forms of the surrounding dancers, amid the odoriferous smoke of incense.

While describing the scene where the luxurious Bayaderes most frequently display their charms, it may not be improper to bestow a hasty word on certain other accessaries. During the banquet the attendants frequently bring in fruits, pistachio-nuts, and salted almonds, to improve the flavour of the coffee and sherbets, made from the juice of falsee, limes, and different fruits, presented in profusion and variety. Others stand near with punkahs and chowries, with which they keep up a perpetual vibration in the air, and drive away insects. The punkahs are a kind of fans; and the chowries a sort of long pendent brush, composed of different materials; sometimes of peacock's feathers, or the beautiful plumage of the bird of paradise. Others are formed of kusa-grass, or the leaves of the palmyra tree. But by far the most elegant are those formed from the tail of the cow of Tartary. The beauty of the chowry, or châmara, depends upon the whiteness, silkiness, and length of the hair, which, remaining on the stump of the tail, is set in a handle of gold, silver, or enamel, sometimes roughly incrusted with jewels. The saloon is covered with rich carpets, cushions, and pillows, of various kinds, illuminated at night from cut-glass chandeliers, and ornamented with Persian, or other paintings, representing the youthful beauties of the East, amid a profusion of fruit, flowers, ices, and perfumes. This apartment, usually supported by pillars, opens on every side into a garden, in which, amid roses, jasmines, tulips, pomegranates, and other beautiful plants, numerous diminutive fountains play with delightful effect. The size of these gardens does not admit much variety in the walks and shrubberies; choice trees and shrubs border a narrow canal between the pavilions, adorned with a number of small fountains; the centre of the canal expands round an octagonal marble temple of a singular construction; each perforated column contains a leaden pipe, which conveys water to the roof of the temple, where, from eight fountains round the dome, it falls over the projecting architrave on screens of sweet-scented kusa-grass, and gently trickling through the matted verdure renders the internal atmosphere delightful. Imagination can hardly conceive a more luxurious enjoyment in the torrid zone than to repose in a temple of fountains, lulled by the notes of nightingales in the surrounding groves.

Such are the scenes where the performances of the Bayaderes* are enjoyed both by Musulman and Hindoo. Their songs are often melodious, and glowing with the rich imagery of the East. Few specimens, however, of these compositions have reached Europe, and in such as we have seen, the introduction of Moslem names betrays the influence of a foreign nation. Still, as examples of what thrills to the heart of an Asiatic in the midst of his luxuriant tropical groves and gardens, the compositions which follow cannot fail to be interesting. "When, oh my beloved! wilt thou return? Delight of my heart and treasure of my soul, oh! when wilt thou appear to bless thy Roxana? In

* The word Bayadere is a corruption of the Portuguese *Bailadeira*, "a female dancer."

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vain do I await thy approach; thou camest not to thy love; mine eyelids are weary in watching for thy footsteps. The couch of my beloved is decked with garlands of mogrees, overshadowed by a canopy of jasmine. I have strewed it with the sweet dust of *Kewrah*, and perfumed it with attar of roses: I am scented with the oils of Lahore, and tinged with the blossoms of Hinna; hasten then, my beloved, to thine handmaid, gladden her heart by thy presence." There is in the second more depth of passion, earnestness, energy. The heart, wrung by intense regret, seems to pour forth a torrent of impassioned endearment, over which a thousand brilliant recollections sparkle like flakes of foam upon a mountain stream. "Abdallah! lamp of my life and possessor of my heart; my first, my only love! In vain do I call upon thee, thou art afar off; thou hearest not the voice of thy Selima, once the most favoured of thy slaves. Abdallah, my king! my love! thou hast decked me with diamonds of Golconda, and covered me with pearls of Ormuz: but what are diamonds and pearls to her that is forsaken? The jewel most prized by thy Selima is no longer her own; give me thy heart, my beloved, restore it to its first possessor. The shawls of Cashmere and the silks of Iran, presented by my lord, have no longer any charms for thy Selima; thy palace, thy baths, thy gardens delight me no more; take them again; what are they all, compared with the heart of my Abdallah? Oh, give me thy heart, my beloved! restore it to its first possessor. The gardens and groves, once the fond retreat of thy Selima, afford me no pleasure; the mango and pomegranate tempt me in vain! The fragrance of champaks and odour of spices I no longer enjoy; my damsels delight me no more, and music ceases to charm. Return, oh my lord, to thine handmaid, restore her thy heart, and every pleasure will accompany it! Oh, give thy heart to thy Selima! restore it to its first possessor."*

Respecting the dress and appearance of the dancing-girls, there is a remarkable discrepancy between the descriptions of different travellers, arising, no doubt, from accidental variations in their form and costume. Bishop Heber, speaking of the girls of northern India, observes, that "their dresses were rich; but that there was such an enormous quantity of scarlet cloth petticoats and trousers, so many shawls wrapped round their waists, and such multifarious skirts peeping out below each other, that their figures were quite hidden, and the whole effect was that of a number of Dutch dolls, though the faces of two or three out of the number were pretty."† On the other hand, the Abbé Dubois, describing the Bayaderes of the south, says, "perfumes, elegant and attractive attire, particularly of the head, sweet-scented flowers intertwined with exquisite art about their beautiful air, multitudes of ornamental trinkets, adapted with infinite taste to the different parts of the body, a graceful carriage and measured step, indicating luxurious delight; such are the allurements and the charms which these enchanting sirens display to accomplish their seductive designs." And Mr. Cruso, who witnessed their performances at Khânpoor, speaks of a set of young dancing-girls from Cashmere, of such surpassing beauty, grace, and elegant accomplishments, that he despaired of being able to convey by words any tolerable idea of them.

[The succeeding chapter describes Wild Tribes of India; and among its details, not the least interesting are those relating to]

Gipsies,

In whom you may contemplate, under an English hedge, the complexion, the physiognomy, and all the distinctive characteristics of the wild aboriginal inhabitants of India. We cannot, in this place, exhibit that chain of evidence by which the Hindoo origin of the Gipsies has been established almost beyond a doubt by the learned Grellmann;‡ It appeared perfectly satisfactory to Sir William Jones, who, in the Gipsy vocabulary published by the German writer, discovered a great number of pure Sanscrit words.§ The Gipsies who have remained in India are at present known under the Persian name of *Bazighurs*, "players, or actors," and are divided into seven castes, whose uncouth denominations it is unnecessary to repeat, as they all resemble each other, intermarry, and profess to be descended from the same family. They have now become nominal converts to Islamism, but are said to regard as their tutelar divinity the celebrated musician Tansine, who flourished in the time of Acbar. Their notions of morals and religion they principally derive from the songs of Kubeer, a poet, by trade a weaver, who was contemporary with Shêr Shah, the Cromwell of Indian history. Kubeer was a *Sufi* of the

* Oriental Memoirs, vol. i. p. 81, 203, 254; vol. iii. p. 81, 176, 463. Buchanan, Journey through the Mysore, vol. i. p. 12, 307; vol. ii. p. 72, 266, 285; vol. iii. p. 65, 95, 174.

† Narrative of a Journey, &c. vol. ii. p. 320.

‡ Bishop Heber too, with his usual ingenuity, has summed up the evidence in favour of this hypothesis, though he seems inclined to derive the race from Persia rather than India. As he has omitted to state his reasons, we cannot conceive upon what grounds this opinion is founded, though no doubt they were neither slight nor few. Their identity with the wandering tribes of Louristan, Kurdistan, &c., even were it fully proved, would not go very far in support of the supposition, as these also may have derived their origin from India. Narrative, &c. vol. i. p. 130-9. See also Col. Harriot's observations on the Oriental Origin of the Gipsies, in the Transact. of the Roy. Asiat. Soc. vol. ii. p 518—558.

§ On the Borderers, Mountaineers, and Islanders of Asia; Works, vol. iii. p. 170-1.

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most exalted sentiments and of benevolence unbounded. His poems, which are still universally esteemed, inculcate the purest morality, good-will, and hospitality towards all men; and breathe so fine a spirit of toleration that both Hindoos and Musulmans contend for the honour of his having been born of their nation. The Bazighurs have, therefore, it must be acknowledged, an excellent moral instructor; and if they are not more rigid cultivators of honesty than their brethren of Europe, the fault must rest with themselves. Be this as it may, the stanzas of the bard are for ever in their mouths. To any question respecting their opinions they commonly reply in his verses; as when interrogated concerning their ideas of the state of the soul after death, a poetical Gipsy made answer:—

"Nor soul nor love divine can die;
Although our frame must perish here,
Still longing hope points to the sky:
Thus sings the poet *Dâs Kubeer*."

They believe their souls to be particles of the universal spirit, in which it is after death absorbed. In this life, feasting and drinking constitute their supreme good; and every kind of crime may be expiated by plentiful libations, except, perhaps, the indiscreet disclosure of their opinions to strangers, which is characteristically punished by rubbing the offender's nose against the ground. They call in the aid of a Brahminical astrologer, to fix on a lucky name for their children, notwithstanding that they profess Mohammedanism; and permit the urchins to remain at the breast until five or six years of age. This practice, together with the violent exercises which they are taught in their youth, probably tends to curtail the lives of their women, who, generally handsome and engaging, pass the morning of their lives as tumblers or dancing-girls. They have no fixed dwellings; but wherever they encamp, erect temporary huts with light mats of sedge or rushes. They go about in companies, like our strolling players, hiring their services for a stated period, generally a year, to a *sirdar*, or manager.

"In the upper provinces of Hindoostan, the little encampments of these people are frequently very regular and neat, being there formed by the *sirki* (rushes) entirely. Each apartment, though not much larger than a mastiff's kennel, has its own particular inclosure or courtyard, generally erected in such a manner as to become a species of circumvallation to the whole portable hamlet, which, at first sight, reminds a traveller of Lilliput or Fairy Land. The appearance of the people alone can undo the deception, and when even one cannot help wondering where so many men, women, children, and other domestic animals, manage to sleep or shelter themselves from the storms which sometimes assail these itinerant people." The men, who are remarkably athletic, practise not only juggling in all its branches, but perform feats requiring the most consummate agility and prodigious strength. Many of them obtain a livelihood by leading about dancing-bears or monkeys. Others, impatient of the arts of petty roguery, become *Dacoits*;* and as such, says their historian, are no doubt often hanged. They inter their dead, he observes, and the only ceremony seems to be to forget their sorrows, by getting completely drunk immediately afterwards. Little more formality accompanies their marriage.

In their habits, the Gipsies are far more uncleanly than the ordinary Hindoos, and devour all kinds of food, even the dead bodies of jackals, bullocks, and horses. They sometimes, in addition to their profession of jugglers, employ themselves in collecting medicinal herbs, and in catching *mungooses*, squirrels, and the bird called *daho*, which they use as food or medicine. The women practise physic, cupping, palmistry, and *tattooing*, to which the Hindoo women are still addicted; and usually sally forth in the morning from their encampment, with a quantity of herbs, dried birds, &c., to exhibit their skill among the women of the neighbouring villages. Should they not return before the jackal's cry† is heard in the evening, their fidelity is suspected, and they are punished by their husbands. The following song, in which a juggler describes his feats, will apply equally well to the performances of the Gipsy, whether in the east or in the west:—

"I from lovers tokens bear:
I can flowery chaplets weave,
Amorous belts can well prepare,
And with courteous speech deceive:
Joint-stool feats to show I'm able:
I can make the beetle run
All alive upon the table,
When I show delightful fun.
At my sleight-of-hand you'll laugh;
At my magic you will stare.
I can play at quarter-staff;
I can knives suspend in air;
I enchantment strange devise,
And with cord and sling surprise."‡

[The next chapter relates to the Fine and Useful Arts, and Commerce: Amusements are the subjects of the succeeding chapter;

* *Daka* means robbery, and in the active form becomes *dakyt*, notorious for their depredations as pirates in the Sunderbund branches of the Ganges, by the name of *Decoits*. If we may credit very respectable testimonies of the fact, these Dukyts are frequently guilty of sacrificing human victims to Kali, under circumstances of horror and atrocity scarcely credible. Asiatic Researches, vol. vii. p. 465.

† Bishop Heber, in describing the cry of the jackal observes, "The noise was quite equal to that of an immense pack of hounds, with half the rabble of a county at their heels, except that the cry was wilder and more dismal." Vol. i. p. 287.

‡ Captain David Richardson, Asiatic Researches, vol. vii. p. 451—479; with the curious and learned notes furnished by another writer.

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next are Wars, with details of many stirring scenes of carnage.

The remaining chapters include Hindoo Government,—Funerals,—Literature,—and an outline of the history of Hindoostan. Throughout the work are abundant proofs of the industry and judgment of the editor, in availing himself of sterling authorities, with candid acknowledgment of their valuable aid. The present volume contains twelve illustrations, in style similar to those in its predecessor.]

Retrospective Gleanings.

LIFE AND WORKS OF COWPER.

(*Concluded from page* 246.)

The Ancients and Moderns.

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the gothic porch, smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens, and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible that a people who resembled us so little in their taste should resemble us in any thing else. But in every thing else I suppose they were our counterparts exactly, and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of the man at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims are just what they ever were. They wear, perhaps, a handsomer disguise than they did in the days of yore, for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but in every other respect a modern is only an ancient in a different dress.

Wholesome Truth.

People imagine they should be happy in circumstances which they would find insupportably burthensome in less than a week. A man that has been clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, envies the peasant under a thatched hovel; who, in return, envies him as much his palace and his pleasure-ground. Could they change situations, the fine gentleman would find his ceilings were too low, and that his casements admitted too much wind; that he had no cellar for his wine, and no wine to put in his cellar. These, with a thousand other mortifying deficiencies, would shatter his romantic project into innumerable fragments in a moment. The clown, at the same time, would find the accession of so much unwieldy treasure an incumbrance quite incompatible with an hour's ease. His choice would be puzzled by variety. He would drink to excess, because he would foresee no end of his abundance; and he would eat himself sick for the same reason. He would have no idea of any other happiness than sensual gratification; would make himself a beast, and die of his good fortune.

A Ghost Story.

Do you feel yourself disposed to give credit to the story of an apparition? No, say you. I am of your mind. I do not believe more than one in a hundred of those tales with which old women frighten children, and teach children to frighten each other. But you are not such a philosopher, I suppose, as to have persuaded yourself that an apparition is an impossible thing. You can attend to a story of that sort, if well authenticated? Yes. Then I can tell you one.

You have heard, no doubt, of the romantic friendship that subsisted once between Paul Whitehead, and Lord le Despenser, the late Sir Francis Dashwood.—When Paul died, he left his lordship a legacy. It was his heart, which was taken out of his body, and sent as directed. His friend, having built a church, and at that time just finished it, used it as a mausoleum upon this occasion; and, having (as I think the newspapers told us at the time) erected an elegant pillar in the centre of it, on the summit of this pillar, inclosed in a golden urn, he placed the heart in question; but not as a lady places a china figure upon her mantel-tree, or on the top of her cabinet, but with much respectful ceremony and all the forms of funeral solemnity. He hired the best singers and the best performers. He composed an anthem for the purpose; he invited all the nobility and gentry in the country to assist at the celebration of these obsequies, and, having formed them all into an august procession, marched to the place appointed at their head, and consigned the posthumous treasure, with his own hands, to its state of honourable elevation. Having thus, as he thought, and as he might well think, (* * * *) appeased the manes of the deceased, he rested satisfied with what he had done, and supposed his friend would rest. But not so,—about a week since I received a letter from a person who cannot have been misinformed, telling me that Paul has appeared frequently of late, and that there are few, if any, of his lordship's numerous household, who have not seen him, sometimes in the park, sometimes in the garden, as well as in the house, by day and by night, indifferently. I make no reflection upon this incident, having other things to write about and but little room.

(*To the Rev. W. Unwin.*)

You tell me that John Gilpin made you laugh tears, and that the ladies at court are

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delighted with my poems. Much good may they do them! May they become as wise as the writer wishes them, and they will be much happier than he! I know there is in the book that wisdom which cometh from above, because it was from above that I received it. May they receive it too! For, whether they drink it out of the cistern, or whether it falls upon them immediately from the clouds, as it did on me, it is all one. It is the water of life, which whosoever drinketh shall thirst no more. As to the famous horseman abovementioned, he and his feats are an inexhaustible source of merriment. At least we find him so, and seldom meet without refreshing ourselves with the recollection of them. You are perfectly at liberty to deal with them as you please. *Auctore tantùm anonymo imprimantur;* and when printed send me a copy.

* * * * *

I little thought when I was writing the history of John Gilpin, that he would appear in print—I intended to laugh, and to make two or three others laugh, of whom you were one. But now all the world laugh, at least if they have the same relish for a tale ridiculous in itself, and quaintly told, as we have. Well, they do not always laugh so innocently and at so small an expense, for, in a world like this, abounding with subjects for satire, and with satirical wits to mark them, a laugh that hurts nobody has at least the grace of novelty to recommend it. Swift's darling motto was *Vive la bagatelle*, a good wish for a philosopher of his complexion, the greater part of whose wisdom, whencesoever it came, most certainly came not from above. *La bagatelle* has no enemy in me, though it has neither so warm a friend nor so able a one as it had in him. If I trifle, and merely trifle, it is because I am reduced to it by necessity—a melancholy that nothing else so effectually disperses engages me sometimes in the arduous task of being merry by force. And, strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all.

On Ballads.

The ballad is a species of poetry, I believe peculiar to this country, equally adapted to the drollest and the most tragical subjects. Simplicity and ease are its proper characteristics. Our forefathers excelled in it; but we moderns have lost the art. It is observed that we have few good English odes. But, to make amends, we have many excellent ballads, not inferior, perhaps, in true poetical merit to some of the very best odes that the Greek or Latin language has to boast of. It is a sort of composition I was ever fond of, and, if graver matters had not called me another way, should have addicted myself to it more than to any other. I inherit a taste for it from my father, who succeeded well in it himself, and who lived at a time when the best pieces in that way were produced. What can be prettier than Gay's ballad, or rather Swift's, Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and Gay's, in the What do ye call it—"'Twas when the seas were roaring." I have been well informed that they all contributed, and that the most celebrated association of clever fellows this country ever saw, did not think it beneath them to unite their strength and abilities in the composition of a song. The success, however, answered their wishes. The ballads that Bourne has translated, beautiful in themselves, are still more beautiful in his version of them, infinitely surpassing in my judgment all that Ovid or Tibullus has left behind them. They are quite as elegant, and far more touching and pathetic, than the tenderest strokes of either.

Happiness of Philosophy.

We are rational: but we are animal too; and therefore subject to the influences of the weather. The cattle in the fields show evident symptoms of lassitude and disgust in an unpleasant season; and we, their lords and masters, are constrained to sympathize with them: the only difference between us is, that they know not the cause of their dejection, and we do, but, for our humiliation, are equally at a loss to cure it. Upon this account I have sometimes wished myself a philosopher. How happy, in comparison with myself, does the sagacious investigator of nature seem, whose fancy is ever employed in the invention of *hypotheses*, and his reason in the support of them! While he is accounting for the origin of the winds, he has no leisure to attend to their influence upon himself; and, while he considers what the sun is made of, forgets that he has not shone for a month. One project indeed supplants another. The *vortices* of Descartes gave way to the gravitation of Newton, and this again is threatened by the electrical fluid of a modern.* One generation blows bubbles, and the next breaks them. But in the mean time your philosopher is a happy man. He escapes a thousand inquietudes to which the indolent are subject, and finds his occupation, whether it be the pursuit of a butterfly or a demonstration, the wholsomest exercise in the world. As he proceeds, he applauds himself. His discoveries, though eventually perhaps they prove but dreams, are to him realities. The world gaze at him as he does at new phenomena in the heavens, and perhaps understand him as little. But this does not prevent their praises, nor at all disturb him in the enjoyment of that self-complacence, to which his imaginary success entitles him.

* Dr. Franklin.

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He wears his honours while he lives, and, if another strips them off when he has been dead a century, it is no great matter; he can then make shift without them.

[We ought to notice the illustrations of the present volumes. They are the picturesque town of Berkhamstead, and the house in which Cowper was born: the Poet's House at Weston, and a distant view of Olney. These are exquisitely engraved by the Findens, from drawings made on the spot by Harding. The binding is in excellent taste.]

The Gatherer.

Even Temper.—The late Baron Maseres was of such an even temper, that a celebrated chess-player declared he was the only man he had seen whose countenance did not indicate whether he was winning or losing, at that game; and, so averse was the Baron to a dogmatizing spirit, that, after seeing Dr. Johnson, he expressed a wish that "he might never be again in that man's company."

The roads which intersect the charming island of Bombay were beautifully Macadamized, long before that grand improvement was heard of in England.—*Capt. B. Hall.*

John Bannister, when a youth, evinced a talent for painting. His father, to encourage him, always presented a shilling for the new pieces he produced, which were mostly heads; and, often when Jack was in want of money, he retouched one of his old drawings, knowing that his father's discrimination was not the most acute. One evening, being in want of a small sum, he made a few alterations in an old head, and carried it to the theatre, in hopes of the usual douceur from his father, who was in waiting to go on the stage; he pointed out the various beauties, but without receiving the gratuity; he repeated his observations, but still without effect, until he was obliged to come to the point by begging the loan of a shilling, when his father somewhat warmly replied, "Why, you are just like an ordinary; come when you will, it is a shilling a-head."—*Georgian Era.*

Turnips.—William Cramer, the celebrated violinist, dining at Manchester with Dr. Birch, very much praised some turnips, for which Lancashire is famous. In the early part of the following year, Cramer received a letter, advising him of a present of a few, and shortly after arrived a hogshead at Cramer's residence in Newman-street, for the carriage of which he had to pay two guineas!

The largest print that has been engraved on one plate is the Field of the Cloth of Gold, by James Basire, after the picture at Windsor. Its dimensions are 27 inches by 47 inches.

The cow and the bull are held sacred by the Hindoos; and even those castes who object to no other meat, would much rather die than taste of an ox.

Mallet duped Garrick into the acceptance of his play of Elvira, by telling him he should introduce him into the Life of the Duke of Marlborough he was about to write. A gentleman of the law, who heard of this, told Garrick, the next time he met him, that he was about to publish an edition of the statutes at large, and should certainly find a niche for him.

Garrick affected to feel great sorrow at Mrs. Clive's leaving the stage; but Kitty knew David better than to believe him. Upon his repeating his regret, she frankly told him that she hated hypocrisy; for she was sure that he would light up candles for joy of her leaving him, but that it would be attended with some expense.

Bacon, the sculptor, was a man of limited invention. An order having been left with the person who conducted his business, for a monument to the memory of a private gentleman, he said, on being informed of it, "A private gentleman—a small bas-relief will do—was he a benevolent man?—You inquired that, I hope."—"Yes, sir, he was benevolent—he always gave a sixpence, they said, to an old woman who opened his pew on a Sunday."—"That will do, that will do," said Bacon; "we must have recourse to our old friend, the pelican."

Stephen Storace, in an emergency, at the Brighton Theatre, one night, beat the kettle-drum accompaniment to one of the songs in the Haunted Tower. This was buzzed about the town as a curious thing, and next day, at a dinner-party, an elderly Irish captain, who appeared much struck with the occurrence, exclaimed, "By the powers, she is a nate lass; and I should only have one objection to have such a wife; which is, that being so ready at bating, she might one day feel an inclination, as Mrs. Mulroony says, to bate a coat with a man in it."

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John Limbird, 143, Strand, of whom also may be had similar volumes for the Seven preceding Years.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 718.] SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1835. [Price 2d.

MORDEN COLLEGE.

This substantial home of British philanthropy is situated on the eastern verge of Blackheath, in the parish of Charlton, about six miles from London. It stands surrounded with a beautiful country, mostly in high cultivation.

The origin of this College is as follows:—It was built by Sir John Morden, a Turkey merchant, several years before his death, which happened in the year 1708. Sir John had himself felt the whips and frowns of fortune, which, naturally enough, as one of the sweet uses of adversity, taught him to sympathize with the sufferings of others. In early life, he met with many reverses—he was, in every-day parlance, unfortunate; but, by renewed industry, aided by a concurrence of prosperous circumstances, he was enabled to amass considerable wealth. Mindful of his own privations, and grateful for subsequent success, Sir John devoted much of his fortune to building the present College, at a short distance from his own mansion, as an asylum for decayed merchants. Sir John, happily, lived to complete his benevolent design, by placing here twelve poor Turkey merchants, who thus found a happy port and haven from the storms of life. By his will, dated 1702, he endowed the College, after the death of his lady, with an estate which, a few years since, produced nearly 2,000*l.* per annum; but Lady Morden finding her income not sufficient to continue her husband's bounty to twelve merchants, was obliged, during her lifetime, to reduce the number to four. She died in 1721, when the whole estate fell into the College. The number of pensioners was then increased; there are now forty, as many as the building will accommodate; and, as the terms of the will do not allow of the enlargement of the College or any further increase of the number of persons, the pensioners of the present date receive considerably more than their predecessors; the Morden estates having increased much in value.

The conditions of admission to the College are as follow:—The pensioners must be upwards of fifty years of age, bachelors or widowers, and members of the church of England: they receive 35*l.* per annum each, according to Mr. Lysons; but the Correspondent who has supplied the original of the above Engraving, states the pension to be 40*l.* Each pensioner has a sitting-room and chamber, besides a cellar. He is provided with medicines, coals, candles, and washing; the attendance of servants; and, so minutely are his comforts settled, that even a barber is provided by the College funds. These charges,

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with repairs and taxes, a few years since, made the expenditure of the College nearly equal to the revenue. The pensioners, at first, wore a gown with the founder's badge; but this has long been disused. They have a common table in the hall for meals.

The affairs of the College are under the direction or seven trustees, chosen from the Company of Turkey merchants, or, in the event of their failure, from the East India Company: they elect pensioners once a year. There is, likewise, a treasurer, whose salary is *50l.* per annum; and a chaplain, with *60l.* per annum; both of whom have apartments in the College. The chaplain reads prayers twice a day, and preaches twice on Sundays: he had, at first, a salary of *30l.* per annum, which Lady Morden doubled at her death. She was, in other respects, a benefactress to the College; and, as she had put up her husband's statue in a niche of the building, the trustees set up her statue in a niche adjoining.

The College was built about the year 1695, and is a spacious, brick structure, with stone coins and cornices. The principal front has two wings, in which reside the treasurer and chaplain. The chief entrance is decorated with Doric columns, festoons, &c., surmounted with a pediment, over which is a turret, with a dial, and from the dome rise a ball and vane. In this front, also, are the statues of Sir John Morden and his lady, with their arms emblazoned beneath. The ascent to the entrance is by a flight of circular steps; and having passed through this part of the building, you enter a quadrangle surrounded by covered walks. In the hall are the portraits of Sir John and Lady Morden, and that of Queen Anne: over the chimney-piece has been placed a marble tablet, with an anagram and acrostic in memory of the founder, discovered about five and twenty years since in an obscure corner of the building. In the centre of the quadrangle is the Chapel, embellished with a costly altar-piece and the Morden arms. Upon the walls also are recorded the benefactions to the College since the founder's death; from which it appears that sums amounting to nearly 3,000*l.* were bequeathed within seventy years, from 1721 to 1788.

A register of burials is kept in the Chapel, in which are the following entries:

"The Honble. Sir John Morden, Bart., the pious and worthy founder of this College for decayed Merchants, died Sep. 6, and was interred in his vault in the Chapel belonging to the said College, Sept. 20, 1708."

Eleven of the pensioners died in the spring and summer which succeeded the hard frost in 1739-40.

"Mr. Peter de Labourtache, aged 94, buried May 11, 1765."

"Mr. Joseph Lane, son of Sir Thomas Lane, Lord Mayor of London, born in the year of his mayoralty, nephew of Sheriff Cornish, and the oldest pensioner of this College, buried Jan. 6, 1773, aged 80."

"The Rev. Moses Browne, who was admitted Chaplain of this College, the 24th of June, 1763, died Sept. 13, and was buried Sept. 22, 1787, aged 82 years."*

"Mr. John Watts, aged 96, buried Jan. 12, 1806."

CALVARY AT ANTWERP.

(To the Editor.)

As a pendant to the sketch of the Calvary, at Antwerp, in No. 716 of the *Mirror*, it may be stated that this curious legacy of ancient art has been repaired and considerably improved since the Belgian Revolution. At that period, many extensive entrepôts, or warehouses, were destroyed by fire; and from their ruins were collected several curious substances, formed by the fusion, or burning, of the various articles of merchandise contained in the buildings. These fragments, which resemble ore and spar, being employed in the renovation, enhance much, by their many varieties of hue, the pleasing appearance of the Mount.

Amongst the statues of the most honoured saints and patriarchs, the English traveler will not fail to observe our doughty titular, St. George, who occupies a very conspicuous station beneath the Crucifixion, where he may be seen, as we represent him, in fierce contest with the Dragon.

As an admirer and frequent visiter of this curiosity, I must render my tribute of praise to the artist who executed the engraving for its veracity; though, I venture to remark, that he might have filled up the background with a few more statues, as in the original.

GEORGE.

Anecdote Gallery.

A SACRED SYMBOL.

In the painted glass, carvings, &c., which have descended to us from times long past, and which were the ornaments once of sundry ecclesiastical edifices, as churches, abbeys, &c., a small curved fish will frequently be observed; and to many individuals, the introduction of such into scenes from sacred history, would appear exceedingly incongruous and absurd. But, it is an emblem of our blessed Redeemer, who has sometimes been termed by the Fathers, a fish, in the

* Moses Browne was originally a pen-cutter, and in early life distinguished himself by his poetical talents. When only twenty years of age, he published a tragedy and a farce: he afterwards obtained several of Mr. Cave's prizes for poetical pieces in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Browne held the vicarage of Olney, in Buckinghamshire.

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Greek language ιχθυς, because those are the initial letters of the Greek words: — "Jesus Christ, of God the Son, the Saviour."

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

"AND don't you remember the babes in the wood," is the burthen of a nursery song still ringing in our mind's ear. Wayland Wood, near Wotton, in Norfolk, is the accredited *locale* of that domestic tragedy, which forms with giant-killing Jack, and Whittington, we believe, one of the few purely English popular stories of our nurseries: other juvenile favourites, as the Pretty White Cat, Puss in Boots, Cinderella, &c. &c., being of foreign and even recent origin, principally French. The Children in the Wood is a *bonâ fide* national tale of great antiquity, and whether one of fact or fiction, a curious discovery, lately made, proves its age, long popularity, and tends, we think, to establish its claims to being considered a romance of real life.

At Griston, on the borders of Wayland Wood, stands an old farm-house, which being recently put under repair, the workmen discovered and took down a fine, old, carved chimney-piece, representing a scene from the story of the Children in the Wood. This relic, the owner of the house was anxious to preserve, and ordered it not to be touched; but, unfortunately, the workmen, or farm servants, unable to appreciate the value of a piece of antiquity, like this, ventured to disobey; and one morning Mr. —— had the extreme mortification of discovering that he owed his cheerful breakfast fire to his lately acquired prize. Wood had been wanted, the Children in the Wood lay, as Pat would say, "quite convanient," and the fag end of the fine old carving, yet burning when Mr. —— came in to breakfast, was not worth rescuing from the flames.

ENGLISH MANUFACTURES.

MR. BOLTON, the celebrated mechanist and manufacturer of hardware, in one of our provincial towns, having, not long since, visited France for the purpose of attending one of the useful and celebrated Expositions of that country; at which he begged to be allowed to exhibit an English needle of his own making, at the same time submitting it to the examiners of works intended for this public display, who one and all pronounced it to be, though well shaped and finely polished, "but a common needle," and not worthy of appearing amongst the splendid and ingenious improvements and inventions, that usually graced the Exposition. "Gentlemen," observed Mr. Bolton, "my needle is, I assure you, well worthy of a place amongst your promised novelties; only allow it to be exhibited with them now, and I will afterwards show you the reason why." An unwilling assent to this request was obtained; but when the Exposition closed, and the prizes were to be awarded, the arbitrators triumphantly asked, "Where was Mr. Bolton's needle? and what were those striking merits in it, which everybody had failed to discover?" Mr. Bolton again presented it to them for inspection, with a magnifying glass, begging them to state whether they observed roughness or wrinkle upon its surface. The umpires, returning it, said "far from it; for that its sole merit seemed to lie in its exquisite polish."—"Behold then, Messieurs," said the ingenious Englishman, "its undiscoverable merit; and whilst I prove to you, that I made no vain boast of its claim to your attention, you will perhaps learn not so readily to judge again by mere exterior." He then unscrewed the needle, when another appeared of as exquisite a workmanship; and to the astonished eyes of the French gentlemen, about half a dozen beautiful needles were thus turned out, neatly and curiously packed within each other!—a miracle of art which seems to rival all that we ever read of—*multum in parvo* in the *Contes des Feés!* Mr. Bolton triumphed in his turn, and carried off the prize which his delicate and ingenious workmanship so richly deserved.

EXTRAORDINARY PRICE GIVEN FOR A VIOLIN.

(*From Le Caméleon.*)

COUNT TRANTMANSDORF, riding-master at the court of Charles VII., purchased a violin of Jacob Staines on the following conditions: thirty-five louis d'or, in hard cash, were immediately paid to the seller; the Count engaged, besides, to have him served every day with an excellent dinner; to supply him every year with a dress, adorned with gold lace, and two great barrels of beer; to pay him the sum of twenty francs per month; to send him twelve baskets of fruit annually; and an equal quantity for his old nurse. Staines lived sixteen years after this bargain, and the violin cost about 22,000 francs.—M. L. B.

Manners and Customs.

A CHINESE DINNER.

(*From Dr. Meyen's Voyage round the World; translated from the German, in the Quarterly Review, just published.*)

A FEW days before our departure from Canton we found at our house a visiting card from the Hong merchant Mowqua, and an invitation to dinner along with it; their notes of invitation are much larger than those in use amongst us, and written on extremely beautiful red paper. Mowqua is one of the youngest Hongists; he is in the possession of the white knob upon the cap, which, as it struck us, is of ivory, and betokens the fifth rank of Mandarins. About half-past six in the evening we presented ourselves at this

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aldermanic dinner, as the English call it; servants with large lanterns preceded us, and quantities of cotton were provided to fortify the drums of our ears against the Chinese music. The space before the door, and the whole entrance, were filled with attendants; Chinese lanterns were burning on all sides, and the most startling music welcomed our arrival.

As the guests entered, they were saluted by the host and his son, and amidst a profusion of compliments conducted quite up to the chairs in the reception-room. The attire of these rich Chinese on the evening in question was extraordinarily splendid: young Mowqua wore over all his silk coats and vests, which were confined by a beautiful silk sash, a cloak of the costliest furs. They kept their velvet caps with knobs constantly upon their heads; the magnificent tufts of these men, of singular strength and length, gave them a dignified mien. The guests seated themselves upon the chairs, which were ranged in two long and straight rows; and tea was immediately offered in large cups, each with a little shallow saucer, serving as a lid, and the whole standing upon a plate of silver or gold. It is well known that the Chinese, like the Japanese, drink their tea without either sugar, milk, or *rum*—[who do take rum in their tea?—not, surely, the Germans]; they throw some tea into the cup and pour boiling water over it; so soon as it has stood a short time they scoop up the clear liquid into the saucer-lid, and drink it as hot as possible. As the tea thus used by the Chinese consists of entire leaves, and is not broken up, the extract is perfectly limpid.

Amongst the furniture which adorned the saloon of this rich merchant were two large lanterns of horn; they were full three feet high and two feet and a half broad, yet no where could we see any trace of a joining. We also remarked that Mowqua possessed a large English plate of looking-glass, which is much superior to the Chinese, but he desired not to attract attention by the use of European articles, and had therefore caused the plate to be fixed in an ordinary and very clumsy Chinese frame. In a large adjoining room was the whole instrumental music, with several eminent singers, who kept playing during the whole feast, and performed a kind of opera; the noise they made was positively horrible, but the Chinese took no notice of it; only when the entertainment paused for a moment they listened to the singing, and had commonly a joke to laugh at or an observation to make.

Presently the dinner began: we were conducted into another room, and took our places at little four-cornered tables, each meant for six persons. The tables were placed together in the form of a half-circle, and the side towards the centre remained unoccupied. At the middle table sat the host, and at every other table sat a Chinese, who did the honours of it. The empty sides of the table, where no one sat, were hung with scarlet drapery, beautifully worked in embroidery of gold and different coloured silks; Chinese flowers, but not very striking forms, furnished the pattern. On the front edge of each table were placed the finest fruits in little baskets, with beautiful flowers stuck between them. Besides these, the whole table was covered with little cups and plates, which were ranged with great precision, and contained fruits, preserves, confectionery, slices of bread and butter, with small birds cold, and hundreds of other things. An extraordinary degree of art had been expended in the arrangement of those articles; amongst the rest were whole rows of little plates, filled with elegantly-raised three and four cornered pyramids, composed of little bits of pheasants, larded geese, sausages, and so forth. Here stood plates with small oranges; there preserved plums; and here again almonds. Various little seeds of different colours were served upon shallow saucers, so arranged, however, that each colour occupied a particular field. We here recognised a kind of quince seed, of very delicate flavour; chick-peas, which, if eaten frequently, are said to produce a very bad effect; and chestnuts and hazel-nuts, which come from the province of Pecheli, and greatly excel our fruits of the same kind. There were, moreover, grapes, which likewise came from the northern provinces of the empire; with preserved ginger, citrons, and lemons. After making but a short stay in China, one is accustomed to see daily and hourly that the Chinese conduct all their arrangements in a different style and manner from ourselves; it was thus also with the repast, for we began with the dessert.

By way of cover, three small cups are placed before each seat; the first on the left hand is filled with soy, which the Chinese add to almost every sort of food: the second serves for the ordinary eating; and in the third is a little spoon of porcelain for the soups. In front of these three cups, which are ranged in a line, lie the two round little chop-sticks, which, in rich houses, are made of ivory. It is extremely difficult for strangers to get at their food with these sticks, and the Chinese were amused with our unskilfulness; one was overheard to whisper, "Here are wise Europeans for you; they cannot so much as eat properly." Mr. Lindsay understood him perfectly. Instead of napkins, small three-cornered pieces of paper are placed near the covers; these are ornamented with stripes of red paper, and are used by the Chinese to wipe their hands.

The dinner began by the host's inviting us to eat of the finer dishes; whilst we were eating them, he kept calling our attention to

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the flavour or the rarity of this or that thing; and the mode of eating was to convey the food to the mouth, with the two sticks, out of the dish; for a small bowl was the largest vessel placed upon the table during the whole entertainment. The Chinese place no cloths upon the tables, but instead, so soon as the course is finished, the whole board is removed, and a new surface, as it were, with fresh things, is served. As soon as the first course was removed, another small cup was added to each cover; this was used for drinking hot samtschu, a fermented liquor made of rice, which at a Chinese table supplies the place of wine, and which is always served boiling; servants walk round with large silver cans, and help everybody to this nectar; which, principally on account of its heat, begins very soon to operate. The Chinese, in drinking wine, observe nearly the same rules as the English:—[We presume the Doctor had studied our English modes of wine-bibbing at one of the sailors' pot-houses in Dover]—they challenge to drink, then hold the cup with both hands, and, after wishing each other health and happiness, drink it off at a draught; whereupon they turn the inside of the cup towards the person with whom they are drinking, and show that they have drained every drop. On one occasion, when I did not wish to drink off a whole cup, my Chinese friend held his own constantly before me, and kept making signs till I had finished mine. Samtschu is in general of an insipid taste; they have, however, a great many kinds of it, which are constantly changed at the tables of the rich, and I tasted one variety which might be placed alongside of the best brandy.

So soon as the first division of the dinner, consisting possibly of sixty ragouts, was over, the soups appeared; these were placed in small bowls, in the middle of the table, and every man ate, with his little porcelain spoon, out of the dish. In this way, five or six different soups were served in succession, and between them, various other things were placed before the guests in little cups; amongst the rest, pastry, prepared in many ways, articles of confectionary, and strong chicken-hashes.

Between the different grand-divisions of the dinner, tea was handed round and tobacco smoked; during which we were enabled to rest ourselves, so as to begin again with fresh vigour. After several courses, five small tables were placed outside of the half-circle of the original tables; these were completely covered with roasted pork and birds of all sorts. Then ten cooks came into the room, clothed all alike and very tastefully, and began carving the roasts. Two placed themselves before each table, and commenced, with long knives, to sever the hard roasted skin of all these viands, which was done most skilfully. Other servants, who stood in front of the tables, received the little bits, into which all these roasts were cut, upon small plates, and then placed them on the middle of our tables. At the end of the whole meal, the cooks came again into the room, and returned thanks for the honour which had been done them in being permitted to cater for the illustrious company. I shall here close the description of this dinner, which perhaps has wearied the indulgent reader more than it did us; yet full six hours were we obliged to sit at it, and many hundreds of dishes were served up.

* * * * *

The Chinese eat almost every thing that comes to hand. Upon the streets of the city, but particularly on the large square before the factories, a number of birds are daily exposed for sale which amongst us have not yet gained much repute for flavour; among others, hawks, owls, eagles, and storks. To a European, nothing can have a more laughable effect than to see the Chinese arrive with a carrying-pole supporting two birdcages which contain dogs and cats instead of birds. A small thin sort of spaniel appeared to us to be most in request; they sit quite downcast in their temporary dwellings when they are brought to market, whilst the cats make a dreadful squalling, as if conscious of their fate. The flesh of these last, when they are well fed, is much esteemed in China, and they are often seen on the tables of the rich. Other Chinese bring upon their carrying-pole many dozens of rats, which are drawn quite clean, and, like pigs in our country, when they have been opened, are hung up by means of a cross piece of wood through the hind legs. These rows of rats look very nice, but they are only eaten by the poor.

ST. JOHN'S EVE WATCH.

The following description of the ancient custom of setting the watch on St. John's Eve, is given by Mr. Deering in his *History of Nottingham*:—In Nottingham, they kept yearly a general watch every Midsummer eve at night, to which every inhabitant of any ability sent a man, as well voluntaries as those that were charged with arms, with such munition as they had; some pikes, some muskets, calivers, or other guns; some partisans, halberts; and such as had armour, sent their servants in their armour. The number of these were, yearly, almost two hundred, who, at sun-setting, met on the Row, the most open part of the town, where the mayor's sergeant-at-mace gave them an oath, the tenour whereof followeth in these words:—"You shall well and truly keep this town till to-morrow at the sun-rising; you shall come into no house without license, or cause reasonable. Of all manner of casualties, of fire, of crying of children, you shall due warn-

ing make to the parties, as the case shall require you. You shall due search make of all manner of affrays, bloodsheds, outcrys, and all other things that be suspected," &c. Which done, they all marched in orderly array through the principal parts of the town, and then they were sorted into several companies, and designed to several parts of the town, where they were to keep the watch until the sun dismissed them in the morning. In this business, the fashion was for every watchman to wear a garland, made in the fashion of a crown imperial, bedecked with flowers of various kinds; some natural, some artificial, bought and kept for that purpose; as also ribbons, jewels, and, for better garnishing whereof, the townsmen used the day before to ransack the gardens of all the gentlemen within six or seven miles about Nottingham, besides what the town itself afforded them; their greatest ambition being to outdo one another in the bravery of their garlands. W. G. C.

DAGGER MONEY.

When the judges enter the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to hold the assizes for the county of Northumberland, they are each presented with 1*l.* 10*s.*, the value of a gold coin of James II., and which is called dagger-money. This originated from the circumstance of the judges in James II.'s reign, having been presented with daggers to guard them from the attack of the moss-troopers. When no executions occur at these assizes, the judges are each presented with six pairs of gloves. W. G. C.

New Books.

BRITTON AND BRAYLEY'S HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LATE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

[This accredited, cheap, and elegant work proceeds successfully. The spirit and effect of the embellishments are well sustained, and the narrative increases in interest as it progresses. Among the plates we may especially notice for their perspicuity are a Ground Plan of the Buildings at Westminster, in which the oldest parts are distinguished: and a Plan of St. Stephen's Chapel and Crypt. Among the most effective of the other plates are the Painted Chamber and Staircase, admirably drawn and as well engraved; and the general view of the Ruins of the House of Lords. Of the letter-press we quote a few entertaining specimens.]

Henry III. and "the Mad Parliament."

The numerous aggressions and acts of despotism which the king had committed, excited general indignation, and a powerful confederacy against him was formed by the barons, who, at another great council which met in Westminster Hall, on the 2nd of May, 1258, assembled in complete armour. On the entrance of the king, they put aside their swords, but Henry, alarmed at the unusual appearance, exclaimed, "Am I then a prisoner?" "Not so," replied Roger Bigod, (the Earl of Norfolk, and Earl Marshal;) "but as you, Sir, by your partiality to foreigners, and your own prodigality, have involved the realm in misery, we demand that the authority of the state be delegated to commissioners, who shall have power to correct abuses, and enact salutary laws." A stormy altercation ensued, but Henry found it necessary to submit, and after certain arrangements had been made, the meeting was adjourned to Oxford. On the appointed day, June the 11th, the parliament assembled in that city, when the entire government of the kingdom was vested in a Council of twenty-four barons and prelates, who, assisted by twelve *Representatives* of the people, or commonalty, were intrusted with the concerns of the intended reformation. To that meeting, though branded by subservient annalists with the opprobrious appellation of the "*Mad Parliament*," the authority of the House of Commons, as an integral part of the Legislature, is greatly indebted.

In July, 1258, the king leaving his palace to dine, took a boat at Westminster, but when on the Thames the sky grew dark, and such a storm of thunder and lightning and rain came on, that the affrighted monarch, who at all times was alarmed at tempestuous weather, ordered his attendants to put him ashore. The skiff was near the noble palace of the Bishop of Durham, where the Earl of Leicester then resided; and the earl, on perceiving the king approach, gladly hastened to meet him. Saluting him most respectfully, and consoling him under his alarm in a becoming manner, he said, "Why should you be afraid, since the tempest is over?" To which the king replied, not lightly, but seriously, and with a severe countenance, "Above measure, I dread thunder and lightning; but, by the head of God! I am in more terror of thee than of all the thunder and lightning in the world."*

The Great Seal—1260.

After the inglorious treaty (in the above year), by which Henry irrevocably ceded to Louis IX., King of France, the countries of Normandy, Anjou, Poitou, Touraine, and Maine, a new Great Seal was made, from the legend of which (enumerating the king's titles) all mention of Normandy and Anjou was omitted. Its first keeper was Henry de Wingham, Bishop of London, who, as recorded in the Patent Rolls, resigned it to the king, in the royal chamber at Westminster,

* Matt. Paris, "Hist. Major," p. 944.

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on St. Luke's day (October the 8th), 1260; and the king "forthwith delivered his new seal to Nicholas de Ely, Archdeacon of Ely, as keeper, who thereupon took the oath of office," &c. The old seal was then broken by the king's command, and the fragments given to be distributed to certain poor people belonging to religious houses, as a benefaction from himself.

Feud in Westminster Hall.

In the year 1269, this Palace became the scene of a very singular occurrence, the particulars of which have been thus related by contemporary annalists. A violent quarrel had taken place between John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Alan la Zouche, one of the king's justices, respecting a certain manor. These parties appeared before the judges in Westminster Hall, on the Tuesday after St. John the Baptist's day, when a personal altercation arose, which was carried on with such indecent violence, that from abusive language they proceeded to blows; and at length the domestics of the earl, (who, unknown to his antagonist, were furnished with arms,) drew their swords, and, in defiance of the respect or reverence due to the king and queen, (who were then residing in the palace,) as well as of the judges before whom the cause was pending, even in their very presence, and in the presence of the officers of the Chancery, (who were also in the Hall,) made a fierce attack on Alan la Zouche, who fearing they would kill him, fled towards the king's chamber; but the assailants boldly followed him, and having inflicted on him dangerous wounds, left him half dead; then making their escape from the Palace to the river Thames, they crossed it in a boat, to seek a place of concealment. The king and prince Edward, hearing the lamentations of the wounded knight, were highly displeased, and resolved not to leave such an open act of violence unpunished. Orders were immediately issued that the earl should come into court, to submit himself to the laws and to the justice of the king. But that nobleman, apprehending that he should be committed to prison, refused to obey the royal mandate. Upon this, Prince Edward, with the Archbishop of York, and other nobles, attended by a band of soldiers, went after the earl, who had taken refuge in his castle at Reigate; where, through the mediation of the Earl of Gloucester, and of Henry, son of the King of Almaine, the culprit nobleman was induced to surrender himself; and on the Sunday after the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul he was brought to court, that he might submit to the law and custom of the realm, and receive the award of justice. It appears that Roger la Zouche, as well as his father Alan, had been wounded by the retainers of the earl, who was sentenced to place himself at the mercy of the king for a fine of 5,000 marks; that, for the injury done to the knight and his son, he should give them 2,000 marks; and that the earl himself, accompanied by fifty knights, should proceed on foot from the New Temple at London to Westminster, where they should all make oath that the assault was not committed with premeditated malice, but through a storm of anger suddenly excited. The unfortunate Alan la Zouche was attacked with fever in consequence of the wounds which he had received, and hot weather supervening, his illness increased, and terminated in his death.

Coronation of Edward I.—1274.

On the 19th of August, Edward and his royal consort were crowned in the Abbey Church at Westminster, Alexander, King of Scotland, and all the principal nobility of both countries, being present at the ceremony. The procession to the banquet in the Great Hall was unusually splendid. Knighton says, "The King of Scotland was accompanied by one hundred knights on horseback, who as soon as they had dismounted, turned their steeds loose for any one to catch and keep that thought proper. Then came Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, the king's nephew, and the Earls of Gloucester, Pembroke, and Warenne, each having in their company a hundred illustrious knights, wearing their lords' armour; and when they had alighted from their palfreys, they also set them free, that whoever chose might take them unquestioned. And the aqueduct in Chepe [Cheapside] poured forth white wine and red like rain water, for those who would to drink at pleasure."*

Wages of Artisans in the Thirteenth Century.

From the Wardrobe and other accounts which are still extant, it appears that in 1292, and the two following years, many artificers were employed in different works, but particularly in painting, at the "King's chapel in his Palace at Westminster." These rolls were first mentioned by Mr. Topham in his Memoir on St. Stephen's Chapel, (published by the Society of Antiquaries,) as remaining in the Exchequer; but they were afterwards more particularly examined by Mr. Hawkins, when in search of information for Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster." Twelve rolls in all, have been found, which appear to form portions of a series regularly numbered from 1 to 113. The earliest roll commences on April 28, 1292, and the last concludes with the week after the feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1294. Generally speaking, each roll contains the accounts of a single week, but in one instance two weeks are included. The highest weekly expenses varied from

* Henry de Knyghton "de Eventibus Angliæ," inter Decem Scriptores, col. 2,461.

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about 5*l.* to 13*l.* Ninety-four masons were at work in one week, and forty-two in another, together with fifty-five stone-cutters, six carpenters, &c. Whilst the painters (to whom most of the rolls relate) were employed, the highest weekly charge was 3*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.*, the lowest 1*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*; the number of painters, on an average, was about twelve or thirteen.

These rolls furnish interesting information concerning the rate of wages of artificers at the close of the thirteenth century. We learn that the superior masons, who were engaged in the years 1291 and 1292, had 6*d.* a day, and that the wages of the others varied from 4*d.* to 4½*d.* and 5*d.* a day; the weekly wages of the apparitor, or foreman, were 3*s.* 6*d.*; the squarers of stone, and their assistants, were paid from 4*d.* to 5*d.* a day. Wages of the principal smith 6*d.* a day; of carpenters from 4½*d.* to 5*d.* a day; of plumbers 4½*d.* to 6*d.* a day; of tilers 5*d.* a day.

The wages of the painters in those years, were as follow. Master Walter, the principal painter, was paid 14*d.* a day, the others smaller sums, in general from 7*d.* to 8*d.* a day. Two individuals, Andrew (Andrea) and Giletto, probably Italians, had conjointly 6*s.* 8*d.* for six days, and 8*s.* in another week for the same time.

Among the articles charged in these accounts, are several which clearly demonstrate that painting in oil-colours formed a part of the decorations that were then in progress. Oil, and cole, and varnish, with white and red lead, vermilion and azure, and sinople, are repeatedly mentioned; together with gold and silver (leaf), of which considerable quantities were used. These articles, as Mr. Hawkins has remarked, "could not have been wanted for mere *house* painting;" and hence, as well as from the length of time which the artists were employed, he judiciously infers, "that the paintings were not even heraldical bearings (exclusively), but human figures; either portraits or ideal representations, and historical subjects, such as were afterwards painted on the walls, when the chapel was rebuilt by Edward III."*

From the prices mentioned in these rolls, it appears that a "pottle of oil" cost 5*d.* or 6*d.*; a pound of red lead 2*d.*; a pound of white lead 1½*d.* or 1⅝*d.*; a pound of tin 3½*d.*; a quartern of azure 1*s.*; a pound of red varnish 3½*d.* and 4*d.*; a quartern of sinople 1*s.*; a pound of green 5½*d.*; one hundred (probably books) of gold-leaf 3*s.* 4*d.*; one hundred of silver-leaf 6*d.*; and a quartern of vermilion (probably—of a hundred weight) 6*s.* 5*d.*

The Treasury Robbed.

In the year 1303, the king's treasury, which was then within the precincts of the abbey at Westminster, was robbed of jewellery to a very large amount; but a part of the stolen valuables were afterwards recovered. On the 6th of June, an order was issued by the king, who was then in Scotland, to Ralph de Sandwich and others, to make inquisition concerning this depredation; and about a fortnight afterwards, John de Drokenesford, keeper of the king's wardrobe, accompanied by those appointed to make the inquiry, entered the treasury, and found the chests and coffers broken open, and much of the treasure gone. The Abbot (Wenlock) with about fifty of his monks, were in consequence committed to the Tower, on the charge of stealing property to the value of 100,000*l.* Twelve of them were kept two years in prison without trial; but at length, on Lady day, 1305, the king, who had come to the church at Westminster to return thanks for his victory over the Scots, gave orders for their discharge.

"Stopping the Supplies."

By the Statute of Talliage, which was passed at Westminster in the 34th year of Edward I., the right of the Commons' Representatives to interfere in the granting of supplies, was distinctly recognised; for it is provided by that act, "that no talliage, or aid, shall be taken without the assent of the archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, knights, *burgesses*, and other *freemen* of the land;"—the latter, unquestionably, were the "*liberi homines*" of the common law.

Coronation of Edward II.

It is remarkable that some of the minor charges for this coronation remained unsettled, even so late as the 15th or 16th year of the king's reign, as appears from the Rolls of Parliament, on which petitions are entered from Richard de Hurst, of London, for the payment of ten shillings for sea coal; and from Dionise le Lymbrennere [Lime-burner], of two marks for lime. Both articles are stated to have been furnished to John de Norton, Clerk of the Palace, for the king's coronation. Vide "Rot. Parl." vol. i. pp. 405, 406. At this Coronation, Sir John Bakewell, or Blackwell, was pressed to death by the crowd.

* Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster," p. 76. It may be further remarked that Master Walter, the principal painter concerned in these decorations, was almost unquestionably the painter of that name, who executed the pictures in the king's chamber, as before mentioned under the date 1267. At that time he was probably a young man, but in the 20th of Edward I. (anno 1292), he appears to have had a son old enough to assist his father, a "Thomas, son of Master Walter," being mentioned in all the above rolls relating to painter's works as employed on a rising salary at from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* a week. It is observable that the names of the painters are almost invariably distinguished by that of the county or place from which they came; viz. John of Soningdon, John of Carlisle, Roger of Winchester, Thomas of Worcester, Roger of Ireland, John of Nottingham, William of Ross, William of Oxford, Godfrey of Norfolk, and others.

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SCOTT'S GROTTO, AMWELL.

AMWELL, a small village in Hertfordshire, two miles S.S.E. from Ware, and twenty-one miles from London, is famous for giving rise to the New River. It has likewise attained some celebrity as the retreat of an almost self-educated poet, John Scott, who has commemorated the rural beauty of Amwell in some of his most polished verse. The poet was born in 1739, and was the youngest son of a respectable quaker tradesman, resident in Grange Walk, Bermondsey. In his tenth year, his father retired to Amwell, where he carried on the trade of a maltster. Young Scott's earliest poetical attempts were at the age of seventeen. In 1760, he published Four Elegies, which were favourably received and acquired him the valuable praise of Dr. Young, Miss Talbot, and Mrs. Carter. In 1766, Scott became known to Dr. Johnson; and this year also, he published his descriptive poem of *Amwell;* and, about the same period, he designed and constructed in the grounds adjoining his father's house, the grotto represented in the above Engraving. Much of the manual labour in this operation, Scott observes, in a letter to a friend, fell to his own share; for he was under the necessity of encouraging his rustic assistants by marching before them with a pickaxe, like a pioneer, to make the excavation under the side of a hill in the garden.

The grotto consists of several apartments, and is richly dight with valuable shells, fossils, spars, &c.; and when illuminated, it presented a scene of sparkling beauty. Dr. Johnson, on being led to it, during one of his visits to Scott, was so struck with its appearance, that he pronounced it "Fairy Hall," adding, in allusion to the grounds through which he had passed, that "none but a poet could have made such a garden;" and Johnson was, on most occasions, chary of praise.

The Grotto is thus described by Scott, in an epistle called "The Garden," published with his other poems:—

"Where China's willow hangs its foliage fair,
And Po's tall poplar waves its top in air,
And the dark maple spreads its umbrage wide,
And the white bench adorns the basin side;
At noon reclin'd, perhaps, he sits to view
The bank's neat slope, the water's silver hue,
Where, 'midst thick oaks, the subterraneous way
To the arch'd grot admits a feeble ray;
Where glossy pebbles pave the varied floors,
And rough flint walls are deck'd with shells and ores,
And silvery pearls, spread o'er the roofs on high,
Glimmer like faint stars in a twilight sky:
From noon's fierce glare, perhaps, he pleas'd retires,
Indulging musings which the place inspires.
Now where the airy octagon ascends,
And wide the prospect o'er the vale extends,
Midst evening's calm, intent perhaps he stands,
And looks o'er all that length of sun-gilt lands,
Of bright green pastures, stretch'd by rivers clear,
And willow groves, or osier islands near!"

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A book was formerly kept here for the signatures of visiters; this was a few years since in the possession of John Hooper, Esq., who married the poet's only daughter. Among the names are those of several noble personages, besides many couplets and verses extempore. The following lines by Mr. Park, were written some time after Mr. Scott's death:—

As to some honour'd saint's illustrious fane,
A votary's steps approach with reverend awe;
Pause with delight around the lov'd domain,
And still, still pause, unwilling to withdraw:
So by poetic homage, fondly led,
Through Amwell's hallow'd bow'rs I secret rove,
Retrace each path where Theron us'd to tread,
And pierce afresh each inspirative grove;
With new admirement mark the mystic spot,
Where art and nature strive with taste to blend;
Where Theron formed his subterraneous grot,
Theron, the Muses' and the Poet's friend;
While o'er each widow'd haunt as roams my eye,
I breathe the incense of a sacred sigh.

Grottoes have afforded much pastime to poets and philosophers. Who does not remember Pope's "Egerian grot." Thomson was less fastidious in his retreat—a weather-board summer-house.

The Public Journals.

MICHAEL LYNX; "THE MAN WHO KNEW HIMSELF."

(*Abridged from Blackwood's Magazine.*)

MICHAEL LYNX was born—it is sufficient for every reasonable purpose that Michael was most unequivocally—most undeniably Born. We care not to dwell upon the event, it not being with Michael, as with crowds of heroes, one of the two most remarkable accidents of his existence. How many thousands are no more than human candles! They are lighted, and they—burn out. Not so our Michael. His "brief candle" first saw the light in a garret, fearfully elevated above the classic ground, east of that spot, where, in the time of Richard the Second, grapes, it is said, were persuaded to ripen, but where, in the present degenerate times, oxen are at certain days congregated though not to tread the fruitage of the legendary vine. We speak of Smithfield.

Michael passed the first seven years of his life in healthful dirtiness. He was a well-planted root, and shot up firmly from the soil.

* * * * *

And Michael grew in this congenial soil. We regret that, up to his seventh year, no particular event announced the dawning of that light, which, in after days, brightened and dazzled his circle. Passing over two brief captivities in the Compter, with one private whipping, as matters unworthy of the historian and of Michael, let us set out with him in the wide world. Stay; to disarm scandal, we may as well explain that Michael's first imperfect knowledge of criminal law, arose from his love of apples—a love, as it appears, so deeply implanted in our common nature—so involved in its profane accidents! An apple—but the story is trite as pippins—taught Sir Isaac Newton true gravity; an apple taught Gregory the Seventh a lesson for popes; an apple saved Ciym of the Clough from the gallows; an apple might have educated Michael Lynx for that final destination. We have now no time to discuss it, but trust the reader is fully impressed with the importance of the subject. Much may yet be said of the apple!

Beholding Michael at ten years old, we cannot but believe that nature and destiny, like inexorable old women as they are, wrangled at his cradle. Nature endowed the child with her rarest gifts, but the beldam Fate long denied their profitable exercise. It is thus the opposing powers sit, brooding over the world, pleased at nothing so much as at thwarting each other. It is thus Nature makes her beautiful, her best creatures; and then Destiny snatches away the glorious handiwork, and locks it for ever in a corner cupboard.

Nature had given to Michael the easy means of a carriage and liveries, but destiny would not readily encourage the coachmaker and tailor. The bountiful goddess had made our hero musical and imitative; but destiny, who for a time made the god of music himself a shepherd, marked Michael for something less, and Smithfield for his Arcady. Now, had Michael been born within the purlieus of Drury-lane—had he been even pot-boy to a theatrical public-house—how different had been his fate—how primrose-decked his path to fortune! Of what availed his powers of song—his gifts of mimicry? It is true he was the idol of the critics at the Three Jugs; but, like their numerous brotherhood, though they could let fall showers of praise, they could not give the smallest piece of pudding. Had he to mimic a goat, a hog, a calf, an ass—there were among the auditors the most competent judges of the performance. Happy Michael! how many a playwright has yearned for such critics, and only sometimes found them! Here were gifts, had the professor been the favorite of destiny. To hear Michael, was to fancy Noah's ark sounding in his larynx: indeed, "he was no vulgar boy!" and had fate only thrust him into a playhouse, with such convertible talents, in a very few years he might have had a bank account, and green and gold liveries.

From ten to seventeen did Michael tend sheep as a profession, and imitate them as an enjoyment. A marked change then ensued; he had hitherto been a sloven, he now became a fop; he cast aside a thatch of worsted, which, for at least twenty years,

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under various owners, had usurped the name of cap, and assumed a straw hat of more than brimstone brightness; there was, moreover, a cunning knowledge of life in the tie of the black riband that girdled it—a true knowledge of the magic worth of appearance—of, as in later life he would say, the use of the exterior. He had a deep-blue frock, one pair of leathern breeches, and shoe-buckles, if not all silver, at least copper, very preciously and thickly cased. Thus habited, a switch in his hand, and a sprig of lavender in his mouth—so fitting, it looked as though it grew there—Michael would drive his flock. Virgil's shepherds, (they had their faults,) in all their glory, were but cow-boys to Michael. If he did not play upon a pipe, he smoked one with an air very far beyond the pastoral; if he did not milk sheep, no hand could more adroitly kill them; if he were not called upon to guard his ewes from wolves, no youth, especially twice a day, had a more craving regard for mutton. Another change, besides the vulgar mutation of dress, came upon Michael; or it may be that it came with the dress; the shirt of Nessus had its poison, and shirts and new coats, on skins unused to such delicacies, have sometimes a subtle and mysterious influence—"there is magic in the web." How the refinement came, we pause not to inquire; but certain it is, from the day that Michael first appeared in his reformed costume, he gave up his brutal imitations, at least of the lowest of what the humility of man calls the lower animals. He would still mimic a few of the nobler creatures; but it was only when he was in very excellent cue indeed, and at the pressing request of friends—a request very often put, and consented to—that he would condescend to make an ass of himself. The goose he solemnly forswore at seventeen: how many of our wisest sages have come far short of Michael!

This determination of our hero was, however, for a time fatal to Michael's worldly prospects. When he ceased to be a vulgar beast, he ceased—and the like may have happened to the most convivial souls—to be attractive to his circle of former admirers. But the truth must out—ambition was at the bottom of this false delicacy. He had, in an evil hour for his reputation, visited a menagerie at the festival of St. Bartholomew. From that moment, he was haunted by the roaring of the forest-kings—from that moment, he despised his former accomplishments, holding them as worse than naught, and henceforth determined to do nothing but the lion. It was in vain that friends dissuaded, critics sneered, and foes rejoiced—it was in vain that he was called upon for a growl or a bark, in both of which he was pre-eminent; he would do nothing but roar, and his roaring was contemptible. Foolish Michael! thou mightst have continued to the end an applauded, prosperous puppy—but to try the lion, was to fall indeed! And yet in the homely history of Michael, read we not the fate of thousands?

Fortune, however, did not wholly desert Michael; for at the time of his waning popularity at the Three Jugs, he had fallen captive to the sloe eyes and damask cheeks of a maiden, a dweller on the Barnet road. Divine, enduring, charitable woman! Though Michael was a mongrel to all mankind, to Susan he was a veritable lion! It is thus, though the poor dolt be jeered and scorned abroad, the love of woman crowns him monarch at her side; it is thus, though the silly goose be plucked bare in the world, that new "wings at his shoulders seem to play, when looked on by her eyes! Michael wooed with the regularity of a stop-watch; for, ever at the appointed time, he breathed the gentle signal, which, with corresponding punctuality, brought the maiden to his arms.

At the period of the fulness of his passion, many sheep had been stolen. One theft was marked by peculiar daring, and the evil growing daily worse, called for rigorous punishment; a hundred guineas was the promised reward for the apprehension of the robbers. All Smithfield was in consternation; since the expedition for the Golden Fleece there was never such a stir—"a hundred guineas reward!"

We spoke of a concerted signal between Michael and Susan. It was a dark, wintry night, and the *pastor* Michael approached the habitation of his adored, a cottage constructed with a fine taste for the picturesque, and an equally fine contempt for the elements. Michael trod with the stealthy footsteps of a hero of romance or a smuggler; Michael, "holding his breath for a time," (at certain seasons the house of the beloved strikes solemnly upon the heart)—crept as closely to the hut as prudence counselled; (for Susan shared the common calamity of heroines, she had a father;) and then, with his soul at his lips, uttered the well-known sound. But how to describe it? Michael, in the single honesty of his nature, spoke, as he thought, with the mouth of a mere sheep; but what bleating! how modulated—how softened—with what passion trembling in its tones—with what a tale of hopes and fears in its few vibrations!

Susan tripped from the cottage; she joined her lover—she spoke—yes, in soft, low accents, twitching Michael by the arm, she exclaimed, "Hush! you fool—I'm here!" Michael answered not; he stood, as on the sudden, struck to stone: perhaps he felt the abrupt truth of Susan—perhaps, he felt the cold; we cannot answer; but, certain we are, that the signal of love had found an echo in the throats of a near flock, for bleat-

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ings came through the darkness, not unaccompanied by human oaths. Michael, without a word, followed the sound; and the roused father of Susan, hearing the lover's footsteps, followed him. Michael approached the prison of the flock—an old, dilapidated barn; a light glimmering through the crannies, he beheld—for he knew the ruddle, knew the faces of the innocent victims—the stolen sheep! Had he doubted the identity of the beasts, the peculiar cast of features of two men,—one employed in skinning a fat wedder, and another about to prepare a second for the like operation—would not have convinced him of his error. As he stood, in that brief moment, he felt, in imagination, the weight of a hundred guineas suddenly fall into his pocket; another second, and without any trick of fancy, he felt a huge hedgestake fall upon his back. His first cry was "thieves!" his second, "murder!"

The fine tenor shouting of Michael, accompanied by the sharp treble screaming of Susan, whilst her father, at every blow he dealt, groaned a deep bass through his teeth, scared the varlets in the barn; one of whom, making a rush from the door, received from the paternal cudgel, a misdirected thwack, which levelled him. However, he was again upon his legs, when Michael fastened upon him, and the lover and the thief, grappling each other, they both fell to the earth. There they lay, writhing and rolling, he of the hedgestake raining an impartial shower of blows, now upon his future son, and now upon the sheepstealer, as each came uppermost. The combatants blasphemed—Susan got new strength with screaming—the father growled as he laboured, the rescued sheep set up bleating of thanksgiving,—when, in the midst of the hurly, half-a-dozen tapers, like so many Wills-o'-the-wisp, broke through the darkness; and the voice of the parish-constable, with the voices of two men unknown, were heard in the distance. From that moment, the thief, with Oriental resignation, lay motionless—Michael sat gasping upon him, the father with one hand leaned upon his staff, and with the other, wiped the sweat from his forehead; Susan smoothed her hair, and dried the corners of her eyes. In this condition they awaited the approach of the parish functionary who, acknowledging the greeting of Susan's father, stooped, with his light to the ground, when Susan uttered a scream, sharp enough to pierce the horn lanthorn which disclosed the horror; for the blood ran in streams down Michael's face, dripping upon the face of the thief below him, and, for the time, almost blotting out his identity. But Tips, the constable, was a stern thinker, paying little respect to blood; so, somewhat wiping from the features of the thief the property of Michael, there came to light the well-known visage of Jack Robinson, better known by the genial alias of Flowers-in-May. "He's my prisoner—and there's the stolen sheep," cried Michael. "And a good night's work thou'st made of it," rejoined one of the men, —"a hundred guineas, and only for a cracked crown." Happily, Michael's skull was no egg-shell, and though, almost immediately on the arrival of Tips, he swooned, and, at least to Susan's father, looked dangerously interesting, time and a plaster made all whole again. Perhaps, too, there was some potent anodyne in the sympathy of the paternal clubman, for no sooner did he hear of the reward, than all his prejudices melted away, and naught remained in his breast, but admiration for his valorous son-in-law. Besides, as both father and Michael, with an exemplary delicacy, breathed no syllable of family quarrels—the broken skull, and bruised party-coloured carcass of our hero, were put down to the black account of the sheep-stealers, on whom we shall expend but a few words. The luckless Flowers-in-May—his companion never came near him in his last trial—was judged and sentenced. Michael received the hundred guineas, and Tips a most handsome compliment from the Bench, together with an extra-parochial reward, for his cat-like vigilance.

Michael and Susan were married! The hundred guineas, which had produced a halter for Flowers-in-May, had bought bridal garlands for the youthful couple. *Was not* this insensibility? Certainly not; *for, much* to the disappointment of an overflowing Old Bailey, Flowers-in-May was not hanged. The night before his intended appearance, he had broken prison, and one of his legs; certainly, no very cheap escape; still, as most men have two legs, and none have more than one neck, when dislocation is inevitable, it is well that the greatest evil be shared by the greatest number. Michael at the same time reaped the reward of—a rare union, mimicry and modesty.—Michael bleated—an innocent sheep—mark the fruits of his humility: had he visited Susan as a lion, would there have been any response from the stolen flock? Would they have acknowledged by a single note, by the slightest tremor, their fears of the destroyer?

Having married our hero, we shall, for some twenty years, leave him to himself and his wife! Mr. and Mrs. Lynx, at the close of twenty years, were resolved on retreating with their honourable spoil. The hundred guineas had rolled and gathered, giving the lie to vulgar superstition, which, with the malice of envy, had predicted ill luck to the sudden gain. How many sleek, oily souls —when they count their hoards, no matter how acquired—must chuckle at the bugbear! Michael had, however, flourished upon average honesty; he had never vulgarly

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picked a pocket—and certain we are, he never so much as dreamed of forgery. He had grown rich; and as his purse swelled, his tastes enlarged. Retired from the drudgery of making money, his only thought was, how to extract dignified happiness from the four per cents. Michael was fixed in a suburban villa, commanding a most extensive view of metropolitan vapour; his house was as fine, as light, and almost as diaphanous as a Chinese lanthorn; for Michael was none of your churls who build about their domesticities with walls and hedges; not he. The curious traveller might have counted every mouthful swallowed by Michael at breakfast and dinner; for if he were not quite as unconscious, he was as careless of publicity as a honey-bee in a glass hive. And this, after all, is true retirement. Solitude is not a thing of trees and bricks, but a part of the immortal man. Michael's retreat was all that he could wish; his garden was very promising—his orchard, in little more than a quarter of a century, would "in summer yield him shade—in winter, fire," whilst his lawn looked not common grass, but, closely, and almost as regularly shaven as its master, seemed like an unwrinkled sheet of green baize. He wanted nothing; for a red and blue macaw broke a stillness, that might have been oppressive; and for employment, Michael for the first three months superintended the education of a perverse kitten, whose ravenons love for a dozen gold fish in at least a two-quart globe, as they glanced in the sun—Michael would sometimes think of his guineas—he, after commendable perseverance, subdued into the coldness of mere respect. And is this the Michael of Smithfield? Remember, reader, twenty years! Moralists exclaim that all men are forgetful of nothing so much as of their end; this is a *mistake*; when they rise they are more oblivious of their beginning. When Michael stood at his garden porch, holding 'twixt his lips a sprig of jasmine, plucked from his own tree, growing upon his own freehold, he would have been a cunning metaphysician, who could have persuaded him that he was the very Michael of twenty years ago; at most, he might have had some vague impression, some interrupted glimmering of the fact, but nothing that he could have conscientiously sworn by.

Michael was completely happy. He had an enduring wife, a fine house, fine grounds, a well-stocked cellar, and, he thanked Heaven—people generally do, when prayers and the physicians have failed—no children! If his mansion were not very durable, it could boast the brightest paint. If it were not built upon rock, the surrounding gravel-walks shone like red gold. His house might have been more commodious, but not so handsome. And thus Michael lived, or rather stagnated into old age, imbedded, like a jewel in cotton, in all the comforts of this our eating, drinking, and sleeping existence.

And to what did Michael owe this full prosperity? To the hundred guineas? Yes, for they brought with them more than gold; they brought self-knowledge. From the day that Michael touched the shining reward, he became an altered man. It was then he "knew himself;" it was then, reviewing the folly of his past ambition, and contrasting its effects with late results, he started in the world with a proper consciousness of his powers, and a resolve never to attempt beyond them. This was the secret of his success—it was this that clothed the tatterdemallion—that housed him—that gave him "land and beeves." He might, had he persisted in his vanity, have mummed away a whole life, a mountebank and vagabond; but the forcible illustration of his true powers, fixed his eyes upon himself; he looked inwardly, and seeing there no lion, at the last hour "knew himself."

We might close this, our rambling story, with a budget of moral reflections; we shall levy no such tax upon our readers. In every walk of life, from St. Stephen's to St. Giles', how many Michaels become ridiculous, misanthropic, miserable, unprincipled—as lions, who might have been useful, kindly, happy, honest—as mere sheep!

Notes of a Reader.

ADIEU TO YOUTH.

(*By the late Thomas Hope, Esq.*)

DISTANT plans of daring pride,
Views remote of wild romance,
Whose perspective vast and wide
Could my youthful soul intrance;
Trophies which I hoped to raise,
Regions where I meant to rove,
Schemes of pleasure and of praise,
Which my early fancy wove:—
Projects mad all things to scan,
Which the gods vouchsafe to man,—
Where the Pole's resistless chill
Bids the Ocean's self stand still,
Or the Tropics' fellest sun
Man compels his shafts to shun;—
You I cherish'd so before,
I must cherish you no more.
Niagara's foaming fall;
China's everlasting wall;
Chimborazo's snowy top,
Which appears the sky to prop;
Hoary Hecla's watery spires;
Raging Etna's rolling fires;
Torneo's sun, whose glimmering light
Half a year still haunts the sight;
Towering Thibet's lofty plain,
Which conglomerate mounts sustain;
Sacred Ganges' secret source;
Niger's unexplored course,
Hapless Park's unravell'd dream,
Quench'd for ever in its stream;
Deep Ellora's sculptur'd caves;
Desert Memphis' gorgeous graves;
Phile's isle, whose ruins smile
In the mirror of the Nile;

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Peaceful Cachemere's flowery vale,
Hallow'd scene of Eastern tale;
Mounts of Kaff, where fairies dwell,
And contend with sprites of hell;
Georgia, where God's noblest creature,
Shows his noblest form and feature;
Mecca's house, Medina's shrine,
Sheeraz, flush'd with rosy wine;—
You, which once to face I swore,
You, I ne'er must think of more;
Bold achievements, noble feats,
Whose emprise man's wonder greets,
Whose success e'en glads his ghost;—
You I ne'er must hope to boast.

By the foolish, vulgar throng,
Both detain'd and dragg'd along;
After things just born to die,
Made to join the vulgar cry,
In the toil of each dull day
My best years have roll'd away,
Till, approaching fast my wane,
Winter claims my worn-out brain.
Tales that used my soul t' inspire,
Now I hear with calmness told;
Sights that set my blood on fire,
Now that torpid blood leave cold.
Slow and tedious is my pace,
And no longer dare I hope
Vigour while I run the race,
Pleasure when I reach the scope.

Then adieu, once dazzling dreams!
Leave, oh! leave my haunted mind
Weary of its brilliant schemes,
To an humbler fate resign'd.
Simpler tasks my toil demand,
Nearer objects claim my care,
Higher duties for my hand,
Humbler labours, fast prepare.
These with honour to achieve,
And a virtuous race to leave,
When in everlasting rest,
And perchance among the blest,—
I this globe's vain joys deride:—
Henceforth be my only pride.

THUNDERSTORMS, AND LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

[A THIN pamphlet has reached us, of "Directions for insuring personal safety during storms of Thunder and Lightning, and for the right application of Conductors to Houses and other Buildings. By John Leigh, jun., Esq." The object of this little publication is certainly an important one; for it aims at the preservation of life and property; the removal of popular delusions concerning the dangers of storms and protection from them, and practical knowledge in place of philosophical speculation. Such information is much wanted among all classes: the narrowly educated have few right notions upon these matters, and persons in better condition are often strangely lax in using the knowledge they may possess; for, in the experience of the writer of the present pamphlet, are ten instances of persons in the higher walks of life having lost their lives from taking shelter under trees, either on foot or horseback, during thunderstorms. The practical portion of this pamphlet relates to Conductors, their utility and right application, and contains many valuable hints, which, however, would scarcely interest the general reader; so that we prefer a few anecdotes of the]

Dangers from Lightning.

There can be no doubt that the electric fluid discharges itself in greater or smaller quantities, according to the state of the atmosphere, and hence arises the difference in the degree of damage occasioned by it. Sometimes it enters the earth with scarcely a visible trace; at other times laying it open for a considerable space. Sometimes it kills only a single bough on a tree, leaving the appearance of a mere blight; at other times, as happened not long since in Windsor Great Park, the tree is set on fire, and burns till the trunk is completely destroyed. A correspondent in the *Scotsman*, in 1833, relates a case of extraordinary violence in the descent of the electric fluid, in which a portion of earth was violently tossed up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. Quantities of worms were found lying dead, in a half broiled state. The ground was excavated in the centre of the place to the depth of thirteen or fourteen inches. From the same reason a temporary injury only has been sustained by persons so situated, that they must inevitably have been killed, had the lightning descended with a little more severity.

It has been observed, that it is not only dangerous during a storm to be under or near *trees*, but also all other substances that attract and conduct lightning. A most lamentable occurrence in illustration of this took place a few summers ago on the Malvern Hills. Near the summit of the Worcestershire Beacon is a round turret or summer-house, with walls of stone, and a roof of sheet iron. Within this place a party took shelter on the approach of a thunderstorm. The lightning struck the roof, and the instant death of one of the party was the result.*

Had there been any sufficient conductor to convey the lightning from the roof into the ground, this accident would not have happened; but as there was not, the walls were shattered, and the fluid dispersed in all directions. Even in this case the lightning probably followed the walls, notwithstanding their imperfection as conductors: *for it is a general rule, that lightning, that is the electric fluid, will not under ordinary circumstances pass through the air unaided by a conductor, unless compelled from the absence of all conducting matter;* and if no *perfect* conductor presents itself, it will avail itself of an imperfect one, such as was in this instance afforded by the walls, rather than pass through open space unsustained. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the unfortunate sufferer was, in this case, con-

* This place, known to Malvern visiters by the name of Lady Harcourt's tower, still remains roofed with iron, as when the melancholy event just alluded to occurred. Such negligence is very culpable.

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tiguous to the wall, and that the escape of the rest of the party was owing to their more central position, that is, to their not being in immediate contact with the wall of the building. Nearly similar to this occurred an instance of death by lightning in the course of last summer at Rahon, near Doyle, in a low shed, where a number of labourers had collected for shelter. So again, in the Moorlands of Staffordshire, in a small cottage, into which the lightning descended by the chimney, the only person killed out of seven or eight who were crowding together for shelter, was a child lying on the floor, and resting against the wall. So also it happened, where lightning entered a room in which a party was at dinner; the only person at all injured was one of the servants, at that moment, as it happened, standing very near the wall: and a little volume of similar examples might be readily collected.

It may be stated as a general rule, that a person whose clothes are wet, incurs less danger during a storm than in the case of their being perfectly dry; and the lives of parties struck by lightning have been frequently preserved, owing to this circumstance: for water being a good conductor of the electric fluid, the lightning finds a passage to the ground, sometimes without injuring at all, sometimes after injuring only in a slight degree the parties on whom it descends; and sometimes the clothes and shoes have been partly consumed without any lasting injury to the wearer.

In reference, further, to the danger of particular situations out of doors, it may be observed, that the more exposed the situation, and the higher the ground, the greater is the danger. It is true that lightning sometimes falls on low ground, in valleys, and in sheltered situations; but those objects are nevertheless most frequently struck, which are highest and most exposed. A strong current of air, or a run of water will sometimes conduct lightning: and confined streets, arched passages of inn-yards, and similar situations, are not safe places of shelter for this reason. The run of water down the sides of streets, so common in Cornish towns, and to be found in all towns during a violent thunder-shower, will often conduct lightning some distance from the spot where it first falls. A few summers ago, a gentleman was struck by lightning as he was crossing one of these water-courses, the lightning having descended by an iron lamp-post, and followed the course of the water.

Travellers by carriages and stage-coaches are safer inside than out, during a storm of thunder and lightning. In the instance of a providential escape near Tenbury in Worcestershire, when a gentleman and lady had exchanged places with their servants, to obtain a more commanding view of the scenery through which they were passing, and mounted on the barouche of their chariot for that purpose, the horses, the postilion, and the lady and gentleman, were considerably injured on the sudden discharge of lightning, while the servants inside remained unhurt. Travellers in the inside of carriages on rail-roads incur little danger, because the metal outside the carriages is in immediate communication with the rails, by which the fluid is provided with a safe and instantaneous vent.

It is not safe to be very near the *outside* of a house or other building, or to shelter under the eaves during a thunderstorm. Persons sheltering under hay or corn stacks have been sometimes much injured by lightning. In short, it may be laid down as a general rule, never, during a thunderstorm, to be contiguous to any lofty object whatever; and in case of sheltering, a bush is safer than a tree, and the *inside* of any building much safer than the outside.

Cattle killed by Lightning.

The number of cattle annually destroyed by lightning is very considerable, chiefly in consequence of their collecting for shelter under trees during thunderstorms. At Melksam, in Staffordshire, a cow was killed under one tree, and a lamb under another, last year; and a large oak, (under which, during the same storm, some labourers had been considering about taking shelter, but who on second thoughts ran home,) was rent to pieces, the largest limb being thrown forty-eight yards. In the same county, a short time after, five sheep were killed under a tree; and in the same month, a flock of sheep, at the Isle, near Shrewsbury, having sheltered under a tree, were suddenly scattered by the lightning, twenty of them destroyed, and the remainder, stupified, blinded, and scorched, were thrown all around. To avoid such accidents, it might be desirable in some cases to build sheds for cattle to shelter in, and attach conductors to them on the outside to secure them from harm, if the shed should be struck: and since cattle, especially horses, are often averse to entering buildings for shelter, and always prefer sheltering under trees, it might frequently be expedient to rail or wall round trees on high land, and in exposed places, to prevent their standing immediately beneath; and in this case also there should be a conductor to the tree, descending a few feet into the ground. These remarks are especially applicable to large inclosures and leys for cattle, in which great loss frequently occurs from lightning. There is sometimes a favourite tree here and there on high knobs of ground, under which cattle are accustomed to shelter: these, if the above suggestion is not adopted for rendering them secure, should be cut down.

[We have only to add our commendation

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of the philanthropic object of these pages, and to hope that the good intentions of the writer, and his excellent means of carrying them into effect, will be appreciated by an extensive circulation of this useful pamphlet.]

The Gatherer.

Lord Loughborough. — It is very well known that, by the laws of England, the Chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such individuals as are said to be no longer of sound mind, and good, disposing memory; in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough once ordered to be brought to him a man, against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy: he examined him very attentively, put various questions to him, to all of which he made most pertinent and apposite answers—"This man mad!" thought he; "verily he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Towards the end of his examination, however, a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter, was put into Lord L.'s hand, on which was written in pencil, "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as Lord Loughborough. He forthwith took his cue.—"What fine poetry," said the Chancellor, "is in Isaiah!"—"Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew."—"And how well Jeremiah wrote!"—"Surely," said the man.—"What a genius too was Ezekiel!"—"Do you like him?" said the man: "I'll tell you a secret—I am Ezekiel!" G. H.

A gentleman seeing a person, who was reading *Gulliver's Travels*, poring over an atlas, and seemingly disconcerted by some want of success, asked whether he could assist him in finding what he wanted.—"I do not know," was the reply; "for I have been looking for two hours throughout latitudes and longitudes, and cannot discover Lilliput anywhere. W. G. C.

Planting. — Count Maurice, the late Governor of Brazil for the Hollanders, (says Evelyn, in his *Sylva*,) planted a grove near his delicious paradise, at Friburgh, containing 600 cocoa-trees, of eighty years growth, and fifty feet high to the nearest bough. These he wafted upon floats and engines four long miles, and planted them so luckily that they bore abundantly the very first year; as Gaspar Barlæus hath related in his elegant description of that prince's expedition.

Welsh Pride.—A proud Welsh boy at school, hearing that an English Duke employed six men cooks, during the period that he kept open house, or rather open castle in the north, sneered at the alleged magnificence. "*My* father does better than that," said Griffith ap Jones, "at our very last party before I left Cmydrdlmnynddryd, we had twenty-four men cooks all employed in dressing the supper;"—and this would have gone down easily, and Griffith ap Jones would have established his paternal magnificence for ever, had not a "Daly of his day" discovered the real state of the case, and announced to his school-fellows, that although the Welshman had spoken truly, the company at the supper to which he alluded, consisted of twenty-four of his near relations, and that *every man toasted his own cheese!*

Mr. Martin, of Galway, upon the eve of a general election, being asked who were the candidates likely to be returned, said, "There are three of us: Daly, I think, is safe; the other two are Kirwan and myself."—"And which of you will be the other successful candidate?" said the querist.—"Why the survivor, to be sure," replied Mr. Martin.

A Dinner. (by Gilbert Gurney.)—The following circumstance occurred to me once in the west of England, at a house where I paid an unexpected visit, and where—as one always is, in the west of England—I was most kindly and hospitably received. The family was a large one, and I the only stranger. I arrived within a few minutes of dinner, was ushered to my room, hurried my dressing, and was speedily seated at table. The soup was served. It was a remarkably nice sort of broth, made of veal, with rice and vegetables: I applauded it much. At the *bottom* of the table was a roast loin of veal; at the top, half a calf's head. There were four *entrées*, yet uncovered. "What will you eat, Gurney," said the master of the house, "some of *my* dish or Maria's?" I doubted. "Hand round the *entrées*," said the lady. Two were forthwith put in motion; one dish contained veal patties, and the other veal collops. I declined both; for I hated veal. Next came the other two—one a calf's brains, and the other a calf's tongue. I declined those, and took some of the joint, determining to wait for the second course. I saw, however, dish after dish vanish, and I yet remained unsatisfied, when my fair hostess, with one of her sweetest smiles, said, "We have no second course for you, Mr. Gurney; the fact is, we killed a calf the day before yesterday, and we are such prudent managers, that we make a point of eating it up while it is good, and nice, and fresh, before we begin upon anything else."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE MIRROR.
(*From the Times, March* 23, 1835.)
"A well-selected and instructive Miscellany."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 719.] SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1835. [PRICE 2*d*.

SPLENDID CUP.

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SPLENDID CUP,

From a rare Print, by HOLLAR.

THE Engraving represents an interesting memorial of ancient art, being the design for a splendid cup, by Mantegna, an eminent Italian painter. It is copied from a print by Hollar, after a pen-and-ink drawing, by the designer. The print is exceedingly rare, and we are uncertain as to the existence of the original drawing. From the dwelling of Mantegna it was transferred to Arundel House, in the Strand; but we can trace it no further. The cup we take to have been designed for the altar, from its characteristic ornaments generally, and especially from the compartments in the upper part, representing scenes in the Life of Our Saviour: as, Riding into Jerusalem — the Prayer on the Mount — Before Pilate — the Scourging, and others.

Of the designer, Andrea Mantegna, or Mantenio, Strutt, Fuseli, and others, supply many attractive particulars. Mantegna was born in 1431, in an obscure village near Padua. Cradled in indigence, he, when very young, tended sheep for his subsistence; but, being gifted by nature with a happy genius for the imitative arts, he employed all his leisure in endeavouring to sketch the objects around him; and we need not add that his shepherd life must have presented many delightful scenes for his infant pencil, and have thus fostered his early genius. This was soon noticed by Squarcione, that observant protector of the fine arts, who was surnamed "the Father of Painters." He took charge of the education of Mantegna, and conceiving an ardent affection for him, which increased with the increasing merit of his *protegé*, he finally made him heir to his fortune.

Mantegna's chief abode and school were at Mantua; but he worked much at Rome, where he painted a chapel in the Vatican, which existed at the accession of Pius VI. Mantegna married the daughter of John Bellino, at Venice. Correggio became his disciple, and the Duke of Mantua his warm admirer and patron: from his hands the artist received the honour of knighthood, and for him he painted that celebrated picture, "the Triumph of Julius Cæsar," which he afterwards engraved, and which is now in Hampton-court Palace. Mantegna's masterpiece is, however, the picture della Vittoria, now at Paris. It is a votive composition, dedicated, for a victory obtained, to the Madonna, seated on her throne, with the infant standing in her lap.

Mantegna was too much occupied by large works to be a cabinet painter; and pieces are often attributed to him in which he had no hand. He distinguished himself highly in the art of perspective; and Lomazzo affirms that "Mantegna was the first who opened the eyes of artists in that branch." He was, also, one of the first engravers of his time, and one of the earliest engravers on metal. He was celebrated for his *pen-and-ink drawings*, such as the original of Hollar's print and our engraving; another of his drawings was in the possession of the late Benjamin West. The subject was an attempt to restore an allegorical picture of Apelles, painted from an event in his own life. Mantegna had great influence on the style of his age, and was much imitated. He began some fine frescos in the castle of Mantua, which were finished by Francesco, and another of his sons, who added a beautiful ceiling, which showed great proficiency in foreshortening. Mantegna died in 1505.

"Some critics, (says Landseer,) have thought that this artist's admiration of the antique was too predominant in his works; that it too frequently engrossed his powers, and hurried him too entirely away from the contemplation of nature, which must always be one of the parents of originality of art. Yet, if his enthusiasm be a fault, it is a fault proceeding so necessarily and so immediately from the localities of time and place, and the redundance of his merits, that it is as secure of pardon from the candid, as those merits are of praise."

The disappearance of Mantegna's drawing of the cup from the stores of Arundel House, is more a matter of regret than of *surprise*. During the civil wars, this celebrated *mansion*,* was often deserted by its *illustrious* proprietors, and some of the marbles were defaced and broken, and others stolen or used for the ordinary purposes of building. The chronological marble, in particular, was broken and defaced; and the upper, containing thirty-one epochas, is said to have been used in repairing a chimney in Arundel House. In the year 1667, the Honourable Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, the grandson of the first collector, presented these curious remains of antiquity to the university of Oxford; another portion was removed to the noble mansion of the Duke of Norfolk, called Worksop Manor, Nottinghamshire, which was, unfortunately, destroyed by fire in the year 1761.

MORNING.

SOME time since there appeared in Hood's *Comic Annual* a few lines on Evening, the metre and rhyming of which were framed in a new style of versification. The following lines are on the same plan.

The sun appears and its rise dyes skies,
And wakes from slumber ev'ry bedded head;
The sweeps not daring now to cry high, sigh,
And fear to wake, as thus they creep, deep sleep:
The labourers, as they on their walk stalk, talk;

* Engraved in the Mirror, vol. xviii. p. 40.

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Though some, who like at home to lurk, shirk work.
The coaches now come on the stand, grand band,
Though some men, p'rh'aps, a cabriolet may pay.
Now inly dreading the great school-rule, (fool!)
Along the streets prepares to go slow Joe;
Nor is his horror of the cane vain pain,
For soon it rattles on his back, thwack, whack!
Some who've been up all night, quite white,
Slink homewards shrinking from the day's rays gaze.
—It now is later, and near ten; men then
Pour out more numerous; round St. Paul's tall wall,
The coaches rumble; the cads call, bawl, squall,
At last with screaming "Charing Cross, Cross," hoarse,
The time is up, the 'bus departs. Carts, Darts,
Times, Eagles, Unions, without care, swear, tear,
And run o'er children who in play may stray.
Reader, my rhymes now only hum-drum come,
Not Noah, I'm sure, of yore, could with all his lore four more pour. R. H. Y.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

Charles XIV. (says Mr. Alexander Daumont) was born at Pau, January 26, 1764. Years have made but a slight impression on his vigorous constitution. A profusion of black hair covers, without concealing, a lofty forehead, which neither the cares of state nor the hand of time has yet furrowed with a wrinkle. When he speaks, his features assume the same animated expression which struck me when, in his thirty-eighth year, I heard him describe the exploits of the army of Italy. All the muscles of his energetic head, which reveals the activity of thought, and a genius for great undertakings, are then in full play. His piercing, black eyes have lost nothing of their brilliancy; his person has become but slightly corpulent; his figure is still noble and erect; and he still exhibits the same attention to neatness, and the same simple and unaffected elegance which distinguished his manners.

As there is no sovereign, without even excepting the pettiest German prince, more easy of access to whoever desires to speak to him, the officers on duty at the palace, and in the ante-rooms, are a mere state pageant. And this confidence between the sovereign and his subjects is peculiarly remarkable, when we consider that he was by birth a stranger to the nation he has been called upon to govern. It is easy to see that this prince, born among the people, has been impressed with the feeling that he should communicate with the people; and this intimate relation existing between the sovereign and the lowest of his subjects, far from detracting from the respect which should surround the majesty of the throne, only serves to increase it. This facility of communicating with their sovereign is one of those peculiarities which the Swedes take a pleasure in pointing out to the attention of strangers.

When the king drives out to Rosendal, to Haga, or to Drottningholm, it is most commonly in an open carriage, preceded by a single courier. He is accompanied by some of the principal officers of state or of his household, but unattended by an escort. Every person he meets is on the alert to take off his hat, and countenances beaming with smiles are sufficient indication of the public satisfaction. He never fails to acknowledge a salute, and on his part it is generally accompanied by one of those expressive and benevolent smiles which communicate such a charm to his features.

His health, though usually very robust, has undergone considerable alteration during the last few years: nevertheless, I am of opinion that he is still capable of sustaining the hardships of war, if necessity should render them indispensable.

In the audiences granted to us by his Majesty, he frequently entered into statistical details, evincing the most extensive knowledge of the situation of Sweden. "When I came to the throne," he observed, "agriculture was almost in its infancy. I have helped to give it an immense impulse. Formerly, Sweden imported a large quantity of corn, to supply the deficiency of produce; at present, she exports several cargoes annually; and the sustained progress of cultivation, the reclaiming of lands which may be observed in every direction, is a sufficient indication that this exportation will increase from year to year. I have regulated the finances on the soundest system; the public debt is almost annihilated; the taxes are collected almost without expense—a notice is posted on the church door of the amount of taxes due by each person, and it is paid without any further trouble. The Swedes are a peculiarly moral people. Among no other people is crime so unfrequent; and an organized police is a thing utterly unknown to them. The canals which I have cut, will at once aid the developement of commerce, and serve for the defence of our territory; our national army amounts to 120,000 men, and is the least burdensome establishment of the kind in Europe; and although Sweden is but a third-rate power, I am fully convinced of the political importance she will achieve in the eyes of Europe, in the event of my being forced to draw the sword in defence of her honour or her interests."

Prince Oscar is much beloved by the Swedes. "He is our son," say they; "it is we who have trained him up to reign over Sweden." He has scrupulously adopted all the manners and customs of the Swedes; his table is served after the Swedish fashion, and nothing is spoken but Swedish; while, at the table of the king, the French language is generally in use. W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

BRITISH BIRDS.

According to Mr. Slaney, there are about twenty song birds of passage which come to

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us, and rear their young in our island. Of these, some are local species, and others but partially and thinly scattered. These guests of summer remain to enjoy our finest weather, when the warmth of the climate, the richness of vegetation, and the harmony of nature, invite us abroad. The nightingale is celebrated in all countries: its sober plumage of tawny brown would never attract our attention, though its light and elegant form might excite admiration. This delightful songster is not found north of Shrewsbury in the west, or Doncaster in the east; and is seldom seen in Devonshire or Cornwall. It has been observed, that it is not seen but where cowslips grow plentifully, indicating a damp, cool soil, and probably yielding those insects it delights in. All writers praise the song of this bird. When every object around conveys the sensation of joy, (says Mr. Wilson,) and heaven's abundance is, as it were, showering around us, the grateful heart beats in unison with the varying, elevated strains of this bird. We listen to its notes in a kind of ecstacy, as a hymn to the great and most adorable Creator of all. Abject must that heart be, and callous those feelings, and depraved that taste, which neither the charms of nature, nor the melody of innocence, nor the voice of gratitude or devotion can reach.—W. G. C.

ORIGINAL COUNTRY OF THE GOLDEN PHEASANT.

The golden pheasant, (says a recent writer,) has been supposed, since the time of Buffon, to have come originally from China, but upon what authority is unknown. A passage in Pliny notices this bird by a characteristic feature, which has been overlooked by naturalists, but which cannot be mistaken. The golden pheasant has, on each side of the head, beautiful orange-yellow feathers, which curve into a sort of conch or ear, and are susceptible of voluntary motion. The common pheasant does not possess this ornament. Pliny expressly says, "Phasenæ in Colchis geminas ex plumâ aures submittunt subriguntque." From these facts, Dureau de la Malle, in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, fixes the country of the bird at Colchis or Mingrelia, whence we have also the common pheasant, whose name is derived from Phasis, the principal river of Colchis. M. Gamba, is stated to have seen and chased the golden pheasant in the chain of the Caucasus, where large flocks are found in company with the common pheasant.—W. G. C.

THE SHARK.

The capture of one of these voracious animals, (says Mr. G. Bennett,) frequently beguiles a tedious hour during a long voyage. Its struggles, when brought on deck, are very great, but a few severe blows on the nose soon disable it from further exertion. The shark, judging by an European palate, is not good eating; the fins and tail are very glutinous, and are the portions most relished by the seamen, and, dried, they form an article of commerce to China, where they are used in soups, and considered as an excellent aphrodisiac. I have seen several sharks and bonetos about the ship at the same time, but I never observed the former attempt to molest the latter. The shark is eaten eagerly by the natives of the Polynesian Islands; and I have often seen them feasting on it in a raw state, when they gorged themselves to such an excess as to occasion vomiting. It is not an unfrequent source of illness among these islanders, and they suffer so much in consequence, as to lead them to suppose that their dissolution is nigh; but they cannot be persuaded that the eating of raw fish is the cause. An emetic soon removes the symptoms by removing the cause, and the sufferer considers the cure as almost miraculous. Attending the shark is seen that beautiful little fish the gasterosteus ductor, or pilot-fish; who first approaching the bait, returns as if to give notice, when, immediately after, the shark approaches and siezes it. The shark is more wary of taking the bait when unaccompanied by the pilot-fish; he will then approach, and retire several times before he ventures to sieze it. It is a curious circumstance, that this elegant little fish is seen in attendance only upon the shark. After the shark is hooked, the pilot-fish still swims about, and for some time after he has been hauled on deck; they then swim very near the surface of the water, and at that time I have seen them taken by a basket from the chains of the ship. When the shark has been hooked and afterwards escapes, he generally returns and renews the attack with increased ferocity, irritated, perhaps, by the wound he has received. W. G. C.

THE SEAL (PHOCA URSINA.)

The male of this species, (says Mr. Martin,) is sometimes eight feet long, and weighs 800 pounds; but the female is much smaller. The colour of the former is nearly black, and of the latter a dark speckled brown. Their hair is long and rough, and on the neck of the male is upright, and a little longer than the rest. The fore legs are about two feet long, and the hinder ones twenty-two inches; the feet being divided by five toes, separated by a large web, and spreading to the extent of twelve inches. They are prodigiously strong, swimming at the rate of seven miles an hour, and are very tenacious of life, often surviving the most severe wounds. When on shore, they live in families; each male being attended by several females, which he guards with great jealousy. The young ones, at twelve days, are nearly white, and their flesh

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bears a resemblance to that of sucking pigs. The males, when old, are deserted by the females. They then live apart from the rest, and become exceedingly fierce and quarrelsome. Their contests are often violent and sanguinary, and they inflict wounds on each other not unlike the cuts of a sabre. At the termination of one of these battles, they throw themselves into the sea to wash away the blood. W. G. C.

THE SEA-ELEPHANT.

It is curious to remark, (says Mr. Weddell,) that the sea-elephant, when lying on the shore, and threatened with death, will often make no effort to escape into the water, but lie still and shed tears, only raising its head to look at the assailants; and though very timid, will wait with composure the club or the lance which takes its life. In close contact, every human effort would be of little avail for the destruction of this animal, unwieldy as it is, were it to rush forward and exert the power of its jaws; for this indeed *is* so enormous, that, in the agony of death, stones are ground to powder in its teeth.

W. G. C.

CURIOUS INDIAN FISH.

In the collection of the late Sir S. Raffles, was a new species of julis, which, from its coloured markings, has been named by Mr. Bennett, the julis argus, or peacock-fish; the sides, and even the fins, being studded with beautiful ocelli, similar to those which are so much admired in the peacock's tail. The head, according to Mr. Bennett's description, is porous with blue lines. Eight lines of the same colour mark each side of the body longitudinally; and these are crossed by transverse lines, black and dusky, tesselated with ocelli. Similar translucent ocelli stud the dorsal and anal fins.

There is at Singapore a fish, called by the natives ikan layer, of about ten or twelve feet long, which hoists a mainsail, and often sails in the manner of a native boat, and with considerable swiftness. The sails, which are beautifully cut, and form a model of a fast-sailing boat, are composed of the dorsal fins of the animal. W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

BONPLAND AND FRANCIA, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

The celebrated botanist Monsieur Bonpland —that Bonpland who travelled with Humboldt during the course of his scientific researches in Mexico,—was detained many years a prisoner in Paraguay by Francia. In one of his long, stern, unrelenting moods, the Dictator resisted every effort, supplication, and influence used to obtain the liberation of Bonpland. This enterprising naturalist, having been led up the river Paraná, on botanical research, found, in a part of the Misiones territory, some fine forests of the yerba, or Paraguay tea tree. The exportation of this commodity having, under the system of Francia's non-intercourse policy, been prohibited from Paraguay, Bonpland, with the Indians residing near the spot, formed an establishment for the purpose of collecting and preparing it.

This of course excited Francia's jealousy. He equipped a small military force, sent it against the establishment of the peaceful but enterprising botanist, completely overthrew it, and carried Bonpland himself a prisoner into Paraguay. The wife and daughter of this gentleman were at the time in Buenos Ayres. His wife, after exhausting, and exhausting in vain, every effort *there*, to obtain her husband's liberation, proceeded at length to Europe, to try what could be done through the mediation of the French court, for the unhappy prisoner. The following letter, transmitted to me from Lima, by my brother, who saw Madame Bonpland there, on her return from Europe, gives a short account of the indefatigable zeal and energy of this amiable and accomplished woman. She is an honour to her sex: she is a most especial honour to the married part of it:—she is a noble, a delightful specimen, of the enterprise to which, with conjugal love as the basis of it, that sex may be stimulated.

"Lima, June 27, 1827.

"My Dear John—Madame Bonpland arrived here a few days ago, and I have just had a long conversation with her. She is bound on the perilous enterprise of joining her husband in Paraguay; and it is impossible not to feel the highest interest in her behalf. A year ago Madame Bonpland left Rio de Janeiro with her daughter for France, and there applied to the King for a requisition of the person of Bonpland, as a French subject, from Francia. The French minister proposed addressing him as 'Dr. Francia,' simply, and Madame Bonpland was three months engaged in the arduous enterprise of getting the French cabinet to style him—'His Excellency the Dictator of Paraguay.' It was at last conceded to her, on the *solemn* promise, that the dispatch should either be delivered by her own hands, or returned to the King: so great was his Majesty's fear that the style of the address might be construed into an acknowledgment of the Doctor's government. Madame Bonpland next got a letter from Mr. Canning, begging Bonpland's person of the Dictator; and she then returned to Rio de Janeiro.

"Here she was disappointed in her hope of getting to Paraguay by the route of Matagroso. She had previously established a

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correspondence with General Sucre, who had offered her his assistance in getting to Paraguay, if necessary, by the interior of Peru, and so to the Brazil frontiers, on the river Paraguay, whence she could descend it, and reach Assumption.

"She sailed from Rio de Janeiro for Valparaiso, and arrived there lately. She there got letters again, from the Chile government, in favour of her husband, for Francia. She now waits here for General La Mar, (the President of Peru,) to get letters to the same effect from him. She will proceed hence back to Arica, and so to La Paz. At this place she expects either to hear from Francia, or to get a military escort from General Sucre, with which to proceed straight across the country to Paraguay.

"The undertaking is as singular and arduous as can well be imagined: and you cannot conceive a more interesting woman *for* the undertaking than Madame Bonpland. She is of the age, and figure, and elegance of Lady P——y. Her face is not so handsome, but full of soul and intelligence; and she is not only accomplished and fascinating in her manners, but has a really intelligent and well-cultivated mind.

"She left her daughter at Paris, and has no companion for her proposed undertaking. Our old school-fellow, Captain Tait, of H.M.S. Volage, has agreed to give her a passage to Arica.

"I am only afraid, alas! that the savage nature, and phlegmatic, cold-blooded feelings of Francia, are totally incapable of relenting, even at the sight of female heroism in distress, like that of Madame Bonpland.

"Yours, &c.
(Signed) WILLIAM ——."

A single glance at the map, most gracious reader (and if a man, in admiration of Madame Bonpland's devotion—if a woman, as a tribute of respect for what she could undertake,—of sympathy for what she must have suffered, you should *bestow* this glance,) a single glance at the map will show the nature and extent of her voyages and travels, for the one object of procuring her husband's liberation from captivity.

First, she sailed from the river Plate to France; thence to England; and across the Atlantic again, from England to Rio de Janeiro; from hence you will see, that had she been permitted to follow up her original intention of crossing the country to Paraguay, she might have reached Assumption in three weeks, the distance between it and Rio de Janeiro, by the land route, being not more than 800 miles. This, however, she could not do, and so sailed from Rio round the cold and boisterous region of Cape Horn, to Valparaiso. At Valparaiso she embarked for Lima, and sailed *back* from Lima to Arica. From hence, crossing the sandy deserts of Peru, herself the only female, escorted through a savage country by rough soldiers, she made her way to the river Paraguay, above Assumption, and then embarking in a canoe, was paddled by Indians down the stream, till she came to Francia's capital. Before she could reach this place, she must have sailed and travelled from the time of her first leaving Buenos Ayres, 21,500 miles.

She *did* then reach Paraguay — had an interview with the Dictator—prostrate at his feet, she laid her credentials before him;—she entreated, wept, implored — "Oh, sir, restore to me my husband!" Vain were her tears, and useless were her supplications. As well might they have been addressed to the flinty rock, or the howling wind. Francia's heart was harder than the adamant—more chilling than the blast. Not only did he refuse to liberate Bonpland, but even to permit his wife to *see* him. Back she measured her desolate and solitary steps to Chile; and there in widowed sadness—her husband still alive—she set herself to earn a scanty subsistence by the establishment of a school.

Bonpland was liberated, and allowed to leave Paraguay, some years after the date of the preceding letter from Lima, in consequence of a remonstrance addressed by the French consul to Francia, from Buenos Ayres, which had, I believe, the effect of *intimidating* the Dictator.* Of the subsequent fortune or fate of Bonpland and his wife, I have had no information — *New Monthly Magazine.*

LOVE IN THE LIBRARY.

I WAS strolling on through one of the most fashionable and romantic streets (when did those two words ever before find themselves in a sentence together?) when a drawing-room with which I was very familiar, lit, unlike most others on that bright night, by a suspended lamp, and crowded with company, attracted my attention for a moment. Between the house and the street there was a slight shrubbery shut in by a white paling, just sufficient to give an air of seclusion to the low windows without concealing them from the passer-by, and, with the freedom of an old visiter, I unconsciously stopped, and looked unobserved into the rooms. It was the residence of a magnificent girl, who was generally known as the Connecticut beauty—a singular instance in America of what is called in England a *fine* woman. (With us that word applies wholly to moral qualities.) She was as large as Juno, and a good deal handsomer, if the painters have done that much-snubbed goddess justice. She was a

* It was intimated to him that there were then French ships of war in the river Plate, and that they would no longer permit the unjust violation either of the liberty or the property of French subjects.

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"book of beauty" printed with virgin type. The lady I speak of looked *new*—and her name was Isidora.

She was standing just under the lamp, with a single rose in her hair, listening to a handsome coxcomb of a classmate of mine with evident pleasure. She was a great fool, (did I mention that before?) but weak and vacant, and innocent of an idea as she was, Faustina was not more naturally majestic, nor Psyche (*soit elle en grande*) more divinely and meaningly graceful. Loveliness and fascination came to her as dew and sunshine to the flowers, and she obeyed her instinct as they theirs, and was helplessly, and without design, the loveliest thing in nature. I do not see, for my part, why all women should not be so.

I was looking at her with irresistible admiration, when a figure stepped out from the shadow of a tree, and my chum, monster, and ally, Job Smith, laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Do you know, my dear Job," I said, in a solemn tone of admonition, "that blind John was imprisoned for looking into people's windows?"

But Job was not in the vein for pleasantry. The light fell on his face as I spoke to him, and a more haggard, almost blasted expression of countenance, I never saw even in a madhouse. I well knew he had loved the splendid girl that stood unconsciously in our sight, since his first year in college; but that it would ever so master him, or that he could link his monstrous deformity, even in thought, with that radiant vision of beauty, was a thing that I thought as probable as that hirsute Pan would tempt from her sphere the moon that kissed Endymion.

"I have been standing here looking at Isidora, ever since you left me," said he. (We had parted three hours before, at twilight.)

"And why not go in, in the name of common sense?"

"Oh! Phil!—with this demon in my heart? Can you see my face in this light?"

It was too true! he would have frightened the household gods from their pedestals.

"But what would you do, my dear Job? why come here to madden yourself with a sight you must have known you would see?"

"Phil!"

"What, my dear boy?"

"Will you do me a kindness?"

"Certainly."

"Isidora would do anything you wished her to do."

"Um! with a reservation, my dear chum?"

"But she would give you the rose that is in her hair."

"Without a doubt."

"And for me—if you told her it was for me. Would she not?"

"Perhaps. But will that content you?"

"It will soften my despair. I will never look on her face more; but I should like my last sight of her to be associated with kindness."

Poor Job! how true it is that "affection is a fire which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn." I do believe in my heart that the soul once in thee (now at rest—I trust they have re-set thee, disguised jewel that thou wert, in heaven) was designed for a presentable body—thy instincts were so invariably mistaken. When didst thou ever think a thought, or stir hand or foot, that it did not seem prompted, monster though thou wert, by conscious good-looking-ness! What a lying similitude it was that was written on every blank page in thy Lexicon: "Larks that mount in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals." Apelles must have been better looking than Alexander, when Campaspe said that!

You should hesitate to require of friendship a violation of etiquette. I was in a round jacket and boots, and it was a dress evening throughout Newhaven. I looked at my dust-covered feet, when Job asked me to enter a soirée upon his errand, and passed my thumb and finger around the edge of my white jacket—but I loved Job as the Arabian loves his camel, and for the same reason, with a difference—the imperishable well-spring he carried in his heart through the desert of the world, and which I well knew he would give up his life to offer at need, as patiently as the animal whose construction (inner and outer) he so remarkably resembled. When I hesitated, and looked down at my boots, therefore, it was less to seek for an excuse to evade the sacrificing office required of me, than to beat about in my unprepared mind for a preface to my request. If she had been a woman of sense, I should have had no difficulty; but it requires caution and skill to go out of the beaten track with a fool.

"Would not the rose do as well," said I, in desperate embarrassment, "if she does not know that it is for you, my dear Job?" It would have been very easy to have asked for it for myself.

Job laid his hand upon his side, as if I could not comprehend the pang my proposition gave him.

"Away, prop, and down, scaffold," thought I, as I gave my jacket a hitch, and entered the door.

"Mr. Slingsby," announced the servant.

"Mr. Slingsby?" inquired the mistress of the house, seeing only a white jacket in the *clair obscure* of the hall.

"Mr. Slingsby!" cried out twenty voices in amazement, as I stepped over the threshold into the light.

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It has happened since the days of Thebet Ben Khorat, that scholars have gone mad, and my sanity was evidently the uppermost concern in the minds of all present. (I should observe, that in those days I relished rather of dandyism.) As I read the suspicion in their minds, however, a thought struck me. I went straight up to Miss Higgins, and, *sotto voce*, asked her to take a turn with me in the garden.

"Isidora," I said, "I have long known your superiority of mind," (when you want anything of a woman, praise her for that in which she is most deficient, says La Bruyere,) "and I have great occasion to rely on it in the request I am about to make of you."

She opened her eyes, and sailed along the gravel-walk with heightened majesty. I had not had occasion to pay her a compliment before since my freshman year.

"What is it, Mr. Slingsby?" — "You know Smith—my chum."—"Certainly."—"I have just come from him."—"Well."—"He is gone mad!"—"Mad! Mr. Slingsby?"—"Stark and furious!"—"Gracious goodness!"—"And all for you!"—"For me!"—"For you!" I thought her great blue eyes would have become what they call in America "sot," at this astounding communication.

"Now, Miss Higgins," I continued, "pray listen; my poor friend has such extraordinary muscular strength, that seven men cannot hold him."—"Gracious!"—"And he has broken away, and is here at your door."—"Good gracious!"

"Don't be afraid! He is as gentle as a kitten when I am present. And now hear my request.—He leaves town to-morrow, as you well know, not to return. I shall take him home to Vermont with keepers. But he is bent upon one thing, and in that you must humour him."

Miss Higgins began to be alarmed.

"He has looked through the window and seen you with a rose in your hair, and, despairing, even in his madness, of your love, he says, that if you would give him that rose with a kind word, and a farewell, he should be happy. You will do it, will you not?"

"Dear me! I should be *so* afraid to speak to him."

"But will you? and I'll tell you what to say."

Miss Higgins gave a reluctant consent, and I passed ten minutes in drilling her upon two sentences, which, with her fine manner and sweet voice, really sounded like the most interesting thing in the world. I left her in the summer-house at the end of the garden, and returned to Job.

"You have come without it!" said the despairing lover, falling back against the tree.

"Miss Higgins's compliments, and begs you will go round by the gate, and meet her in the summer-house. She prefers to manage her own affairs."

"Good heavens! are you mocking me?"

"I will accompany you, my dear boy!"

There was a mixture of pathos and ludicrousness in that scene which starts a tear and a laugh together, whenever I recall it to my mind. The finest heart in the world, the most generous, the most diffident of itself, yet the most self-sacrificing and delicate, was at the altar of its devotion, offering its all in passionate abandonment for a flower and a kind word; and she, a goose in the guise of an angel, repeated a phrase of kindness, of which she could not comprehend the meaning or the worth, but which was to be garnered up by that half-broken heart, as a treasure that repaid him for years of unrequited affection! She recited it really very well. I stood at the latticed door, and interrupted them the instant there was a pause in the dialogue; and getting Job away as fast as possible, I left Miss Higgins with a promise of secrecy, and resumed my midnight stroll.

Apropos—among Job's papers, which I looked over with some curiosity after his death, there was a copy of verses which, spite of some little inconsistencies, I *think* were written on this very occasion. If his ghost interrupt me not before I get through, they ran thus:—

Nay—smile not on me! I have borne
  Indifference and repulse from thee;
With my heart sickening I have worn
  A brow, as thine own cold one, free;
My lip has been as gay as thine,
  Ever thine own light mirth repeating,
Though, in this burning brain of mine,
  A throb, the while, like death, was beating
My spirit did not shrink or swerve—
Thy look—I thank thee!—froze the nerve!

But now again, as when I met
  And loved thee in my happier days,
A smile upon thy bright lip plays,
And kindness in thine eye is set—
  And this I cannot bear!
It melts the manhood from my pride,
It brings me closer to thy side—
  Bewilders—chains me there—
There—where my dearest hope was crush'd and died!

Oh, if thou couldst but know the deep
  Of love that hope has nursed for years,
How in the heart's still chambers sleep
  Its hoarded thoughts, its trembling fears—
Treasure that love has brooded o'er
Till life, than this, has nothing more—
  And couldst thou—but 'tis vain!—
I will not, cannot tell thee, how
That hoard consumes its coffer now—
  I may not write of pain
That sickens in the heart, and maddens in the brain!

Then smile not on me! pass me by
  Coldly, and with a careless mien—
'Twill pierce my heart, and fill mine eye,
  But I shall be as I have been—
  Quiet in my despair!
'Tis better than the throbbing fever
That else were in my brain for ever,
  And easier to bear!
I'll not upbraid the coldest look—
The bitterest word thou hast, in my sad pride I'll brook!

New Monthly Magazine.

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ALL-HALLOWS CHURCH, YORK.

Of forty-five parish churches formerly existing in York, only twenty-three remain. Of these, the church of All-hallows, in the Pavement, is an ancient rectory, belonging, before the Conquest, to the prior and convent of Durham. It stands on the highest ground in the city. The north side of the church is almost entirely built with the ruins of ancient Eboracum.

This church is chiefly celebrated for its fine Gothic tower, terminating in the lantern form with pinnacles, and pierced with graceful windows. Within this lantern tower, we are told by tradition that, in ancient times, a large lamp was suspended, and lighted at night, as a mark for travellers in crossing the vast forest of Galtres on the north of the city; and the hook on which the lamp was hung is yet to be seen within the tower.

It has been observed that "there is something peculiarly appropriate and characteristic in lights being thus placed within the towers of churches: the benighted traveller of a reflective turn of mind would consider them as symbolic; for, as their light points out his road on earth, so the light that shineth around the hallowed church will guide him to everlasting bliss: whilst the mariner tossed upon the mountain sea in pitchy darkness may alike look to these church-lights for rays of hope and trust in the providence of Him, without whose will not a sparrow falleth to the ground."*

* Domestic Life in England, 1835.

New Books.

NARRATIVE OF A SECOND VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE, &c.

(By Sir John Ross, Captain in the Royal Navy, &c.)

This bulky quarto of 750 pages, with thirty illustrations, contains the details of Sir John Ross' Second Expedition, with a Narrative of his Residence in the Arctic Regions, during the years 1829, 30, 31, 32, and 33; the Reports of Commander, now Captain J. C. Ross; and the Discovery of the Northern Magnetic Pole. As the outline of the Expedition has already appeared in this Miscellany, our present task is to make an entertaining selection from the rich and

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almost exhaustless materials before us. It will be recollected that Captain Ross sailed in the *Victory* steam-vessel, in company with a store-ship, in May, 1829; and we gather from his Narrative that the engine of the former proved useless; they were beaten by every vessel they saw, so ill did they sail upon a wind; and the crew of the store-ship *John*, mutinied, and left the *Victory* to proceed on the voyage alone. Captain Ross, since his return to this country, has been satisfied that he lost nothing by the defection of his intended consort, and, perhaps, escaped far greater evils than those which ultimately befell him. He adds:]

It was but in the following year, that the John, under the same master and officers, and with the same crew, barring one or two exceptions, sailed to Baffin's Bay on a whaling expedition. From causes which have never come to light, a mutiny took place on board, attended by the death of the master, Comb, but under circumstances which have not yet been rightly explained, as far as I can understand. The mate, with a boat's crew, were expelled at the same time; and having never since been heard of, are supposed to have perished in the ice. The ship, then put under the command of the Spikesoneer, was afterwards lost on the western coast, when most of the crew were drowned; the remainder being saved by a whaler which was accidentally passing.

[This was a disastrous commencement of an expedition which had been generally viewed with distrust. But Captain Ross, nothing discouraged, resolved to proceed. Accordingly, in the beginning of July, he reached Davis's Straits, and towards the close of the month, he visited the Danish settlement at Holsteinborg, and here received some]

Cheering Information.

We were assured that the present season was the mildest which had been known during the memory of the oldest person in this settlement, and that the preceding one had also been unusually mild. With this, they declared their conviction, that if ever the north-west passage was discovered, it would be in the present summer. In detail, they stated that there were only three days during all the latter part of the preceding year, in which the harbour might not have been crossed by a boat; that the thermometer had only been for one day as low as minus 18°, and that since that time it had never stood beneath 9° below zero (both) of Reaumur. This was a great contrast to the five preceding years, during which it had often, and for a considerable time, been as low as 32° below zero of the same scale. They also added, that although there had been a good deal of snow during the winter, there had been very little frost in comparison with the usual course of things; every particular confirming the general assertion respecting the mildness of the present summer.

Holsteinborg.

We inspected the settlement, which consisted of the Governor's and clergyman's houses, a church, two storehouses, a bake-house, and about forty Esquimaux huts. The two houses were built of wood, having a ground story containing a commodious dining-room, a good bed-room, a small parlour, and a kitchen; the Governor's having an extra room adjoining, for the accommodation of his two boats' crews, and two pilots. The apartments were low, and having cross-beams in the ceiling, resembled the fore-cabin of a 50-gun ship. The upper story contained only bed-rooms for servants, being a species of attic. To the church there is a small steeple, somewhat surmounting the building; the inside being neat and plain, with an organ at one extremity and the altar at the other, though the former was not seen, as it had been sent home to be repaired. The church is capable of containing 200 persons, and is well attended; the sermon and prayers being in the Esquimaux and in the Danish languages on the alternate Sundays. I need not say that the Danish form is the Lutheran; nor need I repeat the praise so well deserved, and so often bestowed on the Danish Government for their attention to the spiritual welfare of the Greenlanders; and as little need I notice the well-known success, which has attended the labours of the worthy clergymen who have undertaken this office, under such a banishment and such privations.

Esquimaux Hymn.

The clergyman at Holsteinborg presented me with a hymn in the Esquimaux language, which I subjoin for the sake of the few who may take an interest in this widespread tongue.

KONGIVTINIK.

ERIN.—*Nallunakas tokoviksara.*

Amèrdlarsersoangortikit
Atâtak! Kongim udloee!
Tamasa pillèe attatikit
Paralugo kotsinguerme
Tussàrkit taksiautivut
Sajmaugiuglo kongerput!

Tennitarpin opèrnarsusek
Arsûtigeïnarliuk
Tamàtigudlo sajmarsusek
Illigut nœllunòeliuk
Tussàrkin—à! Kenutivut
Sajmaugiuglo Kongerput!

TRANSLATION.

OF OUR KING.

Tune—*Nallunakas tokoviksara.*

Make many, O Father! the days of the king; make steadfast all his doings, preserving him on high; hear our prayers, and be gracious to our king.

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Let truth ever be the ornament of thine anointed; and let him every where show mildness as thou. Oh! hear our prayers and be gracious to our king.

[They sailed from Holsteinborg on July 26th, and on the 30th first saw ice. Proceeding down Lancaster Sound on August 12th, they reached Fury Beach, and there the *Victory* moored.]

Wreck of the Fury.

The Victory being now securely moored in a good ice-harbour, within a quarter of a mile of the place where the Fury's stores were landed, we were anxious to examine the spot; and having ordered the men a good meal, with the rest to which they were so well entitled, I landed at nine with Commander Ross, Mr. Thom, and the surgeon. We found the coast almost lined with coal; and it was with no common interest that we proceeded to the only tent which remained entire. This had been the mess tent of the Fury's officers; but it was too evident that the bears had been paying frequent visits. There had been a pocket near the door where Commander Ross had left his memorandum book and specimens of birds; but it was torn down, without leaving a fragment of what it contained. The sides of the tent were also in many places torn out of the ground, but it was in other respects entire.

Where the preserved meats and vegetables had been deposited, we found every thing entire. The canisters had been piled up in two heaps; but though quite exposed to all the chances of the climate, for four years, they had not suffered in the slightest degree. There had been no water to rust them, and the security of the joinings had prevented the bears from smelling their contents. Had they known what was within, not much of this provision would have come to our share, and they would have had more reason than we to be thankful for Mr. Donkin's patent. On examining the contents, they were not found frozen, nor did the taste of the several articles appear to have been in the least degree altered. This was indeed no small satisfaction; as it was not our luxury, but our very existence and the prospect of success, which were implicated in *this* most gratifying discovery. The wine, spirits, sugar, bread, flour, and cocoa, were in equally good condition, with exception of a part of the latter which had been lodged in provision-casks. The lime-juice and the pickles had not suffered much; and even the sails, which had been well made up, were not only dry, but seemed as if they had never been wetted. It was remarkable, however, that while the spun yarn was bleached white, all appearance and smell of tar had vanished from it.

We proceeded now to the beach where the Fury had been abandoned, but not a trace of her hull was to be seen. There were many opinions; but all were equally at liberty to conjecture what had become of the wreck. Having often seen, however, what the moving masses of ice could do on this coast, it was not difficult to guess in general what we could not explain in detail. She had been carried bodily off, or had been ground to atoms, and floated away to add to the drift timber of these seas. At any rate, she was not to be found; we had seen no appearance of her during the ten miles that we had coasted within pistol-shot of the shore to the southward of this place, and we now examined it for two miles to the northward with no better success.

We therefore returned on board, and made preparations for embarking a sufficiency of stores and provisions to complete our equipment for two years and three months; being what we expected to want on the one hand, and to obtain on the other. I need not say that it was an occurrence not less novel than interesting, to find in this abandoned region of solitude, and ice, and rocks, a ready market where we could supply all our wants, and, collected in one spot, all the materials for which we should have searched the warehouses of Wapping or Rotherhithe: all ready to be shipped when we chose, and all free of cost; since it was the certainty of this supply, and a well-grounded one it proved, that had formed the foundation of the present expedition.

A list of our wants was accordingly made out by Mr. Thom, who remained on board to receive the stores, together with the leading mate and a few hands. On shore, the rest of the crew were ready with the boats to receive and transport whatever was to be taken; and the steward, together with the surgeon, were employed in selecting whatever appeared to be of the best quality. Yet all that we could possibly stow away seemed scarcely to diminish the piles of canisters, of which we embarked whatever we could, together with such flour, cocoa, and sugar, as we wanted; all that we took being in excellent condition.

August 14.—We continued our embarkations this day, including ten tons of coals; and, after allowing the men some rest, we contrived to get these, together with all the provisions and a part of the stores, on board before dinner-time. We had found the spare mizen topmast of the Fury; and this was selected by the carpenter for a new boom, in place of the one that we had lost. We also got some anchors and hawsers, together with some boatswain's and carpenter's stores to make up our deficiencies. Some of the best of the sails were taken to make housings; having found that belonging to the Fury damaged from having been ill made up, and from having lain in a situation which pre-

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vented the melted snow from running off. A skreen lined with fearnought was also found in tolerable condition; but the bears had overset the harness cask, and devoured nearly the whole of the contents. We found that some of the candle-boxes had been entered, either by ermines or mice; one of them being entirely emptied, and the others partially. Though bleached, and especially on the upper side, as I already remarked of the spun yarn, none of the ropes were rotten, the cables seemed perfect; and thence we concluded that the canvass of the tents had merely been blown away by the wind, after the bears had loosened the cloths at the foot, in attempting an entrance.

The chain cable and the carronades were more or less covered by the small stones on the beach, and, except being slightly rusted, were just as they had been left. The powder magazine, detached from the rest of the store, was unroofed, and the waterproof cloth of it in tatters; but the patent cases had kept the gunpowder itself perfectly dry. We selected from it what we thought we should require, and then, in compliance with Sir Edward Parry's request, and our own sense of what was right, caused the remainder to be destroyed, lest it should prove a source of injury to any Esquimaux who might hereafter chance to visit this spot. And with this we ended our new outfit: storing ourselves, somewhat like Robinson Crusoe, with whatever could be of use to us in the wreck; yet if thus far greedy, having in view but the execution of our plan, and precluded by our limited means of stowage from encumbering ourselves with superfluities.

In the evening we obtained sights for our chronometers, and found that they gave a difference of 40′ in longitude from that which had been laid down in the chart: and as this was the first place of verification which we had obtained since leaving England, we carried on both sets of longitudes in our proceedings till it should be ascertained by a series of observations which was nearest the truth.

[After leaving the *Fury*, they were beset with difficulties. In quitting Elizabeth Harbour they encountered many]

Perils among the Ice.

Sept. 11.—Our iceberg floated last night at half-past twelve; but we at last succeeded in mooring it, together with ourselves, to the rocks within a small bight on the side of the stream; while, as it drew more water than the ship, it kept us from grounding; allowing us to lie quiet all night within a few yards of the rocks, and in three fathoms water. After a foggy morning, there appeared at one, some chance of moving, as there was a fresh breeze from the north-west. The attempt, however, was made in vain; and after three hours of hard labour, we could neither proceed, nor extricate the ship, so that we were obliged to submit ourselves to the ice, which was now closely packed in the whole channel which it occupied. It was in vain that we attempted to disengage ourselves, even when it got into motion; labouring hard for this purpose till ten o'clock: but a calm occurring at midnight, we became comparatively tranquil and easy.

Sept. 12.—Nevertheless it was a critical position, beset in the rapid current of a rocky channel, at the spring tides of the autumnal equinox; and, as the tide rose, the heavy masses of ice which were set afloat increased our danger, its action forcing them on us. We therefore thought ourselves lucky in getting hold of a grounded iceberg; though the points of rocks were appearing all round, and close by our ship. Unfortunately, however, a wind springing up from the westward, brought down an additional quantity of ice, before daylight, with a great increase of pressure; when the whole mass began to move to the eastward with frightful rapidity, carrying along with it our helpless ship, and amidst a collision and noise, from the breaking of the ice against the rocks, which was truly awful.

* * * * * *

To those who have not seen a northern ocean in winter—who have not seen it, I should say, in a winter's storm—the term ice, exciting but the recollection of what they only know at rest, in an inland lake or canal, conveys no idea of what *it is* the fate of an arctic navigator to witness and to feel. But let them remember that ice is stone; a floating rock in the stream, a promontory or an island when aground, not less solid than if it were a land of granite. Then let them imagine, if they can, these mountains of crystal hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide; meeting, as mountains in motion would meet, with the noise of thunder, breaking from each other's precipices, huge fragments, or rending each other asunder, till, losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; while the flatter fields of ice, forced against these masses, or against the rocks, by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences.

It is not a little, too, to know and feel our utter helplessness in these cases. There is not a moment in which it can be conjectured what will happen in the next: there is not one which may not be the last, and yet that next moment may bring rescue and safety. It is as strange, as it is an anxious position; and, if fearful, often giving no time for fear, so unexpected is every event, and so quick

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the transitions. If the noise, and the motion, and the hurry in every thing around, are distracting—if the attention is troubled to fix on any thing amid such confusion, still must it be alive, that it may seize on the single moment of help or escape which may occur.

Aurora Borealis.

Nov. 25.—There was a brilliant aurora to the south-west, extending its red radiance as far as the zenith. The wind vacillated on the following day, and there was a still more brilliant one in the evening, increasing in splendour till midnight, and persisting till the following morning. It constituted a bright arch the extremities of which seemed to rest on two opposed hills, while its colour was that of the full moon, and itself seemed not less luminous; though the dark and somewhat blue sky by which it was backed, was a chief cause, I have no doubt, of the splendour of its effect.

We can conjecture what the appearance of Saturn's ring must be to the inhabitants of that planet; but here the conjecture was, perhaps, verified; so exactly was the form and light of this arch what we must conceive of that splendid, planetary appendage when seen crossing the Saturnian heavens. It varied, however, at length, so much as to affect this fancied resemblance; yet with an increase of brilliancy and interest. While the mass, or density of the luminous matter was such as to obscure the constellation Taurus, it proceeded to send forth rays in groups, forming such angular points as are represented in the stars of jewellery, and illuminating the objects on land by their coruscations. Two bright nebulæ, of the same matter, afterwards appeared beneath the arch; sending forth similar rays, and forming a still stronger contrast with the dark sky near the horizon. About one o'clock, it began to break up into fragments and nebulæ; the coruscations becoming more frequent and irregular until it suddenly vanished at four.

Christmas Day in Felix Harbour.

It was Christmas day. There are few places on the civilized earth in which that day is not, perhaps, the most noted of the year; to all, it is at least a holiday; and there are many to whom it is somewhat more. The elements themselves seemed to have determined that it should be a noted day to us, for it commenced with a most beautiful and splendid aurora, occupying the whole vault above. At first, and for many hours, it displayed a succession of arches, gradually increasing in altitude as they advanced from the east and proceeded towards the western side of the horizon; while the succession of changes were not less brilliant than any that we had formerly witnessed. The church service allotted for this peculiar day was adopted; but, as is the etiquette of the naval service, the holiday was also kept by an unusually liberal dinner, of which roast beef from our Galloway ox, not yet expended, formed the essential and orthodox portion. I need not say that the rule against grog was rescinded for this day, since, without that, it would not have been the holiday expected by a seaman. The stores of the Fury rendered us, here, even more than the reasonable service we might have claimed; since they included minced pies, and what would have been more appropiate elsewhere, though abundantly natural here, iced cherry-brandy with its fruit; matters, however, of amusement, when we recollected that we were rioting in the luxuries of a hot London June, without the heat of a ball in Grosvenor Square to give them value, and really without any especial desire for sweetmeats of so cooling a nature. I believe that it was a happy day for all the crew: and happy days had a moral value with us, little suspected by those whose lives of uniformity, and of uniform ease, peace, and luxury, one or all, render them as insensible to those hard-won enjoyments, as unobservant of their effects on the minds of men. To display all our flags, (as shown in the engraving,) was a matter of course; and the brilliancy of Venus was a spectacle which was naturally contemplated as in harmony with the rest of the day.

[Here we halt for the present; but shall resume our extracts in a SUPPLEMENT, next week, to be illustrated with a large and striking Engraving of Felix Harbour, referred to above.

Retrospective Gleanings.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.*—EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

THE following account of the execution is taken in general from a narrative in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. iii. p. 127, but contains some circumstances derived from other sources. The account given in the Harleian Miscellany is partial, and cannot be considered as a faithful relation of what took place. It is, however, the only account to be found, excepting one given by Father Greenway which, on the ground of partiality, appears to be equally objectionable.

The prisoners, after their condemnation and judgment, being sent back to the Tower, remained there till the Thursday following, on which day four of them, viz. Sir Everard Digby, Robert Winter, John Grant, and Thomas Bates, were drawn upon sledges and hurdles to a scaffold erected at the western end of St. Paul's churchyard. Great pains were taken in the city to render the spectacle

* For a brief Narrative of the Plot, see Mirror, vol. x., p. 333.

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of the execution as imposing as possible. Among other arrangements made in order to be prepared against any popular tumult, a precept issued from the Lord Mayor to the Alderman of each ward in the city, requiring him "to cause one able and sufficient person, with a halbard in his hand, to stand at the door of every several dwelling-house in the open street in the way that the traitors were to be drawn towards the place of execution; there to remain from seven in the morning until the return of the sheriff."*

Now these four above-named being drawn to the scaffold, made on purpose for their execution, first went up Digby, a man of a goodly personage, and a manly aspect; yet might a wary eye, in the change of his countenance, behold an inward fear of death, for his colour grew pale and his eye heavy; notwithstanding that he enforced himself to speak, as stoutly as he could. His speech was not long, and to little good purpose, only, that his belied conscience being but indeed a blinded conceit, had led him into this offence, which, in respect of his religion, alias indeed idolatry, he held no offence, but, in respect of the law, he held an offence, for which he asked forgiveness of God, of the King, and the whole kingdom; and so, with vain and superstitious crossing of himself, betook him to his Latin prayers, mumbling to himself, refusing to have any prayers of any but of the Romish Catholics; went up the ladder, and, with the help of the hangman, made an end of his wicked days in this world.

After him went Winter up the scaffold, where he used few words to any effect, without asking mercy of either God or the King for his offence; went up the ladder, and, making a few prayers to himself, staid not long for his execution.

After him went Grant, who abominably blinded with his horrible idolatry, though he confessed his offence to be heinous, yet would fain have excused it by his conscience for religion; a bloody religion, to make so bloody a conscience; but better that his blood, and all such as he was, should be shed by the justice of the law, than the blood of many thousands to have been shed by his villainy, without law or justice. Having used a few idle words to ill effect, he was, as his fellows before him, led to the halter; and so, after his crossing of himself, to the last part of his tragedy.

Last of them came Bates, who seemed sorry for his offence, and asked forgiveness of God and the King, and of the whole kingdom; prayed to God for the preservation of them all, and, as he said, only for his love to his master, drawn to forget his duty to God, his King, and country, and therefore was now drawn from the Tower to St. Paul's churchyard, and there hanged and quartered for his treachery. Thus ended that day's business.

The next day, being Friday, were drawn from the Tower to the old palace in Westminster, over against the Parliament House, Thomas Winter the younger brother, Ambrose Rookwood, Robert Keyes, and Guide Fawkes the miner, justly called "the Devil of the Vault;" for had he not been a devil incarnate, he had never conceived so villainous a thought, nor been employed in so damnable an action. Winter first being brought to the scaffold made little speech, but seeming, after a sort, as it were, sorry for his offence, and yet crossing himself, as though those were words to put by the devil's stoccadoes, having already made a wound in his soul; of which he had not yet a full feeling, protesting to die a true Catholic, as he said: with a very pale and dead colour went up the ladder, and after a swing or two with a halter, to the quartering-block was drawn, and there quickly despatched.

Next him came Rookwood, who made a speech of some longer time, confessing his offence to God in seeking to shed blood, and asking therefore mercy of his divine *Majesty;* —his offence to the King, of whose *majesty* he likewise humbly asked forgiveness, and his offence to the whole state, of whom in general he asked forgiveness; beseeching God to bless the King, the Queen, and all his royal progeny, and that they might long live to reign in peace and happiness over this kingdom. But last of all, to *spoil all* the pottage with one filthy weed, to *mar this good* prayer with an ill conclusion, he prayed God to make the King a Catholic, otherwise a Papist, which God for his mercy ever forbid; and so beseeching the King to be good to his wife and children, protesting to die in his idolatry, a Romish Catholic, he went up the ladder, and, hanging till he was almost dead, was drawn to the block, where he gave his last gasp.

After him came Keyes, who, like a desperate villain, using little speech, with small or no show of repentance, went stoutly up the ladder, where, not staying the hangman's turn, he turned himself off with such a leap, that with the swing he brake the halter, but, after his fall, was drawn to the block, and there was quickly divided into four parts.

Last of all came the great devil of all, Fawkes, alias Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder. His body being weak with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but yet, with much ado, by the help of the hangman, went high enough to break his neck with the fall; who made no long speech, but, after a sort, seeming to be sorry for his offence, asked a kind of forgiveness of the King and the state for his bloody intent; and with his crosses and idle ceremonies, made his end upon the gal-

* Repertories in the Town-Clerk's Office.

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lows and the block, to the great joy of the beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked a villainy.—*From the Library of Entertaining Knowledge: Criminal Trials*, vol. ii. part 1.

Spirit of Discovery.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

The phenomena of overflowing, or Artesian wells—so called by the French, from having been long known and practised in Artois—are interesting to the inhabitants of this metropolis, in whose neighbourhood several such wells have of late years been successfully formed, and who may justly expect, from their multiplication, a supply of purer water than is usually to be had in or near London.

The rise and overflow of the water in these wells is referred, with apparent reason, to the same principles as the play of an artificial fountain. Let our readers imagine a somewhat basin-shaped bed of sand, chalk, or any rock of a porous nature, to lie upon a stratum of clay impermeable to water, and to be covered by another stratum equally impermeable. The former bed, being saturated to a great extent by the water which flows into it from its higher and exposed edges—a hilly region, perhaps, where rain falls in abundance—becomes a reservoir which, if an opening is bored down into it through the overlying clay, will discharge its waters upwards with a force and to a height determined by the level at which they are kept in the reservoir, the rate at which they can percolate through its substance, and the size of the orifice. In fact such a well is an artificial spring, fed precisely in the same manner as those which break forth spontaneously from natural fissures. And when the multiplication of these wells for the supply of all London is suggested, we must not forget that every artificial spring so opened in the lower levels of the London basin must rob some natural spring or springs in the higher levels of precisely the same quantity of water as it abstracts from the common subterranean reservoir. The springs which feed the brooks and rivulets of Middlesex, Surrey, and Essex, are only the overflowings of the water which saturates the upper strata of chalk that underlie the clay-basin of London; and in proportion as this reservoir is *tapped* by the borer, must the supply it affords on its upper margin be diminished. The owners of mills and water-meadows along the course of our streams have thus a strong interest in hindering the multiplication of these Artesian channels for conducting to other districts the rills on whose permanence they have so much valuable property dependent.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Gatherer.

Curious Knife.—About twenty or thirty years ago, when Sheffield first became famous for the manufacture of knives, scissors, &c., a very curious knife and one of many uses, was executed with care, and sent to the Cutlers' Company in London. On one of the blades was engraved—

Sheffield made
Both haft and blade!
London! for thy life,
Shew me such another knife!

Cutlers' poetry, even in Shakspeare's time, was not very famous for beauty; but the London cutlers showed that they were men of metal. They finished and sent down to Sheffield a single penknife, with one well-tempered blade, in which was a cavity, and in the cavity a piece of straw unsinged and fresh. There were some lines on the blade, which I do not remember, but which led the Sheffielders to break the knife; when they found the straw, but they could never discover how it could get there, and so confessed themselves outdone. G. H.

Lord Burlington designed General Wade's mansion in Cork-street, which was very inconvenient as a dwelling-house, but had so beautiful a front, that Lord Chesterfield said, "As the General could not live in it to his ease, he had better take a house over against it, and look at it."

The extreme facility with which sounds are heard at a considerable distance, in severely cold weather, (says Captain Parry,) has often been a subject of remark; but a circumstance occurred at Port Bowen, which deserves to be noticed, as affording a sort of measure of this facility, or at least of conveying to others some definite idea of the fact. Lieutenant Forster, having occasion to send a man from the observatory to the opposite shore of the harbour, a measured distance of 6,626 feet, or about one statute mile and two-tenths, in order to fix a meridian mark, had placed a person half-way between, to repeat his directions; but he found, on trial, that this precaution was unnecessary, as he could, without difficulty keep up a conversation with the man at the distant station.

"*In the Wig.*"—Handel wore an enormous white wig, which, when things went well at the oratorio, had a certain nod or vibration; when this sign was wanting, nice observers were seldom wrong in concluding him to be out of humour.

Stand-up Supper.—Tables against the wall, covered with cold negus, and warm ice; where men, women, and children take perpendicular refreshment, like so many horses with their noses in the manger.—*Hook.*

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Esquimaux Cunning. — Captain Ross, during his residence in the Arctic Regions, saw one of the Esquimaux who had lost a leg by the bite of a bear. The Captain liberally supplied the poor fellow with a wooden leg, and his gratitude was boundless. Another of the Esquimaux, having a sore on his leg, begged also to have a wooden leg made, expecting thus to gain a piece of timber. The Captain, with some experience of Esquimaux cunning, explained that the first condition was, to cut off the sore leg, which, of course, put an end to this application. On another occasion, Captain Ross recovered a number of articles which the Esquimaux had stolen: the cause of this repentance and restoration is traced to the guns which had been fired for the purpose of experiments on sound. One of the Esquimaux having attended Commander Ross to the observatory, and having asked what the "guns said," was informed that they were naming the thieves, who had taken the missing property; on which there was a general convocation held at the village, and it was agreed to return every thing. It is, however, certain that the Esquimaux considered these pilferings no great crime, since the detection generally produced laughter.

Esquimaux Hut.—In return for a luxurious breakfast of five or six pounds of seal each, two Esquimaux built for Captain Ross a snow hut: the neatness of the workmanship was the least part of the merit of the building; since, excluding perfectly the annoyance of wind or cold air, it was sufficiently transparent to allow the navigators to read off the instruments.

Captain Ross found the meat of the musk-ox very good beef, and without the musky flavour, which may possibly occur only at a particular season.

Esquimaux Children habitually lick their dishes and other utensils, as well as each other's faces. Captain Ross saw one apply his tongue to the hoop of an iron cask, and he was not released without leaving the skin behind.

The Esquimaux consider the matters found in the stomachs of the reindeer a great delicacy; and, however our own may revolt at a vegetable dish cooked in this manner, this forms a very useful and salutary ingredient among their gross, animal diet; since it is scarcely possible for them to collect any eatable vegetables by their own exertions.

They who live in England cannot understand how a year, or years, are expended with so small a progress as that which has attended all the northern exploring voyages; and, if they would translate the word year into month, it would enable them to form juster conceptions of these voyages, and of the actual time expended on the results which have been obtained.—*Ross.*

Martin's "Deluge" is the most simple of his works, — it is, perhaps, also, the most awful. Poussin had represented before him the dreary waste of inundation; but not the inundation of a world. With an imagination that pierces from effects to their ghastly and sublime agency, Martin gives, in the same picture, a possible solution to the phenomenon he records; and in the gloomy and perturbed heaven, you see the conjunction of the sun, the moon, and a comet! I consider this the most magnificent alliance of philosophy and art of which the history of painting can boast.—*E. L. Bulwer.*

A Day's Work. — Before marriage, the late Mr. Henry Hunt spent one Sunday with Miss Halcomb, at Heytesbury, a distance of nearly thirty miles from his father's house, where the time passed so pleasantly that the clock struck twelve before he recollected that he had an engagement with his father's mowers at four on the Monday morning, to attack a field of oats, of seventeen acres and a half, very heavy crop, to see if they (five in number) could not cut it down the same day. It was one o'clock before he started; within two hours, however, he arrived home, and without waiting to take off his tight leather breeches (which were in fashion at the time), or his boots, he mounted another pony, and reached the field of oats (three miles off), just as the four men were stripped and whetting their scythes in order to begin. He went to work with them, and in ten minutes after the sun had sunk below the horizon, the last swathe was laid flat, and not one oat left standing—a day's work which stands unrivalled in this country; and which is the more uncommon, as, in fact, there were only four scythes at work during the greater part of the day; for it being exceedingly hot, one of the men, the worst mower of course, was principally employed in riding to and from the inn at Everley, to replenish the bottles.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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The Mirror

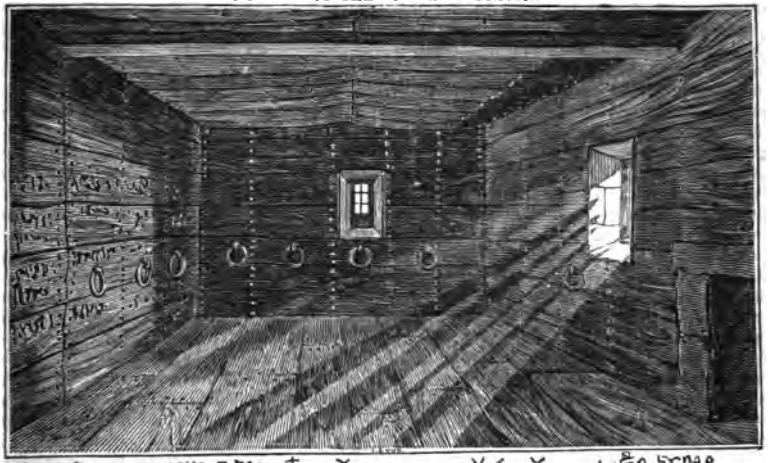
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 720.] SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1835. [Price 2d.

THE LOLLARDS AT LAMBETH PALACE.

INTERIOR OF THE LOLLARDS' PRISON.



Inscriptions on the Wall.

PRISON, ADJOINING THE LODGE.

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THE LOLLARDS AT LAMBETH PALACE.

Few of the ancient edifices of this kingdom are more richly stored with historical associations, than the venerable archiepiscopal palace of Lambeth. This is attested by a somewhat copious description of the building, and a summary of remarkable occurrences there, both which will be found in the fifth volume of this Miscellany.* In bad times, when fanaticism and rebellion warred against common interests, many a disgraceful scene has been enacted by popular tyrants within these hallowed walls; as in the murder of Archbishop Sudbury by the Essex insurgents in Wat Tyler's riot; and the conversion of the chapel into a dancing-room, by Colonel Scott, on the dissolution of Charles I. Happily, the Lambeth annals abound with records of more pacific character. Thus, we find that many of the archbishops expended considerable sums in enlarging the palace and refitting it, so as to render this ancient structure not only convenient and comfortable, but worthy of being the residence of the primate of all England; and one of the most munificent items in this expenditure was Archbishop Juxon's rebuilding the great hall, which Colonel Scott had demolished; these splendid repairs costing 10,500*l.* Again, the palace has a host of minor curiosities, interesting to the antiquary and lover of art; as its numerous specimens of painted glass, with effigies of saints, arms of the prelates, and old English verses. Next, the fine open roofs of the hall and guard-chamber; the mantled carving of the long gallery; the portraits of the archbishops from Laud to Cornwallis, showing the gradual change in the clerical dress, in bands and wigs, not forgetting the large ruff in place of the former; and Tillotson's first wig, unpowdered, and not unlike the natural hair. Then, the library, with its fine picture of Canterbury cathedral; prints of all the archbishops from Warham to the present time; of the principal reformers from popery, and of eminent nonconformist ministers; the Mohawk translation of the Liturgy of the church of England; and the 11,000 manuscripts over the library of printed books. And, what visiter can forget the shell of Laud's tortoise, which was killed at the good age of six score years; and the noble Marseilles fig-tree, planted by Cardinal Pole.

That portion of the Palace known as the *Lollards' Tower* may, however, be referred to as more directly associated with history than any part of the edifice yet named. The Lollards† will be remembered in our history as a numerous sect, whose powerful preaching produced an extensive reformation in religious opinion in the fourteenth century. Their aberrations of opinion from other sects of the same period were, perhaps, few; while they all concurred in detestation of the established church. They endured severe persecutions with a sincerity and firmness which, in any cause, ought to command respect: but, in general, we find an extravagant fanaticism among them. Mr. Hallam well observes that "their virtues were by no means free from some unsocial qualities, in which, as well as in their superior abilities, the Lollards bear a very close resemblance to the Puritans of Elizabeth's reign; a moroseness that proscribed all cheerful amusements, an uncharitable malignity that made no distinction in condemning the established clergy, and a narrow prejudice that applied the rules of the Jewish law to modern institutions. Some of their principles were far more dangerous to the good order of society, and cannot justly be ascribed to the Puritans, though they grew afterwards out of the same soil." The Lollards numbered among them many eminent followers of Wicliffe; though, as Mr. Hallam continues, "the above extravagances do not belong to the learned and politic Wicliffe; however they might be adopted by some of his enthusiastic disciples. Fostered by the general ill-will towards the church, his principles made vast progress in England, and, unlike those of earlier sectaries, were embraced by men of rank and civil influence. Notwithstanding the check they sustained by the sanguinary law of Henry IV., it is highly probable that multitudes secretly cherished them down to the era of the Reformation."‡

As the virulence of the Lollards was thus directed against the church, we might expect to find its high seat the prime scene of defence. Accordingly, the registers of Lambeth Palace, or rather of the See of Canterbury, record several proceedings against this sect. Even Wicliffe himself is said to have been examined before delegates, in the chapel at Lambeth. Foremost among the defenders of the church was Archbishop Arundell, in the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V.; and it is presumed that his influence much contributed to pass the horrible law referred to above.§

* Pages 81—84—117—118.

† Named from their low tone of singing, (in German *Lullen,*) at interments.

‡ Hist. Mid. Ages, iii. p. 477.

§ This statute condemns to be burnt all who, being convicted before the diocesan of falling into heresy, shall either refuse to abjure their impious errors, or relapse into them after previous abjuration. This persecution was formally carried into effect by a process *de heretico comburendo*, which successively issued upon a certificate of obstinate or relapsed heresy by the diocesan, and which commanded the sheriff or other local magistrate to commit the offender against the Divine Majesty to the flames. In the reigns of both the Henries, considerable numbers thus suffered death. The first sufferer, William Sawtre, was executed in 1410. But Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, was the most conspicuous of the first heretics, or, in other words, of the first who preferred death to insincerity, under the new law for

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If Arundell merits the stigma of "the fiercest persecutor of the Lollards," his successor, Archbishop Chicheley has left a more substantial memorial of his conduct towards this sect, in the "Lollards' Tower," at Lambeth, which he built in the years 1434 and 1435. It is a large pile of stone building, deriving its name from the small prison within it, hereafter to be described. The first apartment in this Tower is the Post-room, which has been so denominated from a large post or pillar, that supports the great timbers of the roof, and forms a kind of vestibule to the chapel. From the Post-room the ascent to the Lollards' prison is by a narrow spiral stone staircase, the steps of which are much worn, and fill the mind with gloomy retrospections of the many victims that must have contributed to this decay. It is entered by a little, pointed, stone doorway, barely sufficient for one person to pass at a time; which doorway has an inner and outer door of strong oak, thickly studded with iron, and fastenings to correspond. Fastened to the wainscot which lines the walls are eight large iron rings, firmly fixed: there being three on the south side, four on the west side, and one on the north side. The wainscot, the ceiling, and every part of this chamber, is entirely lined with oak, nearly an inch and a half in thickness.* It has two very small windows, narrowing outwards, one to the west, the other to the north. A small chimney is on the north part; and, upon the sides are various scratches, half sentences, initials, and in one or two places a crucifix, cut out with a knife, or some other sharp instrument, by the prisoners who are supposed to have been confined here.

The letters are in the old English character, and, in general, made so rudely as to be not easily deciphered. Dr. Ducarel has endeavoured to put together the following sentences; but his interpretation is considered far from correct.

Deo fit gratiarum (gratiora) actio petit Jonganham.
Jhe and John Fyocke Barbur and scandelar

burning heretics. His rank and military reputation enhanced, in some respects, his merit, and gave more efficacy to the example of his martyrdom. Henry V. laboured to soften Cobham's determination; and it was only after his courageous refusal that he was abandoned to Archbishop Arundell, the fiercest persecutor of the Lollards. Cobham was tried, convicted, and condemned, but escaped from his prison; he was retaken, and, in 1417, executed under the avowed authority of the archbishop and his provincial synod, that Oldcastle was an incorrigible heretic. —(*Abridged chiefly from Mackintosh.*) Soon after passing the sentence, an inflammation in the throat speedily put an end to Arundell's life. This incident, with a pardonable degree of superstition considering the times, the Lollards transformed into a special judgment.

* The entrance doorway of this room is five feet and a-half high, 21 inches wide, and 1 ft. 7 in. deep. The prison itself is 12 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 8 feet high. The windows are 2 ft. 4 in. high, and 1 ft. 2 in. wide, within side; and about half the dimensions on the outside.

Jhu cvppe me out of all compone anen
Thomas Bacar—ihe esto mosineus
Hic avit—Austin—John Worth
Chessam Doctor—Nosce te ips'm
Farley—ihe—John (Johan) Fyocke
Pierre Amackki, (John York.)

Beneath the annexed view of the interior of this apartment is engraved a fac-simile of the greater part of this writing, with the several marks and characters, from which the reader can form his own conclusions.

Not only was Lambeth palace thus employed for the punishment of ecclesiastical offenders; for Queen Elizabeth appropriated it also as a state-prison: besides committing the two popish prelates, Tunstall and Thirleby, to the custody of the archbishop, her majesty imprisoned here other persons of rank. Here the Earl of Essex was confined before he was sent to the Tower. It was usual for the prisoners to be kept in separate apartments, and to eat at the archbishop's table.

Of the expense of building the Lollards' Tower, a record exists; each item being set down in the *computus ballivorum*, or steward's accounts of the year. By these it appears that the building cost Archbishop Chicheley, in the whole, 27*l.* 2*s.* 11½*d.* Every foot in height, including the whole circumference, cost 13*s.* 4*d.* for the work. The iron-work used about the windows and doors amounted to 1,322¼ lbs. in weight, at three-halfpence per pound, to 10*l.* 14*s.* 11½*d.*; and 3,000 bricks were used for stopping the windows between the chapel and that tower. On the exterior west side is a tabernacle, or niche, in which was placed the image of St. Thomas à Becket, which image cost 13*s.* 4*d.* A bricklayer and a tiler's wages were then by the day, with victuals, 4*d.*, without victuals, 6*d.* or 6½*d.*; a labourer's with victuals, 3*d.*, without victuals, 3½*d.* But most of this Tower was built by the gross, or, as the computers call it, the great.†

Another memorial of religious persecution, the subject of the second engraving, remains to be noticed. This is a small apartment adjoining the porter's lodge, and supposed to have been anciently used as a secondary prison for confining the overflowings of the Lollards' Tower.‡ This room contains three strong iron rings fastened in the wall, and which have evidently remained there from its first erection. It is guarded by a double door: the windows are high and narrow, and the walls, which are lined with stone, are of prodigious thickness. An additional proof of the ancient appropriation of this room is, that here is the same description of writing as in the Lollards' Tower, cut in the wall. The

† Brayley's Londiniana, iii. 328.

‡ It is very probable that such was the use of this prison; though it must not be forgotten that dungeons occur in several old mansions; and in these the lord or master was accustomed to confine his refractory servants.

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name of Grafton, in the old English character, is perfectly legible; and near to it are to be seen a cross and other figures rudely delineated. On the right side of the page is seen the entrance door-way to this dreary prison.

The annexed engravings have been reduced from a folio Description of Lambeth Palace, published by Messrs. Herbert and Brayley, in the year 1806.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

The poetry of Mrs. Norton comes on the sense like a sweet, low, mournful strain of music, heard from some garden, or woody knoll, in a calm summer twilight; not startling or astonishing with bursts of high enthusiasm, but soothing the heart with sadly-pleasing dreams. She is the poetess of the affections,—of high-toned feeling, and lofty sentiment. She unravels with delicate tact, the sources of those emotions of mind which bring into play the better part of our nature, and, denizens as we are, of this toilsome earth of dust and clay, keep alive the memory of our higher destination. She is in poetry, as Mrs. Opie was in prose, the mistress of that fine and strictly feminine art, of unfolding the minute and tenderly sensitive feelings, which, fine as the gossamer's wing in their texture, pass unobserved, or are rudely torn, by contact with this "working-day world." Graceful as herself, her images are redolent of the sweet memories of early youth, of flowers, of birds of beauty, of unworn and unworldly feeling; she has no communion with the hard, dry details of matter-of-fact existence,—with the cold realities of this nether world—with what Ossian calls "the dark, brown years which bring no joy on their wing." Her name is associated with thoughts that "lie too deep for tears," or with "tears so pleasant, you would long to weep such pleasant tears for ever!" The *Sorrows of Rosalie*, and, of her minor productions, *Mona Water*, are perhaps the happiest efforts of her muse, in which, if she does not soar high enough to bring down breathing thoughts and burning words from the lofty heights of Parnassus, at least she culls from the green sides, and by the fount of Helicon, sweet flowers of poesy, which "ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears." Of stern and most unenviable stuff must that heart be made, which could be unmoved over the tragedy of *Mona Water*. Well is the perfect submission of a vassal described under the iron sway of a feudal chief, when liberty and life were at the command of the liege lord. The boy, a widow's only son, is despatched across the stormy water to bring back letters of import:—

The orphan boy leapt lightly in,
Bold was his eye, and brow of beauty,
And bright his smile, as thus he spoke,
"I do but pay a vassal's duty."

Wild burst the wind, wide flapp'd the sail,
A crashing peal of thunder followed,
The gust swept o'er the water's face,
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed!

The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,
The thunder died along the mountain;
But where was he who used to play,
On sunny days by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother,
And bitterly she wept for him,
The widow's son who had no brother!

She raised his arm, the hand was closed,
With pain the stiffened fingers parted,
And on the sand those letters dropp'd,
His last dim thought—the faithful hearted!

The remorseful chief offers gold; but the bitterness of despair gives a cutting irony to her reply:

"Will gold bring back the cheerful voice,
That used to win my heart from sorrow;
Will silver warm this frozen blood,
Or make my heart less lone to-morrow?"

The chieftain's daughter is struck with a mortal disorder, which was believed, (in the remote region where this tragic scene, as the author was told, really took place) to be a judgment from heaven on his tyranny. In few words, a picture is presented of one hastening fast to the "land o' the leel:"

Her step fell on the old oak floor,
As noiseless as the snow shower's drifting,
And from her sweet and serious eyes,
Seldom they saw the dark lid lifting.

The frail heroine, Rosalie, is made, as the just and certain consequence of her error, "to start and agonize at every pore," when the silent scorn of virtue passes by. She watches from her window a village wedding—the bride casts her eyes upon Rosalie, but,

Some grave matron walking by her side,
Whispered her, slowly she withdrew her eyes
With a sad farewell glance of pity and surprise.

Oh there was something in her pitying look,
Mingled with dread, that thrill'd my heart with pain,
My proud and sinful spirit could not brook
To see those gay ones as their way they took,
With half suppressed contempt in every eye.
Tear after tear in vain away I shook,
As all with downcast glance went slowly by.
As if they felt, not saw, some evil thing was nigh!

Intercourse with fashionable life, in general considered so injurious to unsophisticated feeling, has not yet robbed Mrs. Norton of the fresh and lively perception of moral beauty, which constitutes her poetry, if not of the first order, at least of that class which softens and amends the heart, and from which we rise sadder but better. Let her persevere in eliciting all holy affections, and may she write "no line which dying she will wish to blot."

ANNE R——.

Kirton-Lindsey.

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Manners and Customs.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

[We quote our promised selection from that chapter of Mr. Wilkinson's *General View of Egypt*, which briefly notices the manners and customs of the ancient inhabitants of this interesting country; deduced by the indefatigable author from a comparison of the sculptures of the tombs of Thebes, and other parts of Egypt, with the accounts given by ancient authors.]

Private Houses.—The houses of the Egyptians were of crude brick, stuccoed within and without, and divided into a series of apartments, which seem to have been arranged according to the will or taste of each individual, without any fixed plan established by the regulations of the priesthood.

Unnecessary prodigality, and worldly display of riches, were censured as the offspring of arrogance and impiety; but the temples of the gods, the palace of the king, and the abodes of their pontiffs, comprehended within the same precincts which protected their sacred persons and commanded the respect of the people, were adorned with all that superstitious arts could devise, or despotism compel man to execute.* Ponderous blocks formed those walls, which as a temple commanded their religious awe,—as an impregnable fortress their submission; and their national vanity was flattered by the subjects and execution of the sculptures and the grandeur of the monuments themselves. Not so their private mansions; crude bricks, a revenue to the government,† were deemed sufficient for the pretensions of the other classes; and the apparent moderation of the priests, who also possessed similar dwelling places, independent of their apartments in the temples, would necessarily silence any murmur which the discontented might venture to express. These houses, whose construction differed according to circumstances, consisted frequently of a ground-floor and an upper story, with a terrace, cooled by the air, which a wooden mûlquf‡ conducted down its slope. The entrance, either at the corner or centre of the front, was closed by a door of a single or double valve, and the windows had shutters of a similar form. Sometimes the interior was laid out in a series of chambers, encompassing a square court, in whose centre stood a tree or a font of water. Many were surrounded by an extensive garden, with a large reservoir for the purpose of irrigation; lotus flowers floated on the surface, rows of trees shaded its banks, and the proprietor and his friends frequently amused themselves there by angling, or by an excursion in a light boat towed by his servants.

Houses of a more extensive plan, besides a garden, or spacious court, which inclosed them, were furnished with large propyla and false obelisks,§ and imitated the distribution of the parts of a temple.

The cellars occupied a part of the ground floor; and the sitting rooms, for the entertainment of their guests, were sometimes on the upper story, or on a level with the court-yard. Their granaries were generally in the outhouses, and their roofs, like many of the houses|| themselves, formed of crude brick vaults, attest the invention of the arch from the earliest times into which Egyptian sculpture has given us an insight.

The courtyard of the larger mansions was surrounded by a strong wall, defended and ornamented with a row of battlements, or spikes, ranged along its summit, and furnished with two or more gateways, with folding doors, the name of the person to whom they belonged being frequently inscribed either on the lintels or imposts.

Gardens.—The garden was divided into the vineyard, orchard, date and *dom*¶ grove, besides the flower-garden, intersected by walks, shaded with rows of various trees, trimmed (apparently) into a rounded form.**

The vineyard was one of the principal objects of their care, and was watered by the pole and bucket (the *shadoof* of the present day), or by pails filled from the tank, and carried by a yoke†† on men's shoulders.

These, indeed, and the foot-machine,‡‡ were the principal and almost sole modes of irri-

* It is perhaps with reason that Voltaire considers the pyramids monuments of tyrannical power. Herodotus would lead us to suppose they were erected contrary to the will of the sacerdotal order, which is highly improbable. The very great difference between the style of their houses and the temples or public buildings would indicate a proportionate disparity in the condition of the people.

† They were stamped with the king's or with a pontiff's name, and were government property. Thus the Jews were compelled to make bricks for the *kings*, not for a stated time, but during their whole reigns, and after the building of Pithom and Raamses.

‡ They are used throughout the East at the present day, on the summits of the houses. They are constructed of a number of planks, nailed together side by side on transverse beams, forming a shelving roof facing and open to the wind, with one or both sides closed, and of similar materials. They are frequently only of reeds stuccoed.

§ They were painted to imitate granite. An instance of this may be seen in the columns and doorways at Beni Hassan. The Egyptians were noted for their fictitious woods and glass imitations of precious stones. I have seen some clever specimens of both. Their use of jewels is mentioned in the Bible, and the skill requisite for making the molten calf argues the advancement already made in art.

|| Some of the roofs were no doubt supported by rafters of palm and other wood, an imitation of which may be seen in a grotto cut in the scarped rock behind the second pyramid of Geezeh. The invention of the arch was, in all probability, owing to the great deficiency of wood in Egypt.

¶ The Cucifera Thebaica.

** This may be from their mode of representing a tree.

†† Exactly similar to that used by our milkmen.

‡‡ If they really had a water-wheel turned by the foot, as is supposed from Philo's account.

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gation,* as well in their gardens as the fields; and reflect no small disgrace on the character of the priesthood. Men who could invent machinery for the transport and erection of the stupendous blocks of ponderous granite which still remain to attest their ingenuity, could not be ignorant of a much less laborious mode of irrigation than mere manual labour.† They were remarkable for their learning, and for their skill in every branch of science, and therefore, however I feel inclined to admire the sage institutions and well-known wisdom of the Egyptian priests, I cannot but blame such marked neglect of the comforts of their people on these occasions.‡

Much taste was frequently displayed in the mode of dressing their vines, which, trained over rafters supported by low columns, formed a series of shady avenues, and afforded, at the same time, great facility for gathering the ripened clusters. Nor were they neglected at that season by the superintendants of the vintage; and boys were constantly employed to frighten away the birds with a sling and the sound of the voice.

Wine.—Their wine-press was of two kinds: in one, consisting of a large trough, the grapes were pressed by the feet; the other was a machine composed of levers, twisting and compressing a sack which contained the fruit; the juice, in both, discharging itself into a capacious vase beneath. The wine, was preserved in amphoræ, ranged along the walls in cellars, as at Pompeii and in ancient Greek houses; and, from the presence of a resinous sediment at the bottom of their broken fragments, now found at Thebes, we may conclude that the Egyptian wine partook of the flavour common to that of the Greek islands.

Wine was universally used by the rich throughout Upper and Lower Egypt;§ and beer, as we learn from Herodotus,‖ was also made (probably for the consumption of the common people) in those parts where the land, suited to the culture of corn, could not be spared for extensive plantations of the vine. For since the historian states that in the corn country "they have no vines, and drink beer" instead of wine, while the sculptures prove them to have been grown throughout Egypt, and neither Diodorus nor Strabo seems to confine the use of beer to any particular part of Egypt, we are forced, in order to reconcile these authorities, to admit that though wine was *universally* used by the rich, the poorer classes were obliged, in the corn country, to be contented with the more ordinary drink the produce of their fields afforded them. "Nor was the beverage," says Diodorus, "which they prepared from barley much inferior, in point of flavour, to the juice of the grape;" and a grateful acidity was imparted to it by the lupin and an Assyrian root.¶

Food. — Beans, the abhorrence of the priesthood, were no doubt grown in Egypt from a very early period, but did not probably constitute, as at present, the chief food of the lower orders. Herodotus makes them at once an *indigenous* plant of the Nile (in which he is not supported by fact) when he asserts, that "they were *never sown* in the country, but if they grew *spontaneously* they neither formed an article of food, nor even, *if cooked*, were they eaten by the Egyptians." This aversion, which originated in a supposed sanitary regulation, did not, however, preclude their cultivation; and whether we admit or reject the testimony of Diodorus, who says that *some* only abstained from their use, no religious prejudice would forbid their being given to camels or other cattle. That the priests may have considered themselves bound by a superstitious feeling to avoid them as impure, may easily be credited, and similar sanitary precautions forbade them to indulge in the fish both of the ocean and the Nile; in onions, and what was still more obnoxious, the meat of swine. But these rules were confined to the sacerdotal order; nor was even the swine, if we can believe Plutarch, prohibited to the other Egyptians at all times.

Fish, indeed, constituted a very great part of their food, and every one, excepting those of the priestly caste, was obliged by his religion to eat once a year, on the 9th of Thoth, a fried fish before the door of his house. Such, too, was probably the case with beans; and the sole fact of their not having been sacred, at once points out that their prohibition did not extend to all the Egyptians. But the *mysterious* abhorrence in which they were held by the priesthood was even imparted to some of the strangers they initiated, and the notions of Pythagoras on this and many

* A sort of water-wheel or hydraulic screw seems afterwards to have been introduced.—Strabo, xvii.; and Diod. i. 34.

† "Egypt * * where thou sowedst thy seed and wateredst it with thy *foot*, as a garden of herbs."—Deut. xi. 10.

‡ Much benefit would have ultimately accrued both to themselves and the country by the substitution of machinery for manual labour; though it was not so peremptorily required in Egypt then as at present, owing to the greater population of the country under the Pharaohs.

§ The process is represented in the tombs throughout the country, from the pyramids to the extremity of Upper Egypt. Anthylla and Mareotis were also famed for their wines, which, from finding (besides that of the upper country) the "wine of the North" among offerings at Thebes, appear to have been exported to the Thebaid. Wine was also made of other fruits. Plin. lib. xiv. c. 16. He praises the Sebennytic wine, lib. xiv. c. 7.

‖ Herod. ii. 77; and Strabo, lib. xvii., who also calls it Zythus. Vide also Diod. i. 34.

¶ The seeds of this plant had been introduced from Assyria into Egypt, where it was cultivated for this purpose. Columella, lib. x. v. 113. He also speaks of Pelusiac beer, or zythus.

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other subjects* were unquestionably drawn from his study of the philosophy of Egypt.

Sports of the Field.—The chase of the hippopotamus was mostly an amusement, though it was sometimes† taken for the sake of its hide, which was used for shields, as by the modern Ethiopians.

The mode of attacking and securing the hippopotamus appears to have been very similar to that now adopted about Sennár. It was first entangled by a running noose, at the extremity of a long line wound upon a reel, and then struck by the spear of the chasseur. This weapon consisted of a broad, flat blade, furnished with a deep tooth, or barb, at the side, having attached to its upper end a strong rope of considerable length, running over the notched summit of a wooden shaft, which was inserted in the head or blade, like a common javelin. It was thrown of course in the same manner; but on striking, the shaft fell, and the iron head alone remained in the body of the animal, which, on receiving a wound, plunged into deep water, the rope having been immediately let out. When fatigued by exertion, the hippopotamus was dragged to the boat, from which it again plunged, and the same was repeated till it became perfectly exhausted; frequently receiving additional wounds, and being entangled by other nooses, which the attendants held ready, as it was brought within their reach.

* Did not Pythagoras borrow his ideas of the solar system (revived by Copernicus) from the Egyptians?

† Its medicinal properties are mentioned by Pliny, xxviii. 8. It is no longer a native of Egypt, though common in upper Ethiopia. The crocodile is confined to the latitude south of Manfalout. Egypt produces two varieties of this animal, distinguished by the number and position of the scales on the neck. One has the front row composed of six scales, behind which is a cluster of four large central scales in two lines, with two smaller ones on each side of the upper of these lines; the other has in the front row four only, and the disposition of the other eight is thus: four central scales in two lines, with one smaller one on each side of the upper line, and two behind the second or lower line. The first row of the body consists of *six* scales, the former variety having only *four*. The other scales of the body are nearly alike in both. They do not exceed eighteen or nineteen feet, though travellers have *mentioned* some of stupendous size. Pliny says "Magnitudine excedit plerumque duodeviginti cubita;" a later author gives them forty feet; and a recent traveller at least fifty or sixty; by which it might be inferred they continue to increase in length. I have heard them called alligators. It is scarcely necessary to observe that they differ from that species by the nose being much less broad and round at the end. The glands beneath the arm afford musk.

The Naturalist.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

(*From Dr. Mogon's Voyage round the World.*)

The following are some additional particulars relative to the natural history of these islands, of which so little, comparatively speaking, is hitherto known:—

Though the alligators are not uncommon in the Laguna, and do the inhabitants much injury, attacking horses, cows, and men, it is very remarkable that they never venture to meddle with the great buffaloes, which, in general on account of the heat, live the whole day in the lake. These buffaloes are every where seen near the shores of the lake, with only a part of the head, the very large ears, and the formidable horns, above the water. They appear to be aboriginal in the Philippines, at least, we do not find any mention of their having been introduced by the Spaniards. They are of enormous size, their horns from four to five feet long, with a space of five feet from tip to tip. They are almost entirely black, with scarcely any hair, have no dewlap, and are undoubtedly a different species from those in and about Canton. They are employed for draught and other agricultural purposes. The Indians ride on them. They are very gentle when not provoked or frightened, and suffer little children to guide them.

We saw great numbers of monkeys; they are often found without tails, which, when driven by extreme hunger, they are said to bite off.

Having collected a large number of plants, especially lichen and jungermannia, we left the island of Talim, to proceed to the little islands of Panician and Labujo, situated at a short distance from Talim. The weather, meanwhile, changed, and the rain fell in torrents; and, by the time we reached the island of Panician, which was covered with most luxuriant vegetation, it was impossible to effect a landing anywhere. We had observed, at some distance, large, pear-shaped bodies, which we at first took for birds or ants' nests, suspended from the lofty trees that overhung the shores of this little island. The people on the shore called to us to fire into the trees, as these supposed birds' nests were nothing less than the gigantic bats, known by the name of the flying dogs. We accordingly fired several shots at these thick masses, and the horrible creatures rose, with much exertion and frightful cries, into the air, several of them falling down dead, and others remaining suspended from the branches. The large hooks with which their wings and feet are furnished, enable them to cling firmly. They generally double themselves up in a pear-shaped form, and laying hold of the branches with their hooks, their whole body is thus wrapped up in their wings. We rowed round the island, and, after repeated shots, brought the whole multitude that inhabits the woods into confusion. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, our party made a dreadful slaughter among them, and never did the use of the percussion-guns ap-

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pear to us more advantageous than on the present occasion. Such of the bats as had been shot at and fell into the water, dived as soon as we attempted to take them up, and thus we obtained only those which were shot dead upon the spot, and had fallen into the lake. After the whole body, consisting of, perhaps, 100,000, had risen into the air, and filled the neighbourhood with their hideous cries, they returned and flew to the adjacent island of Labujo. The vermilion eyes of this animal, its large and hideous form, together with its frightful scream, render it one of the most disgusting creatures on the face of the earth. We shot several which measured four feet from tip to tip of the extended wings. They live entirely on fruits, and, as they travel in such immense numbers, they cause considerable damage to the farmer: plantains, mangoes, and guavas, to the crop of which the labourer has looked forward for months, frequently disappear in one night.

On entering the wood, we found a large fig-tree, the fruit of which covered the ground a foot deep, and on which some hogs had just been feasting. Near it stood lofty oaks, with oval and pointed leaves, very smooth, resembling parchment, and small, broad acorns, the cups of which were very rough: it was undoubtedly a new species of *quercus*, but the time of blossom was already quite past. We came to an old, large tree, about six or seven feet in diameter, from the trunk of which, about a foot above the ground, issued a spring of cool (19° R), and particularly good water. The Indians, who cannot account for this singular phenomenon, regard the spring as sacred, and have hung near it a vessel made of the bamboo cane, out of which every one who passes takes a draught of the water.

One of the greatest curiosities which the woods of the island of Luçon offer, is the leech, which we met with in the region of the arborescent ferns. It forms a new species, which we call *sanguisuga tagalla*, smaller than our officinal leech, broad, of a yellowish brown colour, and the upper part marked with small, irregular, black spots, and a fine black stripe running lengthwise down the back. This leech is blood-thirsty, but its bite leaves very small marks, on which account it would be much preferred in Europe to those now in use. Before we had observed them, they got into our boots and began biting us: we felt the pain, but thought we had been bitten by ants, till, at last, our boots being filled with blood, our attention was aroused. We brought home two of them in spirits of wine. However fabulous this account of leeches living on trees may appear, it is, nevertheless, correct; and we must learn to believe that there are leeches which can live in damp air, just as *conferve* are known to be generated in a moist atmosphere — a circumstance which the celebrated Swedish writer on *Algæ* could not comprehend, and was uncourteous enough to declare to be a falsehood.

CHANGE IN THE COLOUR OF THE CHAMELEON.

A new theory of this phenomenon is given in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, for October, 1834, by H. Milne Edwards, Esq. The author details the phenomena which he had had an opportunity of observing in two chameleons living, and the results of his researches, after the animals had died, on the structure of their skin and the parts immediately beneath it. His conclusions are these:—

1st, That the change in the colour of chameleons does not depend essentially either on the more or less considerable swelling of their bodies, or the changes which might hence result on the condition of their blood or of their circulation; nor does it depend on the greater or less distance which may exist between the several cutaneous tubercles; although it is not to be denied that these circumstances probably exercise some influence upon the phenomenon.

2dly, That there exists in the skin of these animals two layers of membranous pigment, placed the one above the other, but arranged in such a way as to appear simultaneously under the scarf-skin, and sometimes so that the one may conceal the other.

3dly, That every thing remarkable in the changes of colour which manifest themselves in the chameleon may be explained by the appearance of the pigment of the deeper layer, to an extent more or less considerable, in the midst of the pigment of the superficial layer, or from its disappearance underneath this layer.

4thly, That these displacements of the deeper pigment can in reality occur; and it is probably a consequence of them that the chameleon's colour changes during life, and may continue to change even after death.

5thly, That there exists a close analogy between the mechanism by the help of which the changes of colour appear to take place in these reptiles, and that which determines the successive appearance and disappearance of coloured spots in the mantles of several of the cephalopode mollusca.

The Public Journals.

GILBERT GURNEY—MORE OF DALY'S FUN.

[Here is another specimen of Daly's practical joking. The scene is at Lady Wolverhampton's—a masquerade—"a *fête* after a new fashion—live fish in the drawing-rooms, and a cow on the staircase." Gilbert wears

a masque and domino, but Daly appears in the early part of the evening as a Jew-boy, selling macaroon cakes, his man having sprinkled in with his sugar certain powders, which, however salutary taken now and then, are not usually administered in a ball-room.]

When we approached the mansion, a string of carriages checked our advance—noise and confusion were heard on every side—the lashing of coachmen's whips—the loud bawling of constables and Bow-street officers—the laughs of the congregated groups, as some grotesque character stepped across the *trottoir* into the house—the distant clang of cymbals, and the beat of drums, which came wafted on the air from her ladyship's hall—all combined to whet the appetite for action, and it seemed an hour before we found our worthy No. 225 opposite the entrance to the mad scene of brilliancy and fun. Out I stepped—I created no visible sensation amongst the throng; but when Daly stepped out with his beard and bundle, which, much to my horror, developed itself in the form of a basket full of "macaroon cakes," the surrounding crowd cried out "Moses, give us a cake," "I say, Mosey," and indeed diverted themselves so much at his expense, that I almost wondered he did not favour them with a taste of his stock.

If the confusion outside the house were great, inconceivably greater was that within; little did I then suspect the immediate cause of it. Daly had told me, I thought as a joke, that our noble hostess proposed having a cow deposited in a sort of arbour at the top of the first flight of stairs, in which one of the sweetest girls that ever lived was to be discovered in the costume of a milk-maid, supposed to be employed in her rustic vocation, while the company were to be perpetually refreshed with syllabubs, imaginatively concocted from the produce of her toil.

When we reached the hall, we might as well have had no tickets; we found all the servants and several of the male visiters engaged in one general action—screams above were responded to by shouts below, in the midst of which I observed two butchers, in their ordinary cosume, assiduously employed in the divided task of coaxing and kicking a huge bullock down the flight of stairs, at the top of which was the dairy-maid's bower—the more they roared, the more they coaxed, and the more they kicked, the less would the bullock stir, and it was not until the greatest skill, judgment, and magnanimity had been displayed, that the vast monster was got out of the street-door; when, as if angry at being expelled a scene where everything else was in character, and therefore out of it he made a sudden dash amongst the horses and carriages, to the infinite peril of panes, pannels, poles, perches, and platforms.

"Isn't that good fun?" said Daly to me: "now come along—this is the time for the macaroons—'the labour we delight in physics pain;'—see—watch—and mark the sequel."

I followed my friend up the staircase: we proceeded to the drawing-room, where a circle was formed round Lady Wolverhampton, who was expatiating in no measured terms upon the infamous conduct of the man who had promised to send her a nice, elegant, lady-like cow, to stand Hermione-like in the glass case by the side of the lovely milk-maid, but who, instead, had with great labour and difficulty squeezed a huge oves-fed bullock into the place. The moment I heard the dear countess telling her story, a thought flashed across me—the butcher, to see whom Daly had been so anxious before dinner, was no doubt the traitorous cause of the mishap under the malign influence of the practical joker.

The scene was beautiful and gay—the variety of masks—the diversity of costume—the boisterous mirth of the Moll Flaggons, and Irish haymakers, flirting with delicate dieaway nuns, and aristocratic flower-girls—fat monks, dancing with Swiss peasants—knights in armour, lounging on sofas with Indian queens—Doctor Ollapod, in close conversation with Alexander the Great—and Caleb Quotem seriously arguing a point of etiquette with Henry the Fourth of France. It was all exceedingly fascinating and intoxicating, and the bull having been disposed of, harmony was restored—disturbed only by a shrill cry of "Macaroons—cakes—cakes—macaroons.—who'll buy?—who'll buy?" I saw the fiend of fun approach. In an instant, as he had anticipated, an attack was made upon his basket, and everybody who wore a mask, in which eating was practicable, began consuming the fruits of their impetuosity. I dreaded the consequences, not only to the sufferers, but to Daly himself, who, if discovered, would of course be subject to all the serious penalties which such a trick must naturally entail upon him. Scarcely, however, had the distribution taken place, (long before the sickening effects could show themselves,) when I felt a sudden twitch at my elbow; I looked round, and saw a Spanish grandee close at my side. I was startled. I had never visited a masquerade before.

"Who are *you?*" said I.

"All the cakes are gone," whispered the mask; "so is the basket and cloak—I'm here:" it was of course Daly.

"Come with me," said he; "I will introduce you to Lady Wolverhampton;—it is quite prudent to do so. She will see *my* dress and yours, and then she can't suspect either of us of being the macaroon cake seller; take care and ingratiate yourself—make yourself amiable—she's as hospitable as an Arab, and not very unlike one—hem!"

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I followed him, and found myself in a moment at the side of the countess.

"Countess," said he.

"Who are you?" said her ladyship.

"Mufti," whispered Daly.

"What, so smart, Daly!" said she: (Mufti being the mystic word by which he made himself known)—"a grandee?"

"Yes," said Daly. "This is my friend Gurney, of whom I have spoken—agreeable creature—sings like a syren—talks like a magpie—quite delightful."

"And I am delighted to make his acquaintance," said her ladyship.

I bowed.

"Unmask for a moment," said Daly; "let the countess see the 'human face divine,' else when her ladyship invites you to meet me at dinner here next Tuesday week, at seven o'clock, she may perhaps be disappointed."

"Don't mind him, Mr. Gurney," said her ladyship; "I shall be very glad to see you whenever you will do me the kindness to call. But, Daly, now tell me, had you no hand in the business of the bullock?"

"Bullock!" said Daly. "I! my dear lady."

Hereabouts the room began to thin—the dancers seemed particularly anxious to get fresh air—several persons were seen evidently much disordered, and the whole corps appeared in confusion.

"What's the matter now?" said Lady Wolverhampton.

"I don't know, my dear countess," said a very respectable old body, with a gold tissue turban on her head; "but Kate and Fanny are both taken unaccountably ill, and so is Lieutenant Griggs of the Life Guards, who was dancing with one of them; and as for poor Lady Elizabeth Grogan, I believe she is dying."

A new confusion here arose—the macaroons were evidently disagreeing with the company; however, only a small portion had been poisoned, and to my delight I found, that although a good many of both sexes were considerably damaged by their own anxiety to eat the things, there was still a magnificent crowd to carry on the affairs of the evening. In the midst of the *embarras*, which to the hostess was of course inexplicable, the arrival of a prince of the blood, who came unmasked, gave a new zest to the scene, and the delight which the countess experienced at his royal highness's appearance, rendered her wholly insensible to the indisposition of her numerous guests, who were labouring under the effects of Daly's performances.

Almost immediately after the countess had secured the conversation of his royal highness, who seated himself on an ottoman in a small circular room, and while he was graciously complimenting her upon the beauty of the scene, the candles by which it was lighted began almost simultaneously to perform of themselves an operation called "guttering down," and then go out with a sort of unsatisfactory splash of wax—a result produced, as I afterwards discovered, by an ingenious device of Daly's. The consequence was, a nearly total eclipse, attended by an extremely unpleasant smell. Poor Lady Wolverhampton, who confided in Daly, called him to her, and mourning this new calamity, begged him to order fresh lights, which, with an air of subservient activity, he immediately did; but as he went, he whispered me to suggest to her ladyship the expediency of burning some sort of perfume in the circular room. The idea was instantly adopted by her ladyship, who, directing me to a beautiful filligree box which lay on one of the tables, requested me to put three or four of the pastilles which it contained into a burner on the chimney-piece. I obeyed her ladyship's orders, and the instant I set light to them they exploded, and continued flashing and snapping and blazing till they were burned out, being neither more nor less than four "devils" or "wild fires," such as we were in the habit of making at school, and which, looking precisely like pastilles, some mischievous elf had deposited in the box instead of the real article. The result was, a considerable alarm, an abominable smell, and a smoke so thick that his royal highness was seized with a desperate fit of coughing, and all the windows were thrown open to dissipate the obscurity.

The moment the devils took fire, I was convinced that Daly was also the author of this affair—that he had made the exchange, and set me upon making the proposition, in order to bring his scheme into play. However, the rooms were cleaned and refrigerated—fresh candles were brought, things resumed their wonted gaiety, and Daly made his re-appearance.

I ought, perhaps, here to observe, that along the principal drawing-room, a canal, some three feet deep, had been constructed, with an embankment of moss, and coral, and shells, in which the much talked-of fish were destined to disport themselves, but by the time we got there their swimming had ceased—Daly had dosed them with coculus indicus just before he left the house in the afternoon, and when we arrived at night they were all floating on their backs, dead drunk from the effects of the deleterious drug.

It was now nearly two; and I—strange to say—felt very much disposed for supper. I asked my mentor whether such a meal was probable.

"Supper!" said Daly; "to be sure—that's the point of the epigram; the sugar after the physic—all regular sit down; hot suppers, snug flirtations and fun! none of your [illegible] up absurdities.

One of the bands here struck up, "the

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Roast Beef of Old England," as a signal that the much desired banquet was ready; and accordingly every eye sparkled, every heart beat, every body rushed forward, regardless of order, decorum, or decency, in the grand attack upon the countess' refection. The countess, however, having made proper arrangements, and knowing the eagerness of the best bred people upon this particular subject, had desired her house-steward to complete all the preparations for the supper destined for his royal highness and his select party in the circular tent room, immediately under the one in which he had been sitting, and where covers were laid for twenty; and as soon as all was ready, to bring her the key of the door, so that when she led the prince to the tent, she might open the little paradise to his view, and be sure that nobody else could make an attack upon the *sanctum*. Accordingly to order, everything was arranged, the lamps lighted, and the key brought, the soups alone being to be served after the *élite* had taken their places.

* * * * * * * *

Another dreadful mishap had occurred since we quitted the drawing-rooms, of which intelligence was brought us by common report; by which it really seemed as if Lady Wolverhampton had been that night marked out for the sport of fortune. Her ladyship, as it had been arranged, conducted the prince to the tent room—his royal highness giving her his arm, and leading the noble guests who had been favoured with a command to join the royal party. Arrived at the door of the pavilion, her ladyship applied the key, the lock willingly obeyed the appeal, the *battants* flew open, and disclosed the splendid supper-service of the late earl, making the circular table groan with its weight, and dazzling the eye with its magnificence; but what were the countess' feelings, when she beheld nothing in the golden dishes and vases but the remnants of a devoured feast—fragments of dissected fowls—ends of well-notched tongues—creams half demolished—jellies in trembling limps—glasses scarce emptied, and bottles emptied quite—crusts of bread, with heads and tails of prawns scattered about upon the mossy cloth, and plates well used, piled upon each other in the middle of the once festive board!

The confusion of the countess was beyond description—the laughter of the prince beyond belief—to him it was a capital joke—to her ladyship, a serious evil: how it had occurred nobody could guess, for the door had been locked the moment everything was ready, and the key taken to her ladyship. Consternation reigned, and his royal highness did to re-ascend the stairs, and wait until the little affair was re-arranged. Of course I was as ignorant as my neighbours of the cause of this calamity, and should have remained so until now, had not Daly told me, in our way home, that having gone out into the garden in order to get rid of the Jew's dress and basket, where he deposited them, he found a band of Pandean minstrels, puffing their hearts out into their pipes, to which nobody listened, and being resolved, if possible, to destroy the royal monopoly in the tent room, to which he had not been invited, and which, although locked towards the lobby, opened on to the lawn, he directed the weary performers to go in at the window, which he set wide for the purpose, and get their supper; advising them by no means to call for anything that was not there already—to eat and drink what they could, to make as much haste as possible, and when they had done to lock the door on the outside, and throw the key into the two yards square pond, which in rainy weather served as a wet dock to her ladyship's pet swan. All of which instructions, it appeared, the said Pandeans followed to the very letter; and thus, to his infinite delight, caused that confusion in which his heart so wonderfully rejoiced.

The sun had superseded the lamps and candles—the decorations of the preceding night had lost their freshness; even the flowers were drooping—the lovely girls looked haggard, and the elderly ladies horrid—the rouge burnt blue on their cheeks, and there was not a curl in the whole community. Masks and character-dresses lay heaped in corners, disregarded; and people, in their own proper persons, were languidly praising the humours and delights of the party, listening, listlessly, for the announcement of the carriages which were to take them away;—the vapour of tea and coffee which were served, were the only refreshments of the *fête* scene, if I except the morning air, which some of the most venturous of the girls dared to admit through the open windows, *malgré* the warnings of their more prudent mothers.

I soon found Daly, and we retired together—my head aching—my heart not easy—tired—worn out—and as much fatigued as if I had travelled a journey of two hundred miles. —*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

NEGRO QUARREL.

(*From the "Cruise of the Midge," in Blackwood's Magazine.*)

We had several negroes amongst the Moon-beams, one of whom, a sail-maker, was busy close to where I lay, with his palm and needle, following his vocation, and mending a sail on deck—another black diamond, a sort of half-inch carpenter, was busy with some job abaft of him. I had often noticed before, the peculiar mode in which negroes quarrel. I would say that they did so very classically, after the model of Homer's heroes,

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for instance, for they generally prelude their combats with long speeches—or perhaps it would be more correct to call their method the Socratic mode of fighting—as they commence and carry on with a series of questions, growing more and more stinging as they proceed, until a fight becomes unavoidable; as in the present case.

The origin of the dispute was rather complex. There was an Indian boy on board; and this lad, Lennox, with a spice of his original calling, had been in the habit of teaching to read and to learn a variety of infantile lessons, which he in turn took delight in retailing to the negroes; and there he is working away at this moment, reversing the order of things—the young teaching the old.

Palmneedle appears a very dull scholar, while Chip, I can perceive, is sharp enough, and takes delight in piquing Palmy. Chip says his lesson glibly. "Ah, daddy Chip, you shall make one parson by and by—quite clever dis morning—so now, Palmneedle, come along," and Palmy also acquitted himself tolerably for some time.

"What you call hanimal hab four legs?" said Indio, in continuation of the lesson, and holding up four fingers.

"One cow," promptly rejoined Palmneedle, working away at the sail he was mending.

"Yes—to be sure! certainly one cow hab four legs; but what is de cow call?"

"Oh, some time Nancy, some time Juba."

"Stupid—I mean what you call ebery cow."

"How de debil should I sabe, Indio?"

"Because," said Indio, "I tell you dis morning already, one, tree, five time; but stop, I sall find one way to make you remember. How much feets you hab yourself surely you can tell me dat?"

"Two—I hab two feets—dere."

"Den, what is you call?"

"One quadruped. You tink I don't know dat?"

"One quadruped! ho, ho—I know you would say so—you say so yesterday—really you wery mosh blockhead indeed—*dat is* what de cow is call, man. You!—why you is call one omnivorous biped widout fedder—dat is what you is call; and de reason, Massa Lennox tell me, is, because you nyam as mosh as ever you can get, and don't wear no fedder like one fowl—mind dat—you is one omniverous biped." Here Chip began, I saw, to quiz Palmy also.

"Now, Massa Indio," said the former, "let me be coolmassa one leetle piece. I say, Palmy, it is find dat you hab two feets—dat you eats all you can grab," (*aside*,) "your own and your neighbours"—(*then aloud*)—"dat you hab no fedders in your tail—and derefore you is call *one somniferous tripod*" (at least what he said sounded more like *this* than any thing else). "Now, dese is dat ugly old one-foot-negor cookey" (the fellow was black as a sloe himself), "wid his wooden leg, what would you call *he?* tink well now; he only hab *one* leg, you know."

"One *unicorn*," said Palmy, after a pause, and scratching his woolly skull. But my laughter here put an end to the school, and was the innocent means of stirring up Palmy's wrath, who, mortified at perceiving that I considered the others had been quizzing him, was not long of endeavouring to work out his revenge. Slow as he might be at his learning, he was any thing but slow in this. Palmneedle now took the lead in the dialogue. "Chip," said Palmy, "enough of nonsense; so tell me how you lef de good old woman, your moder, eh?"

Chip, who was caulking his seam, laid down his caulking-iron and mallet, pulled up his sleeve, fidgeted with the waistband of his trousers, turned his quid, spit in his fist, and again commenced operations, grumbling out very gruffly, "my moder is dead." He had clearly taken offence, as Palmy evidently expected he would do; but *why* I could not divine. Palmy proceeded in his lesson of "teasing made easy."

"Nice old woman—sorry to hear dat." The rascal had known it, however, all along. "Ah, now I remember; she was mosh swell when I last see him—and face bloat—Ah, I feared, for long time, she would take to nyam dirt at last."

"Who tell you so—who say my moder eat dirt?" cried Chip, deeply stung; for the greatest affront you can put on a negro, is to cast in his teeth either that he himself, or some of his near of kin, labour under that mysterious complaint, *mal d'estomac*.

"Oh, nobody," rejoined Palmy, with a careless toss of the head; "I only tought she look wery like it—glad to hear it was not so howsomedever—but sartain she look wery mosh like it—you mos allow dat yourself, Chip?" The carpenter made no answer, but I could see it was working. Palmy now began to sing in great glee apparently, casting a wicked glance every now and then at his crony, who thundered away, rap, rap, rap, and thump, thump, thump, on the deck, paying the seam, as he shuffled along, with tobacco juice most copiously. At length he got up and passed forward. Palmy sang louder and louder.

"Come, mind you don't change your tune before long, my boy," said I to myself.

Chip now returned, carrying a pot of molten pitch in his hand. As he stepped over Palmy's leg, he spilt, by accident, of course, some of the hot fluid on his foot.

"Broder Palmneedle—broder Palmneedle—I am wery sorry; but it was one haxident, you know."

Palmy winced a little, but said nothing;

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and the master of the schooner coming on deck, sent Chip to stretch the sail in some particular way, and to hold it there, for the convenience of the sailmaker. Every thing remained quiet between them as long as the skipper was near, and I continued my reading; but very shortly, I heard symptoms of the scald operating on our sailmaker's temper, as the affront had done on the carpenter's.

Quoth Chip to Palmneedle, as he sat down on deck, and took hold of the sail, "Really hope I haven't burnt you, ater all, Palmneedle?"

"Oh, no, not at all," drawing in his scalded toe, however, as if he had got the gout in it.

"Quite glad of dat; but him do look swell a leetle, and de kin begin to peel off a bit. I am sorry to see."

"Oh, no," quoth Palmy again, quite cool, "no pain, none at all."

A pause—Palmy tries to continue his song, but in vain, and presently gives a loud screech as Chip, in turning over the clew of the sail roughly, brought the earring down crack on the parboiled toe. "What you mean by dat?"

"What! have I hurt you? Ah, poor fellow, I see I *have burnt* you now, ater all."

"I tell you I is not *burn*," sings out Palmy, holding his toe hard with one hand; "but don't you see you have nearly *broken* my foot? Why did you hit me, sir, wid de clew of dat heavy sail, sir, as if it had been one mallet? Did you do it o' propos?"

"Do it on purpose," rejoins Chip. "My eye! I drop it light, light—just so;" and here he thundered the iron earring down on the deck once more, missing the toe for the second time by a hairbreadth, and only through Palmy's activity in withdrawing it.

At this Palmy's pent-up wrath fairly exploded, and he smote Chip incontinently over the pate with his iron marline-spike, who returned with his wooden mallet, and the action then began in earnest—the combatants rolling over and over on the deck kicking, and spurring, and biting, and bucking each other with their heads like maniacs, or two monkeys in the hydrophobia, until the row attracted the attention of the rest of the crew, and they were separated.

Notes of a Reader.

WHITE ANTS.

[An intelligent correspondent of the Geographical Society writes:—]

In Melville Island, the white ant rears its pyramidal dwelling to the height of seven or eight feet. It infests the houses, and destroys everything that comes in its way. These insects make their approach by forming an earthen gallery, under cover of which they advance in myriads, and commit terrible depredations. They cut through all bale goods in our stores, such as canvass, blankets, shirts, trousers, and even shoes. They are so rapid in their operations, that I know instances where bales, containing two dozen of shirts each, each shirt packed one above the other, and placed on shelves four feet from the floor, and six inches from the wall, have been perforated through and through in twenty-four hours, notwithstanding that the storekeeper examined the bales every day; and that on the day previous to those discoveries, not an ant was to be seen in the store. But these insects do not confine their attacks to bale goods. They entered my cellar, and in a few days' time destroyed two dozen of claret; and during a period of four days, while one of the soldiers was in the hospital, they completely gutted his knapsack, which was hanging on a peg in the barrack-room, and contained all his necessaries. They spread through it in all directions, and destroyed his shirts, trousers, stockings, jacket, shoes, and even razors. Of the latter, the blades were encased in rust, from the moisture, or viscus, which these insects carry along with them, and the horn handles were eaten through. In the course of three or four weeks, they also destroyed thirty pounds' worth of clothes, one government tent twenty feet long, three hundred feet of timber in the timber house, three ammunition boxes in the magazine, sixty-five pairs of trousers, and twenty-three smock-frocks in the engineer's store-house.

PICTURE-WRITING.

The picture-writing of the ancient Mexicans has also a decidedly Polynesian, Malayan, or Chinese aspect; and examples very similar to it occur among the South Sea Islands. "In the course of our tour around Hawaii," says the Reverend Mr. Ellis, in an Appendix to his valuable work entitled Polynesian Researches, "we met with a few specimens of what may perhaps be termed the first efforts of an uncivilized people towards the construction of a language of symbols. Along the southern coast, both on the east and west sides, we frequently saw a number of straight lines, semicircles, or concentric rings, with some rude imitations of the human figure, cut or carved in the compact rocks of lava. They did not appear to have been cut with an iron instrument, but with a stone hatchet, or a stone less frangible than the rock on which they were portrayed. On inquiry, we found that they had been made by former travellers, from a motive similar to that which induces a person to carve his initials on a stone or tree, or a traveller to record his name in an album,—to inform his successors that he had been there. When there were a number of concentric circles with a dot or mark in the centre, the dot signified a man, and the number of rings denoted the number

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of the party which had circum-ambulated the island. When there was a ring, and a number of marks, it denoted the same; the number of marks showing of how many the party consisted; and the ring, that they had travelled completely round the island: but when there was only a semicircle, it denoted that they had returned after reaching the place where it was made. In some of the islands we have seen the outline of a fish portrayed in the same manner, to denote that one of that species or size had been taken near the spot: sometimes the dimensions of an exceedingly large fruit, &c., are marked in the same way."

CABOOL.

(*From the recent Travels of Messrs. Conolly and Burnes.*)

CABOOL is a noisy and bustling city; the great bazaar, or "Chouchut," is an elegant arcade nearly 600 feet long, and about thirty broad, divided into four equal parts. There are few such bazaars in the East, and one wonders at the silks, cloths, and goods, arrayed under its piazzas; and the quantity of dried fruits, grapes, pears, apples, quinces, and melons. In the poulterers' shops are snipes, ducks, partridges, plover, and other game. Each trade has its separate bazaar: there are booksellers and stationers; much of the paper is Russian, and of a blue colour. A white jelly strained from snow called "Falodeh," and blanched rhubarb called "Rhuwash," are great favourites with the people. Few cook at home, and Cabool is famous for its kabobs or cooked meats. There are no wheeled carriages in the town; the streets are not very narrow, and are intersected with small covered aqueducts of clean water; they are kept in good order. The houses are built of sun-dried bricks and wood, few of them more than two stories high; the population is 60,000 souls. The Cabool river runs through the city, and is reported to have inundated it three different times. During rain there is not a dirtier place than Cabool. According to the natives, the city is 6,000 years old; it was once, with Ghiznì, tributary to Bameean, but is now the capital over both; it is said to have been once named Zabool, hence the name of Zabulistan. It is a popular belief that when the devil was cast out of heaven, he fell in Cabool. There are not exactly traditions of Alexander here; but both Herat and Lahore are said to have been founded by slaves of that conqueror, called Heri (the old name of Herat) and Lahore. No coins were procured except a Cufic coin of Bokhara, 643 years old, and Lieutenant Burnes heard of one at the mint of the size and shape of a sparrow's egg: triangular and square coins are common; the latter belonging to the age of Akbar. A colony of Armenians, consisting of some hundreds, were introduced into Cabool by Nadir and Ahmed Shah from Julfa and Meshid in Persia, of whom only twenty-one persons are now remaining; and these are but three Jewish families out of one hundred which it could boast last year.

Cabool is 6,000 feet above the sea, and its gardens, which are all beautiful, were now in full bloomem, and afforded a great variety of fruits and flowers. The people are passionately fond of sauntering about them. The climate of Cabool is genial. At noon the sun is hotter than in England, but the evenings and nights are cool; there is no regular rainy season. The snow lasts for five months in the winter, and the prevailing winds are from the north. Cabool is celebrated for its fruits, and they make a wine not unlike Madeira. The Bala Hissar, or citadel, is situated at the eastern extremity of the rocky hills which inclose the city to the south and west; it commands the city, but is not strong. It was built by different princes of the house of Timour from Baber downwards; the palace stands in it. Near it the Persians or Kuzzilbashes reside; they are Turks, principally of the tribe of Juwansheer, who were found in this country by Nadir Shah. During their stay, our travellers witnessed the festival of "Eed," kept in commemoration of Abraham's intention to sacrifice his son Isaac, with many demonstration of respect. The tomb of Timour Shah, which stands outside the town, is a brick building of an octangular shape, fifty feet high, about forty feet square inside, and of an architecture resembling that of Delhi. The tomb of Baber also stands in the centre of a garden about a mile from the city; the grave is marked by two great slabs of white marble, in front of which is a small but chaste mosque of marble also: near it are interred many of his wives and children.

THE TANNERS OF PALERMO, AND THE SICILIAN REVOLUTION OF 1820.

(*Translated from a work recently published at Berlin, in the Foreign Quarterly Review.*)

THE following is a detached scene of the revolution of 1820, as related to a traveller by a newspaper-writer of the liberalist or movement party, who seems to have escaped with no other infliction than the temporary, though indefinitely so, suppression of his opposition journal. But as the main interest of this particular scene turns upon question the pride of the Palermo tanners, we must begin with the narrator's account of [illegible] and of them and their corporation:—

The corporation of tanners had, time [illegible] of mind, enjoyed great privileges at Palermo, and, during the tutelage of Ferdinand [illegible]

* We suppose this must be a mistake, for Ferdinand IV., both because he is the last king [illegible] minority has subjected him to tutelage, and because there has been no Ferdinand VII. of the two [illegible]

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had achieved an independence so complete as to form them really into a state within the state. Their quarter, *la Conciattoria*, (the Tannery,) which comprehends the very narrowest and filthiest streets, they had so strengthened, that it had repulsed many an attempt of the city *gens-d'armes*, or police, and even, as the narrator averred, of the bravest Neapolitan troops. Their banner floated on their guildhall, and the first alarm assembled the sturdy tanners around it. They were assessed at a fixed sum by the Government, which, for some years prior to 1820, had remained unpaid.

"During the revolution, the tanners were always foremost when murder and plunder were going on. The insurrection broke out at Naples, on the 1st of June, 1820; and, on the 15th of July, the Spanish constitution, (which had been adopted by the Neapolitan insurgents,) was proclaimed at Palermo. General Church, an Englishman, who took away several tricolor cockades from their wearers, was nearly torn in pieces by the populace: General Coglitore, who threw himself before him, rescued him with great difficulty, thus enabling the detested foreigner to embark for Naples. His house and property were burnt by the populace. On the 16th, General Naselli, commandant of Palermo, and an especial object of popular hatred, attempted to put down the disorder by force, but the tanners broke open the prisons, setting the prisoners at liberty: and now the rioters, one Gioachimo Vaglica, a monk of Monreale, at their head, possessed themselves of several cannon. Naselli saw that he could make no stand against them, and fled to Naples. The people, left to themselves, committed the most revolting atrocities. The prisons were filled with soldiers and policemen; the offices of government were plundered and burnt; the money found in the treasury was distributed amongst the people. An artillery smith, who, to revenge his comrades, was spiking the guns, being detected, was beheaded; his hands were cut off, and, with his head, nailed up in the different quarters of the town. And now the ready way of getting rid of a private enemy was, slily to slip a long nail or two into his pocket, and then to denounce him as a spiker of cannon, whereupon the infuriated mob instantly fell upon the accused wretch, and made an end of him.

The tanners now chose a Consul, Don Carlo Leone, who, under this title, for several weeks governed Palermo with absolute authority. The Prince of Jaci, whom the people seized, he sentenced to death, and the victim was instantly shot. Vainly did the aged Cardinal Gravina, and the Prince of Villafranca, strive to soothe the multitude; the Prince's palace was plundered and burnt. Gradually the insurrection spread over the neighbouring districts. The arsenal was broken open, and 30,000 stand of arms distributed; but the peasantry understood the use of the knife better than that of fire-arms. Civil war raged in the streets of Palermo, where the tanners and the populace fought with the civic guard; 300 or 400 men were killed.

At length, General Pepe landed at Milazzo with 4,000 men, and marched upon Palermo. The Prince of Paternó, a martyr to the gout, which confined him to his couch, found means, nevertheless, to win the confidence of the people, and was authorized to negotiate with Pepe, to whom Palermo surrendered by capitulation upon the 5th of October. This capitulation the Neapolitan parliament refused to ratify, insisting upon unconditional submission; when Pepe, whose magnanimity upon this occasion is acknowledged even by the Sicilians, resigned his office, and returned to Naples. He was succeeded by General Coletta, who distinguished himself by his severity, and filled the prisons with new victims; but the tanners were beyond his reach. They had assumed such a posture in the stronghold of their own quarter, which had become an asylum for all malefactors, that the Neapolitans durst attempt nothing against them. This lasted till May, 1821. Then the Austrians garrisoned Palermo; the tanners persevered in their contumacy, and their fellow-townsmen remained in the highest state of excitement, wondering whether the quiet Germans would let this handful of refractories take their own course, or would formally lay siege to the *Conciattoria*. They did neither. Two hours after midnight the Austrian commander sent several brigades of Tyrolese and Bohemian riflemen to surround the *Conciattoria*. Other troops, guided by the *gens-d'armes*, penetrated through the narrow streets and passages to the guildhall, and took possession of it without difficulty. Here and there a single shot was fired from the houses; but the tanners had now no rallying point, and were utterly unprepared for such unlooked-for, rigorous measures in the middle of the night; consequently, within a couple of hours, the Austrians were masters of every house in the *Conciattoria*. Abundance of arms and ammunition were found, and in the guildhall, even cannon, but without carriages. The worthy corporation of tanners was now assembled once more, but for the last time, in the guildhall; when it was notified to them that they must forthwith evacuate the *Conciattoria*, and establish themselves outside the town, but no where more than three in one place. Immediate obedience to this decree was inforced, and the reform of this

es: the present king is Ferdinand V., or in revolutionary parlance, II., Ferdinand IV. having become Ferdinand I.—*Ed. F. Q. R.*

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hitherto unknown region of the town followed. Numbers of crazy, old houses were pulled down; the streets were widened as much as might be, and military posts marked out. The majority of the houses remain to this day untenanted, and many are inhabited by *gens-d'armes* and their families.

Since this able and successful achievement, which has prodigiously raised the Austrians in general estimation, the town has been at peace, but the luckless tanners are become the established objects of universal ridicule; and any man who appears in the streets with head depressed and downcast eyes is at once set down for a tanner.

The Gatherer.

Charity Repaid.—More than twenty years after the death of Dr. Boyce, the composer, his son, received a letter from an unknown person, requesting he would call on him immediately, having an important communication to make relative to his late father. He called upon the writer, in an obscure and dirty court in the heart of St. Giles's; where, in one of the most wretched rooms imaginable, up three pair of stairs, was an old man, on a miserable bed, in an apparent state of exhaustion, who addressed him as follows: "Sir, I have been a beggar nearly the whole of my life; and, during your good father's time, my station was in the street in which he lived; and, so kind and liberal was he to me, that few days passed without my receiving marks of his charity. I now feel that I am on my death-bed; and having been successful in my calling, I request you will accept the amount of my savings, as a token of my gratitude to your departed father." Mr. Boyce urged the possibility of his recovery; but, the old man added, with a faint smile, "If you will be kind enough to call here in three days from this, you will receive a parcel directed for you, which will be the last trouble I shall give you." He did call; and the beggar having died in the interim, left for him the parcel, in which, it is said, he found bank notes to the amount of 2,000*l.*—*Parke's Musical Memoirs.*

W. Farren's Shylock.—For this character, though out of his usual line, Mr. Farren has a great desire, and frequently plays it for his benefit. He is not very portly now, but when he enacted Shylock at Birmingham, he was certainly one of Pharaoh's lean kine. The performance went pretty smoothly until Shylock says—

"The pound of flesh that I demand is mine,
'Tis dearly bought, and I will have it"—

when a fellow in the gallery called out, "Oh! let old skinny have the pound of flesh, you can see he wants it bad enough."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

From the Cherry Valley Gazette, United States, May 7.—A letter bearing the following inscription came to the Post-office in this village, on Sunday last. Any person claiming said letter can have it by paying the postage. It undoubtedly contains something of value.—

"Mistor Post mastur
this is to gow tu cherry-vally
for wo lives there but mi wife sally
just 1 mile from capting rowel
is the place that stands my hovel
P. Q. O. S. sally dont yu let no 1 se this letter except the neybors and yurne and mi relatius and so forth Your husband in Buffalow
Re Josua P. Scrip, Esquer, 1835.

Sudden and Mysterious Death.—It is our painful duty to announce the death of the greatest personage in this country, whose weight of character was unequalled, and who was well known to be invulnerable to any shaft of malice that could be directed against him. He left this city on Wednesday last for a summer tour through the Eastern states, and died suddenly in his travelling carriage, in the vicinity of West Farms, in the county of Westchester. The individual we allude to, if indeed it can be necessary to be more explicit, is the colossal Rhinoceros, which was the pride and Magnus Apollo of the splendid Zoological Institute of this city. We understand this very rare and extraordinary animal was valued by his proprietors at 8,000 dollars; and we reluctantly add that his death is supposed to have been occasioned by poison.—*New York Enquirer*, April 11, 1835.

Waltzing.—At a ball lately in Richmond, U. S., a belle asked a country fellow who stood near her in a compact ring of four or five deep, gazing on a pair waltzing, "Pray, sir, how do you like the waltz?"—"Madam," said the quaint gentleman, "I like the hugin part very well; but I don't like the whirlin round—when it comes to hugin, I would like to stand still."

Critique.—The *New York Enquirer* says of a work under review: "We dare say it may have merits, but we have not the vanity to claim the merit of finding them."

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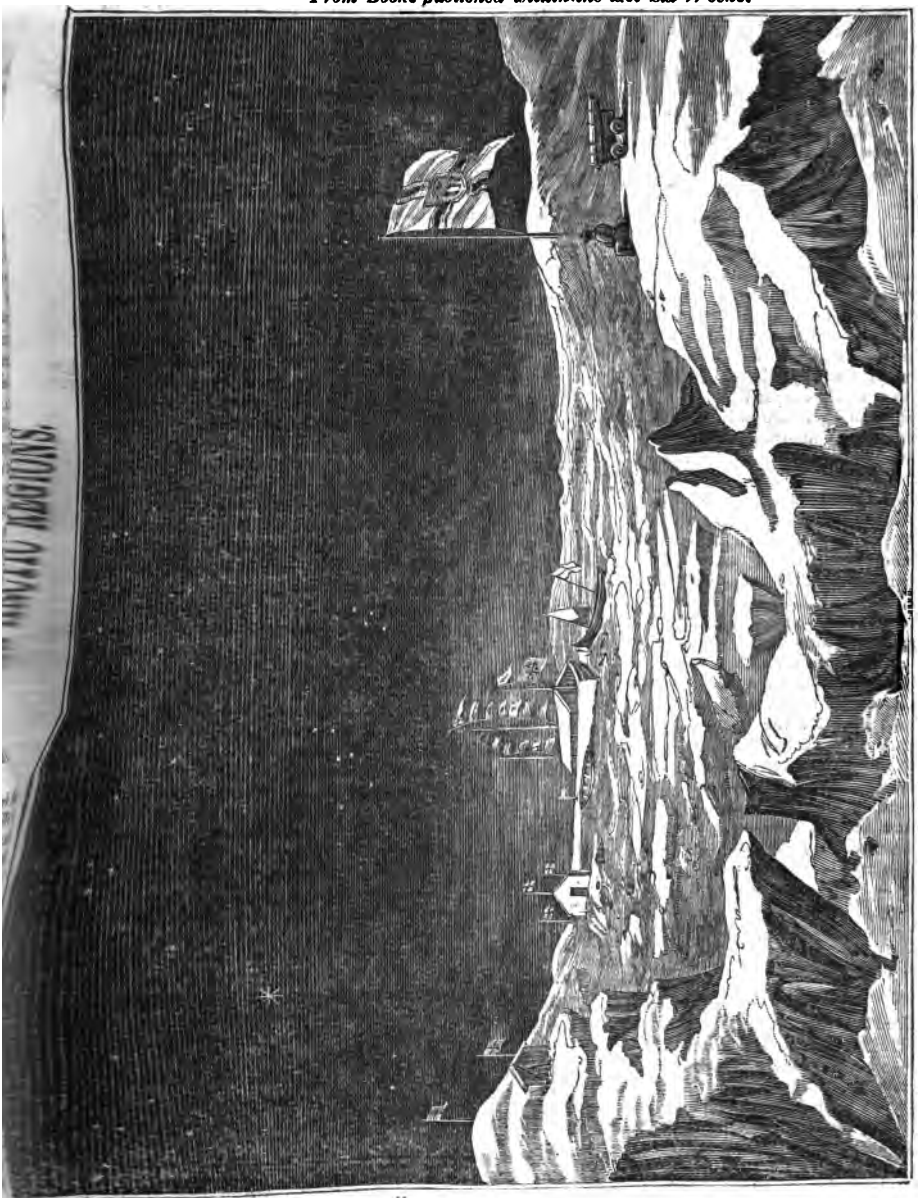

FELIX HARBOUR, BOOTHIA.

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Voyages and Travels.

NARRATIVE OF A SECOND VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

By Captain Sir John Ross, &c.

(*Continued from page* 317.)

[We resume our extracts with the prefixed Engraving, by the prompt courtesy of the publisher; and our last quotation is the best accompaniment for this extraordinary scene; especially as its main details have appeared in this Miscellany.* Its date is Christmas-day, 1829. Here the party were "provided with a winter home, with all, indeed, that their own homes could have furnished, in the wreck and stores of the Fury."

The new year commenced with serene and mild weather, though the thermometer was at minus 16°, falling afterwards to 22°. The meridian sky displayed the beautiful tints of a summer evening, but of a character different from any thing occurring in more southern climates: the distant hills on the horizon being of a nearly scarlet hue, while a glowing purple sky above, gradually darkened into a shade deeper than an analogous twilight would produce in England. This second holiday of Christmas was celebrated by the men getting up a concert of about the same quality as their Christmas ball. In the night of January 1, the thermometer changed much within a few hours; and on cutting through the ice, it was found to be five feet four inches thick, giving an increase of nearly three feet during the previous month. On January 5, hares appeared in numbers, and one was shot; a circumstance worth noticing, because, in former expeditions, they had never been found so late in the season as January. The fabrication of a snow staircase, with a wall, found useful employment as well as amusement for the men, who had learned to pride themselves in the beauty and perfection of their icy architecture. On January 7, a brilliant sky at ten in the morning, presented an entirely new aspect; the space above the setting moon being of a rich, golden colour, and that near the sun's place displaying a bright, silvery tint; both the reverse of what is usual in other climates. At length, this monotonous life was relieved by more important appearances, proving even these dreary regions of creation to have their lords. Captain Ross writes:—]

Natives of Boothia Felix.

Jan. 9.—Going on shore this morning, one of the seamen informed me that strangers were seen from the observatory. I proceeded accordingly in the direction pointed out, and soon saw four Esquimaux near a small iceberg, not far from the land, and about a mile from the ship. They retreated behind it as soon as they perceived me; but as I approached, the whole party came suddenly out of their shelter, forming in a body of ten in front and three deep, with one man detached, on the land side, who was apparently sitting in a sledge. I therefore sent back my companion for Commander Ross to join me, together with some men, who were directed to keep at a distance behind him. Proceeding then alone, to within a hundred yards, I found that each was armed with a spear and a knife, but saw no bows and arrows.

Knowing that the word of salutation between meeting tribes was *Tima tima*, I hailed them in their own language, and was answered by a general shout of the same kind; the detached man being then called in front of their line. The rest of my party now coming up, we advanced to within sixty yards, and then threw our guns away, with the cry of *Aja, Tima;* being the usual method, as we had learned it, of opening a friendly communication. On this, they threw their knives and spears into the air in every direction, returning the shout *Aja*, and extending their arms to show that they also were without weapons. But as they did not quit their places, we advanced, and embraced in succession all those in the front line, stroking down their dress also, and receiving from them in return this established ceremony of friendship. This seemed to produce great delight, expressed, on all hands, by laughing, and clamour, and strange gestures: while we immediately found ourselves established in their unhesitating confidence.

Commander Ross' experience was here of great use; and, being informed that we were Europeans (Kablunæ), they answered that they were men Innuit. Their numbers amounted to thirty-one; the eldest, called Illicta, being sixty-five years of age, six others between forty and fifty, and twenty of them between forty and twenty; the number being made up by four boys. Two were lame, and, with the old man, were drawn by the others on sledges: one of them having lost a leg, from a bear as we understood, and the other having a broken or diseased thigh. They were all well dressed, in excellent deerskins chiefly; the upper garments double, and encircling the body, reaching, in front, from the chin to the middle of the thigh, and having a cape behind to draw over the head, while the skirt hung down to the calf of the leg, in a peak not unlike that of a soldier's coat of former days. The sleeves covered the fingers; and, of the two skins which composed all this, the inner one had the hair next the body, and the outer one in the reverse direction. They had two pairs of boots on, with the hairy side of both turned inwards, and above them, trousers of deerskin, reaching very low on the leg; while some of them had shoes outside of their boots, and

* See Mirror, vol. xxiii. p. 49.

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had seahskins instead of those of deer, in their trousers.

With this immense superstructure of clothes, they seemed a much larger people than they really were. All of them bore spears, looking not much unlike a walking stick, with a ball of wood or ivory at one end, and a point of horn at the other. On examining the shafts, however, they were found to be formed of small pieces of wood, or of the bones of animals, joined together very neatly. The knives that we first saw, consisted of bone, or reindeer's horn, without point or edge, forming a very inoffensive weapon; but we soon discovered that each of them had, hanging at his back, a much more effective knife pointed with iron, and some also edged with that metal. One of them proved also to be formed of the blade of an English clasp-knife, having the maker's mark on it, which had been so fixed as to be converted into a dagger.

This was a proof of communication with the tribes that trade with Europeans, if that was not the case with themselves.

Three of the men were, after this, introduced into the cabin, where, at length, they showed abundant signs of wonder. The engravings, representing their countrymen, selected from the several former voyages, gave them great delight, as they instantly recognised them to be portraits of their own race. The looking-glasses, as usual, were, however, the chief source of astonishment, as, especially, was a sight of themselves in our largest mirror. Scarcely less surprise was excited by the lamp and the candlesticks; but they never once showed a desire to possess themselves of anything; receiving, merely, what was offered, with signs of thankfulness that could not be mistaken. They did not relish our preserved meat; but one who ate a morsel seemed to do it as a matter of obedience, saying it was very good, but admitting, on being cross-questioned by Commander Ross, that he had said what was not true; on which, all the rest, on receiving permission, threw away what they had taken. But the same man, on being offered some oil, drank it with much satisfaction, admitting that it was really good.

[Captain Ross considers this a most satisfactory day; for he had given up all expectation of meeting inhabitants in this place; while he knew that it was to the natives he must look for such geographical information as would assist him out of his difficulties, and in pursuing his course. On the following day, (January 10,) Sunday, after divine service, with the thermometer minus 37°, Captain Ross again met the Boothians, whose number was now increased by twenty children; and the whole party soon reached North Hendon, a little group of]

Snow Cottages.

The village consisted of twelve snow huts, erected at the bottom of a little bight on the shore, about two miles and a half from the ship. They had the appearance of inverted basins, and were placed without any order; each of them having a long, crooked appendage, in which was the passage, at the entrance of which were the women, with the female children and infants. We were soon invited to visit these, for whom we had prepared presents of glass beads and needles; a distribution of which soon drove away the timidity which they had displayed at our first appearance.

The passage always long and generally crooked, led to the principal apartment, which was a circular dome, being ten feet in diameter when intended for one family, and an oval of fifteen by ten where it lodged two. Opposite the doorway there was a bank of snow, occupying nearly a third of the breadth of the area, about two feet and a half high, level at the top, and covered by various skins; forming the general bed or sleeping place for the whole. At the end of this sat the misstess of the house, opposite to the lamp, which, being of moss and oil, as is the universal custom in these regions, gave a sufficient flame to supply both light and heat; so that the apartment was perfectly comfortable. Over the lamp was the cooking dish of stone, containing the flesh of deer and of seals, with oil; and of such provision there seemed no want. Every thing else, dresses, implements, as well as provisions, lay about in unspeakable confusion, showing that order, at least, was not in the class of their virtues.

Of these huts, built entirely of snow, I must add, that they were all lighted by a large, oval piece of clear ice, fixed about half way up on the eastern side of the roof; while the variations among the different ones that we inspected were trifling. But we also saw afterwards, what had escaped us before where was so little light to discern any thing, that about the middle of each passage was an antechamber leading into a recess for the dogs. It was obvious too, that the external aperture could be turned at any time, so as to be always on the lee-side, and thus prevent the wind from entering. We found that these huts had been but just erected: they were scarcely a day old, so that the architectural processes of this country do not occupy much time. It was also ascertained that their winter stock of seal and reindeer was buried in the snow, that this store was laid up in the summer, and that they returned to it in the winter. Hitherto, this practice had not been found among the natives of these countries; whether overlooked or not, we could not decide.

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[Captain Ross' attempt to make a drawing of this village excited much uneasiness at first; but the Esquimaux were satisfied as soon as the purpose was explained, and were delighted with the identity of the representation when the sketch was finished; each recognising his own house. We have not space to quote further from these interesting interviews with the Boothians. Their most important result was the drawing of a Chart which Captain Ross has in his possession, and a copy of which forms one of the illustrations to his Narrative. One or two traits are, however, too amusing to be omitted. Having spoken of a large reading-glass through which, when held between them, each Boothian saw his friend's face magnified beyond all understanding, Captain Ross rejoices that there is no cheap science in this little land of night, to interfere with their admiration; "though one bad effect, at least, of their ignorance was displayed in their abhorrence of plum-pudding, with which" Captain Ross "had vainly hoped to regale stomachs accustomed to find blubber a sweetmeat, and train oil preferable to maraschino." — "This, indeed," continues the Captain, "we had not to give them; but our brandy was as odious as our pudding; and they have yet, therefore, to acquire the taste which has, in ruining the morals, hastened the extermination of their American neighbours to the southward." Blissful ignorance! Again, the Captain having made each of the natives happy by presenting him with an empty meat-canister, adds, "Let no man imagine that he knows what a present is worth, till he has found what happiness can be produced by a blue bead, a yellow button, or a piece of an old iron hoop." Another incident, and we have done. It has been noticed that one of the natives had lost a leg by a bear, and was conveyed about in a sledge. Captain Ross offered to supply the poor fellow with a wooden limb: the promised leg being complete, was fitted on: there was little time lost in finding its use and value, as the disabled person began to strut about the cabin in apparent ecstasy; "with more reason," observes Captain Ross, "certainly to be delighted with his present, than all the others united, with what they had received. All the surgery of this case lay indeed with the carpenter, not the worst operator, I believe, in this compound profession; but I doubt if any effort of surgery ever gave more satisfaction than we had thus conferred, in reproducing a man fully serviceable once more to himself and his community. The leg was inscribed with the name of the ship, and packed up in the sledge, as it was not yet sufficiently familiar for a journey of two miles through ice and snow.

"On January 20, the sun appeared for the first time after an absence of fifty days, being about half its diameter above the visible horizon; so that we might have seen the upper limb before, had the sky been sufficiently clear. That, however, which gave us pleasure had no such effect on the Esquimaux, to whom the night of this region is their day; or, to which it is at least far preferable, since it is of far more value to them in hunting the cunning and cautious seals. For this reason, they always returned home when the day broke; complaining of the light as their enemy, and as the cause of a compulsory, not a wilful blindness."

The reader may, probably, be further amused with the details of

Building a Snow House.

In the evening, four families of the natives, comprising fifteen persons, passed the ship to erect new huts about half a mile to the southward. They had four heavy-laden sledges, drawn, each, by two or three dogs, but proceeded very slowly. We went after them to see the process of building the snow house, and were surprised at their dexterity; one man having closed in his roof within forty-five minutes. A tent is scarcely pitched sooner than a house is here built.

The whole process is, perhaps, worth describing. Having ascertained, by the rod used in examining seal holes, whether the snow is sufficiently deep and solid, they level the intended spot by a wooden shovel, leaving beneath a solid mass of snow not less than three feet thick. Commencing then in the centre of the intended circle, which is ten feet or more in diameter, different wedge-shaped blocks are cut out, about two feet long, and a foot thick at the outer part; then trimming them accurately by the knife, they proceed upwards until the courses, gradually inclined inwards, terminate in a perfect dome. The door being cut out from the inside, before it is quite closed, serves to supply the upper materials. In the mean time, the women are employed in stuffing the joints with snow, and the boys in constructing kennels for the dogs. The laying of the snow sofa with skins, and the insertion of the ice window, completes the work; the passage only remaining to be added, as it is after the house is finished, together with some smaller huts for stores. Some of the children, in the mean time, were aping their parents in a toy architecture of their own. One whose hand had been bitten by a dog, was taken on board to the surgeon; and we supplied them with water, to save them the trouble of thawing for themselves.

[Commander Ross' several journeys over land, water, and snow, furnish many pages of perilous and hopeful adventures, one of, which we quote, on account of it being the only occasion on which the Esquimaux ever

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showed any hostile feelings towards the Commander, during the years which he passed in their neighbourhood.]

Commander Ross' Adventure with Esquimaux.

We departed early in the morning of the 27th of April, and approaching the huts were exceedingly disappointed at not hearing the cheerful shouts with which we had been usually greeted. That was succeeded by a very disagreeable surprise, on finding that the women and children had been all sent out of the way, since we knew this to be a signal of war; a fact of which we were speedily convinced by seeing that all the men were armed with their knives. The fierce and sullen looks of these people also boded mischief: but what the cause of all this could be, it was quite impossible to conjecture.

We could see them better than they could distinguish us, as the sun was in their faces; it was the noise of our dogs which gave them notice of our arrival and proximity; and as soon as this was heard, one of them rushed out of a hut, brandishing the large knife used in attacking bears, while the tears were streaming down his aged and furrowed face, which was turning wildly round in search of the objects of his animosity. In an instant he lifted his arm to throw his weapon at myself and the surgeon, who were then within a few yards of him, having advanced in order to ascertain the cause of all this commotion. But the sun, dazzling him, caused him to suspend his arm for an instant; when one of his sons laid hold of his uplifted hand, and gave us a moment's time for reflection.

The result of that was, of course, an immediate preparation for defence; though we could have done little against such odds as our unexpected enemies displayed. We therefore retired to the sledge, where I had left my gun; and not daring again to quit it, as Mr. Abernethy had no arms, waited for the result, while losing ourselves in vain conjectures respecting the cause of offence, seeing that we had parted good friends on the preceding day.

The ferocious old man Pow-weet-yah was still held fast, and, now by both his sons, who had pinioned his arms behind him; though he strove hard to disengage himself; while the rest of the party seemed to be standing in readiness to second any attempt which he might make on us. That there was some difference of opinion among them, however, and that all were not equally hostile, was plain from the conduct of these young men; so that we could still hope for some parley before matters came to extremity. They now began to talk among themselves, and then separated in such a manner as to be ready to surround us, which having nearly effected, and we not choosing to be so cut off from the ship, I warned those who were closing in on the rear, to desist. This produced a short pause, and a still shorter conference; but they immediately again began to close in, brandishing their knives in defiance, according to their usual custom, and had nearly gained their object, when finding that further forbearance would be hazardous, I placed the gun to my shoulder, and was about to fire, when I fortunately saw that the threat alone was sufficient to give them a check. With little loss of time, those who had advanced nearest broke off, in evident alarm, and retreated towards their huts; thus leaving us an open passage in the rear.

But as I could not induce any of them to approach, or to answer my questions, we continued for nearly half an hour in this state of suspense and perplexity, when we were relieved by the courage or confidence of one of the women, who came out of a hut just as I was again raising my gun, and called on me not to fire, advancing up to our party immediately, without showing the least mark of fear.

From her, we soon learned the cause of all this hubbub, which, absurd as it was, might have had a fatal termination, as we should probably have been the chief sufferers. One of Pow-weet-yah's adopted sons, a fine boy of seven or eight years of age, whom we knew, had been killed on the preceding night, by the falling of a stone on his head. This they had ascribed to our agency, through the supernatural powers which we were believed to possess; while the father, not very unnaturally under this conviction, had meditated revenge in the manner which we had experienced.

I had much difficulty in persuading the good woman that we were totally ignorant of this catastrophe, and that we were very sorry for the misfortune; she, however, repeated all that I had said to two of the men who had not taken any share in the business of the attack, and who now approached us unarmed, in token of peace. Their object was to persuade us to go back to the ship, and to return in three days, when they offered to be our guides to the desired place. But many reasons opposed this scheme; of which the chief was, that as this was the first misunderstanding that had occurred between us, it was essential to come to an understanding, and to renew our friendships, without any delay, lest the opportunity should not again occur; as they might go away in the mean time, whether from fear of our returning in greater numbers, or for any other reason, and thus, not only cause a lasting estrangement as to themselves, but a general hostility or desertion on the part of all the natives within their connexions or reach; thus ren-

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dering the whole land our enemies. I therefore objected to this proposal, and declared that I would not go back till we were all once more good friends: when perceiving that the hostile party was gradually approaching our group, though, probably, but to hear the conversation that was passing, I drew a line on the snow, and declared that none of them should cross it without putting away their knives, which they still continued to grasp in their right hands, with their arms folded across the breast. After some conversation among themselves, their grim visages began to relax, the knives were put up; and, becoming at last apparently convinced that we had no concern in the death of this boy, they seemed now very anxious to remove the unfavourable impression which their conduct, as they must needs conclude, had made on us.

But they still urged us to return to the ship, because, as they said, it was impossible for them to make use of their dogs till three days had passed away after the death of any one belonging to a family. Though, in all probability, this was really a funeral usage, or a settled period of mourning, I was unwilling to yield this point, could I possibly carry it; as the loss of even three days at this season was an important consideration.

I therefore produced a large file, offering it to any one of the party who would go with me, and assuring them at the same time, that if they all refused I should go alone, and they would thus lose the reward. On this, a consultation of some minutes took place, in which I heard the word "Erk-she," (angry,) frequently used, accompanied by my name: which being ended, the man called Poo-yet-tah seemed to yield to his wife's entreaties, and offered to accompany me, provided I would allow Iblik-tah, a fine lad of sixteen or seventeen to be associated with him.

This I of course agreed to, as two companions would be more useful than one; and they accordingly went off to the huts to prepare for the journey. That the peace was now considered as perfectly re-established, there could no longer be any doubt; since they crowded round us, soon resuming their usual friendly and confidential behaviour, and putting on that cheerfulness of countenance which was their habitual expression.

[In the third journey, in which this adventure occurred, the party consisted but of Commander Ross, and three others, including the two Esquimaux conductors; the baggage and provisions being placed on two sledges, each drawn by six dogs. Their sufferings in this journey were many and acute. On May 2, after a night's rest, they had to dig themselves out of the snow, which occupied four hours, since it had attained a depth of six feet above them. Their progress was then very slow: they were exceedingly fatigued, and suffered so from thirst, that they were obliged to unload the sledge, to get at the spirit-lamp, that they might melt some snow for drinking. This privation leads Commander Ross to the following general observations upon]

Thirst in the Arctic Regions.

It must appear strange to readers ignorant of these countries, to hear that the people suffer more from thirst, when travelling, than from all the other inconveniences united. By us, at home, where the snow can never be very cold, where it can, therefore, be easily melted by the ordinary heat of the body, and where it can even be eaten as a substitute for water, the very different temperature of the same substance in that country is easily overlooked, as many persons are even ignorant of this fact. No great inconvenience can occur as to this matter, where its heat is rarely much below the freezing point, and scarcely ever falls as low as twenty degrees. It is a very different thing, when, perhaps, the highest temperature of the snow during the winter months is at zero, and when it often falls to minus fifty or more, or to eighty degrees below the point at which we should attempt to thaw or to eat it in England. Were it not so bad a conductor as it is, we could, in this country, no more take it into the mouth, or hold it in the hands, than if it was so much red-hot iron: but, from that cause, this consequence at least does not follow. The effect, nevertheless, which it does produce, is that of increasing, instead of removing, the thirst which it is endeavoured to quench: so that the natives prefer enduring the utmost extremity of this feeling, rather than attempt to remove it by the eating of snow. I am not sufficiently acquainted with medical philosophy to explain this, nor am I aware that it has been explained: and it is, perhaps, so unfounded, as it is, in me, presuming to suggest that the extreme cold of the material thus swallowed, when the body is heated and exhausted by fatigue, may bring on some inflammatory state of the stomach, so as to cause the suffering in question.

[The last expedition in May, 1830, is, in many respects, the most important. The party consisted but of four persons; and though assisted by eight dogs in a second sledge, their load was as great as they could manage, since it consisted of three weeks' provision, besides instruments and clothes, and a skin boat. On May 19, they arrived in sight of the Western Sea; and from a hill, the Commander determined his future route, and could discern the low land of the opposite shore, stretching to within fifteen or twenty degrees of Cape Isabella, to which he

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determined to proceed: whilst thus impressively he tells the]

Arrival on the Shores of the Western Sea.

The party which I had thus quitted for a short time, had announced their arrival on the shores of the western sea by three cheers: it was to me, as well as to them, and still more indeed to the leader than to his followers, a moment of interest well deserving the usual "hail" of a seaman; for it was the ocean that we had pursued, the object of our hopes and exertions; the free space which, as we once had hoped, was to have carried us round the American continent, which ought to have given us the triumph for which we and all our predecessors had laboured so long and so hard. It would have done all this had not Nature forbidden; it might have done all this had our chain of lakes been an inlet, had this valley formed a free communication between the eastern and western seas; but we had, at least, ascertained the impossibility; the desired sea was at our feet, we were soon to be travelling along its surface; and, in our final disappointment, we had at least the consolation of having removed all doubts and quenched all anxiety, of feeling that where God had said No, it was for man to submit, and to be thankful for what had been granted. It was a solemn moment, never to be forgotten; and never was the cheering of a seaman so impressive, breaking as it did on the stillness of the night, amid this dreary waste of ice and snow, where there was not an object to remind us of life, and not a sound seemed ever to have been heard.

At midnight we proceeded over the sea-ice, and arrived at the desired Cape at six in the morning. Our encampment here was of a novel nature, being formed by excavating, in a ridge of snow, a burrow large enough to contain the party, which was then roofed by the skin boat; securing afterwards its sides to the surface by means of the snow that had been removed. An opening being made on the side, it was stopped up by a block of snow for a door, and by means of the blankets, bags, we contrived to make our beds both warm and soft. A spirit-lamp served to melt sufficient snow for drink; while thus, for many subsequent nights, we enjoyed a sounder sleep than we had often done under circumstances far more comfortable and promising.

[The results of this journey were the reaching within 200 miles of Cape Turnagain. This had occupied thirteen days, and as many more would have enabled the party "to do all that was remaining, to return triumphant to the Victory, and to carry to England a truly worthy fruit of our long and hard labours."]

Time was not, however, wanting, but the very means of existence. They had brought but twenty-one days provision from the ship, and much more than half was already consumed; so that having advanced one day further, they were compelled to return. They therefore unfurled their flag for the usual ceremony, and took possession of what they saw as far as the distant point, while that on which they stood was named Victory Point; being the *ne plus ultra* of their labour, as it afterwards proved, while it will remain a standard record of the exertions of that ship's crew. The point to the south-west was also named Cape Franklin. On Victory Point, they erected a cairn of stones six feet high, and they inclosed in it a canister containing a brief account of the proceedings of the expedition since its departure from England. It was one in the morning, May 30, that the party turned their backs on this last and furthest point of their journey, arriving at their former encampment at six. Of this point, named Culgruff, the longitude is 98° 32′ 49″ west, and the latitude 69° 46′ 19″. Victory Point lies in latitude 69° 37′ 49″, and longitude 98° 40′ 49″: while of Point Franklin, as near as could be determined from an estimated distance, the latitude is 69° 31′ 13″, and the longitude 99° 17′ 58″.

[The summer of 1830 proved ungenial. The month of July was passed in a fishing expedition by Captain Ross and his party; the ship was refitted, and the health of the men much improved. But so tardily had the season advanced, that, on the 1st of August, no clear sea had been observed, nor had any of the ice on it appeared to move, until this day; and six weeks had elapsed before Captain Ross "cast off, and warped through the bay ice," and the ship was, at length, once more in clear water and under sail. Thus freed, they advanced but *three miles*, and were again stopped; and on September 30 found themselves at the above distance from the spot where they were fixed in September of the preceding year. They endeavoured to reach this spot; but, in a month, they cut through only 350 feet of ice, which now became so thick, that they were compelled to give up labour, and winter there.

In April, 1831, Commander Ross and five men journeyed 150 miles, finding the ice very rough, and the thermometer being 18° minus; and remarking that the pressure on the sea ice had been so great, that many large pieces had been forced up the rocks to the height of forty feet. After his return Commander Ross set out on his expedition to ascertain the position of the magnetic pole, and his advances to this mystic spot are thus described:—]

Approach to the Magnetic Pole.

We were now within fourteen miles of the calculated position of the magnetic pole;

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and my anxiety, therefore, did not permit me to do or endure any thing which might delay my arrival at the long wished-for spot. We commenced, therefore, a rapid march, comparatively disencumbered; and, persevering with all our might, we reached the calculated place at eight in the morning of the first of June. I believe I must leave it to others to imagine the elation of mind with which we found ourselves now at length arrived at this great object of our ambition: it almost seemed as if we had accomplished every thing that we had come so far to see and to do; as if our voyage and all its labours were at an end, and that nothing now remained for us but to return home and be happy for the rest of our days. They were after-thoughts which told us that we had much yet to endure and much to perform, and they were thoughts which did not then intrude; could they have done so, we should have cast them aside, under our present excitement: we were happy, and desired to remain so as long as we could.

The land at this place is very low near the coast, but it rises into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. It was scarcely censurable to regret that there was not a mountain to indicate a spot to which so much of interest must ever be attached; and I could even have pardoned any one among us who had been so romantic or absurd as to expect that the magnetic pole was an object as conspicuous and mysterious as the fabled mountain of Sinbad, that it even was a mountain of iron, or a magnet as large as Mont Blanc. But Nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot which she had chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers; and where we could do little ourselves towards this end, it was our business to submit, and to be content in noting, by mathematical numbers and signs, as with things of far more importance in the terrestrial system, what we could but ill distinguish in any other manner.

We were, however, fortunate in here finding some huts of Esquimaux, that had not long been abandened. Unconscious of the value which not only we, but all the civilized world, attached to this place, it would have been a vain attempt on our part to account to them for our delight, had they been present. It was better for us that they were not; since we thus took possession of their works, and were thence enabled to establish our observations with the greater ease; encamping at six in the evening on a point of land about half a mile to the westward of those abandoned snow houses.

The necessary observations were immediately commenced, and they were continued throughout this and the greater part of the following day. Of these, the details for the purposes of science have been since communicated to the Royal Society; as a paper containing all that philosophers require on the subject has now also been printed in their Transactions.

But it will gratify general curiosity to state the most conspicuous results in a simple and popular manner. The place of the observatory was as near to the magnetic pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping needle, was 89° 59′, being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed: a fact, which even the most moderately informed of readers must now know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any.

As soon as I had satisfied my own mind on the subject, I made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labours; and it was then, that amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot, and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory, in the name of Great Britain and King William the Fourth. We had abundance of materials for building in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach; and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister, containing a record of the interesting fact: only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to withstand the assaults of time and of the Esquimaux. Had it been a pyramid as large as that of Cheops, I am not quite sure that it would have done more than satisfy our ambition, under the feelings of that exciting day. The latitude of this spot is 70° 5′ 17″, and its longitude 96° 46′ 45″ west.

This subject is much too interesting, even to general readers, to permit the omission of a few other remarks relating to the scientific part of this question, desirous as I have been of passing over or curtailing these. During our absence, Professor Barlow had laid down all the curves of equal variation to within a few degrees of the point of their concurrence; leaving that point, of course, to be determined by observation, should such observation ever fall within the power of navigators. It was most gratifying to find, on

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our return, that the place which I had thus examined was precisely that one where these curves should have coincided in a centre, had they been protracted on his magnetic chart.

[The fortunate discoverers returned to the ship towards the middle of June, but did not get clear of the ice until the end of August, having previously obtained and stored 3,000 salmon. In the following month, they made but little progress; and, at its close, it was impossible to expect any further under such a mass and weight of winter as that around them. The worst part of the prospect, however, was the distant one; and it seemed likely that the ship would never be extricated, and that they should be compelled to abandon her with all that was on board. The men began to despair, but, towards Christmas, their hopes brightened; and Christmas-day was kept, in the cabin, with "a round of beef which had been in the Fury's stores for eight years, and which, with some veal and vegetables, was as good as the day on which it was cooked."

The year 1832 commenced disastrously. One of the crew died, and the general health of the whole number was much enfeebled. In the beginning of February, it seemed destined that the ship should really be their prison, as the stormy and cold weather rendered it seldom possible to show themselves beyond the roof or deck. On February 29, the ice was more than six feet round the ship, which thickness prevented all hopes of liberation, even though Captain Ross and his men should continue with her, which was impossible from the state of the provisions and the health of the crew. March was still more dreary; the taking of a fox being the only event of a week: the sea ice was seven feet thick, and the temperature of the first half of the month was 42° under zero. Meanwhile, the carpenter had finished sledges for the boats, provisions, and fuel. Throughout April they prepared to depart; and early in the month, the thermometer rose on a sudden to plus 7°; not having passed zero before for 136 days: and Captain Ross does not believe there is another record of such a continuous low temperature. They now resolved to abandon the ship, and proceed to Fury Beach, not only for supplies, but to get possession of the boats there. Their immediate object was to proceed to a certain distance with a stock of provisions and the boats, and there to deposit them, so as to advance more easily afterwards. The weights were divided equally, and drawn or carried through rough ice, sometimes at the rate of a mile in five hours. The drift snow soon obliged them to halt, and build snow huts, in which the sleeping room was 47° under the freezing point! On April 25, the meat was so hard frozen, that they were obliged to cut it with a saw, and could only afford to thaw it by putting it into their warm cocoa, as they could not spare fuel for both purposes. A strong gale with a snow drift nearly covered their hut in a short time; and they were next obstructed by a ridge of rocks jutting into the sea, on which the ice had accumulated fifty feet high! How this obstacle was surmounted by dragging and carrying the sledges, we have not space to detail; but may observe that the total result of this journey was, that they had walked 110 miles, and had really advanced but 18; while it was necessary to go over this space three times more, before every thing could be even thus far advanced in a journey which was destined ultimately to be 300 miles, though the direct one was only 180. After another month of similar toil, they finally abandoned the vessel on May 29. The chronometers and astronomical instruments, which could be spared and could not be taken, were concealed, with some gunpowder; and they had secured every thing on shore which could be of use to them in case of their return, or which would otherwise prove of use to the natives. The colours were, therefore, hoisted and nailed to the mast, they drank a parting glass to their poor ship, and having seen every man out, in the evening, Captain Ross took his own adieu of the Victory, which had deserved a better fate. It was the first vessel that he had ever been obliged to abandon, after having served in thirty-six, during a period of forty-two years. The plan of the journey now undertaken was, to carry both the boats on to Elizabeth Harbour, with provisions for six weeks at full allowance: there to deposit the boats and half the provisions, and to proceed with the sledges and the other half till they reached the latitude of 71°, whence they should send a light party of five to Fury Beach.

They ended the month of June within hail of this desired spot. The water was now, at last, running down the large cracks in the ice, and three ravines were pouring down their torrents; the last part of their journey was unusually laborious, from the wedged masses of ice, so packed as to denote the violence which they had undergone; but they at length passed them all, and encamped at Fury Beach, on July 1. They now examined the stores, part of which were damaged by the high rise of the sea; and the foxes had opened some boxes and devoured the candles in them. By the first evening, the men had built a house 31 by 16 feet, and seven feet in height, covered with canvass; which they nicknamed Somerset House; this tract having been previously called North Somerset. The carpenters also repaired the boats; and the ice having broken

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up on the last day of July, they prepared to start, hoping to quit this strait and reach Baffin's Bay before the departure of the whaling vessels. They pursued another perilous course, though only to find on September 20, that the junction of Barrow's Strait and Prince Regent's Inlet was a continuous solid mass of ice, giving no hopes of breaking up this season; while the land was equally blocked up by heavy ice. Accordingly, they were obliged to leave their boats in Batty's Bay, to return from whence they had come, on October 7, and to winter again at Fury Beach: their luxuries were now exhausted, and foxes and snow water served for the Christmas dinner.

The winter must have passed as drearily as before. On April 19, they prepared to depart by advance journeys, which occupied nearly six weeks; till, at length, on July 8, every thing was ready, and they quitted this dreary place, as they hoped, for ever. Happily, it proved so; for, notwithstanding their having to carry three sick men, and working even at night in their shirts, they reached the boats in Batty's Bay, on July 12. They began cutting the shore ice at four o'clock in the morning; and the tide having risen soon after, with a fine westerly breeze, they launched the boats, embarked the stores and the sick, and, at eight o'clock were under way. They soon rounded the north cape of Batty Bay, and, finding a lane of water, crossed Elwin's Bay at midnight; reaching on the 16th, that spot to the north of it where they had pitched their tents on August 28, in the preceding year. They found here no passage to the eastward, but the lane of water still extended towards the north, and at eight in the evening they reached their former position at the north-eastern cape of America. They here found they could sail through the ice northward and north-eastward; it being calm, they held on to the eastward by rowing, until they reached the edge of the packed ice; when they found that its extremity was but a mile to the northward. A southerly breeze enabled them to round it; when, finding the water open, they stood on through it, and reached the eastern shore of Prince Regent's Inlet on August 17. They strove on, for nine days, putting ashore to sleep; and on August 26, at four in the morning, when all were asleep, the look-out man discovered a sail in the offing, which proved to be "the Isabella of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross." The joyful sequel of their return to England, their hearty welcome here, and their honorary and other rewards—are circumstances too well known for us to repeat; especially as our extracts have already exceeded their limit, though we hope not their interest to the reader.

Poetry.

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS.

(*By William Wordsworth.*)

[An opinion of the poetry of Wordsworth would be somewhat late in the day, seeing that it is forty years since the publication of his *Descriptive Sketches*, of which Coleridge observed, "seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original, poetical genius above the literary horizon, more evidently announced." It may, likewise, be remarked that seldom has the possession of genius been more disputed than in the many conflicting criticisms of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry: it has been extolled overmuch by indiscreet friends, and as bitterly reviled by jealous assailants: its beauties have been magnified into sublimities, and its puerilities exaggerated into nonsense. Between these extravagant views we have ever been inclined to take the middle position, and to admit that, amongst many defects, our admiration will scarcely ever exhaust the variety, originality, simplicity, and grandeur of Wordsworthian poetry. Rather than pin our faith to the opinion of Coleridge, that "in imaginative powers, Wordsworth stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare," we incline to the following estimate of his genius: — "The variety of subjects which Wordsworth has touched, the varied powers which he has displayed, the passages of redeeming beauty interspersed even among the worst and dullest of his productions; the originality of detached thoughts, scattered throughout works to which, on the whole, we must deny the praise of originality; the deep pathos and occasional grandeur of his style; the real poetical feeling which generally runs through its many modulations; his accurate observation of external nature; and the success with which he blends the purest and most devotional thoughts with the glories of the visible universe — all these are merits, which so far 'make up in number what they want in weight,' that, although insufficient to raise him to the shrine, they fairly admit him within the sacred temple of poesy."* These, to our minds, are the true characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry; and that they are beginning to be so appreciated is best proved by the rising popularity of Wordsworth, especially as some kind friend has taken the poems in hand, and sifted the sublime from the ridiculous, the simplicity from the affectation, in fine, the good from the indifferent, among the productions of the poet's miscellaneous muse. This rise in public estimation is no critical theory; for it has sterling proof—the improved sale of the poems themselves; and right glad are we to congratu-

* Blackwood's Magazine.

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late the benevolent poet on this successful issue, though it be after a probation of forty years.

The present volume contains about one hundred and fifty pieces, many of which are sonnets full of the majesty of poetry. *Yarrow Revisited* consists of stanzas as a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other friends visiting the banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford for Naples. This is not, to our taste, the most striking piece in the volume, though it occupies the first place; the following passage, however, is full of pathos and touching beauty:

For thee, O Scott! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot
For mild Sorento's breezy waves;
May classic Fancy linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

O! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age,
With Strength, her venturous brother;
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Where'er thy path invite thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
With gladness must requite Thee!

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
Such looks of love and honour
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her;
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer?
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self—
Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us?

[Dispensing with further note or comment, we shall proceed to string together a few of the gems of this delightful volume.]

A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland.

Part fenced by man, part by a ragged steep
That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard lies;
The Hare's best couchant place for fearless sleep;
Which moonlit Elves, far seen by credulous eyes,
Enter in dance. Of Church or Sabbath ties,
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep.
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none; but rudely sculptured knights,
By humble choice of plain, old times, are seen
Level with earth among the hillocks green:
Unless not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

Eagles.—Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban.

Dishonoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law
Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred,
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw
Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe
Man, bird, and beast; then, with a Consort paired,
From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard,
Flew high above Atlantic waves to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this Prisoner once; and, when his plumes
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
In spirit, for a moment, he resumes
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

Countess' Pillar.

[On the road between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2nd day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"]

While the poor gather round till the end of time
May this bright flower of Charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
Lovelier—transplanted from Heaven's purest clime!
"Charity never faileth:" on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*
"*Laus Deo.*" Many a stranger passing by
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavour;
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God be praised!"

Epitaph.

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came
From nearest kindred, ****** her new name;
She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride
Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.
O dread reverse! if aught be so, which proves
That God will chasten whom he dearly loves.
Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,
And troubles that were each a step to Heaven:
Two Babes were laid in earth before she died;
A third now slumbers at the Mother's side;
Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
Of recent sorrow combated in vain;
Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart
Time still intent on his insidious part,
Lulling the Mourner's best good thoughts asleep,
Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot keep;
Bear with him—judge Him gently who makes known
His bitter loss by this memorial Stone;
And pray that in his faithful breast the grace
Of resignation find a hallowed place.

Chatsworth.

Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride
Of thy domain strange contrast do present
To house and home in many a craggy rent
Of the wild Peak; where new-born waters glide
Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide
As in a dear and chosen banishment,
With every semblance of entire content;
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!
Yet He, whose heart in childhood gave her troth
To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest farms,
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,
That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms;
And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

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In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag.

(JULY 17, 1833.)

Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
Appeared the Crag of Ailsa; ne'er did morn
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high:
Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the sea and little ships;
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
Each for her haven; with her freight of Care,
Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks
Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,
Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes
For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, and transient Shows.

Cave of Staffa.

Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine;
And measuring heaven by earth, would overrule
Infinite Power. The pillar'd vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble Man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the structure's base,
And flashing upwards to its topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place.

If this great world of joy and pain,
Revolve in one sure track;
If Freedom, set, will rise again,
And Virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

A Wren's Nest.

Among the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a laboured roof;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The Hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied Abbey walls,
A canopy in some still nook;
Others are pent-housed by a brae
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding Bird her Mate
Warbles by fits his low, clear song;
And by the busy Streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequester'd lanes they build,
Where till the flitting Bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best;
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small Builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout;

For she who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest,
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose minds without disdain
Can turn to little things, but once
Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone—a ruthless Spoiler's prey,
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light the moss-built cell,
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple Flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder bent.

Rest, mother-bird! and when thy young
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
When withered is the guardian flower,
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
Amid the unviolated grove
Housed near the growing primrose tuft
In foresight, or in love.

Sketches of Society.

BELFORD REGIS.

By Miss Mitford.

[HERE are three volumes of lively "Sketches of a Country Town," as pleasant as they are clever, and as full of entertainment as they are of truth and nature. In them the delightful writer has succeeded in portraying the microcosm of a country town—a specimen of *urbs in rure*—and, altogether, a very interesting cycle are the townsfolk of Belford Regis, as Miss Mitford has named their real or imaginary abode, we are uncertain which, though, that such persons do exist *somewhere* is certain, and beyond a *ruse*. We quote one of the Portraits, abridged.]

The Absent Member.

Everybody remembers the excellent character of an absent man by La Bruyère, since so capitally dramatised by Isaac Bickerstaff: everybody remembers the character, and everybody would have thought the whole account a most amusing and pleasant invention, had not the incredible facts been verified by the sayings and doings of a certain Parisian count, whose name has escaped me, a well-known individual of that day, whose *distractions* (I use the word in the French sense, and not in the English) set all exaggeration at defiance,—who was, in a word, more *distrait* than *Le Distrait* of La Bruyère.

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He, "that nameless he," still remains unrivalled; as an odd Frenchman, when such a thing turns up, which is seldom, will generally be found to excel at all points your English oddity, which is comparatively common. No single specimen so complete in its kind has appeared in our country; but the genus is by no means extinct; and every now and then, especially amongst learned men, great mathematicians, and eminent Grecians, one has the luck to light upon an original, whose powers of perception and memory are subject to lapses the most extraordinary,—fits of abstraction, during which everything that passes falls unobserved into some pit of forgetfulness, like the oubliette of an old castle, and is never seen or heard of again.

My excellent friend Mr. Coningsby is just such a man. The Waters of Oblivion of the Eastern Fairy Tale, or the more classical Lethe, are but types to shadow forth the extent and variety of his anti-recollective faculty. Let the fit be strong upon him, and he shall not recognise his own mansion or remember his own name. Suppose him at Whitehall, and the fire which burnt the two Houses would at such a time hardly disturb him. You might, at certain moments, commit murder in his presence with perfect impunity. He would not know the killer from the killed.

Of course this does not happen every day; or rather opportunities of so striking a character do not often fall in his way, or doubtless he would not fail to make the most of them. Of the smaller occasions, which can occur more frequently, he is pretty sure to take advantage; and, from the time of his putting on two different coloured stockings, when getting up in the morning, to that of his assuming his wife's laced nightcap on going to bed, his every-day's history is one perpetual series of blunders and mistakes.

He will salt his tea, for instance, at breakfast-time, and put sugar on his muffin, and swallow both messes without the slightest perception of his having at all deviated from the common mode of applying those relishing condiments. With respect to the quality of his food, indeed, he is as indifferent as Dominie Sampson; and he has been known to fill his glass with vinegar instead of sherry, and to pour a ladle of turtle-soup over his turbot instead of lobster-sauce; and doubtless would have taken both the eatables and drinkables very quietly, had not his old butler, on the watch against such occurrences, whisked both glass and plate away with the celerity of Sancho's physician, Don ——. Bless me! I have forgotten that name also! I said that this subject was contagious—Don ——he who officiated in the island of Barataria—Don——No, Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, that is the title to which the gentleman answers:—Well, the vinegar would have been drunken, and the turbot and turtle-sauce eaten, had not the vigilant butler played the part of Don Pedro Rezio, and whipped off the whole concern, whilst the good man, his master, sat in dubious meditation, wondering what had become of his dinner, and not quite certain that he might not have eaten it, until a plateful of more salubrious and less incongruous viands —ham and chicken, for instance, or roast beef and French beans—was placed before him, and settled the question. But for that inestimable butler, a coroner's inquest would have been held upon him long ago.

After breakfast he would dress, thrice happy if the care of his valet protected him from shaving with a pruning-knife, or putting on his waistcoat wrong side out: being dressed, he would prepare for his morning ride, mounting, if his groom did not happen to be waiting, the very first four-footed animal that came in his way, sometimes the butcher's horse, with a tray nicely balanced before — sometimes the postboy's donkey, with the letter-bags swinging behind—sometimes his daughter's pony, side-saddle notwithstanding; and, when mounted, forth he sallies, rather in the direction which his steed may happen to prefer than in that which he himself had intended to follow.

Bold would be the pen that should attempt even a brief summary of the mistakes committed in one single morning's ride. If he proceed, as he frequently does, to our good town of Belford, he goes for wrong things, to the wrong shops; miscalls the people whom he accosts (seldom, indeed, shall he hit on the proper name, title, or vocation, of any one whom he chances to address); asks an old bachelor after his wife, and an old maid after her children; and finally sums up a morning of blunders by going to the inn where he had not left his horse, and quietly stepping into some gig or phaeton prepared for another person. In a new neighbourhood this appropriation of other people's property might bring our hero into an awkward dilemma; but the man and his ways are well known in our parts; and, when the unlucky owner of the abstracted equipage arrives in a fury, and demands of the astounded ostler what has become of his carriage, one simple exclamation, "Mr. Coningsby, sir!" is at once felt by the aggrieved proprietor to be explanation enough.

Should morning-calls be the order of the day, he contrives to make a pretty comfortable confusion in that simple civility. First of all, he can hardly gallop along the king's highway without getting into a *démêlé* with the turnpike-keepers; sometimes riding quietly through a gate without paying the slightest attention to their demand for toll; at others, tossing them, without dreaming of stopping to receive the change, a shilling or a sovereign, as the case may be: for, although

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great on the currency question—(have I not said that the gentleman is [or was] a county member?)—he is practically most happily ignorant of the current coin of the realm, and would hardly know gold from silver, if asked to distinguish between them.

Beggars (and he is very charitable) find their account also in this ignorance: he flings about crowns for penny-pieces, and half-sovereigns for sixpences, relieving the same set a dozen times over, and getting quit of a pocketful of money—(for though he have a purse, he seldom remembers to make use of it—luckily seldom—for if he do fill that gentlemanly net-work, he is sure to lose it, cash, bank-notes, and all)—in the course of a morning's ride.

Arrived at the place of his destination, the house at which he is to call, a new scene of confusion is pretty sure to arise. In the first place, it rarely happens that he does arrive at the veritable mansion to which his visit is intended. He is far more likely to ride to the wrong place, inquire of the bewildered footman for some name not his master's, and be finally ushered into a room full of strangers, persons whom he neither visits nor knows, who stare and wonder what brought him, whilst he, not very sure whether he ought to remember them, whether they be his acquaintances or not, stammers out an apology and marches off again.

Or he shall commit the reverse mistake, and riding to the right house, shall ask for the wrong people; or, finding the family out, he shall have forgotten his own name—I mean his name-tickets—and shall leave one from his wife's or daughter's card-case, taken up by that sort of accident which is to him second nature;—or he shall unite all these blunders, and leave at a house where he himself does not visit a card left at his own mansion by a third person, who is also unacquainted with the family to which so unconsciously that outward sign and token of acquaintanceship had travelled.

If in so simple a matter as morning visiting he contrived to produce such confusion, think how his genius must have expanded when so dangerous a weapon as a pen got into his hands! I question if he ever wrote a letter in his life without some blunder in the date, the address, the signature or the subject. He would indite an epistle to one person, direct it to another, and send it to a third, who could not conceive from whom it came, because he had forgotten to put his name at the bottom. But of the numerous perplexities to which he was in the habit of giving rise, franks were by very far the most frequent cause. Ticklish things are they even to the punctual and the careful; and to Mr. Coningsby the giving one quite perfectly right seemed an impossibility. There was the date to consider, the month, the day of the month, the year—I have known him write the wrong century; then came the name, the place, the street, and number, if in London—if in the country, the town and county; then, lastly, his own name, which, for so simple an operation as it seems, he would contrive generally to omit, and sometimes to boggle with, now writing only his patronymic as if he were a peer, now only his Christian name as if a prince, and now an involution of initials that defied even the accurate eye of the clerks of the Post Office. Very, very few can have been the franks of his that escaped paying.

Of course his friends and acquaintance were forewarned, and escaped the scrape (for it is one) of making their correspondents pay triple postage. Bountiful as he was in his offers of service in this way, (and keeping no account of the numbers, he would just as readily give fifty as one,) none incurred the penalty save strangers and the unwary. I, for my own part, never received but one letter directed by him in my life, and in the address of that, the name—my name, the name of the person to whom the letter was written—was wanting. "Three Mile Cross," held the place usually occupied by "Miss Mitford."

"Three Mile Cross—
Reading,
Berks."

ran the direction. But as I happened to receive about twenty times as many letters, and especially franked letters, as all the good people of the "Cross" put together, the packet was sent first to me, by way of experiment; and as I recognised the seal of a dear friend and old correspondent, I felt no scruple in appropriating for once, like a Scottish laird, the style and title of the place where I reside. And I and the postmaster were right: the epistle was, as it happened, intended for me.

Notes would, in his hands, have been still more dangerous than letters; but from this peril he was generally saved by the caution of the two friends most anxious for his credit,—his wife and the old butler, who constantly contrived, the one to write the answers to all invitations or general billets that arrived in the house, the other to watch that none such should pass without due scrutiny. Once, however, he escaped their surveillance; and the consequence was an adventure which, though very trifling, proved, in the first instance, so uncomfortable as to cause both the keepers to exert double vigilance for the future. Thus the story ran:—

A respectable, but not wealthy, clergyman had been appointed to a living about ten miles off—had married, and brought home his bride; and Mr. Coningsby, who, as county member, called upon everybody within a still wider circuit, paid a visit in due form,

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accompanied by, or rather accompanying his lady; which call having been duly returned (neither party being at home), was followed at the proper interval by an invitation for Mr. and Mrs. Ellis to dine at Coningsby House. The invitation was accepted; but, when the day arrived, the dangerous illness of a near relation prevented the young couple from keeping their engagement; and, some time after, the fair bride began to think it necessary to return the civilities of her neighbours, by giving her first dinner-party. Notes of invitation were despatched accordingly to four families of consequence, amongst them Mr. Coningsby's; but it was the busy Christmas-time, when, between family parties, and London visiters, and children's balls, everybody's evenings were bespoken for weeks beforehand; and from three of her friends, accordingly, she received answers declining her invitation, and pleading pre-engagements. From the Coningsbys, only, no note arrived. But accidentally Mr. Ellis heard that they were to go at Christmas on a distant visit, and, taking for granted that the invitation had not reached the worthy member or his amiable lady, Mrs. Ellis, instead of attempting to collect other friends, made up her mind to postpone her party to a more convenient season.

The day on which the dinner was to have been given proved so unfavourable that our young couple saw good cause to congratulate themselves on their resolution. The little hamlet of East Longford, amongst the prettiest of our North-of-Hampshire villages, so beautiful in the summer, from the irregularities of the ground, the deep woody lanes hollowed like water-courses, the wild commons which must be passed to reach it, and the profound seclusion of the one straggling street of cottages and cottage-like houses, with the vicarage, placed like a bird's-nest on the side of a steep hill, clothed to the very top with beech woods; this pretty hamlet, so charming in its summer verdure, its deep retirement, and its touch of wildness in the midst of civilization, was from those very circumstances no tempting spot in mid-winter: vast tracts across the commons were then nearly impassable; the lanes were sloughs; and the village itself, rendered insulated and inaccessible by the badness of the roads, conveyed no other feeling than that of dreariness and loneliness. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, who, although not insensible of the inconveniences of their abode, had made up their minds to bear the evil and enjoy the good of their situation, could not yet help congratulating themselves, as they sat in their snug dining parlour, after a five o'clock dinner, on the postponement of their party. The snow is above a foot deep, and the bridge broken, so that neither servants nor horses could have got to the Eight Bells; and where could we have housed them?" said the gentleman. "And the drawing-room smokes so, in this heavy atmosphere, that we cannot light a fire there," responded the lady. "Never, to be sure, was anything so fortunate!"

And, just as the word was spoken, a carriage and four drove up to the door, and exactly at half-past six (the hour named in the invitation) Mr. and Mrs. Coningsby were ushered into the room.

Imagine the feelings of four persons who had never met before in such a situation—especially of the two ladies. Mrs. Ellis, dinner over, with the consciousness of the half bottle of port and the quarter of sherry, the apples, the nuts, the single pair of mould candles, her drawing-room fire that could not be lighted, her dinner to provide as well as to cook, and her own dark merino and black silk apron! Poor Mrs. Coningsby, on the other hand, seeing at a glance how the case stood, feeling for the trouble that they were giving, and sinking under a consciousness far worse to bear than Mrs. Ellis's—the consciousness of being overdressed,—how heartily did she wish herself at home again! or, if that were too much to desire, what would she have given to have replaced her claret-coloured satin gown, her hat with its white plumes, her pearls and her rubies, back again in their wardrobes and cases.

It was a trial of no ordinary nature to the good sense, good breeding, and good humour of both parties; and each stood it well. There happened to be a cold round of beef in the house, some undressed game, and plenty of milk and eggs; the next farmer had killed a pig; and, with pork chops, cold beef, a pheasant, and apple fritters, all very nicely prepared, more fastidious persons than Mr. and Mrs. Coningsby might have made a good dinner. The host brought out his best claret; the pretty hostess regained her smiles, and forgot her black apron and her dark merino; and, what was a far more difficult achievement, the fair visiter forgot her plumes and her satin. The evening, which began so inauspiciously, ended pleasantly and sociably; and, when the note (taken, as was guessed, by our hero from the letter-boy, with the intention of sending it by a groom) was found quietly ensconced in his waistcoat pocket, Mrs. Coningsby could hardly regret the termination of her present adventure, although fully resolved never again to incur a similar danger.

Abbotsford and Newstead.

MISCELLANIES, No. 2.

By the Author of the "Sketch Book."

[This is the *sequitur* of "the Prairies," noticed at page 196 of the present volume; and fitly does it grace the lists of the season. Its contents are reminiscences of Washing-

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ten Irving's visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, in 1816, when the poet and novelist was in the gale of his glory. Accompanying these recollections are those of a short stay at Newstead Abbey, some years after its lord had quitted "that quaint and romantic pile." The volume although brief abounds with writing of too precious and inviting a character to enable us to comprise our view of its beauties within the present page; so that we shall now make but one extract, and return to this pleasant volume in a succeeding sheet.]

Character of Sir Walter Scott.

The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. A vein of strong, shrewd, common sense ran throughout it, as it does throughout all his writings, but was enriched and enlivened by incessant touches of feeling, of fancy, and humour. I have not done justice to the copious flow of grave thought that often mingled in his conversation, for at this distance of time, little remains in my memory but salient points and light, whimsical, and characteristic anecdotes. Indeed, during the whole time of my visit, he seemed in a lively, playful mood, and his remarks and stories inclined to the comic rather than grave. Such, however, I was told, was the usual habit of his mind in social intercourse. He relished a joke, or a trait of humour, and laughed with right good will.

Scott never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration; and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversations reminded me continually of his novels, and it seemed to me that, during the time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully.

He was as good a listener as talker, appreciated every thing that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. He arrogated nothing to himself, but was perfectly unassuming and unpretending; entering with heart and soul into the business, or pleasure, or, I had almost said, folly, of the hour and the company. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his vast superiority, and only recollected, and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.

It was delightful to observe the generous mode in which he spoke of all his literary contemporaries; quoting the beauties of their works and pointing out their merits; and this, too, with respect to persons with whom he might have been supposed to be at variance in literature or politics. Jeffrey, it was thought, had ruffled his plumes in one of his reviews, yet Scott spoke of him in terms of high and warm eulogy, both as an author and as a man.

His humour in conversation, as in his works, was genial, and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles, but he looked upon poor human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil. It is this benignant spirit which gives such an air of *bonhomie* to Scott's humour throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow-beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights; but the kindness and generosity of his nature tempered the sharpness of his wit, and would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation, any more than throughout his works.

Such is a rough sketch of Scott as I saw him in private life, not merely at the visit here narrated, but in the casual intercourse of subsequent years. Of his public character and merits all the world can judge. His works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilized world, for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. But when did human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there that, on looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still regard his works as a treasury of pure enjoyment, an armoury to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and griefs of life? For my own part, in periods of dejection, when everything around me was joyless, I have hailed the announcement of a new work from his pen, as an elixir of certain pleasure in store for me, and have looked forward to it as a traveller on a waste looks to a green spot in the distance, where he feels assured of solace and refreshment.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 722.] SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1835. [Price 2*d*.

QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING, AND PATTERNS.

FROM THE COINS, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*To the Editor.*)

Probably, of all the common errors extant, which have been universally received as matter of fact in every part of England and its colonies, there is no one which has made more dupes than that relative to the Farthing of Queen Anne. Should you possess a small collection of medals, the first question from your visitant is, "Have you a farthing of Queen Anne?" If you answer in the affirmative, he is ready for you, armed at all points, with the old story:—"Why, there never were but three; the Museum has two of them, and would give a large sum for the third!" Such nonsense as this, and other stories equally absurd, have gained credit, and caused no little mischief. Certainly, Anne's farthings are not so common as others; but you will find there are no less than six distinct varieties of them. Only one sort, those of the year 1714, No. 6, were struck for common currency; nevertheless, of these there must have been from 300 to 500 issued, as they are by no means rare. The others were patterns, and were never used but as medals; as, from some reason not now to be explained, they were not struck for currency. With your permission, I will describe them from casts taken from the real coins in the British Museum. (See the above Engraving.)

No. 1. *Obverse.* An exquisite bust of the Queen; her hair encircled with a string of pearls; the inscription, "Anna Augusta."—*Reverse.* A figure of Peace erect in a bigated car, holding in the right hand an olive branch, in the left a wand; the inscription, "Pax missa per orbem;" in the exergue this date, "1713."

2. *Obv.* The bust the same; inscription, "Anna Dei Gratia."—*Rev.* The figure of Britannia under a portico, seated on a globe, with shield, &c.; her right leg bare; the olive, as usual, in the right hand; her left supports a spear; inscription, "Britannia;" in the exergue, the date, "1713."

3. *Obv.* Bust as the preceding; inscrip-

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tion the same.—*Rev.* The figure of Britannia the same as No. 2, but without the porch; the date immediately follows the word "Britannia," instead of being, as usual, in the exergue.

4. *Obv.* Bust of the Queen with band, instead of pearls, in the hair; inscription as the last.—*Rev.* The figure of Britannia standing, very like Minerva, wearing a helmet; an olive branch in the right hand; a spear in the left; inscription, "Bello et Pace;" date in the exergue, "1713." There is a peculiarity attached to this very rare pattern—that of the letters being sunk or cut in, instead of prominent. A specimen has but recently been added to the Museum; the Trustees having purchased it of a countryman who occasionally calls on me with coins. The defective state of the specimen is to be regretted, as only two more of this variety are known.

5. *Obv.* Bust of the Queen as the three first; inscription, "Anna Regina."—*Rev.* The figure of Britannia very different from the former coins: we here observe her as on the copper currency of her immediate successors: she is seated on a globe, with the olive and spear as before; inscription, "Britannia;" date in the exergue, "1714."

6. *Obv.* Bust as before; inscription, "Anna Dei Gratia."—*Rev.* The figure of Britannia as the last; inscription the same.

There are two other varieties, if such they can be called; one, in the Museum, similar to No. 3, but different in the milling; the other variety, which does not appear to be in the Museum collection, is the common farthing, No. 6, but struck with a broad rim.*

The above coins were executed by that eminent artist, Croker. We find very few of modern date that can compete with them in beauty: amongst those few, we would name the exquisite specimens produced by W. Wyon and Merlin, of George IV. and his present Majesty: but you must procure the proofs, as the coins issued for currency are not generally well struck up, which is to be regretted; and medallists lament that want of high relief which we find in those brilliant gems of art now numbering over their heads upwards of two thousand years; of the Macedonian kings, in gold; the Syrian regal coins, in silver; and the civic of Athens, Syracuse, &c. Those of Athens are less beautiful in workmanship, but of the highest relief. This, at that early age, is surprising; but, at the present stage of coinage, it is considered unnecessary and expensive.

Reverting to Anne's Farthings, you should notice that No. 1 is very rare, and generally brings from two guineas to 3*l.* The same may be said of No. 2. No. 3 is not very rare, and may be worth from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.* No. 4, as already shown, is of extreme rarity, and would bring, if fine, from 5*l.* to 10*l.*, or probably more. No. 5 is rather scarce, and worth from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.* We now come to No. 6, the real farthing of Anne, that certainly was struck for common currency, and was, doubtless, for a short time, passed; until hoarded for its beauty and peculiarity, it being the only copper coin of Anne's reign, excepting the halfpence, which are all patterns, and never were circulated. I have seen no less than thirty-eight of these farthings at one time; and I count, in my own cabinets, eighteen. They generally sell from 7*s.* to 12*s.*; or, if extremely fine, may be worth a guinea. That with the broad rim of the same date and type, is but a degree scarcer.

It may be well to describe a small medal, or counter, if you please, of Queen Anne, of which there are hundreds. It is of brass, about the size of a farthing, but thinner; on the head side is an indifferent bust of the Queen; on the reverse are the arms of England in the shape of a cross: sometimes it is plain, but frequently found with roses between the shields; it is generally badly executed. A person once procured one of these, which he placed in his window as the real farthing of Queen Anne. Credulous persons, far and near, came to view this great "curiosity;" and as the owner kept a public house, he probably turned his deception to good account; for deception it was, as one of the first medallists of the age appointed a meeting with this man, and exhibiting a real, but common, farthing of Anne, attempted to convince him; but the hoax was too profitable to be relinquished. Some years since, a person in Ireland received twelve months imprisonment for secreting one of these farthings. He was shopman to a confectioner in Dublin, and having taken the farthing in business, he substituted a common one for it; but not keeping his own council, and offering it for sale, his master demanded the treasure as his property; the shopman refused to give it up, was brought into the Recorder's Court, and there received the above sentence.

Other instances may be adduced which would uphold this fallacy: many have been brought to me; some casts, and others genuine coins, for which large sums have been offered, which will not, in despite of fact, add to their value, except with those whose trade is to deceive. Some few years ago, a poor labourer and his wife came toiling on foot from Yorkshire to London, with one of the before-named brass counters, in the hope of making their fortune by it, and judge their disappointment on finding it entirely worthless. A worthy magistrate with whom I have the honour to be

* The pattern farthings of Anne, are met with in fine gold and silver, as well as in bronze.

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acquainted, relates in the *Times* of 26th September, 1826, the circumstance of another poor man coming from Bedfordshire, with a real but common farthing of Anne, for the same purpose. It is to be regretted that these are not, by hundreds, the only instances that may be offered; for, to use the words of the late learned Custodier of the Medals in the British Museum, Taylor Comb, Esq., his residence there was besieged by applicants from all parts, who brought their farthings, and imitations of them, for sale. Of course, as a dealer in coins, I come in for a share of the annoyance.

It would be curious to trace from what source this fable originally sprang: this I have attempted by inquiries from one of my own profession, a gentleman whose long, practical knowledge in numismatics is unequalled. He states that, many years since, a lady of Yorkshire, having lost one of these farthings, offered a large reward for the same, being probably to her, valuable as a relic from some departed friend; and by this accident, an erroneous and imaginary value first became attached to Queen Anne's Farthings. W. Till.

Great Russell-st., Covent-Garden.

SONNET TO THE CUCKOO.

" Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird *with two*;
Tune now sweet their mellow throats."
Cunningham.

Hail, rustic herald of the laughing Spring,
Whose doubling note from yonder bloomy spray,
Borne on the pleasant breathing Zephyr's wing,
Bespeaks the glad approach of fragrant May;
O! how I love in some lone scene to stray,
And hear thee, blithesome bird, thy wild note sing
A " farewell sweet " to Titan's sinking ray.
Answering, perhaps, some "lone dove's" murmuring,
While dale and thicket with wild music ring.
But, ah! how short, how transient is thy lay,
For scarce does Summer spread her ripen'd store
On Earth's brown lap, but thou dost flee away
To distant climes, nor e'er art heard of more;
Till Spring again surmounting Winter's glooms,
Wak'd by thy flute-like voice, Earth's empire glad resumes. Enort.

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

If a lottery were drawn daily, Sundays not excepted, in which every man, woman, and child within the bills of mortality held a ticket, and this lottery contained 78 prizes, which were every day turned up, there is not one of us who would not think ourselves, after several years of daily expectation, to be what is called downright unlucky, if we should not get a prize. An old man of 70 would have had 25,550 tickets or chances, and during his time no less than 1,992,900 prizes would have been distributed; yet, if no prize had fallen to his lot, he would rave with despair, and think himself the most unlucky of men.—But, so it is with Death! There are upwards of 78 who daily drop away from this London bustle. It is the gorge with which old Time, from this city, appeases his daily appetite: and yet how little do we think of the 78 who daily die so immediately around us!—This is Death's Lottery—Death's round game of fright, when touching or drawing the doomed card, puts an end to all our agitation and to all our hopes.

In 1832, we find that 14,280 males and 14,326 females were buried within the Bills of Mortality: out of this number, 4,499 died of consumption; a greater scourge than the cholera morbus, which carried off 3,200; old age and debility come next, amounting to 2,948; then follows inflammation, 2,555; convulsions, the frequent end of children, 2,075; asthma, 1,050; dropsy, 978; fevers, 872; water on the brain, (so fatal to youth,) 858; small-pox, 771; hooping cough, 677; measles, 675; inflammation of the bowels, 604; and paralysis, 240: nor must we forget to include in this melancholy list 71 suicides. —Thus, we see that consumption carries off almost double the number of those who attain old age and die through debility; and consumption is a disease most frequently brought on by our own imprudence or excess, frequently shortening the days of the parent, and leaving his complaint as an hereditary curse upon his offspring.

The ages at which deaths occur are curious:—under two years, 5,443; from that age to 10 years, 3,948; from 10 to 40 years, 6,077; and from 40 to 60, the most fatal time, (excepting the days of infancy,) we find the numbers to be 6,127. Miles.

GRAY'S ODE TO SPRING.

Were Gilbert Wakefield alive, I should venture, in spite of my great veneration for his classical attainments, and his enthusiastic admiration of this popular lyric poet, to point out what I consider to be a very erroneous species of description in some of his delineations of the above Ode, particularly in that stanza which begins

" Still'd is the *toiling hand* of care,
The *panting herds* repose."

Surely, the above description would be more correctly applied to summer than to spring; or it seems to bear a still stronger affinity to autumn, when husbandmen are suspending their toil during the refreshment of a harvest dinner. The imagery of " panting herds," certainly does infer a great maturity of heat, such as may be supposed to accompany summer more than spring—in fact, Gray was a cockney, and he seems with all his superlative talent, to have penned this ode with a very inaccurate conception of the pleasing attributes which accompany the first season of the year. Enort.

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THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

Did this delightful writer ever prepare for the press, those papers appertaining to a continental tour which he speaks of in the correspondence of the *London Magazine*, as being busy then in arranging? To what part of the European *terra firma* did he go? if to Holland, how graphically would he have described the Dutchman, with a tread like his "Gentle Giantess," and his immovable attitude and silent puffs, over his pipe of Kynaston or Virginia. I know many anecdotes of this witty and open-hearted man:—If ever human being detested hypocrisy, Lamb did; if ever human being delighted to perform a generous action, reckless of worldly ostentation or public appreciation, from pure motives alone, it was the author of *Charles Woodville*. How pregnant with meaning are his delineations: for instance, in speaking of his erudite friend, George Dyer, the learned explorer of college and other libraries, he says, "I will have him bound in Russia;" who would not recognise the learned author of "The Privileges of the University of Cambridge," the moment he reads this flashing sentence. Mr. Moxon's tribute to the memory of his highly-valued friend is indited with true spirit of feeling and taste. Lamb was like a beam of sunshine on his threshold,—his nearest, his most intimate friend.

ENORT.

Marlborough Terrace, Albany Road.

The Sketch Book.

THE GIANT OF THE SCHELDT.—A LEGEND.*

It was in a beautiful night of the year 54 before Christ—the sky clear, the air calm,—that a bark, a kind of raft planked with hurdles of osier, covered over with ox hides, dropped down gently with the ebbing of the Scheldt.

A voice was heard in the bark; a woman's voice, mild and sweet:—"Yes, Atvix," the voice said, "for thee I have passed the threshold of my father's abode, I have quitted the deep forests of Gaul, my native country: for thee have I quitted all, because I love thee, Atvix; thee and thy charming harp which sleeps in silence at thy side."

"O Fréga! since the day when thine eyes fixed their look upon mine, my harp has forgotten its tones, and my soul no longer recollects the songs breathed into it by Ogmius, when I adored him in the woods—Ogmius, god of the bards, incessantly surrounded by a crowd of men, who are linked by the ear to the chains of amber and gold proceeding from his mouth!"

The bark floated along.

On a sudden, the stream shudders and foams as if some water-monster were ascending to its surface; a rustling, a hollow breathing, like an autumnal wind moaning through the boughs of an aged forest, is heard; the water bubbles up nearer, and the breathing sounds stronger. Then, by the pale light of the moon, streaming through the fringed edge of a silver cloud, Atvix and Fréga with terror perceive approaching them—heaving up waves in his rapid step—a colossal giant. The water of the river rises up to his broad breast, forming around him a white and gushing belt of foam. A thick beard falls from his formidable face, and rough and black hairs cover his head. He appears like those isolated peaks which are sometimes seen to rise from the shores of the ocean, with their menacing tufts, and the end of whose long trailing herbage dips into the waves.

The bark suddenly stops, and creaks under the hand of the giant. A terrible bellowing issues from the depth of his chest, and then a voice throwing out these words with the noise of thunder:—"Ah! ah! my night passengers! you fancied that the eye of Antigon would be shut, so as to allow you to pass by in the shade! Where—where are the three bullocks to satisfy my hunger to-night?"

Fréga trembling, clasped closely to Atvix, who had silently drawn his long sword.

The giant resumed—"If you would speak to me, you must raise your shrill voices, my dwarfs, so that my ear may hear!"

"Have mercy upon us, if thou art the god of this river," replied Atvix; "and if thou art not a god, permit a poor bard of Ogmius to pass in peace, O terrible giant! permit him to pass in the name of the great Hésus, of Teutates, and of all the gods!"

"O! thou jestest, I think," said the giant, in a ferocious tone. "For my part, I laugh, seest thou, at Hésus and all thy gods. These gods of thine—hast thou ever seen them? And if thou hast seen them, is their figure bigger than yours—your whole fine race of abortions, an army of whom I could crush under my feet! Ah! thy gods, I should already have caught them in their heaven for my amusement of an evening on my desert strand,—or to make a repast of them,—if they had indeed been anything else than empty smoke!"

"Who then art thou," said Atvix, "thou who laughest at the gods?"

"Who am I?—I! Antigon! Ah! thou wishest to equivocate! equivocate with Antigon!—Yes, thou forgetest the tribute of bullocks thou owest me for the passage of my river, thou reckonedst to elude me under cover of the night, and even now thou attemptest to trick me like a child! ah! ah!"

The giant enveloped Atvix with his powerful hand, before the latter was able to stir.

* Referred to in the Description of Antwerp Cathedral, Mirror, vol. xiv. p. 287, and translated from *Le Caméléon*, May 2, by the ingenious writer of that sketch.

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Fréga, who had continued motionless from terror, now threw herself upon her knees in the bark.

"Mercy, mercy for him, mercy for Atvix!" she exclaimed. "O mercy!—What harm can it do to thee—our passing down this river; feeble as we are, and unintentionally offending—he loving me, and I loving him? —Mercy!—Oh! heaven! is there no pity in thy soul?"

The giant interrupted her with a horrible sneer.

"Oh! my soul, sayst thou! my soul! Where hast thou learnt that I had a soul? who has seen a soul? Oh! I tell thee in truth that there is neither soul, nor gods, nor intelligence; no, nothing but matter—and hunger!"

As he finished, the giant pressed between two iron fingers the arm and hand of Atvix: the hand fell into the bark, with the sword which it held. A terrible cry was heard, with which he mingled his ferocious laughter.

The giant took up the bloody hand, and cast it into the stream.

Upon this, at the moment he was about to seize Fréga, bent double and without motion, Atvix, freed from the terrible grasp which had bound him, caught up with his remaining hand the fallen sword, and plunged it to the hilt in the arm of the giant.

A howl of pain was reverberated by the echoes of the two banks.

The moon shone out brilliant and clear from her bed of clouds, and her rays played upon the flood scarcely rippled by the air of a light breeze.—The bark no longer detained, went adrift; a shock aroused Fréga. She raised herself up with pain upon her knees, and saw, at some distance from her, a dreadful sight.

The giant furiously ground between his hands the body of Atvix.

Fréga, her face pale, her eye fixed, crawled to the very end of the bark. There she stretched out her neck, endeavouring to advance still farther, as if under the spell of an invincible attraction; for an instant she gazed, leaning forward, without a tear in her eyes, or a sigh in her bosom; the next, her arms folded over, and she rolled into the stream.

In one year after that night, the liberty of Gaul gasped beneath the foot of Cæsar. The strength, the courage, the efforts and heroic resistance of that great people, whose ancestors, in one of those adventurous incursions which they made through Europe, had *bivouacqued* upon the ruins of Rome, were at length broken against the fortune and genius of the conqueror. Belgium, that perpetual focus of revolt against oppression, was traversed by three Roman armies, their course lighted up by the flames of conflagration; and pontoons thrown across the Scheldt had just opened passages into the country of the Menapians.—One day, a cohort, detached from a legion of the vanguard, followed the borders of the river, directed, it is said, by a mysterious being. Twice the sun went down without seeing the party return. Some cavaliers of their friends then rushed forward upon their track, and at last stopped, about the middle of the night, before a strange spectacle.

Impetuous flames, blown about by the wind, were just completing the destruction of the base of a tower, which had defended a castle of colossal proportions. The ground, illuminated by the glimmering fire, and everywhere in confusion, was strewed with the dead bodies of Roman soldiers, with arms and ruins. In the midst, upon a heap of dead, lay, stretched out and motionless, covered with wounds and pierced with javelins, the immense body of a giant. One of his enormous arms, without a hand, poured from its horrible wound a stream of black blood upon the earth. A warrior was leaning down upon his head.

After a pause of some moments, the giant's eyes reopened; the warrior instantly stood erect, and removing from his pale and beautiful countenance his long flowing hair, his eyes suddenly animated with extraordinary brilliancy, he approached the ear of the monster, and burst out upon him with these words:—

"Antigon,—Antigon! it was needful to swell out the voice, was it not, that thine ear might hear? Well, then, hear mine, Antigon!—Oh! thou art not so dead but thou canst still comprehend, and recollect! It is but a year since, on a beautiful night—Verily, verily, thy wounds are large and bloody, and pleasant to behold!—Yes, a summer night, two lovers were passing down together there, upon this river.—Oh! thy den was not then lighted up, as it is to-night.—Two lovers, thou knowest! two lovers talking of love, their hearts moved with sweet thoughts.—See, see! let those standing by view the reflection of themselves in thy blood!—One of those lovers was a bard, a poor bard—oh! oh! thy dying eyes kindle up again.—Thou killedst *him*. And the other—but, ho! Antigon, where are thy terrible hands?—The other, that weak woman—thou hearest well! —*she* exists—and revenges him!"

A shivering convulsed the whole body of the giant, and a fearful rattling broke forth from his breast; his teeth chattered with a noise like the clashing of swords; his blood-stained eyes once more rolled in their orbits, and closed.—He was dead.

Fréga fell on her knees—and prayed.

Since that time, the hand-cutting giant has continued popular at Antwerp, and for ages the legend has there been transmitted down from generation to generation. It has

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stamped itself on the physiognomy of the city. What are the arms of Antwerp? A castle surmounted by cut-off hands. What is the ornament of her *fêtes*? An immense pasteboard giant paraded through the streets in company with Amphitrite, a whale casting up water to the windows, a ship manned with sailors, sea-monsters, allegorical personages, and a crowd of Tritons, in the frolicsome dance. Indeed, it is not an episode borrowed from any narrations of the middle ages that I relate: it is but four months since the image of the giant was fixed on the walls of Antwerp, preparatory to one of those days of gaiety and jovial rejoicing; and workmen were occupied in repairing carefully the numerous damages perpetrated upon this singular monument of three centuries by certain irreverent rats, in spite of its martial mein and formidable stature.

And really, should it indeed be true that this tradition is only a fable, why, for such a trifle, wish to deprive a race of men of all that remains to them of the past—a remembrance? Why, when the gossipping grandmother, during some winter evening, is charming the credulous child with her long stories of various readings, why come screaming to her—"that is not true?" What then are the realities which are worth the attraction, the delightful and ineffable joy which attend these wonderful fables? And besides, let us take care, all these legends enfold types which it is impious to shatter; and each of them, too, as the veil covers the face, as the body hides the soul, contains under its rind, more or less transparent, a thought, a lesson, an instruction—nay, perhaps—a truth!—*Ernest Buschmann, Revue du Nord.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES II.

Occasional records of circumstances anterior and subsequent to this important event in our history may be remembered in this Miscellany. These, however, are but few in comparison with the details and circumstantial narratives which have been handed down to our time; and the recurrence of twelve anniversaries of the Restoration Day—reminding us, by the way, how we proceed year by year, gathering and garnering, here a little and there a little, so as to allow no stay to the gratification of our readers. Thus, in vol. vii. will be found "The Flight of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester," from Clarendon and the King's Own Account; and in the same volume is an illustrated description of Boscobel and the Royal Oak. Notices of the King's faithful friend, (for kings often need a single friend,) likewise occur in subsequent volumes, viz. xiii. p. 419, xiv. p. 35, xix. p. 276, and xxi. p. 345, with engravings. These scattered notes will not induce us to withhold some very interesting details of the Restoration, as quoted by Mr. Brayley, in his *Londiniana*, from Pepys's *Diary* and other authorities. Pepys first gives us a lively picture of the popular festivities on the anticipation of the overthrow of the Rump Parliament; for, its final Dissolution did not take place until after these rejoicings:—

"In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow Bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was every where to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar; and at Strand Bridge, I could, at one time, tell thirty-one fires. In King-street, seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps; there being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May-pole in the Strand, rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed, it was past imagination both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire and smoke, so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side."

It was after the Dissolution, and the appointment of Monck to be General of all the Forces in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Pepys had been spending the afternoon with the famous musicians, Locke and Purcell, in a room near the water, in the Coffee-house at Westminster Hall, and hearing a variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Locke had lately made on these words, *Domine salvum fac Regem;* he mentions the continuance of the rejoicings in these words: "Here out of the window it was a most pleasant sight to see the City, from one end to the other with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere."

Under the date of March 7th, Pepys writes:—"Every body now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it. Monck, this day, is feasted at Mercers' Hall, and is invited, one after another, to all the twelve Halls in London. Many think that he is honest yet, and some or more think him to be a fool that would raise himself, but think that he will undo himself by endeavouring it." Again, on April 2nd, Pepys says, "This morning comes Mr. Edward Pickering, he tells me that the King will

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come in, but that Monck did resolve to have the doing of it himself, or else to hinder it."

At this period, a very active yet secret correspondence was carried on with the exiled King, who had come to Breda for the purpose of taking advantage of contingencies. The nation was in a ferment; and any change was desirable that promised to restore it to that state of comparative tranquillity, which had been interrupted by the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the consequent struggle for supremacy between the Parliament and the Army. Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, (Pepys's cousin and patron,) and Monck, were voted Generals at Sea, and Pepys accompanied the former as secretary, in the fleet which brought home the King.

The King's letter from Breda was read in the House of Commons on the 1st of May, 1660; and on the same day, the Commons voted, that "all books whatever that are out against King, Lords, and Commons, should be brought into the House and burned." There was "great joy in London," Pepys states, (who was then with the fleet in the Downs, and of course, in this instance, wrote from the information of others,) "and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much."

On the 3rd of May, Admiral Montagu, having received a copy of the King's Declaration from General Monck, summoned a Council of War on board his own ship, the Naseby, "and in the mean time did dictate to me," says Pepys, "how he would have the vote ordered which he would have pass this Council." Several captains had been previously removed, who were regarded as inimical to the intended Restoration, so that when the Council met, the vote passed unanimously.

"Not one man," Pepys continues, "seemed to say no to it, though, I am confident, many in their hearts were against it. After this was done, I went up to the quarter-deck with my Lord, (Admiral Montagu,) and the Commanders, and then read both the papers and the vote; which done, and demanding their opinion, the seamen did all of them cry out, 'God bless King Charles,' with the greatest joy imaginable."

On the same day, Pepys went through the fleet to proclaim the King, and on his return, and acquainting his patron with the joyous reception he had experienced from every ship, Montagu, in a transport of joy, showed him private letters from the King and the Duke of York, "written to him in such familiar style as their common friend, with all kindness imaginable. And I found by the letters, and so my Lord told me too, that many letters had passed between them for a great while, and, I perceive, unknown to Monck. I perceive his being willing to do all the honour in the world to Monck, and to let him have all the honour of doing the business, though he will many times express his thoughts of him to be but a thick-skulled fool. So that I do believe there is some agreement more than ordinary between the King and my Lord to let Monck carry on the business; for it is he that can do the business, or, at least, can hinder it, if he be not flattered and observed: this my Lord will hint himself sometimes." Shortly afterwards, the Admiral received orders from the Council of Parliament to sail to the Hague, and bring over the King.

When the House of Commons voted the Restoration of the King, they also voted that 50,000*l.*, "to be borrowed of the City," should be given to him for the supply of his immediate necessities. Part of that sum was carried over to the King by Sir John Grenville, who had brought his letter to the Parliament. How greatly the King stood in need of this supply, may be gathered from the following entry of Pepys, under the 17th of May:—

"This afternoon, Mr. Edward Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them; and how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Grenville brought him some money—so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal, (Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I.,) and the Duke of York, to look upon it, as it lay in the portmanteau before it was taken out."

On the 21st of May, the King, with his suite, was received on board Admiral Montagu's ship, (the name of which, on the same day, he altered to the Charles,) amidst "infinite shooting off of guns;" and after dinner, the Fleet weighed anchor, and set sail for England.

"All the afternoon," Pepys says, "the King walked here and there, up and down, (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been,) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck, he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir: yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight

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years, did know him, but kept it private; when, at the same table, was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was, by some servants of the house, made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place, at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing, with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand privately, saying that he would not ask who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from a footman and a boy, (which was all the King's company,) and so get to Feschamp, in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stole something or other."—On the same evening, Pepys heard some of the suite "talking of more of the King's difficulties; as how he was fain to eat a piece of bread and cheese out of a poor body's pocket, and how, at a Catholique house, he was fain to lie in the *Priest's hole* a good while in the house for his privacy."

The *Priest's hole*, in which Charles was secreted, was at the house of Mr. Thomas Whitgreave, near White Ladies, as may be gathered from an interesting narration of Mr. Whitgreave, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lix. p. 593. He was conducted thither by Lord Wilmot and the Pendrells, to whose unshaken fidelity and good management the King's preservation was chiefly owing. The priest was Mr. Huddlestone, afterwards the well known Father Huddlestone, who administered the last rites of Catholicism to the King when on his deathbed.

Charles's landing on the 25th at Dover, is thus described by Pepys:—"The King and the two Dukes (of York and Gloucester) did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but peas and pork, and boiled beef. Dr. Clerke, who eat with me, told me how the King had given 50*l.* to Mr. Shepley, for my Lord's servants, and 500*l.* among the officers and common men of the ship. Great expectation of the King's making some knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was then ready to carry him,) yet he (the King) would go in my Lord's barge with the two dukes. Our Captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Maunsell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so get on shore what the King did, who was received by General Monck with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people, and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staffe, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him, from the town, a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monck and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover."

Two days afterwards, Admiral Montagu was invested with the George and Garter, on board his own ship, as General Monck had also been, at Canterbury, on the preceding day. The King entered London on his birthday, May the 29th; and "with him," says Evelyn, in his "Diary," under that date, "a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapistry, fountaines running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the City, even from 2 in the afternoone till 9 at night.

"I stood in the Strand and beheld it," continues Evelyn, "and blessed God."

Of the King's preservers, Nicholas Tettersell and Richard Pendrell, are the following particulars:—Tettersell was master of a small coal brig, with whom an agreement had been made to convey the King across the Channel. After his defeat at Worcester, Charles had been wandering about the country for nearly six weeks, and was only preserved by the steady fidelity of his friends. On the evening of the 14th of October, 1651, the King was brought over the hills from Ovingdean, in Sussex, where he had been previously concealed at a Mr. Maunsell's; and lodged in secrecy at a small public house, in West-street, Brighton, now known by the sign of King Charles's Head. The King remained here till about five o'clock on the following morning, when he embarked in Tettersell's brig, was landed in France in the afternoon, and conveyed to Feschamp. Tettersell lies buried at Brighton, and the following inscription, which has been re-cut, is on a large slab of black marble, covering

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a tomb near the entrance to the chancel, on the south side:—

P. M. S.

[Capt. NICHOLAS TETTERSELL, through whose Prudence, Valour, and Loyalty, Charles the Second, King of England, after he had escaped the Swords of his merciless Rebels, and his Forces received a fatal overthrow at Worcester, Sept. 3rd, 1651, was faithfully preserved, and conveyed to France: departed this life the 26th day of July, 1674.

Within this marble monument doth lie
Approved Faith, Honor, and Loyalty;
In this cold clay HE hath now ta'en up 's station,
'At once preserved ye Church, the Crown, and Nation.
When Charles ye Greate was nothing but a Breath,
This valiant Soule stept betweene him and Death;
Usurper's threats, nor tyrant Rebell's froune,
Could not affright his duty to the Crowne,
Which glorious Act of his, for Church and State,
Eight Princes in one Day, did 'gratulate,
Professing all to Him in Debt to bee,
As all the World are to his Memory:
Since Earth could not reward the worth him given,
He now receives it from the King of Heaven.—
In the same Chest, one Jewell more you have,
The Partner of his Virtues, Bed and Grave.

Susannah, his wife, who deceased the 4th day of May, 1762, to whose pious memory, &c.

Richard Pendrell, one of the brothers, was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields beneath a plain tomb, of which the annexed is a representation.

Upon the slab is the following:

Here lies
RICHARD PENDRELL,
Preserver and Conductor to his
Majesty King Charles the Second,
after his Escape from Worcester Fight in the Year
1651,
Who died Feb. 8th, 1671.

Hold, Passenger, here's shrouded in this Hearse,
Unparallel'd Pendrell through the Universe!
Like when the Eastern Star from Heaven gave light
To three Lost Kings, so he in such dark night,
To Briton's Monarch lost by adverse War,
On Earth appear'd a second Eastern Star,
A Pole astern in her rebellious main,
A Pilot to her Royal Sovereign came:
Now to triumph in Heaven's eternal sphere,
He is advanc'd for his just Steerage here,
Whilst Albion's Chronicle with matchless Fame,
Embalm the story of great Pendrell's Name!

This epitaph likewise appears on a scrap of paper, pasted into Bagford's "Collections" in the British Museum: from its bombastic style of composition, it would seem to have been written by the same hand that furnished the inscription upon Tettersell's tomb.

It was the custom on the 29th of May some years back, to decorate this tomb, and the statue of Charles II. in the Royal Exchange, with oak branches; but, we are not precisely informed at what period these loyal observances were discontinued.

Brand, in noticing the custom of wearing oak leaves and gilded apples on Restoration Day, remembers the boys at Newcastle-upon-Tyne having formerly a taunting rhyme on this occasion, with which they used to insult such persons as they met on this day, who had not oak-leaves in their hats:

"Royal Oak,
The Whigs to provoke."

Brand also notes, that on May 29, 1716, two soldiers were whipped almost to death, and turned out of the service for wearing boughs in their hats on the above day.*

In Hertfordshire, we remember the custom to have prevailed about twenty-five years since, especially among boys and young persons, by whom the 29th of May was called "Shig-shag Day;" and, in our school of six score, it was customary for each boy to wear a small twig of oak in his hat or jacket; and should any youngster be unprovided with this symbol of loyalty, he was chased about the playground, and his schoolfellows twitched him on the face and hands with the oak, until he provided himself with the badge. There are persons who carry their party-spirit so far as to deprecate these puerilities; but we are not disposed to treat the matter so gravely. Neither is the decline of the custom any evidence of the decaying popularity of kingship; but must be attributed to the increasing distance of time from the event, that first gave rise to the observance.

By the way, a pretty anecdote is related of Charles visiting Boscobel, after the Restoration, whence he carried some of the acorns of the Royal Oak, and set them in St. James's Park, and used to water them himself.

* Pop. Antiq. vol. i. p. 234—5.

(Tomb of Pendrell, in St. Giles's Churchyard.)

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In St. Giles's church have also been interred the remains of many noble-minded and worthy men of note. In the first church, which was taken down in the year 1624, was buried George Chapman, one of the earliest English dramatic poets, and the first translater of the whole of the works of Homer. He was born in 1557, and having finished his education at Oxford, he came to London early in life, and soon made an acquaintance with Shakspeare, Spenser, Marlow, Jonson, Daniel, and other wits of that memorable era in our literary history. It does not appear that Chapman ever followed any profession; but, in 1595, when thirty-eight years of age, he commenced authorship. He must, however, have been long before employed on his Homer, as his translation of the seven first books of the Iliad appeared in the following year. During the reign of Elizabeth, he had received some notice at Court; for literature, in those days, had more of the sunshine of royal favour than it enjoys even in this age of over-rated improvement. But Chapman being concerned with Jonson and Marston in the comedy of "Eastward Hoe," which contained some satire on the Scotch, it gave offence to James, and the poet, of course, was discountenanced. He was highly esteemed in his own day, both for his poetical and moral character; but his fame as a poet and dramatist is extinct, save in the veneration reserved for the first translation of Homer. Waller, according to Dryden, could never read Chapman's translation without emotion, and Pope found it worthy his particular attention. Chapman died in 1634, aged seventy-seven; and Inigo Jones, whose friendship he had long enjoyed, erected the monument here represented to his memory; but, respect for the poet did not spare this memorial in taking down the old church, when the tomb was demolished. It bore a simple inscription, denoting the architect's homage to the genius of the poet.

(Tomb of Chapman.)

In the present church are interred the inflexible patriot, Andrew Marvell; the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and the celebrated politician and controversialist, Sir Roger L'Estrange, whose zeal in the fortunes of the Charleses must not be forgotten, though honest, humble Pendrell may have been the "friend in need." But, from L'Estrange originated newspapers in England, so that his memory should not be slighted.

The Public Journals.

THE TWO BARBAROSSAS.

(*From "The Barbary Corsairs," in the United Service Journal.*

In 1492, the Arabians having lost Granada, their last hold in Europe, the Moriscoes, or Spanish Moors, were compelled by Ferdinand and Isabella, to renounce their religion, or transport themselves to the coast of Africa. This impolitic and unjust expulsion of nearly a million of active subjects, left a great part of Granada, Murcia, and Andalusia, depopulated, and produced most prejudicial consequences to the commerce and industry of the whole kingdom, and also to Christianity in general; for the vanquished Moors, breathing inveterate rancour against the Spaniards and their faith, and fully bent upon revenge, settled on those parts of the coast, from whence they could best execute their purpose. The exiles then confederated with the Mahometan Princes of Barbary, and fitted out small squadrons of cruisers, which made depredations on their persecutors, and carried off great numbers of them to slavery. This created great consternation, as the exasperated Moriscoes were not only well acquainted with the bays and creeks, but also the accesses and recesses of the various holds on the Spanish shores; and it was more than suspected that they held correspondence with those of their brethren, who had embraced the alternative of remaining under the Catholic sceptre. To check these proceedings, Ferdinand assembled a fleet of men-of-war, in 1508, for the invasion of Barbary, a measure of such popularity among the fiery bigots of Spain, that the austere Cardinal Ximenes, though then confessor to Isabella, Archbishop of Toledo, and Prime Minister, volunteered to conduct an expedition to Oran in person, and at his own expense, provided the place should belong in perpetuity to his see. He accordingly raised a sufficient force, took the town "as if by a miracle," and triumphantly entered it in his pontifical robes. This success led to the further conquests of Bujeya, Tripoli, and Algiers, at which last place a strong fort was erected on the Jezeir, or rocky

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islet in its front, from which it derives its name. This was furnished with cannon, well supplied with necessaries, and garrisoned with 200 soldiers, under an experienced commander, to overawe the town, and a grievous thorn it proved in the side of Algiers for several years, as it utterly prevented the formation of a refuge for their vessels, and kept them constantly in fear of a cannonade.

In this distress, the African sovereign of Algiers, Selim-abn-Toumi, in 1516, incautiously besought the assistance of the terrible Aronje Rasis, better known as Barbarossa, an epithet which he acquired from the redness of his beard. This extraordinary man, the son of a Lesbian potter, was already renowned as a brave and skilful Corsair, or, as he styled himself, "the friend of the sea, and the foe of everybody else who ploughed it;" and from commencing with a little galiot, had now a fleet of twelve galleys, besides smaller vessels. But while occupied as a pirate, adopting the ideas and acquiring the talents of a conqueror, he aspired to something greater than the command of his rovers. From enriching the ports which he frequented, through the thoughtless prodigality of his seamen, in expending their booty, he became extremely popular, inasmuch, that in 1514 he had been elected Chief of Jejeli, a district between Bujeyah and the Sebba Rous. Thus situated, no invitation could have been more welcome to the active Corsair than that which he received from Abn-Toumi, for his newly-acquired realm brought him in but a scanty revenue, nor was he absolute. Committing the charge of the fleet to his brother Heyreddin, he forthwith marched at the head of 5,600 men to Algiers, where he was pompously received as their deliverer. Such a force gave him possession of the town. The ambitious conqueror, having perfidiously murdered the monarch, whom he came to assist, caused himself to be proclaimed king in his stead. He then proceeded to establish the authority which he had usurped, by arts suited to the genius of the people whom he had to govern; by unbounded liberality to those who favoured his elevation, and by cruelty as unbounded towards all whom he had any reason to distrust. Still it required all his judgment to preserve himself in his usurpation, even after he had detected and frustrated a formidable conspiracy formed against him and his haughty Turks, by the Arabs and Algerines.

In 1517, a Spanish fleet arrived before Algiers, which had been fitted out by Cardinal Ximenes, to restore the son of the murdered Selim-abn-Toumi to the throne.* It consisted chiefly of galleys, but had likewise some men-of-war, and a number of transports, in which upwards of 10,000 troops were embarked. The Spanish Admiral, Don Diego de Vera, having landed about 7,000 of his men, was vigorously assaulted by Barbarossa, in which encounter the greatest part of the Christians were either slain or taken; and to complete the calamity, before those who might otherwise have escaped could recover the ships, a furious tempest arose, by which many vessels were driven ashore and stranded, to the almost total destruction of the whole armada. This stroke of good fortune greatly enhanced the credit of the resolute Corsair, and finally established him in his station.

Thus secured, Barbarossa turned his views to further conquest, laid siege to Tennes, made himself master of it, and was acknowledged as sovereign. He then attacked the neighbouring king of Tremizan, vanquished him in battle, and added his dominions to those of Algiers. At the same time he continued his predatory excursions along the shores of Spain and Italy, and the depredations which his galleys committed carried terror over the whole Mediterranean sea. Charles V. had now commenced his reign, one of whose first acts was to furnish the Marquis de Gomares, Governor of Oran, with a reinforcement of 10,000 tried soldiers to wage war with the Corsair. The Spaniards, aided by the dethroned sovereign of Tremezan, executed their commission with such success, that Barbarossa was soon shut up in the citadel of that place. After defending it to the last extremity, he was reduced to the necessity of making his escape during a dark night, by mounting 1,500 of his Turks on such horses as he had provided, and stealing through a postern with his booty and treasures. But he had scarcely left the place when the Marquis got news of his flight, and made after him with such celerity, that at daybreak the following morning they were in sight of each other. In this extremity Barbarossa scattered his jewels, plate, and treasure along the road, hoping thereby to delay the pursuit; but the stratagem failed, since the Spaniards had the good sense to resist the bait. At length the Marquis overtook the Turkish rear-guard on the banks of the Huexda, and fell upon them with great vigour. Barbarossa, with many of the foremost, had already crossed the river; but seeing so many of his adherents in jeopardy, he generously repassed it, formed his followers,

* Of the unfortunate Selim's family, very little is known. Yet Mons. Laugier de Tassy gives, as authentic, a detailed account of the romantic passion which Barbarossa conceived for Zephira, the beautiful widow of the murdered prince,—how he made red-hot love to her,—how she scornfully rejected him,—how he addressed letters to her as "the transcendent image of the sun,"—how she, albeit a mere Arab woman, wrote set replies, and called him names,—with many other things "of that sort," every one of which bears internal evidence of untruth. This absurd story probably urged Dr. Brown to compose his tragedy of Barbarossa, wherein he has given the ambitious Corsair such a blustering, swearing, passion-tearing character to support, that it is one of the severest lung-triers of our stage.

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gained a slight eminence near them, and held his pursuers at bay. After a desperate conflict, in which, although he had but one arm, the pirate "fought to the very last gasp, like a lion," he was slain, with most of his men, in the forty-fourth year of his age, A. D. 1518.

Khairruddin, or, as it is usually written, Heyreddin, the brother of the fallen chief, known likewise by the name of Barbarossa, was unanimously elected to succeed him; and the choice fell upon one who soon proved himself not at all inferior to his gallant predecessor in spirit or merit — but he was, withal, of greater cruelty. At the first general consultation which he called, the danger of their party from the advance of the Spaniards, and the probable disaffection of the native Algerines, who bore their yoke with impatience, were discussed; and it was carried by a great majority, that they should instantly embark, with all their effects, on board the fleet, and abandon that place which they deemed it impracticable to maintain. Their new king was of the same mind, and was about to make off, when he was dissuaded by some of the more resolute corsairs, who pleaded the necessity of first waiting for intelligence of the enemy's motions. This saved their power: for in the meantime Gomarez withdrew to Oran, and the general apprehension subsided.

Heyreddin now directed his abilities towards the establishment of his authority. He regulated, with admirable prudence, the interior police of his kingdom, carried on his naval operations with great energy, and extended his conquests on the continent of Africa. For his greater security he despatched a trusty kaiah to Constantinople with rich presents, to place his dominions under the protection of the Sublime Porte. This mission was most favourably received: the Grand Signior sent him a body of Turkish soldiers sufficient for his defence against domestic as well as foreign enemies; and, as a further token of favour, special leave was granted, by public proclamation throughout the Ottoman empire, that whoever was disposed to enter into the Algerine service should be put upon immediate pay, and enjoy all the privileges and immunities granted to Janissaries. This was the foundation of that system of oppressive government, which continued from the beginning of 1519, to our own times. The Porte was for a long time punctual in annually sending over recruits. Great numbers of Turks, who were either malefactors or in desperate circumstances, or on any other account uneasy at home, resorted thither from the Levant; and thus they became capable of opposing the Christians, and entirely suppressing the authority of the Moors and Arabs.

The Spaniards witnessing these transactions with pain and jealousy, made another attempt to dislodge the Turks from Algiers. In the summer of 1519, a fleet of thirty men-of-war, eight galleys, and a number of transports filled with soldiers, under Admiral Moncada, entered the bay, and so alarmed the town, that many of its inhabitants fled, while the rest secreted their treasures. This expedition was doomed to misfortune, for a sudden gale arose from the north-east, a wind which always sends in a prodigious swell. Many of their ships perished, together with their crews, and the rest were dispersed. This catastrophe left Heyreddin to pursue his schemes almost unshackled, and his unceasing activity occasioned inconceivable injury to his enemies; for notwithstanding his now being the sovereign of several states, he never forgot his vocation as a corsair, nor failed, once or oftener in a year, to sail on a cruise against such Christians as he could surprise, scouring the seas and coasts, and daily increasing in riches and power. His cruelty, however, seemed to increase with his success, and the brutal torments inflicted on those murdered in his presence are so revolting, as to destroy that homage which we feel inclined to render to his talents and address.

While Heyreddin thus made Spain tremble at his very name, and had not only a squadron of her royal galleys, but even her Capitana, or Admiral galley, in his possession, the little Spanish fort before-mentioned still continued to bridle him in his stronghold, and compelled him to beach his vessels with infinite toil, in a dangerous cove a mile to the westward of the town. He therefore now resolved to carry or demolish it. After several fruitless attempts he bethought himself of a stratagem. Two Moorish youths were directed to effect an escape to the fort, and crave admittance, under pretence of a desire of embracing the Christian tenets, but in reality to inform him of the state of the garrison. Don Martino de Vargas, the governor, immediately admitted them, and received them into his own family, where they were to be instructed previous to baptism. Easter-day falling soon after, while the garrison were attending high-mass, the strangers were observed by a female servant, to be making signals to the town. Suspecting mischief, she instantly broke in upon the service to acquaint her master, who, quitting his devotions, repaired to the spot, and seizing the lads in the very act, instantly hung them on the rampart at which their townsmen were then gazing. Heyreddin, fully persuaded that this severity was intended to mortify and insult him, furiously breathed revenge. But even in his anger, and while vowing the fortress to destruction, he observed the form of summoning it that very day, offering an honourable and advantageous capitulation on condition of immediate surrender, but death

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in case of obstinacy. To this the brave Don Martino, despising the menaces, made a bold and appropriate reply, which so exasperated the Turkish officers, that they swore by the Koran not to quit the siege till they had lost their lives or carried the rock. About this, for the Christians, inopportune moment, a large French ship had run ashore near Algiers, by which the Turks were enabled to *borrow* her heavy ordnance, and therewith animate a formidable battery which they had thrown up. On the 6th of May, 1530, a terrible fire was opened upon the devoted fort, and maintained night and day, upwards of a fortnight, without respite. Such was the fury of this incessant cannonade, that the walls and defences towards the land-front were almost beaten to dust, and the greatest part of the gallant garrison killed. Yet the undismayed residue, worthy of the best days of Spanish heroism, held out with determination: although there was not the slightest prospect of relief, nor a shadow of hope for saving a post which they knew to be of the highest importance to their country. At length, Heyreddin finding the Spaniards made but a faint resistance, concluded that they were reduced to the last extremity, and that therefore he might safely make the assault. Accordingly, on the sixteenth day of the attack, having embarked upwards of 1,200 of his best men on board stout vessels, they landed before sunrise under the breach, and entered with very little opposition. Don Martino, though his strength was nearly exhausted, was found defending a postern, and overpowered. Only fifty-three soldiers remained alive, who were wholly spent with fatigue; and as they had been exposed not only to the heavy fire from the cannons, but also to incessant showers of arrows and small shot, not one of those few survivors escaped unhurt; and Don Martino himself, with several others, were grievously wounded. In this state they were driven into slavery, and the Ottoman flag was hoisted on the smoking ruins amidst the rejoicing and wild acclamations of all Algiers.

The noble Don Martino was sent, by his ungenerous adversary, to the bagnio, wounded as he was, among the common slaves; they, however, treated the unfortunate commander with such tenderness and care, that he was soon pretty well recovered. Some months afterwards he was dragged before the haughty conqueror, who, after using many bitter and insulting epithets, worked himself into an ungovernable rage on witnessing his captive's imperturbable firmness, and inhumanly ordered him to be bastinadoed to death on the spot. This barbarous sentence was instantly put into execution; and the unhappy gentleman expired under that excruciating torture in the tyrant's presence.

This tragedy over, Heyreddin was at leisure to execute his plan of forming a commodious haven, by joining the islet to the town by means of an extensive mole; and no fewer than 30,000 Christian slaves being set to work, without interruption, it was finished in less than three years, and well fortified; and from thenceforward Algiers braved Christendom.*

CAMEL RIDING.

To understand the art of mounting and guiding a camel, a slight sketch of the animal may be necessary. The head is extremely small, and also the ears, with the most brilliant fiery eye; the tail is small and flat, with scarcely any hair; the back is curved upwards, with a hump on the centre, the top of which from the ground is about nine feet; the colour is generally fawn. When he is to be mounted or laden, he rests on his belly, with his feet under him, nature having supplied him with a large, hard lump, situated under his chest, for this purpose. When in this posture, a species of saddle made of wood, and nearly the length of the animal's back, with a division in the centre to allow space for the hump, which gives it the effect of two saddles, is well secured by ropes, and stuffed with some soft material. Stirrups are attached to the front saddle, which, when equipped, resembles a cavalry one, having holsters and being high in front; while the hump makes it so behind, the hind saddle may accommodate another person, commonly a servant, but, generally speaking, it is not occupied. Next come the reins, which are of rope, about the thickness of the little finger, and fastened to a small piece of wood thrust through the animal's nostrils, the bight of which should reach to his tail, so that the end may serve as a whip. The animal being now fully prepared for your reception, you are to mount as you would a horse, see yourself firmly placed in your saddle, then take the reins in the left hand, keeping them gently tight, and on the desire for the animal to rise, you are to hold well on, as his motions are three, and you may be thrown if not on your guard. On rising, he makes a small motion with his fore legs, then he raises the hind ones, and you are sitting at an angle of about 45 degrees, which will throw you off if not on your guard: you are then made horizontal, almost instantly, by the last motion of the fore legs, which puts the animal on his "all fours," with the rider on his back. The walk is slow, about two miles and a half the hour; but when you wish to trot, you speak as you would to a horse, and with a gentle pull of the reins, touch him over the neck with that part of the

* For an Engraving and Description of Algiers, see Mirror, xiv. p. 66; and for the details of the memorable siege by Charles V. immediately following the above events, see p. 382 of the same volume.

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reins in the right hand, and he will then go off at the rate of six miles the hour, which he can keep up for forty or fifty miles. In order to find whether you have the motion of the animal, so as to insure ease on the saddle, the reins will always be gently tight, without motion; whereas, when the reins jerk and have an up-and-down motion, you and the animal are not in unison, and the rider must be uneasy. There is no rule for one's guidance, but any one with half a head will soon learn it by practice.—*United Service Journal.*

New Books.

BELFORD REGIS.*

(By Miss Mitford.)

[We continue, from page 351, our extracts, with a selection of anecdotic notes and touches, which are in the best and kindliest vein of the writer, and resemble so many cabinet pictures of country life and society.]

The Town.

It is now about forty years ago, since I, a damsel scarcely so high as the table on which I am writing, and somewhere about four years old, first became an inhabitant of Belford; and really I remember a great deal not worth remembering concerning the place, especially our own garden, and a certain dell on the Bristol road to which I used to resort for primroses. Then we went away; and my next recollections date some ten years afterwards, when my father again resided in the outskirts of the town during the time that he was building in the neighbourhood, and I used to pass my holidays there, and loved the place as a school-girl does love her home. And although we have kept up a visiting acquaintance, Belford and I, ever since, and I have watched its improvements of every kind with sincere interest and pleasure,—especially that most striking and yet most gradual change which has taken place amongst the great tradesmen, now so universally intelligent and cultivated,—yet these recollections of thirty years back, my personal experience of the far narrower and more limited society of the gentry of the place—the old ladies and their tea visits, the gentlemen and their whist club, and the merry Christmas parties, with their round games and their social suppers, their mirth and their jests;—recollections such as these, with the dear familiar faces and the pleasant associations of my girlish days, will prevail, do what I can, over the riper but less vivid impressions of a maturer age, and the more refined but less picturesque state of manners of the present race of inhabitants.

* Another name for "the pleasant town of Reading," as appears in an interesting notice of this work, in the Printing Machine, No. 50.

So far it seemed necessary to premise, lest these general sketches of country town society (for of individual portraiture I again assert my innocence) should exhibit Belford as a quarter of a century behind in the grand march of civilization: and I hereby certify, that whatever want of modern elegance or of modish luxury may be observed in these delineations, is to be ascribed, not to any such deficiency in the genteel circles of that "famous town," but to the peculiar tastes and old-fashioned predilections of the writer.

Butchers' Horses.

Few things in a country life are more remarkable than the wild, triumphant, reckless speed with which a butcher's boy sweeps along the streets, and roads, and lanes, whether mounted, or in a rumbling, jolting cart, no accident ever happening, although it seems inevitable that the young gentleman must either kill, or be killed, (perhaps both,) every day of his life. How the urchins manage, Heaven knows!—but they do contrive to get horses on in a manner that professed jockeys would envy, and with an appearance of ease to the animal, and an evident enjoyment in the rider, which produce sympathy rather than indignation in the lookers-on. It is seldom that an affair of plain, sober, serious business, (and the bringing us our dinner does certainly belong to the most serious business of life,) is transacted with such overflowing delight—such gay, gallant, inexpressible good humour.

The following anecdote (communicated by a friend) may serve to illustrate their peculiar dexterity in putting a steed on his mettle:—A gentleman of fortune, residing in Berkshire, who prides himself very highly on the superiority of his horses, was greatly struck by the trotting of a roadster, belonging to a butcher in his neighbourhood. The owner, however, refused to part with the animal, till an offer of seventy guineas proved irresistible, and the gentleman mounted his prize in high glee. To his utter astonishment, however, the beast could not be prevailed upon to exceed an ordinary amble. Whip and spur were tried in vain. For weeks he persevered in the hopeless attempt, and at last he went in despair to the butcher, rating him in good set terms for having practised an imposition. "Lord bless you, sir," said the knight of the cleaver; "he can trot as well as ever. Here, Tom," continued he, calling to his boy, "get on his back." The youngster was scarcely in the saddle, when off the pony shot like an arrow. "How the deuce is this?" inquired the astonished purchaser. "Why, he will trot just as fast with you," returned the butcher, chuckling, "*only you must carry the basket!*"

I need hardly add, that the gentleman, not being able to comply with the condition, was

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fused to make the best bargain he could with the original proprietor of the steed.

Old Maids of Belford.

The good town of Belford swarmed, of course, with single ladies—especially with single ladies of that despised denomination which is commonly known by the title of old maids. For gentlewomen of that description, especially of the less affluent class, (and although such a thing may be found here and there, a rich old maid is much rarer than a poor one,) a provincial town in this protestant country, where nunneries are not, is the natural refuge. A village life, however humble the dwelling, is at once more expensive—since messengers and conveyances, men and horses, of some sort, are in the actual country indispensable,—and more melancholy, for there is a sense of loneliness and insignificance, a solitude within doors and without, which none but an unconnected and unprotected woman can thoroughly understand. And London, without family ties, or personal importance, or engrossing pursuit,—to be poor and elderly, idle and alone in London, is a climax of desolation which everybody can comprehend, because almost every one must, at some time or other, have felt in a greater or less degree the humbling sense of individual nothingness—of being but a drop of water in the ocean, a particle of sand by the sea-shore, which so often presses upon the mind amidst the bustling crowds and the splendid gaieties of the great city. To be rich or to be busy is the necessity of London.

The poor and the idle, on the other hand, get on best in a country town. Belford was the paradise of ill-jointured widows and portionless old maids. There they met on the table-land of gentility, passing their mornings in calls at each other's houses, and their evenings in small tea-parties, seasoned with a rubber or a pool, and garnished with the little quiet gossiping (call it not scandal, gentle reader!) which their habits required. So large a portion of the population consisted of single ladies, that it might almost have been called a maiden town. Indeed, a calculating Cantab, happening to be there for the long vacation, amused his leisure by taking a census of the female householders, beginning with the Mrs. Davisons—fine alert old ladies, between seventy and eighty, who, being proud of their sprightliness and vigour, were suspected of adding a few more years to their age than would be borne out by the register, —and ending with Miss Letitia Pierce, a damsel on the confines of forty, who was more than suspected of a slight falsification of dates the converse way. I think he made the sum total, in the three parishes, amount to one hundred and seventy-four.

The part of the town in which they chiefly congregated, the lady's *quartier*, was one hilly corner of the parish of St. Nicholas, a sort of highland district, all made up of short rows, and pigmy places, and half-finished *crescents*, entirely uncontaminated by the vulgarity of shops, ill-paved, worse lighted; and so placed that it seemed to catch all the smoke of the more thickly inhabited part of the town, and was constantly encircled by a wreath of vapour, like Snowdon or Skiddaw.

Why the good ladies chose this elevated and inconvenient position, one can hardly tell; perhaps because it was cheap, perhaps because it was genteel—perhaps from a mixture of both causes; I can only answer for the fact; and of this favourite spot the most favoured portion was a slender line of houses, tall and slim, known by the name of Warwick-terrace, consisting of a tolerably spacious dwelling at either end, and four smaller tenements linked two by two in the centre.

The tenants of Warwick-terrace were, with one solitary exception, exclusively female. One of the end houses was occupied by a comfortable-looking, very round Miss Blackall, a spinster of fifty, the richest and the simplest of the row, with her parrot, who had certainly more words, and nearly as many ideas, as his mistress: her black footman, whose fine livery, white turned up with scarlet, and glittering with silver lace, seemed rather ashamed of his "sober-suited" neighbours; the plush waistcoat and inexpressibles blushing as if in scorn. The other corner was filled by Mrs. Leeson, a kind-hearted bustling dame, the great ends of whose existence were visiting and cards, who had probably made more morning calls and played a greater number of rubbers than any woman in Belford, and who boasted a tabby cat, and a head maid called Nanny, that formed a proper pendent to the parrot and Cæsar. Of the four centre habitations, one pair was the residence of Miss Savage, who bore the formidable reputation of a sensible woman—an accusation which rested probably on no worse foundation than a gruff voice and something of a vinegar aspect,—and of Miss Steele, who, poor thing! underwent a still worse calumny, and was called literary, simply because forty years ago she had made a grand poetical collection, consisting of divers manuscript volumes, written in an upright taper hand, and filled with such choice morceaus as Mrs. Greville's "Ode to Indifference;" Miss Seward's "Monody on Major André," sundry translations of Metastasio's "Nice," and a considerable collection of Enigmas, on which stock, undiminished and unincreased, she still traded; whilst the last brace of houses, linked together like the Siamese twins, were divided between two families, the three Miss Lockes,—whom no one ever dreamt of talking of as separate or individual personages—one should as soon have thought of severing the Graces, or the

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Furies, or the Fates, or any other classical trio, as of knowing them apart: the three Miss Lockes lived in one of these houses, and Mrs. Harwood and her two daughters in the other.

The Gatherer.

Barrington, (the Pickpocket,) and Mrs. Siddons.—One York assizes, after the auditors had left the theatre, Mrs. Siddons, who had only to go from thence to the Black Swan in Coney-street, was waiting with her female friend at the stage-door for Mr. Siddons to escort them home. A gentleman of elegant appearance was waiting opposite the house, and observing Mrs. Siddons, crossed over, and addressing her by name, said, he feared she might be endangered by the cold, and begged her to excuse him for requesting to forget he was a stranger, and with her friend accept his escort to her lodgings. Mrs. Siddons was a woman of too good principles to have any affectations: she accepted the arm of the stranger, and as she was going homewards remarked, that what made her more timorous was the fact of hearing that Barrington, the pickpocket, was in the town. The gentleman saw Mrs. Siddons and friend to her door, and putting the latter in first, detained Mrs. Siddons one second whilst she begged to know his name at least, as he positively refused to walk in. "My dear madam," he said, "pray be under no apprehension wherever you are about Barrington; he will never injure you; good night, madam—I am Barrington." He bowed, and was out of sight in a moment. He went wherever Mrs. Siddons was engaged as a star; the crowds attracted by her acting favouring his depredations, which were always committed upon those he sat next in the box. He was ultimately taken at Newcastle theatre whilst Mrs. Siddons was acting, and identified by Mr. Stephen Kemble the then manager; he that night robbed a Catholic priest of a gold watch. This was his last essay, he then

"Left his country for his country's good."

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

An alarming Patron.—Notwithstanding the prohibition of the Koran against paintings and images, the Sultan Mohammed II. had a fancy for the arts, and sent to invite Gentil Bellini, a Venetian painter to his court. Soon after his arrival at Constantinople, Bellini was directed to paint a picture on the subject of the beheading of John the Baptist. When the picture was finished, the Sultan found fault with the representation of the wounded part; and to show him that his taste was correct, he immediately drew his scimitar, and struck off the head of one of his slaves. Bellini, on leaving the presence, thinking he had got hold of "an ugly customer," set sail for Venice the same evening.

A poor actor, at Norwich, personating Grainger in the farce of "Who's the Dupe?" on his benefit night, which turned out a very wet evening, and occasioned a bad house, in reply to Gradus's Greek quotation, where old Doily sits as umpire, began thus:—"O raine nighto! spoilo benefito quito." G. H.

Niagara.—A recent letter from New York announces the fall of the Table Rock, at the falls of Niagara. This immense mass of stone was on the Canada side of the river, projecting so as to afford the spectator a front view of the horseshoe fall. It was considerably undermined, and some fissures on the surface had for some time past indicated the disruption. A large mass was detached two or three years back. By the total fall of the Table Rock the visiter is now deprived of the most favourable position for viewing the magnificent appearance presented by that stupendous fall of waters.

There is nothing haughty in the Americans; and wherever you meet them, they appear to be quite at home. This is exactly what it ought to be, and very much in favour of the foreigner who journeys among them. The immense number of highly polished females who go in the stages to visit the different places of amusement, and see the stupendous natural curiosities of this extensive country, incontestably proves that safety and convenience are insured to them, and that the most distant attempt at rudeness would, by common consent, be immediately put down.—*Waterton.*

Curious Registers.—In the register of Nunney, Somerset:—

"Roger Starr, baptized December 17, 1604. He climbed up a ladder to the top of the house, 23rd of October, 1606, being seven weeks and odd days less than two years old."

At Beckenham, Kent:—"Anne Isted, a child, killed by the careless discharge of a pistol, at the distance of 337 yards."

From sundry registers of burials:—

"1562. Ther was buryed, Pnell Starly, a symple wenche."

"1568. There was buryed Alyce, the wife of (a naughtie fellow, whose name is) Matthew Manne."

"1586. Maude, the childe of a roague."

"1635. A stranger, choaked while he wished the same."

"1709. Ann, daughter of James Colling, who was eighteen years of age and never chewed bread; of stature not above a three years' old child; the thickest part of her arms and legs not exceeding the thickness of a man's thumb."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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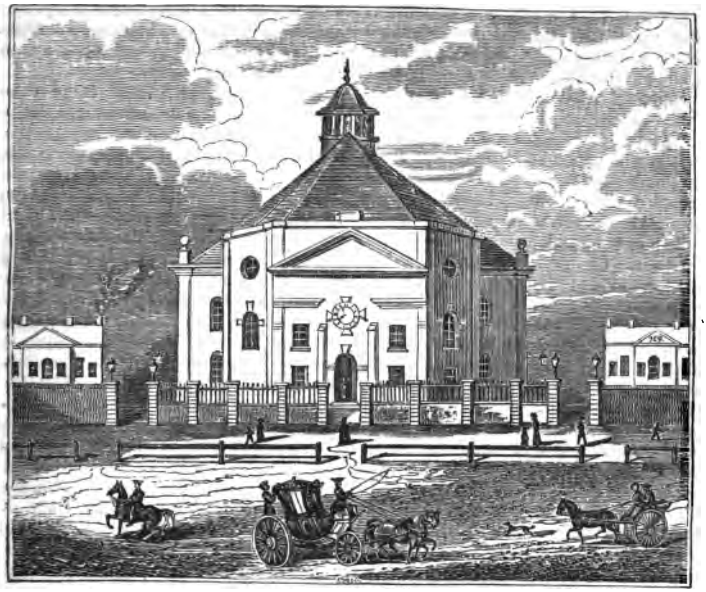

WHITEFIELD'S TABERNACLE AND ALMS-HOUSES, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

(*From a Print, date* 1764.)

ALTHOUGH the present is not the first-built of the Chapels erected by the Calvinistic Dissenters, followers of the Rev. George Whitefield, it is the most important structure; it being sometimes called "the Dissenters' Cathedral;" and, (according to an active Correspondent,) it is the largest Dissenters' Chapel in England.*

Mr. Southey has observed that "Whitefield had neither the ambition of founding a separate community, nor the talent for it; he would have contented himself with being the founder of the Orphan-house, at Savannah, and with the effect which he produced as a roving preacher; and Calvinistic Methodism might never have been embodied into a separate sect, if it had not found a patroness in Selina, Countess of Huntingdon."† The building of the above Chapel may be attributed to this new patronage, for the Countess enjoyed a liberal income. Upon Whitefield's return from America, in 1748, he was invited to her house at Chelsea as soon as he landed: and he preached there before parties of nobility. "Lord Chesterfield and Bolingbroke," says Southey, "were among his auditors at Chelsea: the Countess had done well in inviting those persons who stood most in need of repentance. The former

* The Tabernacle, in Moorfields, was built in the year 1752, previously to which, in 1741, shortly after Whitefield's separation from Wesley, some Calvinistic Dissenters built for Whitefield, a large shed, near the Foundry, in Moorfields, upon a piece of ground which was lent for the purpose, till he should return from America. From the temporary nature of the structure, it was called a Tabernacle, in allusion to the movable place of worship of the Israelites during their journey in the wilderness; and the name became the designation of all the chapels of the Calvinistic Methodists. A Correspondent of Hone's Every-day Book tells us, that Whitefield's first pulpit here was a grocer's sugar hogshead—an eccentricity not at all improbable. In 1752, the wooden building was taken down, and a lease of the ground being obtained from the City of London, the present Chapel was built: it is a plain, double brick structure, eighty feet square, with a lantern roof, supported within by twelve columns: it will hold about 4,000 persons: adjoining are a parsonage-house and alms-houses. Whitefield built two other chapels in England: one, at Bristol, in 1753, and one at Norwich, in 1755.

† Life of Wesley, vol. ii. p. 357.

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complimented the preacher with his usual courtliness; the latter is said to have been much moved at the discourse; he invited Whitefield to visit him, and seems to have endeavoured to pass from infidelity to Calvinism, if he could. Lady Huntingdon, flattered, perhaps, by the applause which was bestowed upon the performance, appointed Whitefield her chaplain."* A few years afterwards, he built this Chapel, which was thenceforth called "Whitefield's Tabernacle;" while the chapels built by the Countess were called "Lady Huntingdon's Chapels," and the persons who officiated were styled "Lady Huntingdon's Preachers." The Countess had accepted the honour of Lady Elect, put on her by Whitefield, who, however, maintained his own supremacy by coupling his name with the Chapels he built. The history of that in Tottenham Court Road, is briefly as follows:—

In the year 1755, a lease was granted to Whitefield, by Captain Charles Fitzroy, (of the family of Lord Southampton,) of a plot of ground near the Field of Forty Footsteps, and the Lavender Mills, Coyer's Garden, in the Tottenham Road, for the term of seventy-two years. Upon this spot, Whitefield commenced, in 1756, the erection of a Chapel, the design for which was furnished by himself. The first stone was laid May 10, 1756, and the building was completed in the same year. In 1758, twelve alms-houses and a parsonage-house were built in the burial-ground, on each side of the Chapel. In the following year, or in 1760, the Chapel was enlarged by adding an octangular front, which gave it the appearance of two chapels, and had so singular an appearance as to be sometimes called the oven part: whilst the Chapel itself was nicknamed "Whitfield's Soul's Trap." The Engraving shows the Chapel in the year 1764, soon after which the alms-houses were taken down, their inmates, twelve poor and pious widows having been provided for in the neighbourhood.

The above enlargement of the building is said to have been aided by the munificence of Queen Caroline, consort of George II., who, riding past the Chapel, and seeing a great number of persons unable to obtain admission, said it was a pity that so many good people should stand in the cold; her Majesty sent Whitefield a sum of money to enable him to enlarge the Chapel, which was done accordingly. From one of Whitefield's Letters, it appears to have been his wish to have this Chapel within the pale of the Church of England: he says, "having the form of prayer and liturgy of the Church, and being a spacious place, many thousands have attended this Chapel as they would the parish church." It is said to be the largest Chapel not immediately connected with the Establishment. Whitefield died in America, and in 1770, Mr. Wesley preached here his funeral sermon. In August, 1787, the Rev. Dr. Pickwell, rector of Bloxham-cum-Digby, Lincolnshire, preached his own funeral sermon in this Chapel; the occasion of which was, he had pricked his finger in opening the body of a person who had died of consumption, and the wound proved fatal by mortification in ten days afterwards.

Attached to the Chapel is an extensive burial ground, in forming which, the mould was brought from a churchyard in the City of London,† to save the consecration-fees. There are likewise spacious catacombs.

In the year 1828, the original lease granted to Whitefield expired; and the Chapel was closed until the year 1830, when the Trustees purchased it for 20,000*l.* It was then partly taken down and altered under the superintendence of Messrs. Martin Prior and Lockyer, architects, at a very considerable expense. The exterior is coated with stucco, and ornamented with Doric pilasters, and boldly projecting mouldings. The two entrances have circular tops: one in John-street, leads immediately beneath the dome, and the other, in Tottenham Court Road, leads to the vestibule, galleries, &c. The interior is in neat taste: the dimensions are, length, 126 feet; breadth, 76 feet; height to the crown of the dome, 112 feet; the latter is supported by twelve columns. The general form of the building is well adapted for hearing; the octagonal portion serving as a kind of funnel, or trumpet to the voice, so that it is heard in every part of the Chapel. It will accommodate from 7,000 to 8,000 persons, one-fourth of the seats being free.

The walls bear memorials of many eminent men; as of the Rev. A. M. Toplady, the zealous Calvinistic controversialist with John Wesley—the ever-memorable Toplady, as his admirers call him, and who, they say, "stands paramount in the plenitude of dignity above most of his contemporaries." Here also are monuments to Whitefield, the founder of the Chapel; and to John Bacon, the sculptor, who, with eccentric simplicity, wrote his own epitaph as follows:—

> "What I was as an Artist
> seemed to me of some importance
> while I lived;
> but what I really was as a Believer,
> Is the only thing of importance to me now."

Public attention has lately been drawn to the affairs of Whitefield's Chapels, by the long-pending suit in the Court of Chancery, which was tried at the close of last year, and occupied the Court between three and four days: the parties are the incumbent of the two chapelries, the Rev. John Campbell, late

* Life of Wesley, vol. ii. p. 360.

† St. Christopher le 'Stock, which was taken down to enlarge the Bank of England, in the year 1780.

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of the University of Glasgow; and the Trustees and the Congregation, who are striving for the ejectment of the above minister.

MUSINGS IN WALTON PARK, YORKSHIRE.

To our mind, Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*, is the most original and remarkable book on natural history that has ever been written. It is true that certain critics, with the ungentle nature of their craft, have endeavoured to cast a doubt over the authenticity of some of our enterprising traveller's adventures, and have even shaken their heads at the engraving of the "Nondescript" which he has given; but these idle assertions, to those who know any thing of his personal history, or who have even fairly studied his book itself, must be considered as trifles light as air, and wholly unworthy of an answer.

With the exception, perhaps, of Wilson and Audubon, Charles Waterton may be said to stand first amongst field-naturalists. His extraordinary perseverance, his enthusiastic love of nature, his singular power and beauty of description—all entitle him to this praise. Personal risk, extreme fatigue, or disadvantage of climate, are alike set at naught when he is in pursuit of some favorite object. He is a sort of classical backwoodsman, as much at home amid the untrodden wilds of Guiana, as he is amongst the silvan scenery of his own Walton. He spurns the meagre details of our book-naturalists; and marches into the woods, noting down the music and watching the haunts of their winged inhabitants with a kindly heart. He takes nothing on hearsay, but examines with his own eyes, and listens with his own ears: and he is equally happy whether in describing feathered life across the waters of the Atlantic, or in tracing the existence of our own harmless fern-owl or sociable jackdaw. He luxuriates too, in sketching "four-footed things" and reptiles — for who can have forgotten his matchless biography of the humble and calumniated sloth?

One fine morning in September, 1833, after surveying the aged and shattered remains of Sandal Castle, renowned in the Wars of the Roses, we determined on exploring the residence of this gifted man—Walton Hall—which is situated in the midst of an extensive park, about three miles to the south of Wakefield:—our interest was more than ordinarily awakened, for we had heard that it was worthy of him. After a short parley with a somewhat testy and infirm old gate-keeper, we were admitted within the lofty walls, which inclose—as it has been well designated by its proprietor—this "vale of safety." And now we sighed for the descriptive powers of the immortal George Robins; for the scene which opened before us might certainly "claim approach" to the veritable "fairy Land." The singular beauty and seclusion of the spot, shut out as it is from the world

"and earth-born jars,"

indeed, forcibly moved our attention. After leaving the entrance, we advanced along a gentle declivity through lofty forest-trees, and discovered the old Hall, situated below, near the edge of a lake, which gleamed in the morning sun like a sheet of molten silver. Swelling eminences, partly clothed with wood and brake, rose around in picturesque beauty on every side; and the Hall itself, which stands on the edge of a miniature islet, seemed almost to float on the surface of the waters.

On reaching the dwelling, which we approached by an "airy" bridge, we learned that the naturalist was from home. Had we not enjoyed the good fortune of meeting him more than once before, we should have felt the disappointment keenly. Every thing around us spoke of his pervading taste. The museum was extensive, and fully bore out all that we had heard relative to Mr. Waterton's unrivalled skill in stuffing or preserving subjects of natural history. In order to give full display to his collection, he has erected a staircase, which, from its ingenious construction, is extremely well adapted for that purpose. Amongst the most interesting objects, on the right in ascending, fixed over the balustrade, and protected by glass frames, are that puzzle for naturalists, the "non-descript," and the cayman, in the capture of which so remarkable an adventure befell Mr. Waterton. The life-like effect which is communicated to the zoological specimens, which are here congregated together, is really quite marvellous. Immediately opposite, winding round the walls to the summit of the house, is an excellent collection of cabinet pictures, principally by the old masters—thus, the wonders of nature and art are effectively contrasted.

We again wandered forth into the Park. The scene and the season disposed us alike to reflection. Whilst musing with indefinable feelings on the comforts of English country life, we fell into a reverie on the peculiar characteristics of English scenery, and on the indifference — nay, comparative ignorance—of no small portion of our countrymen, even in these *steaming* days, of the finest features of British landscape. It was, however, on the softer, perhaps, we should say, more homely, beauties of the English rural districts, that we then thought—not of nature in her sterner moods. In the peculiar character of its scenery, indeed, England may be said to stand alone. We are not acquainted with a single county which

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the inquiring traveller can pass through, and cry, "'tis all barren!"

"Corn-waving fields, and pastures green and slope
And swell alternate, summits crowned with leaf,
Grove-encircled mansions, the church, the farm, the mill,
And tinkling rivulet—"

are to be met with even in the most uninteresting districts, which sometimes make up for their deficiency in the higher order of natural beauty by more striking events in their history, or by monastic or castellated structures of a more attractive character. The scene, which, in all the affluence of nature's beauty, spread around us, naturally fostered our John Bullism. We owned

"the power
Of local sympathy, that o'er the fair
Throws more divine allurement, and o'er all
The great, more grandeur."

We trust we stand absolved. It was with a reluctant step that we turned to depart from Walton; and our emotions were not lessened on reflecting that it was, perhaps, the only spot in this island, which could literally be termed a "vale of safety" for animated nature. Here, the rook is suffered to multiply unmolested — the harmless hedgehog dwells in peace—the thrush and the blackbird pour forth their melody with a still more joyous heart — the robin flutters around its nest without a throb of fear—and the fern-owl and the goat-sucker have a secure asylum.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary, though it may not be uninteresting to add, that the character of him who is thus devoted to the study of the works of his Creator, is all that the reader may imagine. His fortune is ample; and, like the lamented Crabbe, he gives largely to the poor. So well known, indeed, is the goodness of his heart, that he seldom returns from a visit to Wakefield—to which he always prefers to walk—without finding his homeward path beset with applicants for his benevolence. Mr. Waterton is exceedingly popular in his native district; but he mixes little with the world, and rarely takes any part in local affairs. Last spring, however, during the popular excitement consequent on the introduction of the Irish Disturbances Bill, he attended a public meeting, at which he was unexpectedly called to take the chair for the first time in his life. His ignorance of the duties he had to perform was very characteristic; and he declared, that although his family had resided in the neighbourhood for many centuries, that was the only time a Waterton had ever occupied a similar position. Mr. Waterton is a member of the Roman Catholic Church: in person he seems admirably calculated for enduring the hardships and perils to be met with in traversing the unknown wilds of the New World.

VYVYAN.

Antiquariana.

PROFANATION OF THE SABBATH.

DURING the gloomy reign of triumphant fanaticism that distinguished the memorable period of the Civil Wars, the people were subjected to many restrictions, and severely mulcted for slight offences, particularly if committed on the Sabbath. Even "trimming of beards on the Lord's day," and "travelling" on Fast-days were forbidden, (as well as those real breaches of good manners, swearing and drunkenness,) as will be seen by the following entries, which appear in the books of St. Giles's parish.

1641. Received of the Vintner at the Catt in Queene Streete, for p'mitting of tipling on the Lord's day - - - - - - 1 10 0
1644. Received of three poor men, for drinking on the Sabbath daie at Tottenham Court - - - - - - - - 0 4 0
Received of Mr. Richard Bigg, for a fault done by his servant John Roberts - 0 1 0
1645. Received of John Seagood, constable, which he had of a Frenchman, for swearing three oathes - - - - - 0 3 0
Received of Mrs. Thunder, by the hands of Francis Potter, for her being drunk, and swearing seaven oathes - - - - - 0 12 0
1646. Received of Mr. Hooker, for brewing on a Fast-day - - - - - - - 0 2 6
Paid and given to Lyn and two watchmen, in consideration of their paines, and the breaking of ij halberts, in taking the two drunkards and swearers that paid* - - 1 4 0
Received of four men, travelling on the Fast-day - - - - - - - - 0 1 0
Received of Mr. Wetherill, headboro', which he had of one for an oath - - 0 3 4
1648. Received from the Citty marshall, sent by the Lord Mayor, for one that was drunke at the Forts† in our parish - - 0 5 0
Received from Isabel Johnson, at the Cole-yard, for drinking on the Sabbath-day, 0 4 0
1652. Received of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Morris, who were riding out of town in sermon time on a Fast-day - - - 0 11 0
1654. Received of William Glover, in Queene-street, and of Isaac Thomas, a barber, in Holborn, for trimming of beard on the Lord's day. [The sum is not stated.]
1655. Received of a Mayd taken in Mrs. Jackson's ale-house on the sabbath-Day - 0 5 0
Received of a Scotchman, drinking at Robert Owen's on the Sabbath - - - 0 2 0
1656. Received of Henry Colewist, in Maslyn Fields, for breach of the Sabbath, 0 7 0
1658. Received of Joseph Piers, for refusing to open his doores to have his house searched on the Lord's daie - - - 0 10 0
1659. An entry occurs of "one Brooke's goods sold for breach of the Sabbath," but the produce is not set down.‡

* Watchmen continued to use the halbert, instead of the staff, so late as the 4th of Queen Anne, (anno 1706,) as appears from an order of Common Council of that year, which directs, "That a sufficient Watch shall be kept in the City and liberties, with men of strong and able bodies, provided with candles and lanthorns, and sufficiently armed with halberts."

† The Forts, most probably, was the redoubt with two flanks, which had been constructed near St. Giles's Pound, by order of Parliament, in 1643, when the whole of London was surrounded by earthen lines and fortifications.

‡ Brayley's Londiniana, vol. iii.

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WALTON CHURCH.

The church of Walton-upon-Thames, built in the reign of King John, contains a few memorials and relics, which it may be interesting to enumerate for the stay-at-home reader and the observant tourist. First, is the Gossip's Bridle, already mentioned in vol. xxiii., by W. R., to whose ingenious hand we are indebted for these notes. Next, is the tomb of Lilly, the astrologer, with the following inscription:—

"That the tomb of that eminent astrologer, WILLIAM LILLY, might not be utterly forgotten, who died on the 9th June, in the Julian year of our Lord, 1681, Elias Ashmole, Esquire, dedicated to him this testimony of his affection. King Charles the Second granted to the above Wm. Lilly, a pension of one hundred pounds per annum during his life, which he enjoyed in Walton for several years."

In the church also is a splendid monument in memory of Lord Shannon, by Rembilla. Here likewise is buried John Selwen, obiit 1617. He was keeper of Oatlands Park at the time Queen Elizabeth resided there: he met his death in a singular manner: while hunting one day, on a very swift horse, he started a stag, ran him down, and jumping on his back, drew his sword, and stuck him in the throat; the stag in agony, throwing his head back, struck Selwen on the head, and they both fell dead.

Another, by Gotte, of Rome, in memory of Mary, wife of Sir Thomas Williams.

Also, one by Chantry, in memory of Christopher D'Oyle; and one to the memory of Lord Rodney's family.

The king's arms were cut from a solid piece of oak, 300 years ago.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT BOAT.

In April, 1834, as some men were widening a ditch on a farm in the occupation of Mr. John Parlett, at North Stoke, (about three miles from Arundel,) belonging to the Earl of Egremont, they were prevented from proceeding with their labour by coming in contact with a large piece of wood, which they soon ascertained to be that of an ancient boat, hewn from an English oak of immense size. It was removed from its lodgment to a spot near the farm-house, a distance of 300 yards, drawn by nine horses. The dimensions of this rude piece of workmanship are as follows: extreme length, 35 feet; depth, 2 ft. 6 in.; extreme breadth, 4 ft. 6 in.; breadth at the bow, 2 ft. 8 in.; breadth at the stern, 3 ft. 6 in. There are three partitions which appear to have served the double purpose of seats and supports to the sides. Its resting place was six feet below the present level of the meadow, and a few yards from the river Arun. It is in good preservation, considering the time it must have been under ground. The ancient Britons, at a very early period of their history, used a sort of boat called *cwch*, and *cuach*, and by the northern Britons *bior-linn*, made out of a single tree, like an Indian canoe. Some idea may be formed of the size of the tree from which this boat was hewn, from the fact that the "butt" must have contained upwards of seventeen loads of timber, or 900 cubic feet.

LAMBETH PALACE.—ARCHBISHOP PARKER.

The only account or appearance of interments in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace is that of Archbishop Parker. He died in 1575, aged 72, and desired by his will to lie here. Accordingly, at his death, his bowels were put into an urn, (a *pitcher* one writer terms it,) and deposited in the duke's chapel in Lambeth church. His body, by his request, was buried at the upper end of this chapel against the communion-table on the south side, under a monument of his own erecting, and placed by his direction against that part of the chapel where he used to pray; with a Latin inscription, composed by his old friend, Dr. Walter Haddon. The spot where this prelate's body now rests is marked by the following notice cut in a stone of the pavement immediately before the communion rails:

"Corpus
Matthæi
Archiepiscopi
Tandem hic
Qviescit.

The ancient monument which originally stood near this spot, is at present placed in a corner of the vestibule against the wall. It is a plain altar-tomb of grey marble, in the Gothic taste, and has, at one end, a small brass plate with a Latin inscription, written and placed there by Archbishop Sancroft, in whose time the body was discovered by the interference of Sir William Dugdale, and re-interred; for, in the troubles of the Civil Wars, Parker's remains had been shamefully disturbed. Lambeth House, or Palace, having fallen to the share of the regicides Scott and Hardynge, they pulled down the noble hall, the work of Chicheley, and sold the materials for their own profit; the chapel they turned into a dancing-room; and because the tomb of the venerable Archbishop Parker "stared them in the face and checked their mirth, it was broken to pieces, his bones dug up by Hardynge, to whose share this part of the palace fell; and opening the leaden coffin, and cutting away the cerecloths, of which there were many folds, the flesh seemed very fresh: the corpse thus stripped, was conveyed into the outhouse for poultry and dung, and buried among the offal; but, upon the restoration of King Charles, that wretch Hardynge was forced to discover where it was; whereupon the Archbishop had him honourably re-interred in the same chapel, near the steps of the altar."*

* Dart's Antiquities of Canterbury.

Manners and Customs.

MAY-DAY IN IRELAND

Is thus described in Mr. Croker's *Fairy Legends and Traditions*: — Mummers in Ireland, are clearly a family of the same race with those festive bands, termed morris-dancers in England. They appear at all seasons in Ireland, but May-day is their favourite and proper festival. They consist of a number, varying according to circumstances, of the girls or young men of the village or neighbourhood, usually selected for their good looks, or their proficiency—the females in the dance, the youths in hurling and other athletic exercises. They march in procession, two abreast, and in three divisions; the young men in the van and the rear, dressed in white or other gay-coloured jackets or vests, and decorated with ribbons on their hats and sleeves; the young women are dressed also in light-coloured garments, and two of them bear each a holly bush, in which are hung several new hurling balls—the May-day present of the girls to the youths of the village. The bush is decorated with a profusion of long ribbons, or paper cut in imitation, which adds greatly to the gay and joyous, yet strictly rural, appearance of the whole. The procession is always preceded by music; sometimes of the bagpipe, but more commonly of a military fife, with the addition of a drum or tambourine. A clown is in attendance, who wears a frightful mask, and bears a long pole, with shreds of cloth nailed to the end of it, like a mop, which ever and anon he dips in a pool of water, or puddle, and besprinkles such of the crowd as press upon his companions, much to the delight of the younger spectators, who greet his exploits with loud and repeated shouts of laughter. The mummers, during the day, parade the neighbouring villages, or go from one gentleman's seat to another, dancing before the mansion-house, and receiving money. The evening terminates with drinking. May-eve is considered a time of peculiar danger. The *good people* are supposed then to possess the power and the inclination to do all sorts of mischief without the slightest restraint. The *evil eye* is then also doomed to have more than its usual vigilance and malignity; and the nurse who would walk in the open air with a child in her arms would be reproached as a monster. Youth and loveliness are thought to be especially exposed to peril. It is therefore a natural consequence, that not one woman in a thousand appears abroad: but it must not be understood that the want of beauty affords any protection. The grizzled locks of age do not always save the cheek from a *blast:* neither is the brawny hand of the roughest ploughman exempt from a similar visitation. The *blast* is a large round tumour, which is thought to rise suddenly upon the part affected, from the baneful breath cast on it by one of the *good people*, in a moment of vindictive or capricious malice. May-day is called *lá na Beal tina*, and May-eve, *neen na Beal tina;* that is, day and eve of Beal's fire, from its having been in heathen times consecrated to the god Beal, or Belus; whence also the month of May is termed in Irish, *Mi na Beal-tine*. The ceremony practised on May-eve, of making the cows leap over lighted straw, or faggots, has been generally traced to the worship of that deity. It is now vulgarly used in order to save the milk from being pilfered by the good people. Another custom prevalent on May-eve, is the painful and mischievous one of stinging with nettles. In the south of Ireland it is the common practice for school-boys, on that day, to consider themselves privileged to run wild about with a bunch of nettles, striking at the face and hands of their companions, or of such other persons as they think they may venture to assault with impunity.

W. G. C.

MAY IN ITALY.

The following description of a custom in Italy, is from Misson's *Travels*.—The month of May is everywhere particularly remarkable for sports and festivals: but I never saw a more diverting object than troops of young girls, who regaled us with dances and songs; though, perhaps, the rarity of the sex might, in some measure, contribute to heighten the pleasure we took in seeing these merry creatures. Five or six of the prettiest and best attired girls of the village meet together, and go from house to house singing, and wishing everywhere a "merry May." All their songs consist of a great number of wishes, which are commonly very pleasant; for they wish you may at once enjoy all the pleasures of youth, and of the blooming season; that you may be still possessed with an equal love, morning and evening; that you may live a hundred and two years; that everything you eat may be turned to sugar and oil; that your cloths and lace may never wear old; that nature may smile eternally, and that the goodness of its fruits may surpass the beauty of its flowers, &c. And then come their spiritual wishes:—that the Lady of Loretto may pour down her favours upon you; that the soul of St. Anthony of Padua may be your guardian angel; and that St. Katharine of Sienna may intercede for you.

W. G. C.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

The following description of a curious custom at Newnton, North Wiltshire, which was instituted to perpetuate the memory of the donation, from King Athelstan, of a common

and a house for the hayward, is given in Curll's *Miscellanies* :—"Upon every Trinity Sunday, the parishioners being come to the door of the hayward's house, the door was struck thrice, in honour of the Holy Trinity; they then entered. The bell was rung; after which, silence being ordered, they read their prayers aforesaid. Then was a ghirland of flowers made upon a hoop, brought forth by a maid of the town upon her neck; and a young man, (a bachelor,) of another parish, first saluted her three times, in honour of the Trinity, in respect of God the Father. Then she put the ghirland upon his neck, and kissed him three times, in honour of the Trinity, particularly God the Son. Then he put the ghirland on her neck again, and kissed her three times, in respect of the Holy Trinity, and particularly the Holy Ghost. Then he took the ghirland from her neck, and, by the custom, gave her a penny at least. The method of giving this ghirland was from house to house annually, till it came round. In the evening every commoner sent his supper up to this house, which was called the Ale-house; and having before laid in there equally a stock of malt, which was brewed in the house, they supped together; and what was left was given to the poor."

W. G. C.

New Books.

A VISIT TO ICELAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1834.

By John Barrow, jun.

THIS pleasant little volume contains the Narrative of an Excursion to Iceland, by way of Tronyem, during last summer. Mr. Barrow sailed in a private yacht; for, he found little chance of visiting Iceland by any other conveyance. When at Tronyem, the capital of Norway, in the preceding year, he found that little or no communication had been held direct with Iceland, since the separation of Norway from the crown of Denmark. In the spring of the following year, he ascertained that although a casual ship might proceed to Iceland from Liverpool or Hull with salt and a few articles of colonial produce, yet nothing like a regular trade existed with that island; indeed, as Mr. Barrow subsequently found, not an English vessel in the course of the summer had proceeded thither, and only one Danish vessel took in a cargo of salt from Liverpool, which vessel was wrecked. In the mean time, however, a friend offered Mr. Barrow a passage in a beautiful yacht called "the Flower of Yarrow," belonging to the Royal Yacht Club, of which he is a member. The party assembled at Liverpool, and consisted of the proprietor of the yacht, the Hon. R. H. Hutchinson, and Mr. Barrow. The crew was composed of the master, an expert seaman, a mate who was engaged at Liverpool, and, being a good observer, and well skilled in navigation, he had the charge of the chronometer. There were, besides these, eight seamen, a steward, and a cook. The yacht was 130 tons burden, schooner-rigged, and well fitted in all respects. They were all elated with the prospect before them—Mr. Barrow's two companions with the anticipated pleasures of shooting and angling, and Mr. Barrow with climbing Hecla, and other volcanic mountains, and dipping his thermometer in the water of the boiling cauldrons; and above all, with a visit to the Geysers, and the gratification of seeing them play in full activity; "which alone is, at any time, worth a voyage of a thousand miles in the Northern Atlantic."

They got under weigh on Sunday, June 15, and were very soon out of sight of Liverpool. The weather was fine, and the wind fair, which enabled them to pass the Isle of Man the same evening; but on the following day the wind had shifted to the northward, and blew very fresh. They had now arrived at the Western Islands, and finding they could make but little progress, they tacked and stood over for the island of Rachlin, at a short distance from the north coast of Ireland, under the lee of which they came to anchor; not a little glad to find themselves in so sheltered a spot, as it continued to blow a gale of wind all that night, and next day. Mr. Barrow observes:]

The Island of Rachlin

Presents a very barren aspect, the rock being, to all appearance, tabular basalt, or trap, exhibiting, however, on the side next to the anchorage, some faint indications of broken pillars, but wholly unlike to those columnar clusters which rise so conspicuously in regular order, to the height of 250 feet on the Fairhead promontory, directly opposite to us; or to the more remarkable, but less prominent, pavement of columns, to the westward of Fairhead, which, descending with a slope into the sea, are well known under the name of the Giant's Causeway. This causeway, as ancient tradition tells, and the credulous still believe, continues under the deep water to the island of Staffa, the palace of Fingal, or, as Sir Joseph Banks heard it named there, Fiuhn Mac Coul. On a clear serene day, when the sea is smooth and the sky blue, the fishermen tell you that the columnar causeway is distinctly visible at the bottom of the sea.

[None of the party went on shore at Rachlin; but they took in a sheep from the inhabitants. On the 18th they got once more under weigh, and, with the help of a fresh breeze, they ran, before it was dark, into the Channel between the isles of Sky on the right, and Lewis on the left. The badness

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of the weather made it impossible for them to visit the westernmost of the Western Islands, St. Kilda, though Mr. Barrow much wished to do so—not for witnessing the filthy and nauseous hovels of the nineteen or twenty poor families that exist there chiefly on fish and sea-fowls' eggs, nor to take a view of the only dwelling with a lock to the door; for, Mr. Barrow's curiosity extended no further than to examine the rock formation of the island, and to pay a visit to the spot where the Lady Grange, after being secretly snatched from her home, was confined nearly twenty years.* They now had a]

Narrow Escape.

While we were running for the channel of the Lewis Islands, we were not a little startled on hearing the captain call out hastily *hard-a-port*, words which, when suddenly vociferated, are generally of alarming import, implying something of danger to be avoided, at least they sound so to a landsman. We all seemed to think so, for in a moment we were upon deck, and found ourselves close upon a sunken vessel. The broken masts were just rising out of the surface of the water, and there appeared to be a large body beneath; but whether it was merely the rigging and sails attached to the masts, or the hull of a vessel water-logged, we were unable to discern: I think, however, from the position of the masts, that the latter must have been the case. Running, as we then were, with a strong wind, at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, we must inevitably have made a hole in the bottom of the yacht had we struck upon the wreck; and it was only by a sharp look-out and a quick shifting of the helm that we avoided doing so, by shaving close past her.

We shortly afterwards fell in with two whales, or, more properly speaking, finners, which I was a little surprised to see so far to the southward; but it is not unusual, I am told, to meet with a straggler now and then even in the English Channel. As this was the first time I had set eyes on these gigantic monsters of the ocean, I amused myself in watching their movements, as well as in observing their snorting and blowing, accompanied by jets of water spouted up to a considerable height.

[But, we have not space to follow the "Flower of Yarrow" along the coast of Norway, nor to chronicle her arrival at Tronyem, Mr. Barrow's journey in a carriole to Roras, and his visit to the Laplanders. We shall rather proceed with him on his voyage, and anchor opposite Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland, or, as it appeared from sea, a long row of red and brown roofed houses rising from behind a beach of black shingle; the latter testifying the volcanic origin of the island. Upon landing, this row of houses proved to be one side of a street, in which is the residence of the treasurer, and a tavern, or club-house. The houses on the sea line are generally those of the merchants, who are chiefly Danes: they are built, as in Norway, of wood, and covered with shingles or planks, and to each is attached a storehouse for merchandise. The only stone-built house is that of the governor, and this building was formerly the workhouse—not for the maintenance of the indigent poor, but made use of rather as the house of correction. The bishop's residence, a very comfortable brick-built house, white-washed, is near to the coast. Apart, behind the sea line of houses stands the Cathedral, here represented.]

(Reikiavik Cathedral.)

[It is built of stone, and is roofed with heavy planks; the steeple is a square tower of wood, roofed, and contains a couple of bells. Under the roof of the church is the public library, said to contain about 6,000 volumes, to which the inhabitants have free access, being allowed, under certain restrictions, to have books at their own houses;

* The story has been told by Boswell, and, of course, need not be repeated here. Walter Scott has given it with more precision than Boswell. "The story of Lady Grange," he says, "is well known; I have seen her journal. She had become privy to some of the Jacobite intrigues in which her husband, Lord Grange (brother of the Earl of Mar, and a Lord of Session), and his family were engaged. Being on indifferent terms with her husband, she is said to have thrown out hints that she knew as much as would cost him his life. The judge probably thought with Mr. Peachum, that it is rather an awkward state of domestic affairs when the wife has it in her power to hang her husband. Lady Grange was the more to be dreaded, as she came from a vindictive race, being the grand-child of that Chiesley of Dalry who assassinated Sir George Lockhart, the Lord President. Many persons of importance in the Highlands were concerned in removing her testimony. The notorious Lovat, with a party of his men, were the direct agents in carrying her off; and St. Kilda, belonging then to Macleod, was selected as the place of confinement."* When Boswell told the story, Dr. Johnson said, if Macleod would let it be known that he had such a place for naughty ladies, he might make it a very profitable island.

* Croker's Boswell's Life of Johnson.

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and Mr. Barrow was assured that the residents were generally very fond of reading.* The books are mostly of general and ecclesiastical history in German, Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian; a few English books, generally the writings of our best poets; and a collection of the Greek and Latin classics; besides theological MSS., the production of the clergy of the island. "The Icelanders," adds Mr. Barrow, "were once deservedly famed for their literary productions; and it is pleasing to find that they still keep alive the spirit of research and that literary pursuit for which their ancestors were distinguished."

It deserves notice, that, to each of the merchants' houses, and to those of the governor, the bishop, and the treasurer, is attached a garden, mostly, if not entirely, for culinary vegetables, as cabbages, turnips, parsley, and potatoes; but they were stunted and sickly. Radishes, mustard, and cress, were looking pretty well in the garden of the governor, who bestowed great care and labour on his little piece of ground; and he took much pride in showing Mr. Barrow three or four plants of the mountain ash, about four feet high, which were the largest, and, in fact, the only plants that deserved the name of trees, within many miles around Reikiavik. This unfavourable growth is singular; for, at the period of Mr. Barrow's visit, in August, the thermometer fluctuated, in the daytime, from 49° to 63°, and nothing like frost occurred during short nights. Yet, cabbages at Reikiavik were so small, that a half-crown piece would have covered the whole plant; and Mr. Barrow did not see a cabbage-head in his future journey.

Mr. Barrow found the governor to be the self-same Krieger with whom his brother and he had travelled among the mountains of Switzerland—"still the self-same pleasant, jocular, and good-humoured man that they found him six years ago." Our traveller next visited the bishop, a well-educated gentlemanly person: though the visit was but an hour before dinner-time, the bishop ordered wine and coffee to be served, as is always done, whatever may be the hour of the visit.

Mr. Barrow describes and figures one of the Reikiavik fishermen's huts, which we subjoin. The exterior is similar to the hovel of the Irish, who are said to have been the first people who visited Iceland, having, as it is supposed, been accidentally driven upon its shores. But, Mr. Barrow thinks this hut rather resembles the hovel of the Hebrides. The lower part is built of rude stones, rows of turf being placed between each layer, to

* We are strangely behind the Icelanders in our means for the spread of knowledge. Many years since, a friend circulated proposals through England for establishing parochial lending libraries, similar to that at Reikiavik; but we are not aware of the establishment of any considerable number.—Ed. M.

(Icelandic Hut.)

serve instead of mortar, and, in fact, to keep out the wind. A wooden roof rests upon these walls, and is covered with turf. There are no windows,—

Save one dull pane that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day;—

and not always this; a cask, with the two ends knocked out, answers for a chimney; but the smoke oftener escapes through a hole in the roof. The only fire is that of the kitchen, a small apartment, which is frequently detached from the house, but communicates by a dark passage. Mr. Barrow describes the interior of one of these huts as a narrow passage with a clay floor, with a shelf about four feet from the ground, on each side. On one of these shelves was spread out a bed, and on the opposite one were articles of clothing. On the ground beneath these shelves were piled dried fish, and "odds and ends."

On August 1, Mr. Barrow and his friends, with twenty-six pack-horses, (twelve as relays,) started on their journey to the Geysers; this mode of travelling and packing the horses being universal throughout the island; for, there is not in all Iceland such a machine as a wheel-carriage, no, not a wheelbarrow; indeed, if there were, they would be useless, as there is nothing in the shape of a road over which they could move. The details of

(Church of Thingvalla.)

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this journey are very interesting, especially the sojourn of the party at Thingvalla. Here they obtained permission of the priest to occupy the church for the night. Accordingly, the horses were unpacked and turned out loose, and the saddles and boxes were stacked in the aisle of the church, which Mr. Barrow thus describes.]

Church of Thingvalla.

As this building, consecrated to religious purposes, was altogether different from any I had before seen, curiosity led me to take its dimensions: the extreme length was twenty-three feet, but of this eight feet were devoted to the altar, which was divided off by a partition stretching across the church, and against which was placed the pulpit. Over the pulpit were the following Latin inscriptions,—

"Scio opera tua."
"Habenti dabitur."

A small wooden chest or cupboard, placed between two very small, square windows at the end of the building, not larger than a common-sized pane of glass, constituted the communion-table, over which was a miserable representation of the Lord's Supper, painted on wood, and apparently of great antiquity. The width of the church was ten feet, and the height of the walls about six feet. These were wainscoted, and from them large wooden beams stretched across from side to side. On these beams were placed in great disorder a quantity of old bibles, psalters, and fragments of dusty manuscripts. The interior of the roof, the rafters of which rested on the walls, was also lined with wood. On the right of the door as we entered, and under which we were obliged to stoop considerably, we remarked two or three bells suspended from the beams within reach. Four or five benches with backs to them, so crowded together as almost to touch one another, were placed on each side the aisle, a narrow passage being left between them. There were also some benches placed against the wainscoted walls, round that part which formed the altar. The accommodation was said to be sufficient for forty people.

After partaking of some of the refreshments which we had brought with us, and to which were added some good coffee, some milk, and some excellent trout from the lake of Thingvalla-vatn, supplied by the clergyman, who was unremitting in his attention, and repeatedly entered the church to offer his services, we now began to consider how we could make ourselves as little uncomfortable for the night as circumstances would admit. The benches in the aisle were too narrow to make them available for the purpose of sleeping on, so were the benches round the altar. There was no other place then but the floor; as soon, therefore, as we had despatched our supper, and wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks and coats, we lay down and endeavoured to sleep, two on each side of the communion table, or large chest that served for one. This substitute was raised on a sort of platform, and between it and some benches, which were placed against the sides of the wall, we were obliged to *squeeze* in as well as we could, and very close stowage it was.

[On leaving the good pastor next morning, the tourists pressed him to take some grog, which he declined; but he readily drank a glass of brandy. The general habits of the people are temperate; for, Mr. Barrow ascertained that the whole quantity of spirits consumed on the island amounts only to two bottles per annum to each individual of the population; and of this allowance, judging from the very limited incomes and the general poverty of some 300 clergymen on the island, 200 of them know not spirituous liquors.]

The name of Thingvalla implies a court of justice in the open field. The Althing, or general assembly of the nation, was held here in the open air; here too was held the supreme court of justice, and this continued to be so till the year 1690, when a plain rustic building of lava was erected, and justice therein administered till about the commencement of the present century, when the court was removed to Reikiavik. On this memorable spot, too, the Christian religion received its final establishment, and the ancient paganism was abolished, more than 800 years ago. It is now a place of desolation, and the country around it presents a wild picture of physical disorder and confusion.

[The account of Hecla and the Geysers has been drawn up with considerable care, and clearly illustrated with engravings; but little is added to the conjectures in solution of the phenomena of the spot. Mr. Barrow brought home a small bottle of the Geyser water, which Mr. Faraday has analyzed.

In their return to Reikiavik, the tourists slept in the church of Middalr the priest of which could only offer them hard, heavy, and black rye bread and milk; his living being worth but 26 rix-dollars, or 4*l.* a-year.

Of the only collegiate school in the island, at Bessestad, Mr. Barrow gives a minute account, together with the studious habits of the clergy, an example of which, in Jonas Thorlakson, who has translated Milton's *Paradise Lost* into his native tongue, is, as Mr. Barrow observes, "an illustration of what has been said respecting the triumph of literary pursuits over pinching penury." At Bessestad, Mr. Barrow received gratifying testimony of the literary taste of the Icelanders:—]

Our informant told us that all classes of the people are fond of reading; that in their close pent-up hovels, in the long winter evenings, the young people read or repeat to the

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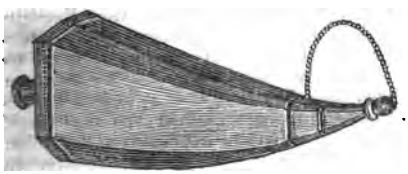
assembled family the history of by-gone days, the exploits of their ancestors as set forth in the Sagas, and the early adventures and romantic histories of the first settlers on the island. In later times they are in no want of modern books in their native language. The enlightened clergy, at an early period after the Reformation, established a printing-press in Iceland, which is still actively employed on the small island of Vidoe opposite Reikiavik, and where bibles and psalters, and various religious books are printed, together with selections in general history, and various tracts of useful information. Such a people are not difficult to govern; and as they have little or no intercourse with foreigners, except the few Danish merchants who reside at the ports, and no itinerant preachers of infidelity or sedition to unsettle their minds, there is little chance of any change for the worse, either in their moral or political character.

[Our tourists next, on August 14, visited the coast of Stappen; but stormy weather prevented their landing, and they were, consequently, compelled to be content with a distant view of the Snæfell Yokul, upwards of 4,500 feet high. During their stay at Reikiavik, Mr. Barrow collected a valuable chapter of statistics, by request of one of the members of the Statistical Society lately formed in London.

Upon their return to Reikiavik, the leave-taking was a painful ceremony; as Mr. Barrow asserts that he never met with a more hearty and friendly welcome than at the above place. His friend, the governor, begged his acceptance of this



(Icelandic Snuff-box.)

as a proof of his esteem. Such snuff-boxes are in common use among the gentry: they resemble somewhat the mull, or sneezing-horn of the Scotch, but are made of ivory, mostly of the morse or sea-horse teeth, and are neatly mounted in silver.

The voyagers set sail homeward on August 20, and anchored in the channel, at the back of a small island called Ghia, where Mr. Barrow left his friends and the "Flower of Yarrow." Thence he journeyed, on horseback, to East Tarbut, and, next morning, proceeded by the steam-boat through the Kyes of Bute, up the Clyde to Glasgow, where he took the mail, and thus reached London on the evening of August 30, after an absence of eleven weeks.]

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

(*From Wordsworth's "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems."*)

List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower,*
At eve, how softly then
Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon
The pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days,
A stern-brow'd house appeared;
Foil to a jewel rich in light,
There set and guarded well,
Cage for a bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright bird from her cage,
To make this gem their own,
Came barons bold with store of gold,
And knights of high renown;
But one she prized, and only one,—
Sir Eglamore was he:
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye dales and hills! to you alone,
Their mutual loyalty!

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
Where Passion caught what Nature taught
That all but Love is folly;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play,
Doubt came not nor regret;
To trouble hours that winged their way
As if through an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times, Love dwelt not long
Sequestered with repose;
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
Fanned by the breath of foes.
"A conquering lance is beauty's test,
And proves the lover true;"
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed
The drooping Emma to his breast,
And looked a blind adieu.

They parted.—Well with him it fared
Through wide-spread regions errant;
A knight of proof in love's behoof,
The thirst of fame his warrant:
And she her happiness can build
On woman's quiet hours;
Though faint, compared with spear and shield,
The solace beads and mosses yield,
And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
Her Champion's praise recounted;
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,
And high her blushes mounted;
Or when a bold, heroic lay,
She warbled from full heart:
Delightful blossoms for the May
Of absence! but they will not stay,
Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
Whatever path he chooses;
As if his orb, that owns no curb,
Received the light hers loses.

* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. *Force* is the word used in the Lake District for Water-fall.

He comes not back; an ampler space
Requires for nobler deeds;
He ranges on from place to place,
Till of his doings is no trace
But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past,
Her spirit finds its centre;
Clear sight she has of what he was,
And that would now content her.
"Still is he my devoted knight?"
The tear in answer flows;
Month falls on month with heavier weight;
Day sickens round her, and the night
Is empty of repose.

In sleep she sometimes walked abroad,
Deep sighs with quick words blending,
Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen
With fancied spots contending;
But *she* is innocent of blood,—
The moon is not more pure
That shines aloft, while through the wood
She thrids her way, the sounding flood
Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
And owls alone are waking,
In white arrayed, glides on the maid,
The downward pathway taking,
That leads her to the torrent's side,
And to a holly bower;
By whom on this still night descried?
By whom in that lone place espied?
By thee, Sir Eglamore!

A wandering ghost, so thinks the knight,
His coming step has thwarted,
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
Within whose shade they parted.
Hush, hush, the busy sleeper see!
Perplexed her fingers seem,
As if they from the holly tree
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
Flung from her to the stream.

What means the spectre? Why intent
To violate the tree,
Thought Eglamore, by which I swore
Unfading constancy?
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun
To her I left, shall prove
That bliss is ne'er so surely won
As when a circuit has been run
Of valour, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
He moved with stealthy pace;
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
He recognised the face;
And whispers caught, and speeches small,
Some to the green-leaved tree,
Some muttered to the torrent-fall,—
"Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
"I heard, and so may he!"

Soul-shattered was the knight, nor knew
If Emma's ghost it were,
Or boding shade, or if the maid
Her very self stood there.
He touched—what followed who shall tell?
The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
And the stream whirled her down the dell
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the knight! when on firm ground
The rescued maiden lay,
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
Confusion passed away;
She heard, ere to the throne of grace
Her faithful spirit flew,
His voice, beheld his speaking face,
And dying, from his own embrace,
She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:
Brief words may speak the rest;
Within the dell he built a cell,
And there was Sorrow's guest:
In hermit's weeds repose he found,
From vain temptations free;
Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
By one deep, heart-controlling sound,
And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
Are edged with golden rays!
Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
Though minister of sorrow,
Sweet is thy voice at pensive Even;
And thou, in Lovers' hearts forgiven,
Shall take thy place with Yarrow!

JOURNAL BY FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

[At last, we have the Journal of the late Miss Fanny Kemble. Its publication has been long promised, but had it been delayed, *sine die*, the admirers of the excellence of Miss Kemble would have been spared much pain in witnessing the extravagance of Mrs. Butler. Youth and inexperience, a brain somewhat turned, and a head somewhat too elated by public applause, must, however, plead for many of the errors in this work—*misgivings* of the head, we are willing to believe them, rather than errors of the heart. Almost every page in this Journal will draw about the writer the English hornets of criticism, who may prove more lasting annoyance than even American mosquitoes. Her denunciation of *editors* will be the warwhoop of attack and abuse of these volumes; and the writer will be unsparingly reproached with ingratitude to that power which started her in the chase of fame, and set her upon the pinnacle of popularity. There may be some fairness in this reproach; though the favour of the press towards Miss Kemble may not have been so influential on her fortune as the bestowers are now inclined to rate it, especially if Mr. Hazlitt's doctrine hold good—that "an actor is judged by his peers, the play-going public, and must stand or fall by his own merits or defects." Again, if such favour were to fetter the receiver in her opinions of society, and this was the only condition upon which it was to be obtained, it would be a dear purchase indeed, and a bargain to which a woman of Miss Kemble's spirit and foresight will never be a party; for, this would be hoodwinking truth, and buying a youth of fame for an after age of insincerity. But we leave these matters to be settled among the magnates aggrieved, and, rather than criticize, proceed to extenuate, by the quotation of some amusing passages; for, with all its faults, the book is very clever and entertaining.]

American Hotel Dinner.

Our dinner was a favourable specimen of eating as practised in this new world; everything good, only in too great a profusion, the

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wine drinkable, and the fruit beautiful to look at: in point of flavour it was infinitely inferior to English hothouse fruit, or even fine espalier fruit raised in a good aspect. Everything was wrapped in ice, which is a most luxurious necessary in this hot climate; but the things were put on the table in a slovenly, outlandish fashion; fish, soup, and meat at once, and puddings, and tarts, and cheese at another once; no finger-glasses, and a patched table-cloth,—in short, a want of that style and neatness which is found in every hotel in England. The waiters, too, reminded us of the half-savage Highland lads that used to torment us under that denomination in Glasgow—only that they were wild Irish instead of wild Scotch. The day had cleared, and become intensely hot, towards evening softening and cooling under the serene influences of the loveliest moon imaginable. The streets were brilliantly lighted, the shops through the trees, and the people parading between them, reminded me very much of the Boulevards. We left the gentlemen, and went down stairs, where I played and sang for three hours. On opening the door, I found a junta of men sitting on the hall floor, round it, and smoking. Came up for coffee; most of the gentlemen were rather elated,—we sang, and danced, and talked, and seemed exceeding loath to say good-by. I sat listening to the dear Doctor's theory of the nature of the soul, which savoured infinitely more of the spirituality of the bottle than of immaterial existences. I heard him descant very tipsily upon the vital principle, until my fatigue getting fairly the better of my affection for him, I bade our remaining guests good night, and came to bed.

Broadway, New York.

My father proposed to us a walk, and we accordingly sallied forth. We walked to the end of the Broadway, a distance of two miles, I should think, and then back again. The evening was most lovely. The moon was lighting the whole upper sky, but every now and then, as we crossed the streets that led to the river, we caught glimpses of the water, and woody banks, and the sky that hung over them; which all were of that deep orange tint, that I never saw, but in Claude's pictures. After walking nearly a mile up Broadway, we came to Canal-street: it is broader and finer than any I have yet seen in New York; and at one end of it, a Christian church, copied from some Pagan temple or other, looked exceedingly well, in the full flood of silver light that streamed from heaven. There were many temptations to look around, but the flags were so horribly broken and out of order, that to do so was to run the risk of breaking one's neck:—this is very bad.* The street was very much thronged, and I thought the crowd a more civil and orderly one than an English crowd. The men did not jostle or push one another, or tread upon one's feet, or kick down one's shoe-heels, or crush one's bonnet into one's face, or turn it round upon one's head, all which I have seen done in London streets. There is this to be said: this crowd was abroad merely for pleasure, sauntering along, which is a thing never seen in London; the proportion of idle loungers who frequent the streets there being very inconsiderable, when compared with the number of people going on business through the town. I observed that the young men to-night invariably made room for women to pass, and many of them, as they drew near us, took the cigar from their mouth, which I thought especially courteous.† They were all smoking, to a man, except those who were spitting, which helped to remind me of Paris, to which the whole place bore a slight resemblance. The shops appear to me to make no show whatever, and will not bear a comparison with the brilliant display of the Parisian streets, or the rich magnificence of our own, in that respect. The women dress very much, and very much like French women gone mad; they all of them seem to me to walk horribly ill, as if they wore tight shoes.

The Best Society in New York.

At five dressed, and went to the ———, where we were to dine. This is one of the first houses here, so I conclude that I am to consider what I see as a tolerable sample of the ways and manners of being, doing, and suffering of the *best society* in New York. There were about twenty people; the women were in a sort of French demi-toilette, with bare necks, and long sleeves, heads frizzed out after the very last petit courier, and thread net handkerchiefs and capes; the whole of which, to my English eye, appeared a strange marrying of incongruities. The younger daughter of our host is beautiful; a young and brilliant likeness of Ellen Tree, with more refinement, and a smile that was, not to say a ray, but a whole focus of sun rays, a perfect

* The New Yorkers have begun to see the evil of their ways, as far as regards their carriage-road in Broadway, which is now partly Macadamised. It is devoutly to be hoped, that the worthy authorities will soon have as much compassion on the feet of their fellow-citizens, as they have begun to have for their brutes.

† The roughness and want of refinement, which is legitimately complained of in this country, is often, however, mitigated by instances of civility, which would not be found commonly elsewhere. As I have noticed above, the demeanour of men towards women in the streets is infinitely more courteous here than with us; women can walk, too, with perfect safety, by themselves, either in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston: on board the steam-boats, no person sits down to table until the ladies are accommodated with seats; and I have myself, in church, benefited by the civility of men, who have left their pew, and stood, during the whole service, in order to afford me room.

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blaze of light; she was much taken up with a youth, to whom, my neighbour at dinner informed me, she was engaged. * * * The women here, like those of most warm climates, ripen very early, and decay proportionably soon. They are, generally speaking, pretty, with good complexions, and an air of freshness and brilliancy; but this, I am told, is very evanescent; and whereas, in England, a woman is in the full bloom of health and beauty from twenty to five-and-thirty, here they scarcely reach the first period without being faded and looking old.* They marry very young, and this is another reason why age comes prematurely upon them. There was a fair young thing at dinner to-day, who did not look above seventeen, and she was a wife. As for their figures, like those of French women, they are too well dressed for one to judge exactly what they are really like: they are for the most part, short and slight, with remarkably pretty feet and ankles; but there's too much pelerine and petticoat, and "de quoi" of every sort to guess anything more. * * * * * There was a Mr. ———, the magnus Apollo of New York, who is a musical genius; sings as well as any gentleman need sing, pronounces Italian well, and accompanies himself without false chords; all which render him *the* man round whom (as round H——, G——, Lord C——, and that pretty Lord O——, in our own country,) the women listen and languish. He sang the Phantom Bark: the last time I heard it, was from the lips of Moore, with two of the loveliest faces in all the world hanging over him, Mrs. N—— and Mrs. B——. By the by, the man who sat next me at dinner was asking me all manner of questions about Mrs. N——; among others, whether she was "as pale as a poetess ought to be!" Oh! how I wish Corinne had but heard that herself! what a deal of funny scorn would have looked beautiful on her rich brown cheek and brilliant lips. The dinner was plenteous, and tolerably well dressed, but ill served: there were not half servants enough, and we had neither water-glasses nor finger-glasses. Now, though I don't eat with my fingers, (except peaches, whereat I think the aborigines, who were paring theirs like so many potatoes, seemed rather amazed,) yet do I hold a finger-glass at the conclusion of my dinner a requisite to comfort. After dinner we had coffee, but no tea, whereat my English taste was in high dudgeon. The gentlemen did not sit long, and when they joined us, Mr. ———, as I said before, uttered sweet sounds. By the by, I was not a little amused at Mr. ——— asking me whether I had heard of his singing, or their musical soirees, and seeming all but surprised that I had no revelations of either across the Atlantic. Mercy on me! what fools people are all over the world! The worst is, they are all fools of the same sort, and there is no profit whatever in travelling.

* The climate of this country is the scape-goat upon which all the ill looks and ill health of the ladies is laid; but while they are brought up effeminately as they are, take as little exercise, live in rooms like ovens during the winter, and marry as early as they do, it will appear evident that many causes combine with an extremely variable climate, to sallow their complexions, and destroy their constitutions.

A Storm.

A tremendous thunder-storm came on, which lasted from nine o'clock till past two in the morning: I never saw but one such in my life; and that was our memorable Weybridge storm, which only exceeded this in the circumstance of my having seen a thunderbolt fall during that paroxysm of the elements. But this was very glorious, awful, beautiful, and tremendous. The lightning played without the intermission of a second, in wide sheets of purple glaring flame that trembled over the earth for nearly two or three seconds at a time; making the whole world, river, sky, trees, and buildings, look like a ghostly universe cut out in chalk. The light over the water, which absolutely illumined the shore on the other side with the broad glare of full day, was of a magnificent purple colour. The night was pitchy dark, too; so that between each of these ghastly smiles of the devil, the various pale steeples and buildings, which seemed at every moment to leap from nothing into existence, after standing out in fearful relief against a back-ground of fire, were hidden like so many dreams in deep and total darkness. God's music rolled along the heavens; the forked lightnings now dived from the clouds into the very bosom of the city, now ran like tangled threads of fire all round the blazing sky. "The big bright rain came dancing to the earth," the wind clapped its huge wings, and swept through the dazzling glare; and as I stood, with eyes half veiled (for the light was too intense even upon the ground, to be looked at with unshaded eyes), gazing at this fierce holiday of the elements—at the mad lightning—at the brilliant shower, through which the flashes shone like daylight—listening to the huge thunder, as its voice resounded, and its heavy feet rebounded along the clouds—and the swift spirit-like wind rushing triumphantly along, uttering its wild pæan over the amazed earth;—I felt more intensely than I ever did before the wondrous might of these, God's powerful and beautiful creatures; the wondrous might, majesty, and awfulness of him their Lord, beneath whose footstool they lie chained, by his great goodness made the ministers of good to this our lowly dwelling-place. I did not go to bed till two; the storm continued to rage long after that.

(To be continued.)

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The Naturalist.

ATTEMPT TO NATURALIZE DROMEDARIES IN FRANCE.

THE surface of the globe presents many extensive, uncultivated spots, the soil of which, although fruitful, is not suitable in its present state for the production of large forests. Destitute of mountains, it extends itself into vast plains. These extensive solitary places, which differ greatly from each other, are called *steppes*, in the Russian empire; *jungles*, in India; *karroos*, in Southern Africa; *savanes*, *llanos*, and *pampas*, in America. Similar solitary places, but infinitely less extensive, are found in Western Europe, where they give to them the names of *arendal*, in Spain; *hayden*, in the north of Germany; and *landes*, or heaths, in France. These solitudes, which most travellers mistake for real deserts, differ from them altogether, for the former admit of cultivation.

"The Lord hath made all things for himself," Prov. xvi. 4., (so that they agree with each other,) at the same time that he hath varied the nature of the soil and the appearance of the earth, hath created animals for the various parts, and hath given them forms and faculties most suited to the habitation appointed for them. David says, "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house."—"The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies."—"The young lions (in the forests) roar after their prey."—Psalms civ. 17, 18, 21. Providence has not forgotten the wide wastes; he has also given them inhabitants. With the dromedary, or Arabian camel, the Arabians want for nothing; without it, they could neither live, trade, nor travel.

It has been thought that the Arabian camel might be very serviceable in the Landes. On the 6th of January last, five dromedaries arrived at Mont de Marsan, driven by a Frenchman and an African. They were sent from Africa by the government to M. Larvillet, iron-master in the Landes. The African who drove them wears the Turkish dress; he will probably remain in the Landes some months to teach the owner's servants how to manage these beasts. The experiment may prove advantageous. Dromedaries will travel with great swiftness through the roads of this country, which are neither fit for carts nor horses. If they should breed, and if the prejudices of the country people should wear off, they may increase the wealth of the Landes and the comfort of its inhabitants.

We hope that when seeing the camel, which is much taller than any animal of our own country, they will remember in the midst of their expected plenty these words of Jesus Christ:—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." But notwithstanding let them not be discouraged; since Jesus Christ has also said at the same time:—"The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God."—*Almanach des Bons Conseils*, 1835. T. S. A.

SCALES OF FISH.

THE scales of fish are beautiful objects for the microscope. Those of the roach are inserted half way into the skin, with the round part outwards; they are perfectly transparent; the skin being covered with minute spots, which produce the colour of the fish; and each scale is silvered underneath, almost in the same manner as a looking-glass. Fishermen state that they at one time sold the scales of roach and dace for 10*s*. a pint, and the scales of bleak as high as 20*s*. a pint; for making imitation pearls, which is done by running a composition made with the scales into the inside of hollow glass beads.

The scales of the eel are very small, and placed diagonally, in such a manner as to allow of the freest motion.—A. J. ROGERS.

THE OAK.

A GENTLEMAN in Northampton has made the experiment of growing an acorn in a hyacinth glass on the mantel-piece with perfect success; it was suspended in the end of November, and the germ made its appearance in January. The stem is now about nine inches in length, and is covered with leaves. The root is very long and abundant. Within the last few weeks, the water, which had hitherto retained its clearness, has become of a bright, brown colour.—*Times*, May 21.

The Gatherer.

Suiting the Action to the Word.—A Baptist minister from Derbyshire, being engaged to preach at Sheepshead, took for his text the fifth chapter of Matthew, fourth verse: "If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." In the course of the sermon, he strenuously enforced the Christian duty of overcoming evil with good; but to his no little astonishment, when he was about to enter his gig, which stood in an adjoining yard, he found his cloak and coat were both gone; the thief having written on the wall with chalk, "I have taken your cloak, and I hope you will give me your coat." W. G. C.

First printed Portrait.—Lord Orford says "so congenial an art as engraving, when once discovered, could not fail to spread in an age of literature. That accomplished prelate, Archbishop Parker, who thought that whatever tended to enlighten and cultivate the human mind, was within his province, seems to have been the most conspicuous patron of the art, in the reign of Elisa-

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beth. He employed in his Palace at Lambeth, a painter and two or three engravers. Of these engravers, the chief was Remigius Hogenbergh, who twice engraved the archbishop's head, which, if Vertue be right, was the first portrait printed in England, from an engraving on copper. P. T. W.

Fine Writing.—An inn in Verona, bearing the name of the Tower of London, (*Torre di Londra,*) has a circular printed in Italian, German, French, and English; of the latter, the following is the *verbatim et literatim* copy:—"*Circulatory.* The old Inn of London's tower, placed among the more agreeable situations of Verona's course, belonging at Sir Theodosius Zignoni, restored by the decorum most indulgent to good things of Life's easie's which are favoured from every arts liable at inn same, with all objects that is concerned conveniency of stage coaches. Do offers at innkeeper the constant hope to be honoured from a great concourse, where politeness, good genius of meats to delight of nations, round table, table of innkeeper coffee house, hackney coach, men servants of place, swiftness of service, and moderation of prices, shall arrive of accomplish at him every satisfaction and at Sirs who will do the favour honouring him with a very assured kindness."

Allegories, (from an old work).—Every man may learn the elements of geography, which is the most noble science in the world, from an attention to the temperature of his own mind:—Melancholy is the North Pole, Envy the South, Choler the Torrid Zone, Ambition the Zodiac, Joy the Ecliptic Line, Justice the Equinoctial, Prudence and Temperance the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, Patience and Fortitude the Tropics.

Justice should be a man's governor; Prudence his counsellor; Temperance his friend; Fortitude his champion; Hope his food; Charity his house; Sincerity his porter; Wit his companion; Patience his mistress; Reason his secretary; Judgment his steward.

How many revolutions of infinite moment and magnitude have originated in trifles.

S. T. B.

Diving Bells.—The first diving bell was nothing but a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before the Emperor Charles V., when they descended in it with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a ship with everything necessary for his undertaking; but, being unsuccessful, Phipps returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel, but failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of 200 tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labours proved fruitless; but at length, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of 200,000*l.* sterling. Of this sum he got about 20,000*l.*, and the Duke 90,000*l.* Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present house of Mulgrave. G. H.

Dutch Method of salting Herrings.—As soon as the herrings are out of the sea, the Dutch barreller kills them, draws them, leaves the roe or eggs, washes them in fresh water, and *liquors* them. Then he puts them into a tub of strong brine made from fresh water and sea-salt, in which they remain twelve or fifteen hours. When taken out of the liquor, he lets them drain, then lays them in beds in the cags, or barrels, the bottom of which is covered with a layer of salt. When the cag is full, he puts on a layer of salt and stops down the barrels closely, in order to preserve the brine, and to prevent their taking vent; without which the herrings could not be preserved. As soon as they are landed, he proceeds to the second salting, which is done as follows:—he knocks out the heads of the barrels, takes out the herrings, which are thrown into a tub, where they are washed and cleaned in their own brine; after which they are rebarrelled in new casks, the heads on the outside, and the tails in the middle, compressing them tightly by means of a press, so that a barrel holds one third more than it contained at first.—*Almanach des Bons Conseils,* 1835. T. S. A.

Charles I.—Lord Clarendon used to say that one of the first circumstances which gave disgust to the people of England, and to some of the nobility, was a hint thrown out by Charles I., at the commencement of his reign, "that he thought all the ecclesiastical revenues that had been seized and distributed by Henry VIII., ought to be restored to the church." S. T. B.

Lines inscribed on Aston Hall, near Birmingham.

"If service be thy meane to thrive,
Thou must therein remaine,
Both silent, faithful, just and true,
Content to take some paine.
If love of virtue may allure,
Or hope of worldly gaine,
If fear of God may thee procure,
To serve do not disdaine."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 724.] SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835. [PRICE 2*d*.

EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE:

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF ESNE.

Esne, Esneh, or Asnah, (called by the Egyptians *Suté* or Sua,) is an important city of Upper Egypt, on the left bank of the Nile, about twenty-seven miles south of the ruins of Thebes. It was known to the Greeks and Romans by the name of Latopolis, among the ruins of which stands the above temple —a stupendous specimen of Egyptian architecture, which has, perhaps, obtained from travellers less notice than it deserves, and must unquestionably have belonged to one of the most elegant structures in Egypt. Of this magnificent ruin, we find the following details in Mr. St. John's recent Travels.*

"The length of the pronaos, (or portico,) is one hundred and twenty-four feet, its depth sixty-seven: but from the great accumulation of the soil around, Mr. St. John could only conjecture that it may have been about fifty feet in height. It has an elegantly painted cornice, torus, and frieze, and its walls, columns, architrave, plinths, are richly sculptured with the mysterious figures of the gods and goddesses of Egypt; among which that of Osiris Ammon, the ram-headed god of Thebes, is perhaps the most prominent. Unfortunately, the ruin is so closely and thickly surrounded by the houses of the inhabitants, that its walls can only be approached in a few places. The cella is entirely buried beneath the rubbish, and a part of the town built over it. Government having converted the portico into a warehouse, it is in some measure protected from wanton dilapidation; but, as the exterior intercolumniations, originally encumbered with a mural skreen, have now been built up to the architrave, the whole interior is buried in almost total darkness, and must be examined by tapers, like a hypogeum.

"Immense blocks of stone, resting on rafters of the same material, and extending from the façade to the cella, constitute the roof of the pronaos. The columns, twenty-four in number, and seventeen feet two inches in

* Egypt and Mohammed Ali; or, Travels in the Valley of the Nile. By James Augustus St. John. 2 vols 8vo. 1834. The Engraving is from one of the Lithographs in Mr. Wilkinson's still more recent Travels, — The Topography of Thebes, — already quoted.

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diameter, are disposed in six rows, three on either side of the entrance. The central intercolumniation, leading to the sekos, is seventeen feet in breadth; the others measuring nine feet three inches. A profusion of sculpture adorns the shafts, and the capitals are exceedingly beautiful, the foliage, which, in some cases, represents that of the palm-tree, projecting in a series of curves, leaf behind leaf, scarcely yielding in richness to that of the Corinthian order; while others consist of a cluster of lotus leaves, sculptured with equal delicacy, and no less beautifully arranged than the former. But although each column, viewed separately, irresistibly excites admiration, the effect of the whole is highly incongruous.

"Of the greater portion of the innumerable figures sculptured on the walls, the impenetrable gloom in which nearly the whole pronaos is wrapped, prevented Mr. St. John judging with precision; for the light of the tapers, which enabled him to make out the lower compartments, merely afforded glimpses of the dim, mysterious procession of gods and mortals which seemed still to move far above in endless files along the walls. On all sides we have gods with dogs' heads, and cats' heads; gods with monkeys' tails and rams' tails; with foolish faces, in ridiculous attitudes.

"The zodiac, as it is denominated, which adorns the ceiling of this portico, has, perhaps, attracted more notice than it deserves. Like that of Dendera, it would appear, in fact, to be merely a series of mythological figures, symbolical of the various offspring of the celestial Venus. On the southern wall, immediately under the zodiac, is a figure of Bouto, with the pschent and lituus mitre, seated on a throne, while a male god, with a sickle in his hand, is engaged before her in reaping what appears to be a handful of mingled lotus and dhourra. Farther back is an ibis-headed Thoth, throned and mitred, receiving an offering of the figure of a god, with a single feather on his head. Behind Thoth, or "Thrice Great Hermes," Aroëris, the hawk-headed divinity, appears to stand as an inferior. On the front of the cella there is a figure of Harpocrates, holding in one hand the yoni-lingam and flagellum, the fore-finger of the other being raised and pointed to his lips; while a male worshipper approaches him, bearing a costly offering, consisting of a bowl, a sceptre, a graduated staff, and a yoni-lingam. Near this group is Osiris on his throne, with Isis standing beside him, bearing on her head a globe, resting between the horns of a cow. Proceeding farther towards the north, we observe a youth playing on a kind of sistrum with eight strings, before Bouto, or Latona, who wields the bird-headed sceptre of the male divinities, her head being adorned with a single round-topped feather, bound on with a fillet or lotus stem.

"Among the interminable bas-reliefs on the columns are several winged scarabæi, holding between their claws, the mystic ball of cow's dung, from which, according to the Egyptians, they produced their young, without the aid of a female. This ball, when impregnated, was buried for twenty-eight days in the earth, after which, being uncovered, the young beetles crept forth;—a fable containing, according to mythologists, some mystic allusion to the revolution of the moon, which in that period seems to terminate and renew its existence. On the mural screen, extending between the columns in front of the pronaos, we find the figure of a crocodile upon a low pedestal, while a worshipper approaches it with offerings, which he seems about to place before the god upon an altar piled with fruit and other delicacies. The crocodile bears the globe, with the uræus in front, upon his head, and immediately behind him is another uræus with the outspread wings of the vulture. The door formerly leading into the sekos, and adorned with the usual frieze, cornice, moulding, and winged *globe*, is now built up, and plastered over with mud. Above the cornice is another globe, apparently that of the sun, with Osiris-Ammon standing up in its centre. On the northern exterior wall, Bouto is represented standing before the throne of Isis, bearing the Kteis-Phallus in one hand, and in the other the bird-headed sceptre, with a bow and two arrows; and in front of the two goddesses is an altar before which stands a male worshipper, bearing in one hand a staff, while the other is raised in an attitude of supplication. Upon another part of the wall, near Soukos and Ammon, is Boubasta, seated on a throne, bearing a bow and three arrows, while before her stands a hunter, just returned from the chase, with his slackened bow and unused arrows in his hand. To Ammon, who stands on the right hand of Boubasta, a worshipper is presenting an offering of five lotus flowers. A series of hawks with outspread wings runs along the upper part of the wall."

The precise date of the temple of Esné has been much disputed. Mr. St. John considers the ancient name Latopolis to signify "the City of Latona," the *Bouto* of the Egyptians—a goddess of great import in their mythology, who, it is said, possessed in Egypt an oracular shrine, celebrated for the truth of its responses, delivered, probably, from the identical temple the portico of which still exists. Yet, "the portico, on the ceiling of which the famous zodiac is painted, however ancient it may be, is less so than the cella, the front of which projects into the pronaos subsequently erected about it, so as to leave a small aperture between the original edifice and the

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mere modern addition. From the style of the architecture and sculpture, strongly resembling that of the temple of Philæ, it appears extremely probable that this pronaos is a Ptolemaic structure; consequently, the vast antiquity claimed for it by the fanciful interpreters of its zodiac is a vain chimera. How long the erection of the sekos may have preceded that of the pronaos, it is of course impossible to determine; but it would, I apprehend, be absurd to assign it a much older date, since the whole harmonizes well together, unlike the patchwork temple of Dakke in Nubia, where the modern additions are palpably in a different style from the original building."

Mr. Wilkinson observes, that "whatever may have been the date of the inner portion of this temple, the portico merely represents the names of some of the early Cæsars; those of Tiberius Claudius Cæsar Germanicus, and Autocrator Cæsar Vespasianus, occurring in the dedication over the entrance; and those of Trajan, Adrian, and Antoninus, in the interior." The same writer regrets that the pilasters containing the names of the Egyptian months, "as well as the general effect of this noble edifice, are now concealed from the view by a dismal brick wall, which, though it protects the cotton of the pacha, almost entirely excludes the light."

M. Champollion, in opposition to the supposition that the zodiac is two hundred years older than that of Denderah, is decidedly of opinion that the *great Temple of Esné*, as it is called, instead of being one of the most ancient buildings of Egypt, is one of the most modern. He draws this conclusion from the rudeness and stiffness of the bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics, as well as from the inscriptions. The latter contain merely the names of different Roman emperors. "The real age of the pronaos of *Esné*," adds M. Champollion, "is, therefore, not of a more remote period than of the reign of the emperor Claudius; and the sculpture, among which is the famous zodiac, are as late as the time of Caracalla." The marquis Spineto, in his Lectures on the Elements of Hieroglyphics, acquiesces in the opinion of Champollion.

TOMBS OF CHAPMAN AND PENDRELL.

(To the Editor.)

In No. 722 of the *Mirror*, page 362, in the article, "The Restoration of Charles II.," when speaking of the tomb of Chapman the poet, you say his tomb was demolished in taking down the old church: this must be an error; for the monument is at this time standing against the south wall of St. Giles's church. The inscription had become illegible, but, in the year 1827, Messrs. Parker and Birch, the churchwardens, caused the lines to be re-cut on a stone slab, and let into the original monument.

At the same time, they made an alteration in Pendrell's tomb, by inserting one panel in each of the north and south sides, instead of the two, as they appear in your Engraving; and a new panel in the east and west sides. The inscription on the top having become nearly extinct, the head lines were then also re-cut on the north side, and the verses on the south side.

Mr. Parker caused also an oak to be planted at the end of Pendrell's tomb; but, from frequently removing the adjacent earth, the tree died.

The custom of decorating the tomb with oak branches was revived this year

June 1st, 1835. A. LIDDLE.

*** We thank our Correspondent for these important corrections, and feel pleasure in recording the public spirit of the Churchwardens who have caused to be repaired these interesting memorials of genius and loyalty. A point still remains to be rectified. We have stated that Chapman was buried in the old church of St. Giles, which was taken down in 1624; whereas, the poet died ten years subsequent to this date, and fourteen years after the date in the inscription, or 1620, according to a plate in Smith's Antiquities, published in 1795; and the inscription, as restored in 1827. The church was rebuilt in 1695, and built a third time in 1730—1735; so that if the date on the tomb bespeak its erection, it must have been placed in or against the first church.

Manners and Customs.

BELVOIR CASTLE.

It has long been customary, when any of the Royal Family visit Belvoir Castle, for the chief of the family of Staunton, of Staunton Hall, in Nottinghamshire, personally to appear and present the key of the stronghold of the castle, (called Staunton's Tower,) to the Royal visiter. This ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Staunton, in virtue of his manor of Staunton, commonly called "Castle Guard," with an appropriate speech to the Prince Regent, (George IV.,) when his Royal Highness was present at the christening of the Marquis of Granby, in 1814. Dr. Staunton's son performed the same ceremony as his father's deputy, when the late Duke of Gloucester visited Belvoir.—*History of the Commoners.*

THE GAULS.

(From the French.)

GAUL, (now France,) says the old poet Budée, boasts a race of men, intrepid, and exceedingly fitted for war.

One may behold the Gauls, (says Cæsar,) though mortally wounded, yet willing to rush upon the enemy, and falling, laugh and die. They plunge their new-born children in cold water, to render them hardy.

According to the same authority, the

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Gauls were curious to excess; they stopped travellers, and gathered round them, in public places to inquire the news: they showed themselves generous, confiding, and sincere. They were fond of ornaments, and wore bracelets, necklaces, and rings, and girdles of gold. They dyed their hair red, with a pomatum composed of goat's fat and beech ashes; and when they marched to battle, made themselves of terrible aspect, by surmounting their heads with a long mane of hair the colour of blood.

Vergobrets, or sovereigns, (the first magistrates,) powdered their hair and beard, on days of ceremony, with gold-dust. Women were admitted into all councils called to treat of peace and war. In these, the men appointed to keep silence, had the privilege of cutting off a small piece of the dress of those who made too much noise. A man too fat was obliged to pay a fine, which was augmented or lessened in proportion to the increase or diminution of his *embonpoint*.

When a girl became of marriageable age, her father invited the young men of the neighbourhood to dinner, that she might select from them, him who most pleased her; and to show this preference, he was the first to whom she presented the basin, after dinner, for the performance of his ablutions.* To settle a lawsuit, the Gauls had frequently recourse to the Judgment of the Two Ravens, thus:—the parties placed on the same piece of board two cakes of meal, moistened with oil and wine, and carried them to the borders of a certain lake, where, ere long, a couple of ravens made their appearance, scattered one, and ate up the other. The owner of the scattered cake gained his cause.

The Gauls reckoned by nights; and this custom held good till the twelfth century; they spoke of fifteen nights instead of fifteen days.—[Is it in England then, a relic of barbarism to speak of fourteen nights—a fortnight—instead of so many days? We know not; but have, at least, a high authority for this mode of calculation:—who does not recollect that, "the evening and morning made the first day?" and so on throughout the six, of creation.] M. L. B.

RIDING THE POLE.

"On April 2nd," says the *Exeter Flying Post*, of two or three years since, "a fair is held at Broadclist, about five miles from the city: the day after is devoted by the people of the place to holiday-making, and amongst the games and pastimes set afloat, it is usual for one to be placed in the situation of judge, before whom, all such as can be laid hold of, are brought; and real or imaginary peccadillos being urged against them by a sham prosecutor, they are, of course, convicted, and amerced for penalties of liquor, in proportion to their supposed means; but, in default of payment, are made 'to ride the pole.' This is the being placed astride a rather slender pole, which is borne on the shoulders of the by-standers; and may be conceived to afford anything but a comfortable seat."

Is not this the same kind of rustic punishment, as that inflicted in several counties on hen-pecked husbands, scolding wives, faithless spouses, and disorderly characters of both sexes? — punishments known in different places by different names, but described in various volumes of the *Mirror*, as "Stanging," "Skimmington Riding," "Boarding," &c. And Mrs. Bray, in her novel of *Warleigh*, depicts, as a well-known Devonshire custom, and the same as the above-named, that summary act of justice, inflicted by an enraged peasantry on the notorious Captain Doll,—the "Riding to Water." M. L. B.

* Rendered, after eating, most necessary then, (as even now in Oriental countries,) by the use of fingers for such purposes as were happily answered by knives and forks in later days.—Tr.

EARTHQUAKE.

This dreadful visitation, usually amongst Catholic Christians gives rise, most properly, to acts of penitence and prayer: it will scarcely be supposed that any nation on earth should deem it a cause of rejoicing; yet, as the author of *Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela* informs us, "The Caribi Indians assemble and dance to their rude music, in the great river Cattri, during a violent earthquake, rejoicing at an event which, they believe, bestows fresh vigour and fertility on the earth."

New Books.

MRS. BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

[We resume from page 382 our melange of extracts. It should be observed that Mrs. Butler does not appear insensible of the imperfections of herself; for, in the preface she writes,]—

The portion of America which I have visited has been a very small one, and, I imagine, by no means that from which the most interesting details are to be drawn. I have been neither to the south nor to the west; consequently have had no opportunity of seeing two large portions of the population of this country;—the enterprising explorers of the late wildernesses on the shores of the Mississippi,—and the black race of the slave states, both classes of men presenting peculiarities of infinite interest to the traveller: the one, a source of energy and growing strength, the other, of disease and decay, in this vast political body.

My sphere of observation has been confined to the Atlantic cities, whose astonishing mercantile prosperity, and motley mongrel so-

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cieties, though curious under many aspects, are interesting but under few.

What I registered were my immediate impressions of what I saw and heard; of course, liable to all the errors attendant upon first perceptions, and want of time and occasion for maturer investigation. The notes I have added while preparing the text for the press; and such opinions and details as they contain are the result of a longer residence in this country, and a somewhat better acquaintance with the people of it.

Written, as my journal was, day by day, and often after the fatigues of a laborious evening's duty at the theatre, it has infinite sins of carelessness to answer for; and but that it would have taken less time and trouble to re-write the whole book, or rather write a better, I would have endeavoured to correct them.

[In the first page is this pretty mem., gushfull of sincerity and delightful feeling.]

I had a bunch of carnations in my hand, which I had snatched from our drawing-room chimney;—English flowers!—dear English flowers! they will be withered long before I again see land, but I will keep them until I once more stand upon the soil on which they grew.

Baltimore Theatre.

At half-past five, took coffee, and off to the theatre. The play was Romeo and Juliet; the house was extremely full; they are a delightful audience. My Romeo had gotten on a pair of trunk breeches, that looked as if he had borrowed them from some worthy Dutchman of a hundred years ago. Had he worn them in New York, I could have understood it as a compliment to the ancestry of that good city; but here, to adopt such a costume in Romeo, was really perfectly unaccountable. They were of a most unhappy choice of colours, too,—dull, heavy-looking blue cloth, and offensive, crimson satin, all bepuckered, and beplaited, and bepuffed, till the young man looked like a magical figure growing out of a monstrous, strange-coloured melon, beneath which descended his unfortunate legs, thrust into a pair of red slippers, for all the world like Grimaldi's legs *en costume* for clown. The play went off pretty smoothly, except that they broke one man's collar-bone, and nearly dislocated a woman's shoulder by flinging the scenery about. My bed was not made in time, and when the scene drew, half a dozen carpenters in patched trousers and tattered shirt sleeves were discovered smoothing down my pillows, and adjusting my draperies. The last scene is too good not to be given verbatim:—

Romeo.—Rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms.

Here he pounced upon me, plucked me up in his arms like an uncomfortable bundle, and staggered down the stage with me.

Juliet (aside.)—Oh, you've got me up horridly!—that'll never do: let me down, pray let me down.

Romeo.—There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!

Juliet (aside.)—Pray, put me down; you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly.

In the midst of "cruel, cursed fate," his dagger fell out of his dress; I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end.

Romeo.—Tear not our heart-strings thus!
They crack! they break!—Juliet! Juliet! (*dies.*)

Juliet (to corpse.)—Am I smothering you?

Corpse (to Juliet.)—Not at all; could you be so kind, do you think, as to put my wig on again for me?—It has fallen off.

Juliet (to Corpse.)—I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you?

(*Corpse nodded.*)

Juliet (to Corpse.)—Where's your dagger?

Corpse (to Juliet.)—'Pon my soul, I don't know.

Visit to Black Hawk.

At a little after ten, —— came to take us to see the savages. We drove down, D—, my father, he, and I, to their hotel. We found, even at that early hour, the portico, passage, and staircase, thronged with gazers upon the same errand as ourselves. We made our way, at length, into the presence chamber; a little, narrow, dark room, with all the windows shut, crowded with people, come to stare at their fellow wild beasts. Upon a sofa sat Black Hawk, a diminutive, shrivelled looking, old man, with an appearance of much activity in his shrunk limbs, and a calmness and dignified self-composure in his manner, which, in spite of his want of size and comeliness, was very striking. Next to him sat a young man, the adopted son of his brother the prophet; whose height and breadth, and peculiar gravity of face and deportment, were those of a man nearly forty, whereas he is little more than half that age. The undisturbed seriousness of his countenance was explained to me by *their keeper*, thus: he had, it seems, the day before, indulged rather too freely in the delights of champagne, and was suffering just retribution in the shape of a headach, —unjust retribution I should say; for, in his savage experience, no such sweet, bright poison had ever before been recorded, *I guess*, by the after pain it causes. Next to him sat Black Hawk's son, a noble, big, young creature, like a fine, Newfoundland puppy, with a handsome, scornful face, which yet exhibited more familiarity and good-humoured amusement at what was going on than any of the rest. His hair was powdered on the top, and round the ears, with a bright, vermilion-coloured powder, and knots of scarlet berries or beads, I don't know which, hung

like ear-rings on each side of his face. A string of glass beads was tied round his naked throat; he was wrapped in a large blanket, which completely concealed his form, except his legs and feet, which were clothed in common leather shoes, and a species of deerskin gaiter. He seemed much alive to what was going on, conversed freely in his own language with his neighbour, and laughed once or twice aloud, which rather surprised me, as I had heard so much of their immovable gravity. The costume of the other young man was much the same, except that his hair was not adorned. Black Hawk himself had on a blue cloth surtout, scarlet leggings, a black silk neck handkerchief, and ear-rings. His appearance altogether was not unlike that of an old French gentleman. Beside him, on a chair, sat one of his warriors, wrapped in a blanket, with a cotton handkerchief whisped round his head. At one of the windows apart from their companions, with less courtesy in their demeanour, and a great deal of sullen savageness in their serious aspects, sat the great warrior, and the prophet of the tribe—the latter is Black Hawk's brother. I cannot express the feeling of commiseration and disgust which the whole scene gave me. That men such as ourselves, creatures with like feelings, like perceptions, should be brought, as strange animals at a show, to be gazed at the live-long day by succeeding shoals of gaping folk, struck me as totally unfitting. The cold dignity of the old chief, and the malignant scowl of the prophet, expressed the indecency and irksomeness of such a situation. Then, to look at those two young savages, with their fine muscular proportions, and think of them cooped up the whole horrible day long, in this hot prison-house full of people, made my heart ache. How they must loathe the sight of these narrow walls, and the sound of these strange voices! how they must sicken for their unmeasured range of wilderness! The gentleman who seemed to have the charge of them pressed me to go up and shake hands with them, as every body else in the room did; but I refused to do so from literal compassion, and unwillingness to add to the wearisome toil they were made to undergo. As we were departing, however, they reiterated their entreaties that we would go up and shake hands with them,—so I did. Black Hawk and the young men received our courtesy with great complaisance; but when we went to the great warrior and the prophet, they seemed exceedingly loath to receive our hands, the latter particularly, who had, moreover, one of the very worst expressions I think I ever saw upon a human countenance. I instinctively withdrew my hand; but when my father offered his, the savage's face relaxed into a smile, and he met his greeting readily. I wonder what pleased him about my father's appearance, whether it was his large nose or not. I had a silver vinaigrette in my pouch, which I gave Black Hawk's son, by way of keepsake: it will make a charming present for his squaw.

BELFORD REGIS.—BY MISS MITFORD.

(*Concluded from page 388.*)

Children out of Doors.

Of all living objects, children, out of doors, seem to me the most interesting to a lover of nature. In a room, I may, perhaps, be allowed to exercise my privilege as an old maid, by confessing that they are in my eyes less engaging. If well-behaved, the poor little things seem constrained and *gênés*—if ill-conducted, the *gêne* is transferred to the unfortunate grown-up people, whom their noise distracts and their questions interrupt. Within doors, in short, I am one of the many persons who like children in their places,—that is to say, in any place where I am not. But out of doors there is no such limitation: from the gipsy urchins under a hedge, to the little lords and ladies in a ducal demesne, they are charming to look at, to watch, and to listen to. Dogs are less amusing, flowers are less beautiful, trees themselves are less picturesque.

I cannot even mention them without recalling to my mind twenty groups or single figures, of which Gainsborough would have made at once a picture and a story. As, the pretty scene of childish distress which I saw last winter on my way to East Court, —a distress which told its own story as completely as the picture of the broken pitcher! Driving rapidly along the beautiful road from Eversley-bridge to Finchamstead, up hill and down; on the one side a wide shelving bank, dotted with fine old oaks and beeches, intermingled with thorn and birch, and magnificent holly, and edging into Mr. Palmer's forest-like woods; on the other, an open hilly country, studded with large single trees. In the midst of this landscape, rich and lovely even in winter, in the very middle of the road, stood two poor cottage children, a year or two younger than the damsel of Oxford; a large basket dangling from the hand of one of them, and a heap of barley-meal—the barley-meal that should have been in the basket—the week's dinner of the pig, scattered in the dirt at their feet. Poor little dears, how they cried! They could not have told their story, had not their story told itself;—they had been carrying the basket between them, and somehow it had slipped. A shilling remedied that disaster, and sent away all parties smiling and content.

Then again, this very afternoon, the squabbles of those ragged urchins at cricket on the common—a disputed point of *out* or *not out*?

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The eight-year-old boy who will not leave his wicket; the seven and nine-year-old imps who are trying to force him from his post; the wrangling partisans of all ages, from ten downwards, the two contending *sides*, who are bawling for victory; the grave, ragged umpire, a lad of twelve, with a stick under his arm, who is solemnly listening to the cause; and the younger and less interested spectators, some just breeched, and others still condemned to the ignominious petticoat, who are sitting on the bank, and wondering which party will carry the day!

What can be prettier than this, unless it be the fellow group of girls—sisters, I presume, to the boys—who are laughing and screaming round the great oak; then darting to and fro, in a game compounded of hide-and-seek and base-ball. Now tossing the ball high, high amidst the branches; now flinging it low along the common, bowling, as it were, almost within reach of the cricketers; now pursuing, now retreating, running, jumping, shouting, bawling—almost shrieking with ecstacy; whilst one sunburnt black-eyed gipsy throws forth her laughing face from behind the trunk of the old oak, and then flings a newer and a gayer ball—fortunate purchase of some hoarded sixpence—amongst her admiring playmates. Happy, happy children! that one hour of innocent enjoyment is worth an age!

Belford thirty years since.

Belford is thirty years older since the joyous Christmas holidays which have left so pleasant an impression on my memory, and more than thirty years larger, since it has increased and multiplied, not after the staid and sober fashion of an English country town, but in the ratio of an American city—Cincinnati for instance, or any other settlement of the West, which was the wilderness yesterday, and starts into a metropolis to-morrow. Moreover, I doubt if the habits of the middle ranks in England be as sociable now as they were then. The manners immortalized by Miss Austen are rapidly passing away. There is more of finery, more of literature, more of accomplishment, and, above all, more of pretension, than there used to be. Scandal vanished with the tea-table; gossiping is out of fashion; jokes are gone by; conversation is critical, analytical, political—anything but personal. The world is a wise world, and a learned world, and a scientific world; but not half so merry a world as it was thirty years ago. And then, courteous reader, I too am thirty years older, which must be taken into the account; for if those very supper-parties, those identical Christmas holidays, which I enjoyed so much at fourteen, were to return again bodily, with all their "quips and cranks, and jollity," it is just a thousand to one but they found the woman of forty-four too grave for them, and longing for the quiet and decorum of the elegant *conversazione* and select dinners of 1834: of such contradictions is this human nature of ours mingled and composed!

The Cheese Fair.

The great fair at Belford had even higher pretensions to public favour than a deep-rooted old English feeling. It was a scene of business as well as of amusement, being not only a great market for horses and cattle, but one of the principal marts for the celebrated cheese of the great dairy countries. Factors from the west and dealers from London arrived days before the actual fair-day; and wagon after wagon, laden with the round, hard, heavy merchandise, rumbled slowly into the Forbury, where the great space before the school-house, the whole of the boys' play-ground, was fairly covered with stacks of Cheddar and North Wilts. Fancy the singular effect of piles of cheeses several feet high, extending over a whole large cricket-ground, and divided only by narrow paths littered with straw, amongst which wandered the busy chapmen, offering a taste of their wares to their cautious customers the country shopkeepers (who poured in from every village within twenty miles), and the thrifty housewives of the town, who, bewildered by the infinite number of samples, which to an uneducated palate seemed all alike, chose at last almost at random! Fancy the effect of this remarkable scene, surrounded by cattle, horses, shows, and people, the usual moving picture of a fair; the fine gothic church of St. Nicholas on one side; the old arch of the abbey, and the abrupt eminence called Forbury hill, crowned by a grand clump of trees, on the other; the Mall, with its row of old limes and its handsome houses, behind; and in front, the great river flowing slowly through green meadows, and backed by the high ridge of Oxfordshire hills;—imagine this brilliant panorama, and you will not wonder that the most delicate ladies braved the powerful fumes of the cheese—an odour so intense that it even penetrated the walls and windows of the school-house—to contemplate the scene. When lighted up at night, it was perhaps still more fantastic and attractive, particularly before the Zoological gardens had afforded a home to the travelling wild beast, whose roars and howlings at feeding-time used to mingle so grotesquely with the drums, trumpets, and fiddles of the dramatic and equestrian exhibitions, and the laugh, and shout, and song of the merry visiters.

Oranges.

I have an exceeding affection for oranges and the smell of oranges in every shape: the leaf, the flower, the whole flowering tree, with its exquisite elegance, its rare union of rich-

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ness and delicacy, and its aristocratic scarcity and unwillingness to blossom, or even to grow in this climate, without light and heat, and shelter and air, and all the appliances which its sweetness and beauty so well deserve. I even love that half-evergreen, flexible honeysuckle, with the long wreaths of flowers, which does condescend to spread and flourish, and even to blow for half the year, all the better, because its fragrance approaches nearer to that of the orange blossom than any other that I know: and the golden fruit with its golden rind, I have loved both for the scent and the taste from the day when a tottering child, laughing and reaching after the prize which I had scarcely words enough to ask for, it was doled out to me in quarters, through the time when, a little older, I was promoted to the possession of half an orange to my own share, and that still prouder hour when I attained the object of my ambition, and had a whole orange to do what I liked with, up to this very now, when, if oranges were still things to sigh for, I have only to send to Mrs. Hollis's shop, and receive in return for one shilling, lawful money of Great Britain, more of the golden fruit than I know what to do with. Everybody has gone through this chapter of the growth and vanity of human wishes—has longed for the fruit, not only for its own sweetness, but as a mark of property and power, which vanish when possessed—great to the child, to the woman nothing. But I still love oranges better and care for them more than grown people usually do, and above all things I like the smell; the rather, perhaps, that it puts me in mind of the days when, at school in London, I used to go to the play so often, and always found the house scented with the quantity of orange-peel in the pit, so that to this hour that particular fragrance brings John Kemble to my recollection. I certainly like it the better on that account, and as certainly, although few persons can be less like the great tragedian—glorious John!—as certainly I like it none the worse for recalling to my mind, my friend Mrs. Hollis.

My friend Mr. Jerrold has added still another theatrical association by his inimitable creation of Orange Moll—a pleasant extravagance worthy of Middleton.

An Equivoque.

As an illustration both of her passion for politics, and of the way in which one is oneself possessed by the subject that happens to be the point of interest at the moment, I cannot help relating an equivoque which occurred between Mrs. Hollis and myself. I had been to London on theatrical business, and called at the shop a day or two after my return, and our little marketing being transacted, and civil inquiries as to the health of the family made and answered, I was going away, when Mrs. Hollis stopped me by asking "how they were getting on at the two great houses in London?"—"Badly enough, I am afraid, Mrs. Hollis," said I.—"No doubt, ma'am," responded the lady of the orange-shop; "but what can be expected from such management?"—Just then fresh customers entered, and I walked off wondering what Mrs. Hollis could have heard of Drury-lane and Covent-garden, and their respective mismanagements, and how she came to know that I had been tossing in those troubled waters, when all on a sudden it occurred to me that, strange as it seemed for people to talk to me of politics, she must have meant the Houses of Lords and Commons. And so she did.

UPTON, BUCKS.

A VIGNETTE from this picturesque little parish has already been figured in vol. xviii. of our Miscellany, with some particulars of its antiquity. In the church are some ancient memorials of the family of Latton, who, so

(Upton Court.)

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early as the year 1304, had a seat at Upton, where they continued during, until, and through part of, the sixteenth century. The tithes of Upton formerly belonged to the prior and convent of Bermondsey, to whom they were granted in 1072. The parish was undoubtedly, in past ages, a place of some importance. The delightful retreat, Upton Court, represented below, is stated to have been originally a priory, and there are said to exist a few traces of its monastic appropriation.

Notes of a Reader.

ENGLISH POOR-HOUSES.

[We find the following graphic details in the paper—English Charity—in the *Quarterly Review*, lately published. The author is understood to be Sir Francis Head, and states that he accompanied the Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner into East Kent: for four months he never left him for a moment—in fact, the writer was his shadow, and with him, inspected every poor-house in East Kent.]

To give our readers a full and correct notion of the poor-houses in East Kent would be almost as difficult as to sketch him a picture of the variegated surface of this globe. We will endeavour to commence the task by describing, first, the buildings, and then their inmates. The River workhouse, which is on the great Dover road, about three miles from the town, is a splendid mansion, which Mr. Robins would designate as "delightfully situate," and fit for the residence of a "county member" or "NOBLEMAN OF RANK." Modestly retired from the road, it yet proudly overlooks a meandering stream, and the dignity of its elevation, the elegant chasteness of its architecture, the massive structure of its walls, its broad double staircase, its spacious halls, its lofty bed-rooms, and its large windows, form altogether "a delightful retreat," splendidly contrasted with the mean little rate-paying hovels at its feet, which, like a group of wheelbarrows round the Lord Mayor's coach, are lost in the splendour of the gilded spectacle. And though, to be sure, it is not yet paid for—though many of its aged paupers, unable to reach its summit, naturally enough prefer to live "cheap and nasty" in a clinker-built shed which adjoins it—yet not a bit the less on that account does it stand a monument of our inexplicable wealth, a top-heavy symbol of our prosperity, a picture of English policy; it is, in short, for the pauper, what Greenwich Hospital is for the sailor.

Many of the Kentish poor-houses, which about forty years ago were simultaneously begotten by Gilbert's act, bear a strong family resemblance to the proud hero we have just described. Some are lofty, some low, but all are massive and costly; indeed, it would seem that, provided the plan was sufficiently expensive, no questions were asked. A considerable number of poor-houses, again, are composed of old farm-houses, more or less out of repair. Some are supported by props—many are really unsafe—several living alone in a field seem deserted by all but their own paupers—some stand tottering in a boggy lane, two miles from any dwelling—and in many cases they are so dilapidated, so bent by the prevailing wind, that it seems a problem whether the worn-out, aged inmate will survive his wretched hovel, or it him! Bidding adieu to brick walls and mud ones, broad staircases, and ladders, slated roofs and thatch, we will now proceed to enter these various dwellings.

In some of the largest of these habitations an attempt has evidently been made to classify and arrange the inmates, and, generally speaking, every apartment is exceedingly clean. In one large room are found sitting in silence a group of motionless worn-out men "with age grown double," but neither "picking dry sticks" nor "mumbling to themselves." With nothing to do—with nothing to cheer them—with nothing in this world to hope for—with nothing to fear—gnarled into all sorts of attitudes, they look more like pieces of ship-timber than men. In another room are seen huddled together in similar attitudes a number of old exhausted women, clean, tidy, but speechless and deserted. Many, we learned, had seen brighter days, and in several instance we were informed that their relations (we will not insult them by calling them *friends*) were "well off in the world;" but whenever we asked whether they were often visited, we invariably received the same reply, "*Oh, no! people seldom takes any notice of 'em after they once gets here.*"

In large airy bed-rooms (separate of course) were found men and women all bed-ridden. As we passed between two ranges of trestles almost touching each other, nothing was to be seen but a set of wrinkled faces which seemed more dead than alive. Many had been lying there for years—many had been inmates of the poor-house for fourteen, fifteen, and eighteen years—few seemed to have any disorder—they were wanting nothing, asking for nothing, waiting for nothing but their death. As we passed one poor man, he said he knew he was dying, and, raising his head from his pillow, he begged hard that "little George" might be sent for; but the master, accustomed to such scenes, would have considered the request inadmissible, had not the Assistant Commissioner ventured rather strongly to enforce it.

The only instance, in all the poor-houses we visited, of any stranger attending upon

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its inmates, was in a large room containing about thirty bed-ridden old females. On a trestle there was lying a woman who was not well—she was ill—very ill; in fact, she was dying. Her face was much flushed, she kept pulling at her bed-clothes, and, excepting in one direction, turn which way she would she seemed restless. The only attitude that appeared for a moment to suit her was when she cast her eyes upon a fine, healthy peasant lad, dressed in a smock-frock, saturated with brown clay, who sat by her bed-side. It was her son. Syllable by syllable, and with his finger helping him as he proceeded, he was attempting to read to her the Bible. The job was almost more than he could perform—his eyes, however, never left his book for a moment, but here occasionally turned upon his face, and then upon the sacred volume in his hand, the sight of both united seeming always to afford her a momentary ease amounting almost to pleasure.

In the Coxheath United-Workhouse we found the following group seated round a small fire:—

David Kettle	aged	99
William Pinson	,,	90
John Hollands	,,	90
Edward Baldwin	,,	76
John Latherby	,,	75

They were all leaning towards the *lad* Latherby, who, in a monotonous tone of voice, was very slowly reading the following prayer to them, out of a tract published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge:—"O Lord Almighty, who givest to thy creatures health and strength, and when thou seest fit visitest them with sickness and infirmity, be pleased to hear the prayers of those who are now afflicted by thy hand. Look down from heaven, behold, visit, and in thine own good time relieve them, and dispose them to place all their trust and confidence in thee, not in the help of man!"

On our taking the pamphlet from his hands to copy the words into our note-book, the five men never altered their attitudes, but during the whole operation sat like the frozen corpses which in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow were found still in the attitude of warming their hands round the white embers of their departed fire!

From these sad pictures of decrepitude we were generally conducted into the apartment belonging to the able-bodied women, who were ordered to rise from their chairs in honour of the entrance of strangers. In *their* robust outlines, certainly, no *wrinkles* were to be seen—whatever was their complaint they equally laboured under it all—nature's simplest hieroglyphic sufficiently denoted their state,

"And coming events cast their shadows before."

Adjoining this room, there was always a den of convalescents—a little land flowing with milk and honey, which is rather longer than described. On descending the staircase, the next scene was a room full of steady labourers out of work. In hob-nailed half-boots and dirty smock-frocks, they were generally sitting round a stove, with their faces scorched and half-roasted: as we passed them they never rose from their seats, and had generally an over-fed, a mutinous, and an insubordinate appearance. A room full of girls from five to sixteen, and another of boys of about the same age, completed the arrangement. In some cases, they were said to be "completely separated"—that is to say, they could not possibly meet without going up stairs, which "was forbidden." In other cases, they were, strange to say, separated only "till dusk;" and in many instances their rooms were divided, but they met together, whenever it so pleased them, in the yards. Such is the general state of the *large* poor-houses of East Kent.

In the smaller ones, the minute classification we have mentioned has been found impossible: all that is effected is to put the males of all ages into one room, and all the females into another. In these cases, the old are teased by the children, who are growled at when they talk, and scolded when they play, until they become cowed into silence. The able-bodied men are the noisy orators of the room; the children listen to their oaths, and, what is often much worse, to the substance of their conversation, while a poor idiot or two, hideously twisted, stands grinning at the scene, or, in spite of remonstrances, incessantly chattering to himself.

In the women's hall, which is generally separated only by a passage from the men's, females of all characters and of all shapes live with infants, children, and young girls of all ages.

In the small tottering hovels we have mentioned, we generally found seven or eight old people at the point of death, an able-bodied labourer or two, with a boy or a young girl. Sometimes we discovered but two or three inmates in these diminutive poor-huts:—there was always, however, a being termed "The Governor;" and in one case we found only two paupers, one being "His Excellency," and the other his guest—

"And so his man Friday kept his house neat and tidy,
For you knew 'twas his duty to do so,
Like brother and brother, who live one with another,
So lived Friday and Robinson Crusoe."

In these poor-houses, so falsely called *work*-houses, we found that the cost of keeping the paupers varied as widely as the character of the dwellings. As there at present exist in England about 500,000 in-door poor, the reader can calculate for himself that a single farthing per day, profusely expended upon each, amounts to rather more than 190,000*l.*

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a-year: this being the case, one would conceive that something like a fixed sum would have been determined upon: but from the reports of 280 parishes which are now lying before us, it appears that the cost of maintaining a pauper in Kent varies from 2*s.* 2*d.* a-week to 4*s.* 6*d.*; and strange to add, these sums are, in general, granted equally for all inmates,—men, women, children, and even infants a month old; sucking babies being, by pauper-law, as costly and as consumptive as full-grown ploughmen.

However, although there is this wide difference in the cost of the various poor-houses, yet throughout these receptacles the diet differs but little. Almost everywhere the Kentish pauper has what are called three meat-days a week, in many cases four meat-days, and in some cases five; his bread is many degrees better than that given to our soldiers; he has vegetables at discretion; and especially in the large workhouses, it is declared with great pride that "there is no stinting," but that "we gives 'em as much victuals as ever they can eat." It should, however, be observed that we detected a clause in this Act which it is only fair should be explained. It is very true, that the ploughman in the workhouse receives as much as ever he can eat—"*Provided always*," says the unwritten code, that he clears his plate before he asks for more." In order, therefore, to obtain a third edition of meat, he must previously manage to swallow greens and potatoes enough to choke a pig, and as he is confined to the sty with no other work to perform, our reader will not perhaps be surprised at our previous statement that the able-bodied pauper in the poor-house has the tight appearance of being over-fed.

* * * * *

It happened that when we visited the poor-house of Canterbury, which is conducted under a proclamation very similar to that we have just quoted, we witnessed a scene worth relating. The city is composed of fourteen united parishes, each of which furnishes two citizen-guardians. The government of the poor belongs also to the mayor and corporation, who are, generally speaking, liberal, well-educated men, but as the citizen-guardians out-vote them, they have long agreed to absent themselves from the workhouse Court. The fitting pride of this court is to stuff the pauper at the expense of the lean rate-payer; and on the day of our visiting their workhouse we found that little puddle in a storm. The contractor had happened to furnish a batch of bread, nutritive, wholesome, and to any hungry man most excellent, but a shade darker than was deemed fit for a pauper. We will not say how very many degrees whiter it was than the bread we have eaten with the Russian and Prussian armies—we will merely observe, it was considerably whiter than the "brown tommy" of our own soldiers, or than that species of luxury known in our fashionable world by the enticing appellation of brown bread. The Canterbury-guardians, however, had declared it to be unfit for the paupers, and the governor had consequently been obliged to furnish them with white bread from one of the bakers of the town. The Assistant Commissioner not only greedily ate of this bread, but respectfully forwarded a loaf of it to the poor-law board, who probably requested Mr. Chadwick to digest it and report thereon. The contractor, however, having the whole batch on his hands, and from pride not choosing publicly to dispose of it, ordered it to be given to his pigs. On proceeding to the sty we found these sensible animals literally gorged with it. All but one were lying on their sides in their straw, grunting in dreams of plethoric ecstacy—a large, hungry, pie-bald hog had just received his share, and as, looking at the Poor-Law Commissioner, he stood crunching and munching this nice bread, there was something so irresistibly comic in his eye, something so sarcastic and satirical, something in its twinkle, that seemed to say —"De gustibus non est disputandum!"—"Citizen-guardians for ever, and down with the poor-law amendment act!"—that the contractor himself was seen to smile,—

"And the devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
Of England's commercial prosperity!"

[It need not be observed that the gist of this paper is the defence of the Poor-Law Amendment Act. Into this subject we do not enter; but have merely quoted these ably written facts for their masterly vigour and impressive interest.]

The Public Journals.

A NURSERY REMINISCENCE.

"*Macduff*.—I cannot but remember such things were."—SHAKSPEARE.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindliest mood;
"There," said he, "you little fathead,
There's a top because you're good!"

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"

While Mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood—
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good!"

* * * * *

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play.

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I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and, with his pewter squirt,
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb;
She exclaim'd, with fond affection,
"Gracious Goodness! look at Jem!"

Pa' cried, when he saw my garment,
—'Twas a newly purchased dress—
"Oh! you nasty little *warment*,
How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar,
—Cruel only to be kind—
And, to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stouy-hearted—
"Little rascal! *sarve* him right!"

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play!

And the moral which they taught—I
Well remember:—Thus they said,
"Little boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipp'd and sent to bed!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

GILBERT GURNEY.—A JOVIAL PARTY.

[This is a happy *scene;* for in nothing is the writer so felicitous, or so much at home, as in describing a dinner, and its incidents. It is as choice in its way as the alderman's walk in a haunch of venison. Every circumstance here related may have occurred. Hull's rubicund face is from the life and to the life, and we never shall look upon it again without Hook in our mind's eye; the Sheriff is a capital city portrait; the wit of the barrister is attic salt to the feast; the poet's fine frenzy is laughably foiled; the actor is judiciously kept under; and, now-a-day, we rarely get any slices from even the *New Monthly* table that savour of such pleasant and genuine humour as the following.]

Passing along Pall-mall, I recognised a friend of my theatrical Mæcenas coming out of an auction-room, where an extensive book sale was going on. I was quite delighted! I scarcely expected, as I had abandoned dramatic literature, and absented myself from the Thespian votaries, that he would recognise me! On the contrary, his plump, rosy cheeks purpled with warmth and kindness, as he held out his hand to take mine, and protested that I was the very man he wanted most particularly to see.

Hull—for so was my warm-hearted friend called—was a very extraordinary person. He knew the business of everybody in London better than themselves. He "happened to know" everything that was going forward in all circles—mercantile, political, fashionable, literary, or theatrical; in addition to all matters connected with military and naval affairs, agriculture, finance, art, and science. Everything came alike to him; to *his* inquiring eye no mystery continued undiscovered,—from *his* attentive ear no secret remained concealed. He was plump, short, with an intelligent countenance, and near-sighted, and with a constitution and complexion fresh enough to look forty, at a time when I believed him to be at least four times that age. We had a joke against him, in those days, as to his antiquity, in which he heartily and good-naturedly joined, until at last we got him to admit—and, I almost think, believe—that he had sold gunpowder to King Charles the Second, and dined more than once with the witty Lord Rochester.

"Wanted to see me?" said I. "As how?"

"Wanted you to come and meet a few friends at my cottage at Mitcham," said Hull. "All plain and simple,—good wine, I promise you,—and pleasant company; but you are such a fellow, my dear friend. Pooh, pooh! don't tell me; there's no catching *you*." * * "Mine is but a box, all humble and lowly; there will be a bed at the inn for you to sleep in, and a garden full of gooseberries and currants to stroll about in."

"And pleasant pastime, too," said I. "I, for one, think the despised fruits of our country are amongst the most delicious."

"Despised!" said Hull; "pooh! pooh! nobody can despise gooseberries and currants like mine—I have thousands of them! *pooh!* pooh! currants as big as marbles! and gooseberries larger than hens' eggs!"

"I'll try them, depend upon it," said I; "what say you to to-morrow?"

"My dear sir, the very day I was going to fix," said Hull; "I knew your friend Daly was gone—went out of town by eight this morning—eh—come down to Mitcham—to-morrow you come to me—dine punctually at five—early folks in the country—none of your supper-time dinners there—remember, a bed for yourself—capital stable for your horses at the inn—civil people—very attentive to all *my* guests—know it would not do if they were not—hundreds of people go there in the course of the summer from my cottage. Good day — good day— you won't come any farther with me, I know you won't—city work don't suit you—God bless you—pooh! pooh!—remember five!"

In those days men drove "gigs," as they since have driven stanhopes, tilburies, dennets, and cabriolets, and I rather piqued myself upon my "turn-out;" my chestnut horse was a fast trotter, and in little more than three-quarters of an hour, from Westminster Bridge, I reached mine host's retreat, the locality of which was specially distinguished by its facing the common, and looking infinitely neater and more rural than the neighbouring houses, whose London-loving owners had decorated their hermitages, villas, cots, and cottages, with knockers, lamps, and brass-plates, one of which specially indicated not only that the red-brick edifice before me was "Belle-vue Lodge," but that its respectable owner's name was "Mr. Blutch."

When I drove up to the gate of Hull's

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house, I saw his good-natured face peering over the hedge which separated his garden from the road, like "a rose in June," flowering on its native stem; in a moment he was at his gate, and in another, I had set my foot in his domain, a little bijou of neatness, niceness, prettiness, and sweetness. I saw company in the garden—heard laughter in the bowers—and casting my eyes through two French windows which opened on the lawn, beheld a table covered for eight. The roses, the mignionette, the heliotropes, all combined their fragrance to refresh the air, and although from its proximity to the highway, Hull's servant had to brush his plants as he did his coat, every morning, to get rid of the dust, it was what the most fastidious critic must have pronounced a delightful little place.

Some of the assembled party were unknown to me, although none of them were unknown to fame; an enthusiastic poet, a witty and agreeable barrister, the editor of a weekly newspaper, a fashionable preacher, and an opulent city merchant, then one of the sheriffs of London, added to one of the popular actors with whom I was previously acquainted, formed a society which, from its miscellaneous character, promised a great treat to one who, like myself, at that time of my life, professed to be only a listener. The sequel, however, was a disappointment. Every one of the guests was celebrated for something, and each one was jealous of his neighbour. Hull, who pooh poohed them about in his best style, endeavoured to draw them out, and force every man to say or do something to contribute to the general amusement; but it was evidently an effort; the poet had a sovereign contempt for the barrister, and whenever he fired a pun, preserved the most imperturbable gravity. The barrister, who was moreover a critic, irritated the actor, who hated the newspaper editor, for the tone he had adopted in his theatrical reviews. The clergyman kept aloof from any controversy with the Thespian; and the Sheriff, who was worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, despised the whole party, and set them down as a parcel of paupers who were obliged to get their bread by the exercise of their talents.

The conversation at dinner consisted of little more than a repetition of pressings and refusings, and of challenges to drink wine, and observations upon the wine itself. The dessert, after Hull's description of his fruit, was rather a disappointment; the currants had been gathered, the gooseberries stolen, but there were still "bushels" of apples; and the cellar afforded the juice of the grape in its best possible state; "hundreds" of bottles graced the board, and every disposition to do ample justice to the profusion of our Amphytrion was manifested by his much-delighted guests.

The conversation, so long as "reason maintained her seat," was not much more cordial or vivacious than it had been earlier in the day. Bucklesbury, the *fetèd* of our host, was marked by his visiters as the general butt for their shafts, and the wags were most assuredly united, if in nothing else, in the determination to make him ridiculous. To say truth, he gave them but little trouble; but as the wine mounted, the feelings and passions of the party began to develope themselves; the claret acted as varnish to the picture, and brought out all the lights and shadows of their minds; and what struck me particularly, who drank less, or at least less rapidly than my companions, was that, exactly in proportion as their animosity towards each other became more evident, they affected an additional degree of candour, prefacing the bitterest and most sarcastic observations, with declarations such as "Not that *I* think so, it is only what I hear!"—"Of course I don't allude to any particular person!"—"I hope nobody will think;" and so on, until from "gentle converse and communing sweet," the dinner-room assumed the tone and character of a miniature Babel, a fact of which the neighbourhood appeared to be pretty well aware, since groups of Mitchamites were seen looking and listening over the neat trimmed hedge, which, in the earnestness of argument, every body had forgotten was all that separated us from the public road. As the clergyman had left the party some time before it had arrived at its acmé, we had few scruples about our audience, and Hull, who was quite a triton amongst the minnows of Mitcham, "liked it."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear friend, let them hear—they may go a long way before they hear so many clever people talking again. My dear sir, Mr. Bucklesbury, it is not worth *my* while to have dull people here—I value wit—I appreciate it—I have lived all my life with wits———"—"From Rochester downwards," said the Barrister.—"Thank my stars," said Bucklesbury, "I know very little about wits."—"Yet," said Duberly, "you seem always to have your wits about you."—"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, checking the vivacity of the lawyer—perfectly aware that his opulent and corpulent friend had as faint a notion of taking as of making a joke. —"Yes, sir," said the citizen, "the man must get up very early who hopes to master me. I've raised myself to my present high station—(Duberly's mouth curled, and the actor made a face)—by plain, plodding industry,—many a little makes a mickle, and you may rely upon it there are more fortunes saved than gained."—"But how the deuce," said Duberly, "is a man to begin saving, who has nothing to begin with?"—"Industry will always furnish the means, and economy will do the rest," said Bucklesbury.

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"Sir, I walked my way up to London with half-a-crown in my pocket, and I am now worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, and no man can say black's the white of my eye. I had a friend who left our native town the same day as I did—he travelled by the wagon——"—"Like the Thespians," said Duberly.—"Be quiet, Dub," said Hull, giving the barrister a wink, by way of caution not to irritate the actor.—"And what became *of him?*" said Duberly.—"Him!" exclaimed Hull; "pooh, pooh, Dubs, you know him very well—so do you, Tim—I think we all happen to know him—an excellent man—and an alderman—hey—Mr. Sheriff—eh—I'm right—eh,—you dog?"—"You are quite right," said the Sheriff.—"Oh!" said Duberly, "our friend Firkins?"—"*To* be sure," said Hull.—"Yes; but he's pretty well to do, as a body may say," said the barrister.—"Say!" exclaimed Hull; "what do you mean by 'a body may say?' he is a beggar—that's the consequence of his extravagance."—"A beggar!" said Duberly, "why he is an alderman."—"What has that to do with it?" said Hull.—"I can't exactly say as he is a beggar," said the Sheriff; "he has made his hundred thousand snug, *I'll* be sworn."—"Well, but my dear friend," said Hull, "that's being a beggar compared with *you*. My dear sir, I don't mean to say he begs about the streets, I mean to say he has not much more than a hundred thousand pounds."—"Riches, like everything else," said the poet, who was somewhat tired of the subject, and rather anxious to talk, "are comparative; I confess that the value of wealth appears to me to be exactly proportioned to the extent of benefits it enables one to confer——"—"Whose benefit is fixed?" said the actor, who hated sentimentality, stretching his head and hand forward, after the fashion of Sylvester Daggerwood.—"I don't mean theatrical benefits, sir," said the poet; "I mean those solid benefits which exalted benevolence confers on suffering genius—there *are* Mæcenases even in these days."—"That there is," said the Sheriff, "asses of all sorts, I can be sworn, but none much greater than what are called geniuses."—"Or Jenny asses," interrupted Duberly.—"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, "pray don't interrupt the Sheriff."—"I never knew but one genius in my life," said Bucklesbury; "and a queer genius he was: he belonged to the town I came from; he used to write verses, and play the fiddle, and sing the drollest songs I ever heard: he *was* a genius and a poet—and he was hanged for sheep-stealing."—"Clever fellow that," said Hull; "I happened to know him—Jem Fulcher—pooh! pooh!—I've got some of his poetry in my library now—extraordinary character—Tim knew him—eh—did not you?"—"Knew him! to be sure I *did*!" said the actor; "I gave an imitation of him after his death; very effective,—capital hit——"—"You came in second," said Duberly; "the hangman had taken him off first."—"I have often," said the newspaper editor, who had hitherto said nothing, "considered rendering the crime of sheep-stealing a capital offence, somewhat a stretch of severity."—"Good!" interrupted Duberly, "a very serious stretch, too——"—"I am not jesting, sir," said the editor; "a person in my station, appointed—I perhaps ought to say, self-appointed—censor of public morals, and arbiter of public opinion, feels himself bound to consider matutely and gravely every subject by which the great mass of the people are likely to be more or less affected."—"'Gad," said the barrister, "but the great mass of the people are not likely to turn sheep-stealers; so perhaps you might spare yourself the pain of undertaking so grave a task upon this particular subject."—"I have had a great respect for sheep-stealers, dead or alive," said the poet,—the Sheriff here drew his chair at least three feet from the inspired bard, who was evidently beginning an oration,—"ever since the days of Jason; the——"—"Well," said Bucklesbury, "*I* cannot agree with you there, *sir*."—"*I* speak of the Argonauts," continued the poet.—"Ah, sir," said Bucklesbury, "I don't mean to say a word against the family of the Arbuthnots. But I lived in the country as a boy, and I cannot justify to myself sheep-stealing in any shape whatsoever."

The expression of despair which the countenance of the poet exhibited, was admirably imitated by his opposite neighbour of the "sock and buskin;" and Duberly, who could no longer maintain his equivocal gravity, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Sir," continued the poet, who was very drunk, and getting rather angry, "trace the career of Jason from the moment he left the dragon——"—"Oh, sir!" interrupted the Sheriff, "if your friend goes to the Dragon, I don't say anything about it; I always use the Swan."—"Pray, sir," said the actor, with a look of imperturbable gravity, "how do you use a swan?"—"Like a goose," said Duberly, "I suppose."—"Mr. Hull," said the Sheriff, who did not understand the turn of the conversation, and did not know whether to be angry or pleased, "have you got any coffee for us?"—"Coffee!" said Hull, thrusting blue with exultation up to the roots of his hair; "my dear friend, I have three thousand weight of coffee in the house—to be sure there is coffee—and, hey—something after—*chasse*—I happen to know—splendid dogs you in the city—but I think I have some Maraschino that never was equalled."—"Have him out," said the barrister.—"Pooh! pooh!—my dear Dubs," said Hull; "you have had him out, as you call it, often enough—you and Tim there have drank

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enough to know its quality."—"How, sir," said the newspaper editor, "is the importation of these liqueurs managed? Isn't there something like a case to be made out against the government for permitting the introduction of foreign spirits?"—"Yes," said Duberly, "a liqueur-case."—"I am not joking, Mr. Duberly," said the editor, with a gravity more than proportioned to the occasion; "I speak, sir, for information—I act not for myself but the world at large; men who devote themselves to the service of their country, as I do, do so because they hope it will be profitable———"—"To themselves," interrupted Duberly.—"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, raising his glass to his eye, and frowning as severely as the kind, good-natured expression of his countenance would permit him, "you let nobody speak but yourself."—"I beg your pardon," said Dubs, sipping his wine with a provoking coolness, which seemed to indicate a determination to go on for some time, "everybody speaks, except myself, I only observe."—"I remain firm," said the editor, "to my question."—"I can't answer it," said the Sheriff, "for I am not in that line; I know nothing of the spirit business: but I'll be hanged, as far as taste goes, if I don't think good cherry-bounce flogs all the foreign trash in the world."—"You are joking, Mr. Bucklesbury," said Hull, who, whenever anybody candidly spoke in approbation of something of a secondary nature, according to price, fancied he was quizzing him, for Hull, with all his good nature, was tenderly susceptible of being made ridiculous.—"Not I," said the Sheriff; "I have often said to Mrs. B., when we have been dining out,—and when in course one always eats and drinks a considerable sight more than one does at home,—that I, for one, prefer rum-shrub or cherry-brandy to all the garuses, and mallyskinos, and curasores in the world. However, here, I suppose, you are too fine to have such a thing as cherry-bounce?"—"Bounce!" exclaimed Hull, "cherry-bounce, my dear friend!—there's Dubs can tell you—I have gallons of it—make it by hogsheads—I have seven hundred pints of it in the next room."

Upon saying which, he rang the bell, and ordered the servant—first giving him a key and a caution—to bring forth sundry bottles of the boasted beverage; for, let it always be remembered, that Hull's cases of what might be thought bounce, were all as genuine as this of the cherry-bounce,—he *had* all the things he talked of, but his magnificence in the way of provision was what one certainly was not prepared for; and therefore until a certain number of cherry-brandy bottles had been produced by way of ratification, it seemed almost impossible to believe the extent of his preparations for conviviality.

Just as we were going to coffee, Hull gave a sort of supplicatory, hinting look to the actor, indicating a desire that he would sing a song, which, since it grew very near to Monday, and the clergyman had long before departed, seemed not very sinful. Of course, he had a headach and a cold, and "never did," and so on: however, at last he complied, and gave us one of the most entertaining descriptions of a fair, or a fight, or a race—I now forget which—I ever heard in my life, interspersed with sundry imitations of men, women, and children, not to speak of animals, ornithological and mammalial, the effect of which was wound up to a screaming power of laughter, by his introducing the most perfect imitation of the Sheriff himself, who about two minutes after the exhibition began to be beyond measure comical, had dropped his dewlap on his frill, and fallen fast asleep.

Duberly was very much inclined to blacken the Sheriff's face with burnt cork: but Hull, who was the very pink, I might say the crimson, of propriety, would not hear of such a thing; and accordingly we waited until the actor, less scrupulous than Dubs, prepared, *secundum artem*, a pellet of bread, which, well and properly directed against the left eye of Mr. Bucklesbury, caused him to awake from his slumbers, which he did, grunting out, as he raised his head from his waistcoat, clapping his hand at the same time on the table, "Bravo!—very good! Thank you; very good, indeed!"

Up-stairs we went—the Sheriff, of course, taking precedence; and there we had our coffee, our *chasse*, and a little tranquillity; and during this pause, the Sheriff, next whom I was placed, began to talk to me. He had heard that I was neither poet, dramatist, editor, painter, nor player—in short, that I had no intellectual qualities by which I could possibly earn a shilling; but that, on the contrary, I had an income derivable from property which became hereditarily mine: he therefore felt a becoming respect for me. Besides, I had never attempted a joke—indeed, scarcely had spoken; and I therefore imagine I came up to what, in his fat mind, he considered a "quiet, gentlemanly man." He patronized—he fostered me, and I was grateful; and, after having looked at me with his fishy eyes for a minute or two, he asked me, with an earnestness which appeared ill-suited to the question, "whether I had ever eaten marrow-pudding?"

I was somewhat astounded, but I was quite sure it meant something kind, and would lead to something else; so I answered, as, indeed I could not fail to do, if truth were to be my guide, that I had not, nor could imagine how such a composition could be prepared.

"Dine with me to-morrow at the Old Bailey," said the Sheriff.

I said I was very much obliged, but——

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"But me no buts," said the Sheriff, "except a butt of Sherry. I say, that's a joke, isn't it? Don't say nothing to them as is here; but you come to the Session's House to-morrow about four. It's the last day. We shall dine at six—Common Sergeant dines at three—Recorder goes down to try—and I shall be glad of your company. Sentences, and all that,—fine sight—shows what I call humane natur—eh? Come—ask for Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury; the divil himself can't prevent you walking in. You understand—mum—not a word. I don't half like these chaps,—that editor, and the poet, I don't understand 'em—and the actor is a deuced sight too funny for me; but—you'll excuse me—I like *you*, and I says so; I never makes two words of a straw. So come, hear the sentences, and eat marrow-pudding; and don't say a word about it to nobody."

The combination was curious,—"to hear sentences and eat marrow-pudding:" to me it was indeed a treat. I therefore agreed to accept the invitation of Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury, who squeezed my hand, in confirmation of the engagement, in a manner which I have never forgotten. If it were possible to imagine a pair of walnut-crackers made to the same size as that of his worship's thumb and fingers, I am quite sure their pressure would be a trifle compared to the grip which I received from my new and extensive friend. I was certain it was done in kindness; but at least a week elapsed before I recovered from the effects of it.

Our *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the facetious Duberly, who believing that the Sheriff was a saint, asked him whether he had any objection to a rubber. Before his answer was given, Hull, who watched his worship with an almost Koo-too-ing kindness, came up, and drawing off the barrister, said to him, "Dubs, Dube, don't be childish—no cards here on a Sunday."—"No," said Duberly, "I am sure we *shall* have none—for you have none in the house."—"None!" exclaimed Hull, as usual—"no cards! come, come, Tim, you know better than that. I have two hundred and fifty packs in this very room!"

A sort of doubtful murmur ran through the party, and the poet said something of "speaking by the card," when Hull, getting rather angry at being doubted, proceeded to unlock a closet in the room, and the moment the door was opened, at least twenty packs of entirely new cards tumbled out upon the floor; the astonishment was general.

"My dear friend," said Hull, "you ought to know me better—I never say what isn't true—I bought these cards two years ago—best cards you ever played with—I never buy inferior articles—got them in a lump—two hundred and fifty packs—told you so—you may count 'em, Dubs—I see you laughing, Tim—you may laugh—count 'em as you would benefit tickets—pooh, pooh, don't tell me."—Whether we did or not play cards, I really do not now recollect—I remember laughing until I almost cried, at some delightful imitations of the actor. We had anchovy toasts, and broiled bones, and all the incentives to dissipation, in which we speedily engaged; punch and all other destructive and delightful drinks, were introduced; the acter became more and more agreeable; the editor seemed pacified; Dubs was delightful; and the poet concluded the sports of the evening, by pulling off his wig, and throwing it at the inimitable favourite of the evening. Then all became noise, confusion, mirth, and mystification; and when I opened my eyes in the morning, I found myself as thirsty as a crocodile, with a tremendous headach, and pains in all my joints, the sure result of excess committed in my early life.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Mag.*

The Gatherer.

Marengo.—The fate of a battle often hangs, as it were, by a hair. At Marengo, when the day was, to all appearance, lost to the army of the First Consul, Dessaix arrived on the field. It was two o'clock. Napoleon asked his opinion—"What do you think of it?" said the First Consul. Dessaix replied, with the bluntness of a soldier, "By heaven, it is lost!—but," said he, at the same time taking out his watch, "it is only two o'clock, and we have time enough left to gain a battle." Dessaix's division gained the battle of Marengo; but, how did the French nation pay a tribute to his memory?—by a paltry subscription of a few pounds towards the erection of a pillar which is a disgrace to the nation.—*United Service Journal.*

The Church.—The following are the number of benefices in each of the dioceses of England and Wales:—Canterbury, 343; St. Asaph, 131; Bangor, 124; Bath and Wells, 441; Bristol, 254; Chichester, 267; St. David's, 407; Ely, 149; Exeter, 611; Gloucester, 281; Hereford, 256; Litchfield and Coventry, 606; Lincoln, 1,234; Llandaff, 192; London, 635; Norwich, 1,021; Oxford, 209; Peterborough, 290; Rochester, 94; Salisbury, 386; Winchester, 416; Worcester, 212; York, 891; Carlisle, 127; Chester, 554; Durham, 146. W. G. C.

In Watt's Soho manufactory, near Birmingham, 400 artisans are constantly employed in the manufacture of steam-engines and boilers alone.

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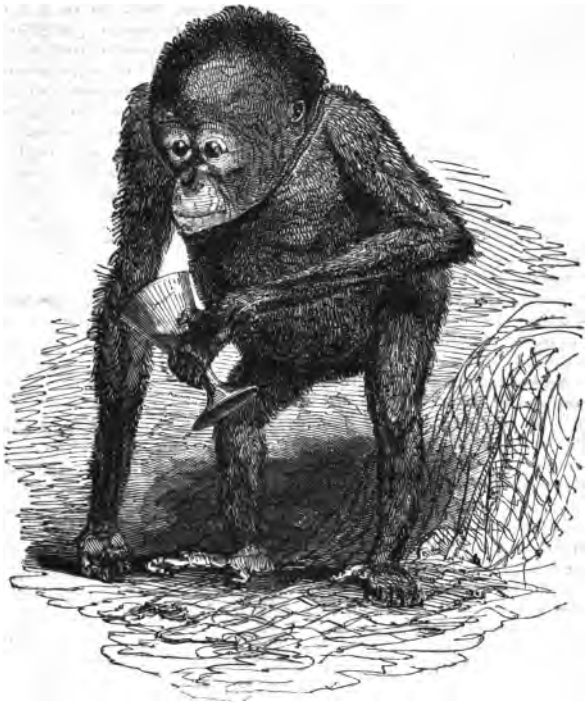
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 725.] SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1835. [Price 2*d*.

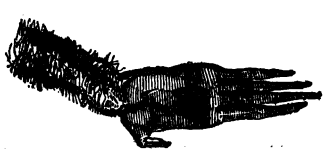


THE ORANG-OUTANG,

AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

This interesting animal has just been received in the above menagery, to which it is the most valuable addition since the young rhinoceros of last year.* The orang will, doubtless, prove a considerable attraction for months to come, inasmuch as the opportunities of observing this animal in confinement have been, by no means, frequent. The first, in our recollection, was a fine male specimen, brought over by Dr. Abel, on his return with Lord Amherst, from the Chinese embassy; it was in the possession of Mr. Cross, at Exeter 'Change, for nearly two years. Another arrived in 1831, but lived only three days; and a third specimen was exhibited with a Chimpanzée, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in the same year; since which, no living specimen has been received in this country until within the past month.

The present is a specimen of the Asiatic orang-outang, (*Simia Satyrus*, Linn.,) a female about four years old, and was brought in a trading vessel, with three others, from the island of Borneo to Calcutta. Here they were purchased by Mr. Hunter, and shipped on board the Orontes; the present is, however,



(Hand.)

* Figured by the same accurate artist as the above Engraving, in vol. xxiii. of the Mirror.

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the only survivor, the three others having died from the effects of change of climate before reaching England. On board ship, these orangs were not confined, but permitted to mount aloft, and gambol with the sailors during the voyage; retiring to the caboose, or cabin, for warmth during the night.

The Engraving shows the conformation of the animal with characteristic accuracy. It occupies a roomy cage in the Repository on the south side of the small circular pond with the dripping rock in its centre. The building is warmed by a hot water apparatus, a provision highly requisite for the native of an island under the equator. Here, next another of its own tribe, the blue-faced Satyr, or Mandrill, sits our orang nestling in a blanket, to screen her from any chilling wind, and seated in a chair, as is the custom of her congeners in confinement—an indulgence allowed them as if to compensate for their loss of liberty. The orang cannot maintain the erect position for any length of time, and, when walking, places her bent fists on the ground, swinging her body between the arms. The thumbs are generally bent together with the fingers: when drinking from a wine-glass, she grasps it awkwardly by the stem, lengthening out her lips to the liquid, and not pouring it between them;* and then returning the vessel, without throwing it down, to the person who gave it. The orang is remarkably fond of warmth, and covered herself with the blanket even during the late hot days; upon any attempt being made to take the covering from her, she became violently excited, shrieking and throwing herself on the ground, and becoming altogether as obstreperous as an angry child.

It is remarkable, and strongly confirmatory of the near approach of the orang to the human species, that its actions are at variance with those of monkeys generally; evincing none of that love of antic mischief: On the contrary, the present specimen has much of the cast of thought, is pensive and serious, approaching nearly to melancholy: occasionally, however, she will disport herself; but, in her gayest moods, she evinces none of the activity so characteristic of the simia tribe. The attachment of the orang to man is very striking in this specimen: she soon becomes familiar with any one who notices her, and shows the greatest dislike to being separated, whining and crying, and indicating as plainly as earnest complaint can, her wish for companionship. The present specimen is of the usual reddish brown, or dark chestnut colour: its nails being black. It does not appear to be an undeviating characteristic of the animal to have the nail on the great toe; as, in this specimen, it is entirely deficient. Camper, the Dutch naturalist, concluded this absence of the great toe nails to be a specific distinction of the Borneo orang-outang; an erroneous opinion, which has been corrected by Cuvier, and the facts of an orang brought from Borneo to Calcutta in 1827, and another from Sumatra, having nails upon their great toes; the absence of which, in the present specimen may, therefore, be regarded as accidental. The principal measurements are as follow:

	Ft.	in.
Height from vertex to heel	2	2
Length from the extremity of shoulder-blade to the end of the middle finger,	1	9
From the wrist to the end of the middle finger	0	6½
Length of the palm of the hand	0	2¾
sole of the foot	0	5
Width over breast	0	9
Weight avoirdupois	15lbs.	
Circumference round the chin over the vertex	1	6

The second cut shows the peculiar conformation of the hand.

As the orang approaches nearest to man in structure, and consequently, in actions, the inspection of any specimen of the former gives rise to many interesting associations. It has been well observed,—"the first distinction that would undoubtedly strike an observer of an orang and a human being placed in the same inclosure, would be the positions and attitude; and a closer attention would soon convince, that the corresponding members in each, while beautifully formed for their proper uses, could not be employed to perform similar actions with an equal degree of strength, firmness, or ease."†

Again, close as the outward resemblance to man may be, the internal conformation approaches still closer. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver, and other parts are precisely similar. Upon this subject, it has already been remarked: "the tongue is exactly the same, yet this animal does not speak; the brain the same, yet it does not think. Can there be a stronger proof, that matter alone, however perfectly organized, cannot produce either speech or thought, unless animated by a superior principle, or, in other words, by a soul to direct its operations?"

The height of the orang-outang, when full-grown, is between five and six feet; and

* If water is offered to the orang when he is thirsty he opens his mouth, but instead of receiving the fluid at once within his teeth, he protrudes his under lip an inch or two beyond the teeth, pursing the integuments into a kind of hollow or cup, where he receives the water, and whence he draws it into the mouth proper. Both lips have a peculiar muscular action, by which they serve somewhat the office of a probostis in picking up and holding things. Indeed, any person who has seen the rhinoceros feed, cannot fail, I should suppose, to be struck with the resemblance between the prehensile movements of its labial muscles and those of the orang-outang, when he protrudes them pointedly to examine or seize an object.—Brewster's Journal, vol. ix. p. 5.

† Sir W. Jardine, in the Naturalist's Library, vol. i. p. 40.

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the skull of an adult specimen brought from Sumatra, and of the same species as the living orang, is exhibited in the Repository.

Our acknowledgments are due for the substance of the preceding particulars of the orang at the Gardens, to Mr. J. E. Warwick, who has investigated the economy of the orang-outang generally, with considerable ingenuity. In 1831, this gentleman drew up a clever Description of the orangs then exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; and accompanied with characteristic anecdotes, it forms a very interesting pamphlet of eight closely-printed pages.* In 1832, Mr. Warwick communicated the substance of these pages to Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. v., No. 26. Aided by these documents, and other materials of kindred value and interest, we hope shortly to submit to our readers the most important details of the habits and structure of the orang.

BRONZE HEAD OF HADRIAN, DISCOVERED IN THE BED OF THE THAMES.

In February last, the workmen employed in clearing the bed of the Thames from the accumulated mud of ages, brought to light a bronze head of the Emperor Hadrian, nearly double the size of life. It was sold to Mr. Newman, of Southwark, for 20*l.*; in whose possession it now is. The workmanship of the head is of the peculiarly elegant and chaste style of the age which produced it; an age in which the arts flourished throughout the Roman empire in the highest perfection. The bust is wanting, but the neck is entire, with the exception of a fracture on one side, which extends to the top of the head, but does not materially detract from its preservation. The head is unlaureated, and the countenance more youthful and less stern than is presented by many of the sculptured likenesses that are preserved of the Emperor. The sockets of the eyes are hollow; there were, doubtless, some fabricated stones or glass, formerly inserted to represent those organs, and which, possibly from their value, had at some remote period been intentionally extracted. The hair is dressed in full size over the forehead, (which is low,) like that on many of Hadrian's coins.

When the Emperor came to the throne, he assumed the usual ornament for the head—the laurel wreath; but his simple taste and dislike of all extrinsic embellishment soon caused him to relinquish this decoration: and he studiously avoided every kind of luxury in dress and living, preferring to merit the high distinction conferred on him, by constant attention to the wants of the people, and by frugality in every department of the state. He visited in person and bareheaded the most remote provinces of the empire; and his premature death was owing to the carelessness with which he exposed himself to the inclemency of the weather.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the head under consideration might have been brought to Britain among the insignia and standards of the Emperor in A. D. 121, when he came just in time to quell an insurrection of the conquered Britons. This event is also commemorated on a large brass coin, inscribed, "Hadrianus Aug. Cos. III. P. P.," and on the reverse, "Adventui Aug. Britanniæ." On this coin, the togated Emperor is represented standing before an altar, at which a female figure is sacrificing, in demonstration of the joy and gratitude of the people at the Emperor's arrival. His visits to the other provinces are also recorded on a numerous and interesting series of medals.

C. R. S.

* Illustrated with an Engraving by Landseer, and to be purchased at the Surrey Zoological Gardens for a trifle.

Anecdote Gallery.

BUONAPARTIANA.

During the battle of Marengo, the left wing of the French army fell back in disorder. Buonaparte arrived and rushed into the midst of the slaughter, where his presence gave new fire to the courage of his soldiers. In the meantime, Berthier came to acquaint him that another division was giving way. Buonaparte, without faltering, replied, "You do not announce to me this event calmly, General!" In an instant all the energies of his mind returned with redoubled force; he darted down the ranks:—"Soldiers!" he exclaimed, "remember that I am accustomed to sleep on the field of battle!" At this appeal, the French charged the Austrian battalions, which were completely broken; and Dessaix, to whom the credit of one-half of the victory was due, rushed forward with his division of reserve, and compelled 6,000 Hungarian grenadiers to lay down their arms. But, at this moment of triumph, the hero was mortally wounded by a musket-ball. Before he expired, he said to his aide-de-camp, Lebrun, "Go and tell the First Consul, that I die with the regret of not having rendered more service to my country." At these words Buonaparte was deeply affected:—"Why," said he, "am I not permitted to weep?"

In the heat of the battle of Austerlitz, the sun broke from the clouds in all its splendour. Napoleon, on seeing it, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "This is the sun of Austerlitz!" The same circumstance happened at Jena. No man better than Napoleon knew how to impress his troops on all occasions with some phenomenon of victory; he himself was persuaded that some tutelar

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star had taken him under its divine auspices. It was in this dreadful battle, that a body of the enemy's army, in their flight, were hard pressed on a lake. The General-in-chief of artillery brought against them twenty pieces of cannon, and having broken the ice, a frightful sight presented itself — entire columns swallowed up by the water, rivers of blood streaming in the snow; and in this shocking manner near 20,000 perished.

Napoleon, passing in review the second regiment of horse chasseurs, at Lebenstein, two days before the battle of Jena, asked the colonel how many men there were.— "Five hundred," said the colonel; "but some of them very young."—"What matters that?" said Napoleon, with an air of surprise at such an observation; "are they not all Frenchmen?" and then turning to the regiment, he thus addressed them: "Young men, you must not fear death; and when that is the case, you will make it enter the enemy's ranks." A sudden shout of enthusiasm followed these words.

A few minutes before the attack at the battle of Jena, (says M. de Bourrienne,) the Queen of Prussia, mounted on a superb charger, appeared on the field of battle, and accompanied by the elite of the youth of Berlin, rode along the front of the most advanced lines of the Prussian army. The flags which her own hands had embroidered to stimulate the troops, together with those which had been borne in the armies of Frederick the Great, and were blackened with gunpowder, were lowered at her approach. Shouts of enthusiasm resounded through the Prussian ranks. The atmosphere was so clear, and the two armies were so close to each other, that the French could plainly discern the costume of the Queen. Her singular dress was, indeed, the chief cause of the danger she incurred in her flight. On her head was a helmet of polished steel shaded by a superb plume. The rest of her dress consisted of a cuirass, glittering with gold and silver, and a tunic of silver brocade reaching to her feet, on which she wore her boots with gold spurs. When the Prussian army was routed, the Queen remained on the field, attended by three or four men of her escort, who had defended her. However, a small party of hussars, who had fought gloriously during the battle, rushed forward at full gallop, and with drawn swords dispersed the little group. Startled by this unexpected attack, the horse which her Majesty rode darted off at a furious gallop, and had he not possessed the fleetness of a stag, the fair Queen would infallibly have been captured by the French hussars, who were several times very close upon her. The Queen, thus pursued, arrived within sight of the gates of Weimar, when a strong detachment of dragoons was seen pursuing her at full speed. The commander of the detachment had orders to take the Queen at all risk; but no sooner had she entered Weimar than the gates were closed, and the hussars and dragoons returned disappointed to the field of battle.

During the sanguinary conflict at Ratisbon, which continued several days, Napoleon having enjoyed no rest, or scarcely alighted from one horse but to remount another, became at length exhausted. After ordering the necessary positions, he retired to a short distance in order to enjoy a few minutes' repose, when, making his steed lie down, he stretched himself upon the turf, and reclined upon the belly of the animal. While in that situation, one of his aide-de-camps arrived, to make known a position taken by the enemy; and while in the act of explaining his errand, he pointed with the right hand, when, on the instant, a shot severed the limb from his body, the ball passing close to the Emperor's head. Napoleon manifested his sincere regret, and proceeded to assist his unfortunate aide-de-camp, without displaying the least personal fear, or quitting his dangerous position. Having witnessed the safe conveyance of the officer for the purpose of surgical aid, he still continued to repose for some time, and, feeling refreshed, again mounted his horse to resume the command of his forces. Upon the termination of the battle in favour of the Emperor, Prince Charles dispatched one of his aide-de-camps to compliment him on his military skill, adding that he had kept him in view during the whole of the conflict. "You will thank Prince Charles from me," replied Napoleon, "and tell him that I was perfectly aware of his seeing me; —that I consider him a very good general —but that his conduct has not been that of a gallant soldier towards me." It is requisite to add, that the Emperor had previously ascertained for a fact, that Prince Charles had expressly directed a battery to be pointed during the combat at the person of Napoleon.

The following is the account given by M. de Bourrienne, in his Memoirs, of the meeting of Napoleon and Alexander, at the conference held at Erfurt, in 1808:—"The Emperor had advanced about three leagues from Erfurt when he descried the retinue of the Emperor Alexander, whose carriage was followed by twelve or fifteen calashes. Napoleon set off at full gallop, and alighted to embrace the Emperor of Russia when he got out of his carriage. The meeting was as cordial as the sentiments which the sovereigns mutually cherished towards each other. They both mounted their horses, and proceeded conversing towards Erfurt. The weather was beautiful, and seemed to smile

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suspiciously on the event. The sovereigns were saluted by the artillery from the ramparts; the troops formed a double line, and all the persons of distinction who had come to Erfurt on this occasion were assembled at the residence, which had been prepared for the Emperor Alexander, at the moment when he alighted from his horse, accompanied by Napoleon. The two sovereigns dined together that day, accompanied by the Grand Duke Constantine. The Grand Marshal had stationed a man in the street to watch and give information when the Emperor of Russia's carriage approached, and whenever Alexander visited Napoleon, the latter always stood at the foot of the staircase to receive his guest. The same ceremony was observed when the Emperor Napoleon visited the Emperor of Russia. Soon after the arrival of the two Emperors at Erfurt, they were followed by the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Westphalia, the Princes of Anhalt, Cobourg, Saxe Weimar, Darmstadt, &c., and all who conceived it to be their duty to render homage to such an assemblage of power."

At the meeting which took place at Erfurt, Alexander did all in his power to persuade Napoleon that he entirely coincided with his views, and that henceforward they were to be inseparable friends. One day, they entered arm in arm the room where dinner was prepared. Alexander placed his hand to his side, intending to take off his sword before he sat down to table, but perceiving he had forgotten to put it on, Napoleon, who had now taken off his sword, immediately presented it to the Czar, and begged him to accept it. "I receive it," said Alexander, "as a testimonial of your friendship; and your Majesty may rest assured that I will never draw it against you."

At the passage of Mount St. Bernard, when Buonaparte passed with his army near the torrent called the Dranse, his horse made a false step, and he was on the point of being precipitated into it, when a guide who lived near the spot, caught him by the collar of his coat, and saved him from certain destruction. Buonaparte was filled with gratitude for the service which had been rendered to him, and offered the peasant whatever reward he desired. The latter, however, did not seem inclined to accept the invitation to accompany the French army which was made to him; but, upon his refusal, Buonaparte gave him 1,200 francs to build a small hut, where he now resides upon the spot, near Mount Velan.

During the time the allies were in the neighbourhood of Dresden, Napoleon was up at day-break, toiling like a captain of engineers. While the staff were constructing a bridge in place of the one burnt by the Russians, Napoleon took his stand beside a building which had served for a depôt of ammunition. The Russian fire was drawn upon this point, and a shell had nearly closed the campaign; it burst over the spot where he stood, struck the side of the building, and dashed a large fragment of wood or stone at his feet. While all around him were alarmed at his hazard, he coolly turned over the fragment and observed, "A few inches nearer, and it would have done its business."

W. G. C.

New Books.

ITALY AND ITALIAN LITERATURE.

By Charles Herbert, Esq.

[THIS is a very pleasant volume, the object of which has only to be explained to be appreciated. It is a kind of literary as well as topographical tour—"to serve as a useful companion to the guide-book, and a kind of introduction to Italian literature." In either character it is a very entertaining work, and its utility is undeniable, for, as the writer justly observes, modern Italian literature is strangely neglected even in these days of universal knowledge; or, rather, the youth of the present generation are almost the first who have enjoyed the advantages of its studies. "Our English writers are prepared, by the whole course of their studies, to enter on the consideration of Italy as she was in ancient times; but the literature of modern Italy forms no regular or integral part of the education of British youth." It is, however, allowed to enter into their after-studies or accomplishments; and the assistance of persons engaged in its delightful acquirement is the main object of the present tour.

Italy is, throughout, a land of untiring interest to every visiter, as our author thus forcibly illustrates:—]

The traveller, imbued with the spirit of ancient Rome, here beholds the scenes depicted in her poets and historians; the antiquarian has here a hundred fields of research not yet half explored, and the promise of the richest harvest to his well-directed enterprise; the student, absorbed in the captivating pursuits of literature, will here trace its lusty birth, its flourishing youth, and its advance into almost perfect manhood. The admirer of art is at home in Italy alone; here only can he study the most noble remains of Grecian art, here find the chisel of the early Greeks worthily bestowed in the hands of an Angelo and a Canova, and the fabled splendours of Apelles and Zeuxis, rivalled by the rich realities of Raphael and Titian. Whatever the prevailing bias of the mind, in Italy it finds an object suited to its indulgence: the devotee even, will find in Italy much of the spirit of the antique Catholic

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times, and the relics of saints and martyrs, are here preserved in abundance to claim his veneration. In a word, all, from the philosophical historian to the mere man of pleasure, in Italy, find equal means of endless entertainment; the one here roams at large over the chief fields of ancient, nay, of modern, story; access is easily obtained to libraries stored with the rarest treasures; the soil is strewed for him with the monuments of genius,—every hill, every plain, every river, speaks to him of the illustrious dead. The other, in her balmy air, her blue and sunny skies, her unruffled seas, the fascinations of her daughters, their soft dark eyes, and melodious voices, and her pantomimic and poetic people, finds constant and never-tiring sources of enjoyment.

[As he travels onward from Paris, every site of literary interest engages the special attention of the author. His first and second chapters, the journey to Lyons, and a sail down the Rhone, have few of these attractions; but, at Avignon, the chain of literary associations commences with the poetical region of Provence, and the home of Laura and Petrarch. Once arrived at Genoa, and the subject expands with the revival of the arts in that city: then follows Florence, that vast storehouse of art; next, Dante, Boccaccio, and Galileo; Leghorn has less kindred interest; but the author's departure in a steam-boat for Rome—his passage up the Tiber, and disembarkation at midnight, are attractive incidents; for, who can at once reflect upon the steam-boat of to-day and Rome of past ages without emotion. Naples and her classic environs—Orlando Furioso,—Ariosto, and Tasso—Pompeii in its unveiled grandeur—Bologna and its Universities—Correggio and Parmegiano, the pride of Parma,—Italian Tragedy, from Maffei and Alfieri, to Manzoni and Pellico—Milan and its spiry cathedral—Italian Comedy and the Italian Republics—with notices of the Popes, and a catalogue of Italian literary and scientific writers,—occupy the remainder of the volume, from which we proceed to quote a few discursive pages.]

Provençal Courts of Love.

What charming times were those, when courts of love were erected in every great city; where some sovereign beauty, surrounded by her liege and loving subjects, decked in all the splendour of chivalry and gaiety, gave her final decision on the most intricate questions of that obscure and difficult subject, love, having previously heard the opposing arguments of two most profound and poetical advocates on the disputed point! How many broken hearts might be saved in the present day, had we still these courts of love, where speedy justice was to be obtained,—instead of the delays in our never-ending *courts of equity*. What an amusing spectacle it must have been, to have heard two rival bards contend for victory, in these Tensons, and seen the victor crowned with laurel by the hands of the fair judge!—Still, is the memory preserved of the unfortunate Geoffry Rudel, who dying for love of the Countess of Tripoli, made a voyage to Africa to behold her, and having obtained her pitying smile, expired happy and contented;—of the famous Berenger;—of our own romantic Richard Cœur de Lion, and his faithful Blondel;—of the celebrated Countess of Champagne, who decided, in a solemn sitting, that the previous lover had rights superior to the husband, on the assumption that the vows of love, as the elder brother, should always take precedence of those of marriage; a deliberate decision, which a queen of France, when referred to, would not reverse; and last, though not least, of the good King Réné, who preferred the society of the Muses to the possession of a kingdom.

A Genoese Noble.

From Savona, a favourite sea bathing resort, we were conveyed to Genoa, by the public diligence, in very promiscuous society: a Genoese nobleman, a nurse, and a gardener. The manners of the first were certainly refined; his dress, which was somewhat motley, detracted from his appearance, so that unless vouched for on good authority, it would have been difficult to recognise the man of rank; but on further acquaintance, the manners of the polished gentleman broke through his slovenly disguise; and nothing could have been more obliging than the manner in which he detailed to us the local history of the various country seats that lay on our route. His mind appeared endowed with all that active energy, acquired probably in those busy mercantile pursuits, which the Genoese nobles do not disdain to follow, unlike their listless and vain brethren of the south. The only thing that detracted, in our estimation, from his claims to good taste, was, the too great partiality he felt for the little painted villas that on each side ostentatiously displayed themselves. From these general strictures must be excepted the villa and gardens of Doria, with the fine prospects of the village and bridge of Sestri, the Sunday resort of the Genoese.

Parallel of Florence and Athens.

The striking resemblance that existed between Florence and Athens has often been observed:—the same ardent thirst for liberty; the same watchful jealousy for its maintenance; the same violent factions, by which both states were distracted; the same commercial wealth; the same love of arts; the same refinement of taste; the same witty and satirical turn of mind. If the one can boast her Pericles, the adorner of her city, the other

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can proudly produce her Lorenzo de Medici;—if the ancient city hung with raptures over the tragic page of her Æschylus, her Sophocles, her Euripides; the sublime Dante, the love-inspired Petrarch, the enchanting Boccaccio, were equally in the hearts and on the lips of the modern one;—did wit degenerate into licentiousness in Aristophanes, it was carried to equal excess in Aretino, Pulci, and Berni;—was the one tyrannized over by Pisistratus, the tyrant Duke of Athens attempted to forge chains for the other:—had Athens her historians,—her Thucydides, her Xenophon; Florence also had her Guicciardini, her Machiavelli, and her Villani;—did Phidias, Praxiteles, and Polygnotus embellish one city with their immortal works of art, the other was equally ornamented by Bandinelli, Brunelleschi, and Michael Angelo;—was Socrates put to death for surpassing mankind in knowledge, in like manner was Galileo imprisoned for asserting the true theory of the earth;—is Athens accused, in the unamiable part of the picture, with ingratitude to her Aristides, her Themistocles, her Cimon; Florence was no less unjust to her Dante, her patriot Pazzi, her Strozzi; to complete the resemblance, was a tyrant, the general of Alexander, established over Athens, Florence also received a master in Alexander de Medici.

Galileo.

The latter days of this great philosopher's life were devoted to an intense study of mechanics, particularly the laws of motion and percussion; he was the first to demonstrate that the spaces passed through by heavy bodies in falling, are as the squares of the times; but his discoveries in the heavens by means of his telescope, of the satellites of Jupiter, of the surface of the moon, of the phases of Venus, of the cause of the milky way, of many new stars hitherto unseen by the naked eye,—and his developement of the true theory of the earth, are the chief titles of Galileo to the immortality he enjoys among men. In disposition he was amiable; he loved the country, where his moments of relaxation were spent either in the cultivation of his garden, or in familiar converse with his friends. Galileo has left a name only equalled by that of Newton, who, as if to console the world for the loss, was born on the day the great Tuscan philosopher expired.

The English at Leghorn.

The inhabitants of the British isles, seem more the masters of the soil than the Italians themselves; a free scope is given to their tastes; and even their domestic peculiarities have ample latitude for indulgence: London porter, ale, roast beef, tea, are commodities of life accessible to the lowest as well as to the highest of our countrymen here. In every street may be seen the comfortable abode of some English merchant; and the hearty, though by no means pious exclamation of a British tar, salutes the ear at the turn of every corner. It is a curious coincidence, that, in the English burial-ground, Smollett, who excelled in depicting the checkered life of the hardy sailors of our nation, should lay his bones, and have a monument erected to his memory in so appropriate a place.

The Italian Siesta.

The habit of taking the siesta, observed through Italy, and other countries of the south of Europe, conveys the idea of extreme indolence to the stranger: yet the practice, which has been handed down from remote antiquity, appears to be rendered in some sort necessary, by the extreme heat of the noon-tide hours, and it is even in accordance with the acknowledged laws of digestion. In the large capitals, the entire suspension of all business for a season, after the principal meal, cannot escape remark; but in such a second or third-rate town as Modena, the sudden disappearance of the inhabitants at the hour of noon, throws such a melancholy and deserted aspect over the place, that a traveller is inevitably seized with a sense of loneliness and isolation. The narrow streets, the long and heavy piazzas or arcades that run along them, and the intense heat of the meridian sun, reflected with double ardour from the white walls of the dwelling houses, render Modena at mid-day a veritable desert, as it then is one of the most sombre and disagreeable of cities to the stranger, who at this season is not happy in the embrace of Morpheus. In perambulating the whole town a little after mid-day, I saw no human being, except one or two lazy mendicants, crawling for shelter into the shade of some protecting porch. I entered a coffee-house, a single servant was the only person on the premises who was not asleep. I found it best, therefore, to betake myself to my lodgings, and even to go to sleep, like the rest of the world of Modena. He who would shake off this infectious, indolent humour, will find it a harder task than he imagines; no frightened worm retreats more quickly into his shell, than he who exposes himself to the sun's meridian rays in Italy will find it necessary to return to the shelter of the house. But no one, save those who have experienced the fervour of this sunny clime can understand the luxury that follows with the evening of each sultry day,—the reviving freshness of the night, the enjoyment of the cooling sorbette, or lemonade, the body stretched at ease, and the whole senses absorbed in the most exquisite sense of present existence; "the first sparkle of desert spring" cannot quicken the pilgrim of the waste in a higher measure, than a cup of iced water in the evening does him who passes the ordeal of an Italian summer's day.

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Nothing can be more striking than the sudden change that comes over the face of things when the siesta is at an end; this is about four o'clock, and then, as if the whole hive had taken flight, bees and drones and all, the awakened citizens may be seen issuing from their houses, unbarring their windows, and renewing the business of the day; then too the little coffee-houses begin to swarm, the daily haunts of a large proportion of the inhabitants of Italian towns, where, with sherbet, small talk, coffee, and domestic politics, they manage to keep the machine of being, clogged though it be in every tooth of every wheel by their rulers, from standing altogether still.

MRS. BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

(*Continued from page 390.*)

[The more we read of this eccentric work, the less are we disposed to rate it merely as a common-place, gossiping tour. It has many redeeming points and passages of graceful, and even poetic, beauty; and though the exuberance of the writer's fancy appears exhaustless, there are many pages in these volumes which must delight the reader with the earnestness and sincerity with which they appear to be written. Witness such a scene as the following:—]

Sunday, on the Passage.

Did not rise till late—dressed, and came on deck. The morning was brilliant; the sea, bold, bright, dashing its snowy crests against our ship's sides, and flinging up a cloud of glittering spray round the prow. I breakfasted—and then amused myself with finding the lessons, collects, and psalms, for the whole ship's company. After lunch, they spread our tent; a chair was placed for my father, and, the little bell being rung, we collected in our rude church. It affected me much, this praying on the lonely sea, in the words that, at the same hour, were being uttered by millions of kindred tongues in our dear home. There was something, too, impressive and touching in this momentary union of strangers, met but for a passing day, to part, perhaps never to behold each other's faces again, in the holiest of all unions, that of Christian worship. Here I felt how close, how strong, that wondrous tie of common faith that thus gathered our company, unknown and unconnected by any one worldly interest or bond, to utter the same words of praise and supplication, to think, perhaps, the same thoughts of humble and trustful dependence on God's great goodness in this our pilgrimage to foreign lands, to yearn, perhaps, with the same affection and earnest imploring of blessings towards our native soil, and its beloved ones left behind.—Oh, how I felt all this as we spoke aloud that touching invocation, which is always one of my most earnest prayers, "Almighty God, who hast promised when two or three are gathered together in thy name," &c. * * * The bright, cloudless sky, and glorious sea, seemed to respond, in their silent magnificence, to our *Te Deum*.—I felt more of the excitement of prayer than I have known for many a day, and 't was good — oh! very, very good!

* * * * *

'Tis good to behold this new universe, this mighty sea which he hath made, this glorious, cloudless sky, where hang, like dew-drops, his scattered worlds of light—to see all this, and say,—

"These are thy glorious works, parent of good!"

[We quote the next passages, principally for the sensible remarks at the close, Hoboken appearing better to realize our anticipations of the benefits of a public walk, than the perfection of turtle-eating.]

Hoboken, New York.

My father set off with Colonel ——— for Hoboken, a place across the water, famous once for duelling, but now the favourite resort of a turtle-eating club, who go there every Tuesday to cook and swallow turtle. The day was as bad as a party of pleasure could expect, (and when were their expectations of bad weather disappointed?) nathless, my father, at the Colonel's instigation, *persevered*, and went forth, leaving me his card of invitation, which made me scream for half an hour; the wording as follows:—"Sir, the Hoboken Turtle Club will meet at the grove, for *spoon exercise*, on Tuesday, the 11th inst., by order of the President."

Sat working till my father came home, which he did at about half-past six. His account of his dinner was anything but delightful; to be sure, he had no taste for many rarities, and his feeling description of the damp ground, damp trees, damp clothes, and damp atmosphere, gave me the *rheumatic*, letting alone that they had nothing to eat but turtle, and that out of iron spoons.—"Ah, you vill go a pleasuring." * * *

It is two years since I visited Hoboken for the first time; it is now more beautiful than ever. The good taste of the proprietor has made it one of the most picturesque and delightful places imaginable; it wants but a good carriage-road along the water's edge (for which the ground lies very favourably) to make it as perfect a public promenade as any European city can boast, with the advantage of such a river, for its principal object, as none of them possess.

I think the European traveller, in order to form a just estimate both of the evils and advantages deriving from the institutions of this country, should spend one day in the streets of New York, and the next in the walks of Hoboken. If, in the one, the toil, the care the labour of mind and body, the outward

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and visible signs of the debasing pursuit of wealth, are marked in melancholy characters upon every man he meets, and bear witness to the great curse of the country; in the other, the crowds of happy, cheerful, enjoying beings of that order, which, in the old world, are condemned to ceaseless and ill-requited labour, will testify to the blessings which counterbalance that curse. I never was so forcibly struck with the prosperity and happiness of the lower orders of society in this country as yesterday, returning from Hoboken. The walks along the river and through the woods, the steamers crossing from the city, were absolutely thronged with a cheerful, well-dressed population abroad, merely for the purpose of pleasure and exercise. Journeymen, labourers, handicraftsmen, tradespeople, with their families, bearing all, in their dress and looks, evident signs of well-being and contentment, were all flocking from their confined avocations into the pure air, the bright sunshine, and beautiful shade of this lovely place. I do not know any spectacle which could give a foreigner, especially an Englishman, a better illustration of that peculiar excellence of the American government—the freedom and happiness of the lower classes. Neither is it to be said that this was a holiday, or an occasion of peculiar festivity—it was a common week-day—such as our miserable manufacturing population spends from sun-rise to sun-down in confined, incessant, unhealthy toil—to earn, at its conclusion, the inadequate reward of health and happiness so wasted.

[The following samples of manners are related, with candour, as]

American Experiences.

We retired to our room, where Mrs. ——— made me laugh extremely with sundry passages of her American experiences. I was particularly amused with her account of their stopping, after a long day's journey, at an inn somewhere, when the hostess, who remained in the room the whole time, addressed her as follows:—"D'ye play?" pointing to an open pianoforte. Mrs. ——— replied that she did so sometimes; whereupon, the free and easy landlady ordered candles, and added, "Come, sit down and give us a tune, then;" to which courteous and becoming invitation Mrs. ——— replied by taking up her candle, and walking out of the room. The pendant to this is Mr. ———'s story. He sent a die of his crest to a manufacturer to have it put upon his gig harness. The man sent home the harness, when it was finished, but without the die; after sending for which sundry times, Mr. ——— called to inquire after it himself, when the reply was,—"Lord! why I didn't know you wanted it."—"I tell you, I wish to have it back."—"Oh, pooh! you can't want it much, now—do you?"—"I tell you, sir, I desire to have the die back immediately."—"Ah, well, come now, what'll you take for it?"—"D'ye think I mean to sell my crest? why, you might as well ask me to sell my name."—"Why, you see, a good many folks have seen it, and want to have it on their harness, as it's a pretty looking concern enough."

So much for their ideas of a crest. This, though, by the by, happened some years ago.

[The next scene has "unrehearsed stage effects" as laughable as those on the Baltimore stage, quoted last week.]

New York Theatre—King John.

After breakfast, went to rehearse King John: what a lovely mess they will make of it, to be sure. The house was very full; but what a cast! what a play! what botchers! what butchers! In his very first scene, the most christian king stuck fast; and there he stood, shifting his truncheon from hand to hand, rolling his eyes, gasping for breath, and struggling for words, like a man in the night-mare. I thought of Hamlet—"Leave thy damnable faces"—and was obliged to turn away. In the scene before Angiers, when the French and English heralds summon the citizens to the walls, the Frenchman applied his instrument to his mouth, uplifted his chest, distended his cheeks, and appeared to blow furiously; not a sound! he dropped his arm, and looked off the stage in discomfiture and indignation, when the perverse trumpet set up a blast fit to waken the dead, —the audience roared: it reminded me of the harp in the old ballad, that "began to play alone." Chatillon, on his return from England, begged to assure us, that with King John was come the mother-queen, an *Anty* stirring him to blood and war. When Cardinal Pandulph came on, the people set up a shout, as usual: he was dreadfully terrified, poor thing; and all the time he spoke, kept giving little nervous twitches to his sacred petticoat, in a fashion that was enough to make one die of laughter. He was as obstinate, too, in his bewilderment, as a stuttering man in his incoherency; for once, when he stuck fast, having twitched his skirts, and thumped his breast in vain for some time, I thought it best, having to speak next, to go on; when, lo and behold! in the middle of my speech, the "scarlet sin" recovers his memory, and shouts forth the end of his own, to the utter confusion of my august self and the audience. I thought they never would have got through my last scene: king gazed at cardinal, and cardinal gazed at king; king nodded and winked at the prompter, spread out his hands, and remained with his mouth open: cardinal nodded and winked at the prompter, crossed his hands on his breast, and remained with his mouth open; neither of them uttering a syllable! What a scene! O, what a glorious scene!

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[Here is confirmation strong of Mrs. Trollope's report of travelling comforts.]

American Hotel.

We were recommended to this American hotel as the best and most comfortable in New York; and truly the charges were as high as one could have paid at the Clarendon, in the land of comfort and taxation. The wine was exorbitantly dear; champagne and claret about eleven shillings sterling a bottle; sherry, port, and madeira, from nine to thirteen. The rooms were a mixture of French finery, and Irish disorder and dirt; the living was by no means good; the whole house being conducted on a close, scraping system, of inferior accommodations and extravagant charges. On a sudden influx of visiters, sitting-rooms were converted into bed-rooms, containing four and five beds. The number of servants was totally inadequate to the work; and the articles of common use, such as knives and spoons, were so scantily provided, that when the public table was very full one day, the knives and forks for our dinner were obliged to be washed from theirs; and the luxury of a carving knife was not to be procured at all on that occasion: it is true, that they had sometimes as many as two hundred and fifty guests at the ordinary. The servants, who, as I said before, were just a quarter as many as the house required, had no bed-rooms allotted to them, but slept *about* any where, in the public rooms, or on sofas in drawing-rooms, let to private families. In short, nothing can exceed the want of order, propriety, and comfort, in this establishment, except the enormity of the tribute it levies upon pilgrims and wayfarers through the land. It is but justice to state, that this house has passed into other hands, and is much improved in every respect. Strangers, particularly Englishmen, will find a great convenience in the five o'clock ordinary, now established there, which is, I am told, excellently conducted and appointed.

The Public Journals.

LEONORE.

(*From a clever Paper on "the Life and Songs of Burger." in Tait's Magazine.*)

We have selected the "Leonore," as it is the work on which Burger's European reputation is founded: although disposed to assign the palm to others, we shall not presume to question the justice of so universal a decision. Apology for the manifold imperfections of translation, it were of no use to offer, we have done our best to give some outline to an original which abler hands than ours have failed to present, with all its beauty and strength, in a foreign dress. The scene of the incident, (and this, it will be observed, is characteristic of Burger's genius, which preferred the immediate to the remote, even in his treatment of the supernatural,) is laid in his own times, at the close of the terrible war between Frederick the Great and the Empress Maria Theresa. We are in Saxony, in the first days of the peace which succeeded the terrible battle of Prague; and all who had friends or lovers in the Prussian army are anxiously awaiting their return.

From nightmare dreams, at day-break red,
Rose Leonore, and sighed:—
"O William! art thou false, or dead?
How long wilt thou abide?"
For he had gone with Frederick's might,
Beneath the walls of Prague to fight;
And never a word had sent to tell,
If he were wounded there or well.

The Monarch and the Empress, spent
With conflict fierce and vain,
They let their haughty mood relent,
And peace returned again:
And every host, with song and shout,
And drum and trumpet ringing out,
With greenwood branches gaily crowned,
All on their homeward march are bound.

And there and here, from far and near,
By road and mountain track,
Came old and young, to swell the cheer,
And meet the comers back.
"Thank God! full many a matron cried:
"Glad welcome!" many a plighted bride:
But Leonora, wo the while,
She met no greeting, or kiss, or smile.

On every hand, at every name,
In every troop she sought;
But, first or last, of all that came,
Was none that tidings brought.
When all had passed, and hope was o'er,
Her raven hair she wildly tore;
With frantic gestures all forlorn,
She cast her down on the earth to mourn.

Straight to her side the mother hied:
"God help the sore distrest!
What ails thee, child of love?" she cried,
And strained her to her breast.
"O mother! mother! gone is gone—
Sink earth, sink all—for hope is none!
There is no pity in God on high,
Wo, wo for my utter misery!"

"Look down, O God! and help our need!
Oh, breathe, my child a prayer!
What God ordains is well decreed—
He pities our despair!"
—O mother, mother! vain belief:
God hath not justly dealt this grief;
My senseless prayers, what speed had they?
And now,—'tis now too late to pray!"

"Help, Jesu, help! who seek the Lord
Know that he aids his own.
The Holy Sacrament adored,
Shall still thy grievous moan."
—"O mother! to this burning grief,
No rite of Church can bring relief;
No sacramental wine and bread
Can give back life to the silent dead!"

"Now, say, if faithless to his vows,
In distant Hungary,
Thy love forgets his creed and spouse,
In some new marriage tie?
Renounce, my child, a heart so vain;
Short be his triumph, scant his gain!
In the hour when body and spirit part,
This treachery shall consume his heart."

"O mother, mother! gone is gone;
Lost, lost—forlorn, forlorn:
Death, death is all my love hath won—
Oh, had I ne'er been born!

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Die out—for ever die my light!
Be quenched in horror, sink in night!
There is no pity in God on high—
Wo, wo for my utter misery!"

"Help, Jesu, help! God, judge not thou
Thy poor, distracted child!
The sin she speaks, she knows not now—
Hear not her ravings wild!
Forget, my child, this earthly grief,
And think on Heaven with firm belief;
So shall a Bridegroom yet appear,
To calm thy spirit, and bring thee cheer."

"O mother, where doth heavenly bliss,
And where do torments dwell?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven, where William is—
Where he is not, 'tis hell!
Die out, for ever die, my light!
Be quenched in horror, sink in night!
Blest were to me no earthly lot,
Blest were no heaven, where he is not!"

Thus wild her desperate passion flowed
Through every sense and vein;
And, daring still the wrath of God,
His justice did arraign.
She tore her hair, and smote her breast,
Till the red sunset dyed the west;
And glittering through the heavenly arch,
The golden stars began their march.

And hark!—trap, trap—a charger's heel
Jarred on the courtyard stone:
Straight by the porch, with ringing heel,
A horseman vaulted down.
And hark! and hark! the portal's ring
Stirs lightly, loosely—ting-ling-ling;
Then, through the wicket, clearly heard,
Came, short and shrill, each whispered word.

"Hist! hist, my girl! unbar the door—
Dost wake, my love, or sleep?
Still am I loved, or loved no more?
And dost thou smile or weep?"
—"Ah! William, thou? So late, mine own?
Long have I wept, and watched alone,
In bitter sorrow and deadly fear—
Whence comest thou riding to seek me here?"

"We mount but at the dead of night—
From Prague afar I come;
Late have I risen to claim thy plight,
And now will bear thee home."
—"Ah, first, come in to rest till morn—
Loud howls the blast through the pale hawthorn
Come in, beloved, and let me fold
My arms around thee, to chase the cold!"

"Let the wind in the hawthorn howl and whirr—
Let the wind howl on, my dear;
The wild horse stamps—shrill rings the spur—
I may not tarry here!
Come, don thy kirtle, girl, with speed,
And spring behind me on the steed;
We've yet a hundred miles to tread
Ere we may reach the marriage bed."

"Ah, ride we yet a hundred mile
To reach our bridal bed?
The bell that chimed eleven, erewhile—
Hark! still it booms o'erhead."
—"Look up, look on, the moon shines bright;
We and the dead ride fast by night.
I'll pledge me yet, ere the midnight hour,
To bring thee, love to the bridal bower!"

—"Say, where is the chamber drest so late?
Say, where is the marriage bed?"
—"Far, far from hence—still, cool, and strait,
With boards at foot and head."
—"Hast room for me?"—"For me and thee—
Come, haste, and busk thee, and ride with me;
There's waiting many a wedding guest,
The chamber is open, the couch is drest."

His true-love busked her, and all in haste,
To horse she lightly sprung;
And fondly round the horseman's waist
Her lily arms she flung,
And hurry, hurry, with clattering tread,
In rushing gallop, away they sped,
While horse and rider snorted and blew,
And the stones they smok'd, and the fire-sparks flew.

To right and left, ere dazzled eye
Could snatch a hasty look,
How field, and wood, and moor shot by,
And thundering bridges shook!
"Dost shiver, true-love? The moon shines bright
—Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night!
Dost fear them, true-love? dost creep with dread?"
—"Ah, no! yet wherefore speak of the dead?"

What sounds are those of chant and knell?
Why shriek the ravens hoarse?
Hark! passing bell—hark! requiem's swell—
"Lay we in earth the corse!"
And, lo! a funeral train drew near,
With coffin, and trailing pall, and bier.
The wail for the dead was dull and harsh,
Like the bullfrog's croak in a sleepy marsh.

"Till midnight's past the dead may bide
For knell and wail and song;
Now bear I home my fair young bride—
Come, join the marriage throng!
Come, sacrist, lead the choral train,
And groan us out a bridal strain;
Come, priest, by thee be the blessing said
Ere we lie down in the marriage bed."

Down sank the bier—ceased chant and peal,
The mourners at his call,
Came hurrying hard at the charger's heel,
Came hurrying one and all.
And on, still on, with clattering tread,
In rushing gallop, forth they sped,
While horse and rider snorted and blew,
And the stones they smoked, and the fire-sparks flew.

How, left and right, before their sight,
Swept hill, and tree, and down!
How vanished right, and left, and right,
Hall, hamlet, tower, and town!
"Dost shiver, true-love? The moon shines bright
—Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night!
"Dost fear them, true-love? dost creep with dread?"
—"Ah, let them rest! why speak of the dead?"

Lo, there! lo, there! on the gibbet's beam,
A ghostly company,
Half seen beneath the mouldy gleam,
Dance on the gallows tree!
"Sa, sa, my mates, come hither apace,
Come down, my mates, and follow the race;
The marriage-dance ye'll featly tread,
When I and the bride are put to bed."

Hiss, hiss, the spectre crew behind
Came on with whistling rush,
As when 'midst withered leaves, the wind
Whirrs through the hazel-bush;
And on, still on, with clattering tread,
In furious gallop forth they sped,
While horse and rider snorted and blew,
And the stones they smoked, and the fire-sparks flew.

Around the moon-lit plains they fled—
Fled past them fast and far;
How swam the flying clouds o'erhead!
How glanced each passing star!
"Dost shiver, true-love? The moon shines bright,
—Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night!
Dost fear them, true-love? dost creep with dread?"
—"Wo's me! Disturb not the awful dead?"

"Ho! ho! methinks the cock 'gan crow—
The sand is near its end;
Methinks I snuff the dawn—ho! ho!
Quick, quick, my girl, descend!
Our course is over, our race is done,
The marriage doors are open thrown:
The dead ride on through the night space—
'Tis done—we've reached our resting place."

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Right at a portal's iron grate
They dashed with hanging rein—
The horseman waved his rod, and straight
Sprang lock and bolt in twain:
Wide yawned the doors with jarring sound,
And over the echoing graves they bound;
All round, the tomb-stones grey and white,
Lay glimmering in the cold moonlight.

Look there! look there!—at once befell
A sudden change and grim:—
The horseman's garb like tinder fell
In shreds from trunk and limb;
And, lo! his head—nor flesh, nor hair
Clings to that skull so ghastly bare!
A yellow skeleton he stands,
With scythe and glass in his bony hands!

The steed neighed wild, high reared the steed,
And fire-sparks snorted forth;
And, ha! it gapes—with lightning speed
All vanished in the earth!
With howlings shook the welkin pale,
The gulf below with shriek and wail;
While Lenore, with choking breath,
Shook on the verge of life and death.

And round and round, in the moony glance,
In whirling circles rise
A troop of ghosts, in linked dance,
And howled with hollow cries:
"Endure, endure! though grief hath riven
The heart, arraign not God in heaven!
Thy forfeit body, sentenced, leave—
May God in mercy thy soul receive!"

MRS. HEMANS.

[We lament to record the death of this excellent and accomplished poetess. The following biographical particulars are from the *Athenæum*.]

Felicia Dorothea Brown was born in Liverpool, in Duke-street. Her father was a native of Ireland, her mother a German lady—a Miss Wagner—but descended from, or connected with, some Venetian family: a circumstance which she would playfully mention, as accounting for the strong tinge of romance and poetry which pervaded her character from her earliest childhood. Our abstaining from any attempt minutely to trace her history, requires no apology—it is enough to say, that when she was very young, her family removed from Liverpool to the neighbourhood of St. Asaph, in North Wales—that she married at a very early age—that her married life, after the birth of five sons, was clouded by the estrangement of her husband—that, on the death of her mother, with whom she had resided, she broke up her establishment in Wales, and removed to Wavertree, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool — from whence, after a residence of about three years, she again removed to Dublin—her last resting-place.

In private life, Mrs. Hemans had attached to herself many sincere and steadfast friends. She was remarkable for shrinking from the vulgar honours of *lionism*, with all the quiet delicacy of a gentlewoman; and at a time when she was courted by offers of friendship and service, and homages sent to her from every corner of Great Britain and America, to an extent which it is necessary to have seen to believe, she was never so happy as when she could draw her own small circle round her, and, secure in the honest sympathy of its members, give full scope to the powers of conversation which were rarely exerted in general society, and their existence, therefore, hardly suspected. It will surprise many to be told that she might, at any moment, have gained herself a brilliant reputation as a wit, for her use of illustration and language was as happy and quaint, as her fancy was quick and excursive; but she was, wisely for her own peace of mind, anxious rather to conceal, than to display her talent. It was this sensitiveness of mind which prevented her ever visiting London after her name had become celebrated: and, in fact, she was not seldom reproached by her zealous friends for undervaluing, and refusing to enjoy the honours which were the deserved reward of her high talents, and for shutting herself up, as it were, in a corner, when she ought to have taken her place in the world of society as a leading star. The few who knew her will long remember her eager, child-like affection, and the sincere kindliness with which, while she threw herself fully and frankly on their good offices, she adopted their interests as her own for the time being.

It may be told, that when young she was remarkable for personal attractions; that her talents for music and drawing (merely another form of the spirit which was the living principle of her life) were of no common order. Her health had for many years been precarious and delicate: the illness of which she died was long and complicated, but, from the first, its close was foreseen; and we know from those in close connexion with her, that her spirit was placid and resigned, and that she looked forward to the approach of the last struggle without a fear. It is consolatory to add, that her dying moments were cheered by the kind offices of zealous and faithful friends: for herself, her departure from this world could only be a happy exchange. There is no fear of her being forgotten; we shall long think of her—

"Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found;—
So let it be!"

AN OLD HOUSE IN THE CITY—CAT AND CONDOR.

Anthony Cat,—merry, simple-minded man!—whilst seated in his leather-bottomed chair, conning his daily ten hours' task, never dreamed of out-of-door opinions. He knew the walls of the old house were in good condition, for they had been surveyed; but for any types or texts to be found in them, he no more thought of such superstition than the fly

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in a painted paper cage thinks of the daubing of its prison. Anthony Cat professed himself a Christian, and proved himself a man of business. For ourselves we care not so much for professions as for deeds; therefore, waving what Anthony said, we may state what he seemed—for in mind he may have been an infidel, but in practice he was (in pounds, shillings, and pence) a true believer. Anthony owed his first advance in life to his humanity. In the first American war, though he only held a situation partaking of the errand-boy and the junior clerk, he was at once a philanthropist and an admirer of his master's daughter. Being on principle averse to the war, he conceived that, by lessening the resources of his country, he might best accelerate the advent of peace—to which end, whenever despatched for stamped sheets, he six times out of ten supplied the office from his own garret, putting the purchase-money in his own pocket. How, it will be asked, was the cheat effected? By the unassisted genius of the simple Anthony, who, to while away the dreariness of his leisure, would cut the stamps from old extinct bonds, and with the most praiseworthy dexterity, with a nice ingenuity worthy a Chinese, would let them into plain parchment. "This was the way to thrive;" and Anthony had the double satisfaction of assisting the cause of national peace and individual profit. This is a truth, a truth without one thread of fiction. In time Anthony became the second clerk—still his heart grew bigger, still his purse dilated. However, a proposal for his fair young mistress was met by the indignation of her father, and Anthony was about to be discarded, when an accidental discovery of a false stamp procured him another interesting interview with his master. The old gentleman was full of virtuous indignation, and talked of hanging. Anthony fell upon his knees, and, to the horror of the elderly lawyer, confessed a long catalogue of forgeries; nay more, avowed himself ready to publish to the world the name of every client whose property had been placed in jeopardy by a spurious stamp. Of course the master gave quills, ink, and paper to the penitent for the purposes of justice? Not so: the lawyer was a discreet man—were the iniquity of his clerk made known, his business, his connexion was gone! Anthony rightly interpreted the silence of his master, and again and again proposed to make "a clean breast." The good man got up a visible shudder at what he termed the consequences of a prosecution—he could not see an old, though worthless servant, hanged! Will it be believed by the modest reader? The instant Anthony was assured that his master would not consign him to the gallows, he again prayed that he might take his daughter to the church. The master paused at the request; but at length, wisely thinking that the best way to stop the mouth of his clerk would be to give him a wife, he consented to the match. This auspicious beginning was followed by "thick coming" successes, and, in the course of a few years, behold Anthony Cat partner of "an Old House in the City." He looked worthy of his prosperity—his face was ever in a glow of satisfaction, his voice rung like glass, and he would rub his hands with an air that told you they were as pure as his own pounce. And yet no man had a sterner eye to the "inevitable decencies" of life. Though he was outwardly smiling, meek, and gracious, he had in his way of business a heart more than Roman. Little knew they of the interior of Anthony Cat who judged him by his short laugh, his venerable jest, or his one ballad at the club—nay, they who paused at his Hoxton Villa, garnished with potted myrtles and geraniums, and saw the owner pacing his lawn with a pink 'twixt his fingers brushing his nose, did him wrong if they confounded him with the same Cat setting a suit in his "Old House in the City," or following it out at Westminster.

Augustus Condor, the second partner, seemed expressly sent into the world to do two things, to keep accounts and eat a dinner. He accomplished the double purpose of his being with surpassing ability. No man had greater powers of calculation and digestion. His moral lining was, we are convinced, composed of a ready reckoner and a cookery book. Place him before the cedars of Lebanon, and his first thought would be to calculate the height and girth of every cedar tree, and next its market price. Fix him on the shores of the Ganges, and his first inquiry would be if turtle swarmed there? and Condor knew himself, and so knowing, left the difficulties of consultation to his more mercurial partner. Cat looked to the pockets of the house, and Condor to the belly. * * * *

What of Messrs. Cat and Condor? what of the partners of the Old House? On an eventful feast, in the fourth plate of turtle, Condor went off in an apoplexy. His fortune, inherited by a profligate nephew, passed in two years into the hands of blacklegs. For Cat, he became a bigoted believer in supernatural signs and tokens. He sank to mere imbecility, and may now be seen in a certain asylum, pacing the courtyard, vacantly smiling, rubbing his hands, and crying every minute, "To-morrow, sir, to-morrow."

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SABBATH IN SCOTLAND.

(From the Cruise of the Midge, in Blackwood's Magazine.)

It was a beautiful summer's day. I had scarcely ever seen the outline of the mountain so hard and clear and sharply defined, as it hove up and out, high into the cold pure

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blue of the cloudless sky. The misty cap that usually conceals the bald peak yonder, had blown off before the fresh breeze that rustled cheerily among the twittering leaves; disclosing the grey scalp, the haunt of the gled and the eagle, with the glittering streaks of unmelted but not unnamed snow filling the wrinkle-like storm rifts; whose ice-fed streamlets loomed in the distance still and fixed like frozen gouts of pure sea foam, but lower down sparkled in the sun, flowing with a perceptible motion as if the hoary giant had been shedding glad tears of dropping diamonds.

Still nearer, the silver chainlets of their many rills were welded into one small waterfall, that leapt from its rocky ledge, white as the wreaths that fed it; bending and wavering in the breeze, and gradually thinning as it fell into the Grey Mare's Tail, until it blew off in smoke, and vanished altogether, scarcely moistening the black and mossgrown stones of the shallow basin beneath. Below this, and skirting the dry region of shingle, the paired moorfowl, for the cheepers hadna taken wing yet, were whirring amang the purple heather, that glowed under the bright sunlight, as if the mountain had been girdled in with a ruby zone; while farther down, the sheep bleating to their lambs, powdered the whole green hillside, like pearls sprinkled on a velvet mantle.

The kine were lowing in the valley, as they stood kneedeep in the cool burn, whisking away the flies, under the vocal shadow of the overhanging saughs. The grey heron was floating above the spungy *flowe*, from spring to spring, from one dark green tuft of rushes to another, so ghostlike, that you could not tell it from its shadow; the birds were singing among the trees; the very crackling of the furze pods in the sun had an exhilarating and joyous sound; and the drowsy and moaning hum of the myriads of bees, that floated into the wee auld kirk through the open window, from the plane-trees that overshadowed it; dangerous as the sound wad hae been to a prosey preacher on a sultry Sabbath, it was but a soothing melody to me, for Moses was in the poopit, and I kenned there wad be nae sleeping there that day. There was happiness in the very cawing of the rooks in the auld trees of the kirkyard, as they peered down at us with eyes askance, as much as to say, "ay, freens, there's nae gun amang ye the day."

The farmers came along cracking blithely as they looked over the sea of waving grain, now in ear, and fast bronzing under the genial sun, that covered the whole strath; the trouts were glancing and louping at the grey flies, and the ducks of the villagers were flaffing and squattering in the burn, where the lasses were washing their feet, glancing like silver amang the sparkling wimples of the clear yet moss-browned water, and putting on their shoes and stockings, preparatory to their entering the sanctuary, therein differing from the heathen, who *cast* off their slippers at the threshold. Auld Widow Miller herself, sober sedate body, was *keekling* with Tam Clink the blacksmith as she came along by the holly hedge; even the hard-worked carrier's horses, with their galled backs and shoulders, and the very bones sticking through their flanks, were frisking awkwardly with their iron joints (like so many of their wooden scaffold-supporting namesakes bewitched), in clumsy imitation of the beautiful filly there, and neighing on the other side of the hedge from you, speaking as plain as Balaam's ass, that the Sabbath was for them also; ay, when the very Spirit of God himself seemed visibly abroad on the smiling face of the glad earth, is it to be wondered at that a man of genius—na, Moses, ye needna blush—that an extempore preacher like him, should, with so much natural eloquence, have exclaimed, "Shall all the beasts of the field, and fowls of the air, and fishes, yea, shall all creatures, animate and inanimate, praise the Lord for his goodness, with one universal burst of joy; and shall man alone, while he worships with fear and trembling, not mingle with the groan of his just humiliation a shout of heartwarm and heartfelt gratitude to the Almighty Dispenser of all this happiness around him?"

Domestic Hints.

PICKLING MEAT.

Professor Rapienoque denounces the use of saltpetre in brine intended for the preservation of animal flesh to be kept for food. That part of the saltpetre which is absorbed by the meat, he says, is nitric acid or aqua-fortis—a deadly poison. Animal flesh, previous to the addition of pickle, consists of gelatinous and fibrous substances, the former only possessing a nutritious virtue. This gelatin is destroyed by the chemical action of salt and saltpetre; and, as the Professor remarks, the meat becomes as different a substance from what it should be, as leather is from raw hide before it is subjected to the process of tanning. He ascribes to the pernicious effects of this chemical change, all the diseases which are common to mariners and others who subsist principally on salted meat — such as scurvy, sore gums, decayed teeth, ulcers, &c., and advises a total abandonment of the use of saltpetre in the sparkling of pickle for beef, pork, &c.; the best substitute for which, he says, is sugar; a small quantity rendering the meat sweeter, more wholesome, and equally as durable. This statement ought to be made known to, and remembered by, farmers, butchers, packers of sea provisions, and to all those people who,

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owing to their residing at a distance from towns and villages, or owing to other causes, are in the habit of killing and curing their own winter meat.—*New York Farmer.*

The Gatherer.

Revenge Appeased.—A young man, who had great cause of complaint against another, went to an old hermit to tell him his wrongs, and declared he would be revenged. The good old man said all he could to appease him, but seeing that his exhortations were useless, and that the young man still persisted in his desire of revenge, said to him, "At least, my friend, let us pray to God before you execute your resolution;" he then began thus:—"Hast thou not declared, O God, that thou art our protector,—is it not useful then in us to take upon ourselves that which belongs to thee." The young man was so struck at this, that he fell on his knees before the hermit, asked pardon of his Maker, protested against ever again feeling revengeful, and vowed to leave his wrongs for Heaven to redress. S. T. B.

The Rev. Andrew Marvell, lecturer of Trinity Church, Kingston-upon-Hull, who was very old, had been visited by a young lady, who, regardless of a very stormy evening, persisted in returning home across the Humber, on account of the alarm her family would experience by her absence. After vainly endeavouring to dissuade her from subjecting herself to perils, which he understood better than she did, he gallantly resolved to bear her company. He accordingly walked with her down to the shore, and after handing her into the boat, got in himself, and threw his stick to a friend, with a request that he would preserve it for a keepsake. He then desired the boatman to push off from the shore. Before they had accomplished their short passage, the waves broke over them, the boat became unmanageable, and they were all unhappily drowned.—W. G. C.

Guido and Dominichino.—These two celebrated artists when young, having each painted a picture, were desirous of consulting Annibal Carracci, their master, as to the merits of their respective pieces. Being pressed, Carracci replied that "Guido had performed as a master, and Dominichino as a scholar; but that the work of the scholar was more valuable than that of the master." At this early time, it was easy to discern genius that promised to produce beauties to which the sweet, the gentle, and the graceful Guido would never attain.

A Hint.—At Oporto, during the late war of Liberation, was an individual, who held a staff situation of trust in the ——— Regiment, and afforded great amusement to the young members of the corps, whenever his faculties became a little clouded by repeated potations. He would, no matter what the topic under discussion might be, always contrive to introduce the subject—colonies and colonization. His history was very generally known. "I ought to know something about New South Wales; I was *seven* years there," was a phrase constantly in his mouth, whenever a difference of opinion (urged for the purpose) was started by any of those present; a young wag would occasionally annoy him by replying, "Perhaps, ——— the next visit you make to the colony will be for fourteen." The man was actually a returned convict!—*United Service Journal.*

The Crown-laying Hen.—At a village of Savoy, a few leagues from Geneva, dwells a husbandman, the father of twelve children, and who on that account, and by virtue of the Sardinian laws, receives from the state an annual pension of 10*l.* This individual, notwithstanding the expense incurred by a numerous family, is able by industry and economy to supply his wants, and is even in easy circumstances. His neighbours, envious of prosperity which they did not enjoy, fancied that it proceeded from a secret cause, namely, from an agreement made with the devil, and that by virtue of this treaty, a certain black hen, which figured in their neighbour's yard, laid a crown-piece every day. This affair was soon spread abroad, and became a favourite topic with the gossips of the place and those of the neighbouring hamlets, causing considerable uneasiness to him who was the object of it. He applied to the syndic of the place: the magistrate, a shrewd man, knew of no better way than that of putting up the marvellous hen by public auction. Bills were posted, the day fixed, the crowd repaired to the syndic's house. The customary announcement took place, and the biped was given up by an authentic act, and in due form to a Mr. T———, on condition of providing ten days travelling expenses to the seller. The sale being over, the new purchaser took possession of the hen, and bore it triumphantly home. But, to the great disappointment of the purchaser, the hen laid nothing but eggs. The peasants would not believe to the contrary, but thought that the agreement between the devil and the first owner was useless to his successor; that consequently the hen left her new residence every night to lay her crown in the old one. They talk of making the purchase void, and a summons has already been issued to the first possessor for that purpose.—T. S. A.

Sound.—Among the glaciers above the village of Maglan are echoes which repeat the same sound a great number of times; and, when once such a sound is produced, it is propagated and repeated from rock to

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rock, producing a prolonged *retentissement*, like that of a trumpet when it is blown loud and long.

Jews.—The other day, (says Coleridge, in his *Table Talk*,) I was what you would call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked, that I said to him, "Pray, why can't you say 'old clothes' in a plain way, as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said in a clear and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say old clothes as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say *Ogh Clo* as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had. —I have had a good deal to do with Jews in the course of my life, although I never borrowed any money of them. Once I sat in a coach opposite a Jew—a symbol of old clothes bags—an Isaiah of Holywell-street. He would close the window; I opened it. He closed it again; upon which, in a very solemn tone, I said to him, "Son of Abraham! thou smellest; son of Isaac! thou art offensive; son of Jacob! thou stinkest foully. See the man in the moon! he is holding his nose at thee at that distance; dost thou think that I, sitting here, can endure it any longer?" My Jew was astounded, opened the window forthwith himself, and said, "he was sorry he did not know before I was so great a gentleman."

An Irish baronet, whose connoisseurship did not equal his riches, had purchased a handsome alabaster vase at Rome, with an interesting sepulchral inscription of the finest letter and most perfect preservation. The Abbate Fea, inspector of all the antiquities of the city, heard of the discovery, and laid an embargo on the vase for the sake of the inscription. The Baronet, who valued the alabaster, and counted the inscription as nothing, proposed to arrange the matter by erasing the inscription. After much parley in vain, the inspector was at last obliged to relent; and inscription and vase were both carried off to the great surprise of the antiquarians. W. G. C.

The English Chapel and Cemetery, at Oporto, lie on the outskirts of the town. The edifice is built upon an elevation, overlooking to a great extent the country that borders on either side of the winding Douro, a truly enchanting prospect. This little church is a square building of most unostentatious pretensions, placed nearly in the centre of the grounds, which are planted with the greatest taste, and appear a perfect Père la Chaise in miniature. The trees are so admirably arranged as to conceal the extent of the garden on any side, and resemble a small forest with here and there an open glade of verdant turf. Every description of beautiful flowering shrub indigenous in Portugal flourishes in this sylvan spot; the luxuriant aloe, the richly-scented orange and myrtle trees with their brilliant foliage of ever-green, embellish the scene; and the clustering tendrils of many plants, winding about the linden, and the drooping willow, wave over the sculptured memorials of affection, the tombs of the silent dead.—*United Service Journal.*

A Kentuckian who had seen Miss Fanny Kemble play *Juliet*, accosted a friend with—"Well, what do you think of that 'ere gal?"—"Oh!" unhesitatingly replied ——, "I don't know."—"Well," retorted the questioner, "Any how, I guess, she's *o'* some account!"

An Americanism.—"As poor as Job's kittens."

Decline of the Drama.—One reason why the stage and every thing belonging to it has fallen to so low an ebb now, is because actors have ceased to care for their profession themselves,—they are no longer *artists*,—acting is no longer an art.—*Mrs. Butler.* [Yet, Miss Kelly, in retiring from the stage a few evenings since, with justice referred to acting as her *art*.—*Ed. M.*]

Animal Food.—The Pagan priests were the first eaters of animal food; it corrupted their taste, and so excited them to gluttony, that when they had eaten the same thing repeatedly, their luxurious appetites called for variety. He who had devoured the sheep, longed to masticate the shepherd!—*Ritson.*

The noble Gift.—Alexander the Great gave much to a poor man from whom he had received but little. One of his courtiers told him that it was giving far too much to so poor a man, and that a smaller gift would have sufficed. "I know that you think so," said the prince; "but in giving I remember that I am Alexander."

Republicanism.—On one occasion, when young —— was acting *Richard the Third*, some of the underlings kept their hats on while he was on the stage, whereat —— remonstrated, requesting them in a whisper to uncover, as they were in the presence of a king, to which admonition he received the following characteristic reply:—"Fiddlestick! I guess we care nothing about kings in this country."—*Mrs. Butler's Journal.*

All American women are pretty creatures; I never saw any prettier.—*Mrs. Butler.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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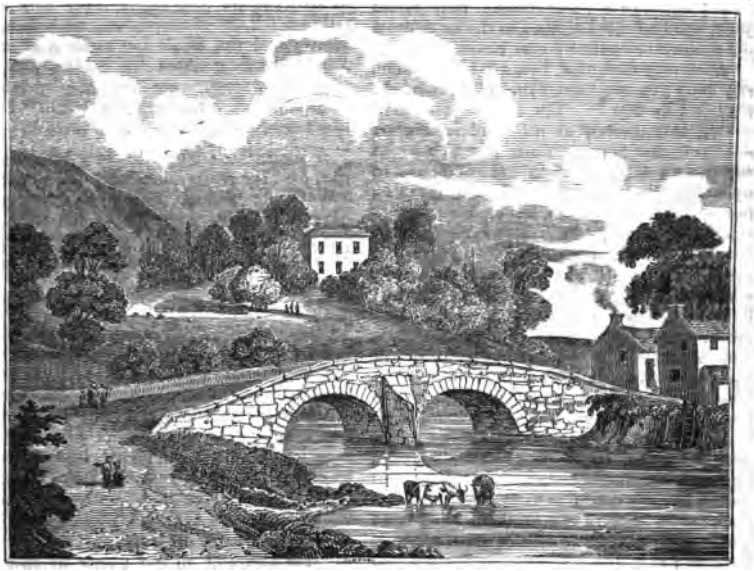

GRETA HALL,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE POET, SOUTHEY.

ON a gentle eminence near the river Greta, amidst the sublime and picturesque beauties of lake, wood, and mountain, has the poet Southey fixed his unostentatious home for many years past. How consonant with his reflective habits is the scenery of this spot, the reader of Southey's works, (more especially of his *Colloquies*,) need not be told. Nor is it requisite to remind him how congenial is this rural quiet to a life of literary activity, like that of Southey, who, as poet, historian, and biographer, has been before the public upwards of forty years, and has proved himself one of the most useful as well as voluminous writers of that period. These considerations have induced us to select Mr. Southey's Portrait as the Frontispiece of the present volume of our Miscellany;* to which the above Engraving may be considered an appropriate accompaniment.

The eye of this romantic country is Derwent Water,† or Keswick Lake, which occupies a beautiful valley, surrounded with mountain heights. Its shores and islands are clothed with luxuriant wood, and its northern extremity opens to a wide and fertile landscape; at which point, between the Lake and Skiddaw, the loftiest of the Cumberland hills, lies the town of Keswick; thence the road to Cockermouth and the vale of Newlands crosses the Greta, by Keswick bridge in the foreground of the above view. This bridge, by the way, was the subject of the first original picture, by the late Sir George Beaumont, Bart., which was exhibited at the Royal Academy by the express desire of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Greta Hall commands a much more extensive and varied *coup* than the present Engraving embraces. From the front is a delightful view of the Lake and its surrounding heights: here is the poet's library: here, to quote his own words, he possesses many gathered treasures of time, the harvest of many generations; and, adds he, "when I go to the window, there is the Lake and the circle of the mountains, and the illimitable sky."‡

The mountains upon the east side of the Lake are finely broken, in some places presenting precipices, mingled with copsewood and verdure, the chasms of the rocks dis-

* In a SUPPLEMENT now publishing, and completing the present volume.

† Described in the Mirror, vol. xvi. p. 394, by a Correspondent.

‡ Colloquies, vol. ii. p. 343.

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changing many streams in graceful yet murmuring falls. The mountains on the opposite side of Keswick Lake are more regular in their forms, generally verdant, and adorned with a profusion of wood near the water's edge. On the north-west rises boldly Skiddaw Hill; and from its base, near Greta Hall, part of Bassenthwaite Lake and its richly wooded banks may be clearly seen.

We intend to borrow, by way of conclusion, the Poet's description of the Greta, from the *Colloquies* :—

"Our Cumberland river Greta has a shorter course than even its Yorkshire namesake. St. John's beck and the Glenderamaken take this name at their confluence, close by the bridge, three miles east of Keswick, on the Penrith road. The former issues from Leathesweter, in a beautiful, silvan spot, and proceeds by a not less beautiful course for some five miles through the vale from which it is called, to the place of junction. The latter, receiving the streams from Bowscale and Threlkeld tarns, brings with it the waters from the southern side of Blencathra. The Greta then flows towards Keswick; receives on its way the Glenderaterra first, which brings down the western waters of Blencathra, and those from Skiddaw forest, then the smaller stream from Nathdale; makes a wide sweep behind the town, and joins the Derwent, under Derwent Hill, about a quarter of a mile from the town, and perhaps half that distance from the place where that river flows out of the lake; but when swoln above its banks, it takes a shorter line, and enters Derwentwater.

"The Yorkshire stream was a favourite resort of Mason, and has been celebrated by Sir Walter Scott. Nothing can be more picturesque, nothing more beautiful, than its course through the grounds at Rokeby, and its junction there with the Tees; and there is a satisfaction in knowing that the possessor of that beautiful place fully appreciates and feels its beauties, and is worthy to possess it. Our Greta is of a different character, and less known; no poet has brought it into notice, and the greater number of tourists seldom allow themselves time for seeing anything out of the beaten track. Yet the scenery upon this river, where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most rememberable kind. From a jutting isthmus, round which the tortuous river twists, you look over its manifold windings, up the water to Blencathra; down it, over a high and wooded middle ground, to the distant mountains of Newlands Cawsey Pike, and Grizedal."*

How fondly the Poet cherishes his picturesque home scenery, may be inferred from the following passage relating to the removal of some of its beauties:—

"Scarcely a quarter of a mile distant (from Crosthwaite Church,) there stood, some few years ago, a little grove of firs, the loss of which is one of the many injuries that the vale has suffered since I became one of its inhabitants. They stood by the road-side just at an elbow of the river Greta, covering a mean and deserted building, which had formerly been a Quaker's Meeting House, and is now converted to the better purpose of a National School for girls. It is seldom that any common plantation adds a grace to the country, though to the ease with which it may deform it, some of these mountains bear lamentable witness; but these fir-trees, planted as they were, merely because the nook of ground whereon they stood between the road and the river was not worth cultivating, could not have been more happily placed by the most judicious hand. From whatever side you looked over the landscape they were conspicuous; in summer by their darker hue, in winter by their only verdure. Standing about midway between the town and the church, they were a spot on which the eye rested, and many a sketch-book will have preserved them as one of the features of the vale."†

We have only to add that the original of the present Engraving is one of Mr. Westall's graceful Views, in his *Great Britain Illustrated*, published at an expense of more than 6,000*l.*; the extensive success of which is as honourable to the public as this vast outlay is to the enterprise of the publisher.

PARLIAMENT.

(*From various Authorities.*)

HENRY VIII. not only prorogued his parliaments whenever he pleased, but so little concerned was he for the statutes of Edward III., that his fourth parliament was not held till full seven years after the dissolution of the third; and it was between six and seven years more before his fifth parliament was summoned. Those parliaments, and all the subsequent parliaments in his reign, were so managed, that they denied him nothing; but gave their assent to some of the most unconstitutional, unjust, absurd, contradictory, oppressive, and cruel laws that were ever enacted. During the reign of Elizabeth, freedom of speech was so much violated that, in 1593, the Lord Keeper, Puckering, in answer to the usual demands made by the speaker, on his nomination, explained liberty of speech to be no more than a liberty of aye and no. Wentworth and three other members were sent to prison for proposing, in respectful terms, that the queen should be entreated to settle the succession of the crown. In the reign of James I., the Commons entered a protestation, concerning liberty of

* Colloquies, vol. ii. p. 241.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 3.

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speech, into the clerk's book; but the King sent for the journal, tore the protestation out, and declared it invalid. Charles I. also made a formidable attack on the freedom of speech in parliament; but it was one of the principal causes of all the calamities that ensued.

In a parliament held during the reign of Elizabeth, upon a subsidy being moved in a committee, a debate ensued, in which Sir Walter Raleigh opposed, with great freedom, the somewhat slavish principles of Cecil and Bacon. It was moved by Sir Francis Hastings, that the three-pound men should be exempted; but the secretary contended that separation might breed emulation, and suspicion of partiality. Sergeant Hale marvelled much that the house demurred upon the subject, "seeing," said he, "all we have is her majesty's, and she may lawfully at pleasure take it from us; yea, she has as much right to all our lands and goods as to any revenue of her crown." At this the house hummed and laughed. "Well," said the subservient orator, in the words used by Townshead, "all your humming shall not put me out of countenance;" and so he told them he could prove his former position in the time of Henry III., John, Stephen, &c.; at which the house was louder than before, till they hummed the sergeant into his seat. Upon this, Cecil launched out, and carried the matter very high, observing, that "neither pots nor pans, nor dish nor spoon, should be spared when danger was at our elbow; nor would he by any means have the three-pound men exempted, because he would have the King of Spain to know how willing they were to sell all in defence of our religion, of our prince, and of our country." Mr. Francis Bacon then spoke, and concluded by observing, that, when all contributed alike, it was a delightful pull in an equal yoke. To these obsequious statesmen, Sir W. Raleigh answered, "I like it not that the Spaniards, our enemies, should know of our selling our pots and pans to pay subsidies. Well may you call it policy, as an honourable person alleged; but I am sure it argues poverty in the state. And, for the motion that was last made, *dulcis tractus pari jugo*, call you this an equal yoke, when a poor man pays as much as a rich, and perhaps his estate is no better than it is set at, or but little better; while our estates are three or four pounds in the queen's books, and that is not the hundredth part of our wealth. Therefore, it is neither delightful nor equal."

Chamberlayne says that the lords of parliament paid their own charges, because they represented only themselves; yet all the commons, both lay and clergy, that is, *procuratores cleri*, are to have *rationabiles expensus*, (as the words of the writ are,) that is, such allowances as the king, considering the price of all things, shall judge meet to impose upon the people to pay. In the 17th of Edward II. it was ten groats for knights, and five for burgesses; but not long after it was four shillings for all others, when the counties, cities, and boroughs paid so dearly for their expenses, they were wont to choose such men as were best able, and most diligent in the speedy dispatch of affairs. The afore-mentioned expenses, duly paid, caused all the petty decayed boroughs of England to become suitors to the king, that they might not be obliged to send burgesses to parliament; whereby it came to pass that divers were unburgessed, as it was in particular granted to Chipping, or Market-Morrison, upon their petition; and then, the number of the House of Commons being scarce half so many as in 1688, their debates and bills were sooner expedited. Kingston, too, obtained leave not to send members to parliament because of the expense.

James I. told the parliament he was an absolute king, and that he would not hold his prerogative, or honour, or receive anything of any or all his subjects; that kings were exempt from any censure or correction on earth, and admonished the commons to beware that they were not like Icarus, the son of Dædalus, that soared so near the sun that the wax melted, and his wings failed, and down he fell. James insulted the commons on every occasion, except at the moment he expected to have money voted. He cautioned them not to move him to do that which was in his power to do. He forbade the commons debating on matters of government, and said that kings could give life and death, judge all, and be judged by none.

The Convention parliament was that convention of the lords and commons who met at Whitehall, on the abdication of James II., to settle the Prince of Orange on the throne. This was, in fact, no parliament, being without royal, or even popular authority, and being composed merely of some persons who had been in the previous parliament, with others who had never been members of either house. The objects for which this meeting took place happened to be successful; otherwise the members who composed it were liable to trial and punishment for treason against the reigning sovereign. In order to screen them from such dangerous consequences, should the king or his son ever recover their rights, an act of indemnity was passed in the next session of parliament, including every person who had been present at the above meeting.

On the day that the Hanoverian Succession Bill passed the commons, Sir Arthur Owen, Bart., member for Pembrokeshire, and Griffith Rice, Esq., member for Carmarthenshire, prevented the friends of the present royal family from being left in a minority. If it had not been for these two gentlemen, there is little doubt that the tory party in

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parliament, by the influence of the ministry, would have carried it so, that Prince James should succeed his sister Queen Anne. When the house was about to divide, one of the Whig members, seeing a seeming majority in favour of the house of Stuart, ran out of the house almost frantic, in search of some of his partisans, to give a turn to the question in favour of the Elector of Hanover. Perceiving Sir Arthur Owen and Mr. Rice, as he came out, walking about the lobby, and talking of private business, he addressed them vehemently, saying, "What do you mean, gentlemen, by staying here, when the Hanoverian Succession Bill is about to be thrown out of the house?" "When I heard that," Sir Arthur used to relate, "I made but one step into the house, and my voice made the number equal for the bill, 117;—and the tories had no more. Mr. Rice, with great gravity, coming in after me, had the honour of giving the casting vote in favour of the Hanoverian succession."

W. G. C.

THE WAKING CHILD'S HYMN.

(*From the French of M. de Lamartine*)

Father, to whom my sire directs his prayer,
Whose name we name not but on bended knees;
Dreadful yet kind art thou, the only fair,
My mother bows whene'er thy name she sees.

'Tis said the beautiful and radiant sun
Is but a plaything of thy mighty power;
Beneath thy feet doth he his journeys run,
Red like the lamp that burns at midnight hour.

'Tis said the little birds that sport in air,
Or on the trees, are warm'd and hatch'd by thee;
And little children, too, beneath thy care,
Are taught to know thee, and to bend the knee.

To taste thy gifts all creatures hear thy call,
All are invited to the general feast;
At thy large table there is room for all,—
The smallest insect is a welcome guest.

The feeble lambkin crops the fragrant thyme,
The goat seeks trefoil on the mountain high;
And from that fav'rite flow'ry cup of mine
Of whitest milk at breakfast sips the fly.

What must I do to gain thy sov'reign grace
Which thou bestow'st so freely day by day,
At noon, at eve, at morn? I'll seek thy face,
And name thy name, O Father, when I pray!

Then since He hears us from his distant throne,
And knows our wants, and all our wishes too;
I'll ask for other blessings than my own,
What others want I'll ever keep in view.

T. S. A.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Committee of the Shakspearean Club at Stratford-upon-Avon, have issued the following powerful appeal to the world, in aid of the restoration of the Tomb and other memorials of Shakspeare—an appeal which we trust will be responded by every educated Englishman, and by every admirer of genius throughout the civilized world.

The Members of the Club have long beheld with regret the disfigurement of the Bust and Monument of Shakspeare, and the neglected condition of the interior of the chancel which contains both that monument and his grave.

The Chancel of the ancient Collegiate Church of Stratford was erected in the 15th century, by Thomas Balshall, D. D. Warden of the College of Stratford. Its large and beautiful windows were originally of painted glass, and its roof was of carved oak. Of the painted glass a small portion only remains, inserted in the eastern window; and the roof of the chancel has been hidden from view by a ceiling of plaster. The rich architecture of the windows and niches has been much obscured by repeated coatings of whitewash, and the floor and foundations are suffering serious injury from damp.

The Monument erected to Skakspeare by his family, a few years after his death, representing the poet with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left leaning on a scroll, was originally coloured to resemble life; but was thickly covered over with white paint in the year 1793, at the instigation of Mr. Malone. The pen was long since detached by some visiter, and a recent attempt was made to abstract one of the fingers of the bust, which was actually broken off, but recovered and replaced. The removal of the coating of white paint, and the renewal of the original colours of the monument, are supposed to be practicable without the chance of injury to the original work.

Near the grave of Shakspeare lie interred the bodies of Anne his wife; of Susannah his eldest daughter, and her husband Dr. John Hall; of Thomas Nashe, Esq., the husband of Elizabeth, the daughter of Dr. John Hall and Susannah his wife; (Elizabeth having afterwards married Sir J. Barnard, of Abington, near Northamptou, and being there buried.) The inscriptions on some of the gravestones of these members of the poet's family, the stones being on the floor of the chancel, are partly obliterated; and an epitaph, commemorating the excellencies of Shakspeare's favourite daughter, was either worn out or purposely effaced in 1707, and another inscription engraved on the same stone, for a person unconnected with the family of Shakspeare.

The respect due to the memory of Shakspeare, the loss of almost every personal relic of him, the demolition of his house, the destruction of his traditionary mulberry-tree, and the alteration and removal of the greater part of his father's residence, concur to make the members of the Shakspearean Club most anxious to preserve every thing connected with his mortal remains from further disrespect. If any additional inducement were required, it would be found in the remarkable beauty of the structure in which those remains are deposited; and in the picturesque situation of the chancel in the midst

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of trees and pleasing scenery on the banks of the river Avon,—circumstances which conspire to render the parish church of the town in which Shakspeare lived and died his most appropriate mausoleum.

The first anxiety of the Members of the Club is to preserve the monument of Shakspeare from all future injury; and, if practicable, to restore its original colours, and those on the full length figure of John Combe, the friend of Shakspeare, and buried near him, and whose monument is similarly deformed. It would also exceedingly gratify them to be able to restore the ancient roof, and painted windows; to clear the walls of unnecessary whitewash, and to secure the foundations of the chancel itself.

For these purposes, the Members of the Club have appointed a Committee, to whom has been confided the task of laying the state of the Tomb of Shakspeare before the public, and of soliciting assistance towards its restoration and preservation; as well as towards the preservation of the tombs of Shakspeare's family, and those known to have been his personal friends, and generally, of the venerable structure in which they are placed.

It is proposed to effect these objects by voluntary donations, *not exceeding One Pound each*. The sum thus raised to be laid out under the direction of the Committee, and with the advice of eminent artists.

If practicable, a portion of the money obtained, will be vested in public securities, the yearly interest to be applied to the *perpetual* preservation of the chancel, and especially of Shakspeare's Tomb.

In case of a sufficient amount being subscribed, the Committee would gladly extend their care to the preservation of the house in which Shakspeare's father resided, in Henley-street, the presumed birth-place of Shakspeare; and to the house still remaining at Shottery, near Stratford, which was the residence of Anne Hathaway, afterwards the wife of Shakspeare; and even to the purchase of the site of New Place, the house in which Shakspeare passed the last three years of his life, and in which he died;—a spot which, being yet unencroached upon, they are most desirous of guarding from new erections, and consecrating to the memory of him whose name has rendered it, in their estimation, hallowed ground.

A book is prepared by the Committee in which the names and places of abode of the Donors will be carefully preserved. This register, it is trusted, will for ever remain a gratifying proof of the general interest excited, in the 19th century, by a proposal to do late honour to the only mortal remains of one whose works have cast an unfading glory over the literature of England.

Anecdote Gallery.

FRENCH THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

TALMA was often called to read pieces to the Imperial Court, before they were performed at the theatre. A short time before the divorce of the Empress Josephine, he selected a piece, translated from the English, in which the separation of a married couple formed the principal incident. None of the courtiers knew then what was brewing. The Empress Josephine was observed to weep very much, and Napoleon, after listening awhile, impatiently rose, and shut the door which opened to the outer room, in which the company sat, who were thus, to their great surprise, prevented from hearing. The whole piece, however, was read; but when it was finished, the Emperor forbade its performance.

When the tragedy of Agamemnon, written by M. Lemercier, was represented at the Tuileries, Napoleon said to the author, "Your piece is worth nothing; what right has Strophus to make remonstances to Clytemnestra; he is only a valet?"—"No, sire," replied M. Lemercier, "Strophus is no valet; he is a dethroned king, friend of Agamemnon."—"Then you are ignorant of courts," said Napoleon sharply; "at court, the monarch only is something; the others are nothing but valets."

Napoleon took great pleasure in private theatricals; he delighted in seeing plays acted by persons whom he knew; he sometimes even paid them compliments. But as to De Bourrienne, although he was as much amused by them as any of the party, he was more than once obliged to represent to Napoleon, that his occupation did not leave him sufficient leisure to learn his parts: Napoleon would then assume a caressing manner, and say to him, "Come, come, Bourrienne, no more of this—you have a good memory—you know that I am much amused by it—you see that these meetings enliven Malmaison, and make us all gay—Josephine is very fond of them; get up a little earlier in the morning."—"In truth," said Bourrienne, "I have a great deal of time for sleep—have I not?"—"Well, Bourrienne," answered Napoleon, "do it for my sake: you all make me laugh so heartily—do not deprive me of this pleasure. I have not many such, as you well know."—"Ah! by heavens," said Bourrienne, "I am not the man to deprive you of it; I am delighted to be able to contribute to your recreation."—And he again applied himself to the study of his characters.

So far from prepossessing was the appearance of Mademoiselle Duchesnois, the celebrated actress, before she appeared upon the Parisian stage, that M. Chaptal, who was

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then Minister of the Interior, refused to give permission for her debut. The Empress Josephine, however, who had taken her by the hand, made a party, to which M. Chaptal was invited, and Mademoiselle Duchesnois appeared before the company to recite some verses. The talent with which she went through her task had such an effect upon the minister, that he immediately wrote the desired permission, and subsequently became one of her warmest patrons.

Baron, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession. He used to say, that tragic actors should be nursed in the lap of queens. Nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession; for, according to him, the world might see once in a century a Cæsar, but that it required a thousand years to produce a Baron.

A few days before Baron's comedy of *The Brothers* was intended for representation, M. de Roquelaure said to the author,—"Baron, when will you show me your new piece? You know I have heard of it. I have invited three ladies, who are lovers of literature, to dine with me: come and join us. Bring *The Brothers* with you, and gratify us by reading it; I am curious to compare it with the *Adelphi* of Terence." Baron accepted the invitation, and went the following day to M. de Roquelaure's hotel, where he found two countesses and a marchioness, who expressed a polite impatience to hear him and his comedy. Notwithstanding this, they sat a longer time than usual; and, when they got up from dinner, the ladies called for cards.—"How, cards!" exclaimed M. de Roquelaure with surprise; "you forget that Baron has come on purpose to read his new comedy."—"No, no, Monsieur!" replied one of the countesses, "we do not forget it. Whilst we play, Baron may read his piece, and thus we shall kill two birds with one stone." At these words, the author jumped up, and hastened to the door; then, turning to the company, he said: "My piece was not written to be read to gamblers."

Diderot, speaking one day of Shakspeare, with great emphasis and praise before Voltaire, the latter said,—"And can you, indeed, prefer to Virgil and Racine, a monster utterly destitute of taste? I should as soon think of abandoning the Apollo Belvidere for the St. Christopher of Nôtre Dame." Diderot paused a moment, and replied: "But what would you say, if you saw the huge figure of St. Christopher on his legs, moving towards you in the street, with the colossal statue?" Voltaire made no reply.

A gentleman who accompanied Diderot to the theatre one night, perceived that he put his fingers in his ears during the whole act, yet was affected even to tears, at the representation. "You hear nothing," said his friend, and yet you are deeply affected."—"That is through my knowing this tragedy by heart," replied Diderot, "by which means I enter strongly into the fine, pathetic conceptions of the author, and my imagination lends an effect to the situations, which the tones of the actors, were I to listen to them, could not express." W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

HABITS OF THE TAWNY OWL.—BY CHARLES WATERTON, ESQ.

Of all our British owls, this is by far the greatest favourite with me, and I take great interest in its preservation.

Whilst temperance societies are rising up in all directions to warn the thirsty sinner that gin and godliness are not in unison, I could wish that some benevolent person would instruct the ignorant on the true nature and habits of many poor dumb animals, which undergo a perpetual persecution under the erroneous idea that they are inimical to the interests of man. I would willingly go twenty miles on foot, over the flintiest road, to hear some patroness of infant schools tell her little pupils, that, nowadays, there are no old women who ride through the air on broomsticks, with a black cat in their laps; that ravens, owls, and magpies, have long since dropped all dealing with people in the other world, and that hedgehogs are clearly proved never to have sucked a cow; though our silly farmers, almost to a man, would fain persuade us that these little, harmless creatures are guilty of the preposterous act. Notwithstanding the apprehensions of the dairy-maid, I now and then venture to purchase a captive hedgehog, and turn it into the park; there to live and die in peace.

I have never heard an owl, either in Europe or in America, that utters sounds so exactly resembling the human voice as those which our tawny owl sends forth. Here, where all is still, and every thing to be found that is inviting to the feathered race, this bird will hoot at intervals throughout the day, both in cloudy and in sunny weather. Were you to pronounce the letter O in a loud and very clear tone of voice, and then, after a short pause, repeat the same letter in a drawling, tremulous accent, you would have a tolerably just idea of the hooting of the tawny owl. It will sometimes produce a sharp cry, which sounds not unlike the word quo-ah; both male and female utter this cry.

Though the tawny owl generally takes up its abode in dark and gloomy woods, still it occasionally settles very near the habitation of man. In a hollow sycamore, within a dozen yards of this house, there had been the

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nest of a tawny owl, time out of mind. Here the birds would have remained to this day, had not a colony of jackdaws, which I had encouraged, by hanging up wooden boxes for them in the next tree, actually driven the owls away, in order that they might get possession of the hole. Before this misfortune befell them, a servant once robbed their nest, and placed the young ones in a willow cage, not far from the hollow tree. The parent birds brought food for their captive offspring; but not being able to get it through the bars of the cage, they left it on the ground on the outside. This food consisted of mice, rats, small birds, and fish, which I myself saw and examined. At the present time, I have a tawny owl, sitting on four eggs, in a large ash-tree, close to a much frequented summer-house. The male stays in a spruce fir-tree, and hoots occasionally throughout the day. I have found by dissecting the ejected bolus of this species, that it feeds copiously upon different sorts of beetles.

Were I just now requested to find a hollow tree in the woods of the neighbourhood, I should say that it were useless to go in quest of one; so eager have the proprietors been to put into their pockets the value of every tree which was not "making money," according to the cant phrase of modern wood-valuers. No bird has felt this felling of ancient timber more than the tawny owl. To the extreme scarcity of breeding-holes, and to the destructive measures of the game-keepers, I attribute the great rarity of this bird in our own immediate neighbourhood: add to this, that it sometimes rests on the ground, under covert of a bush, where it is flushed and killed by sportsmen while in pursuit of woodcocks. Were it not for my park, I believe that the tawny owl would be extinct in this part of Yorkshire. Some ten years ago, it was so scarce that I seldom heard its voice. Once or so, in the winter, I could catch the hooting of a solitary owl, as I was after the midnight poachers, but that was all, and then whole weeks would elapse before I could hear the pleasing notes again. At present, however, this favourite *warbler* is on the increase.

He who befriends the tawny owl, and loves to have it near his mansion, may easily make a habitation for it, provided there be a wood at hand, with full-grown ash-trees in it. But, no wood, no tawny owl; *Point d'argent, point de Suisse*, as the saying has it. On examining his ash timber, he will occasionally find a tree with a particular fungus on it; yellow when growing, and black when ripe. When this fungus falls to the ground, after the rains of winter have set in, the bark on which it has grown shows such faint traces of a change, that an eye not accustomed to look for these things, would scarcely notice the distempered part. By means, however, of a hammer and a chisel applied to the spot, you are soon let into the secret; and you find the wood, in the quarter where the fungus appeared, of a texture soft and altered, and somewhat approaching to that of cork. Here, then, you can readily form an excavation large enough to contain a pair of tawny owls.

In the year 1831, I pointed out to Mr. Ord, (the elegant and scientific biographer of poor Wilson,) just such an ash-tree as that which I have described. It was above two feet in diameter, and there was a fungus on the western side of it. After I had excavated nearly half way through the tree, I found a portion of the wood more tainted than the rest: so, putting a longer handle into the socket of the chisel, I worked in the direction which it took; until, most unexpectedly, I came to the nest of a titmouse. The bird, like the Portuguese at Mindanao, had evidently taken possession of the tenement through an aperture from the eastward, now closed up with living bark; while I, like the Spaniards, had arrived at the same place, by pursuing a course from the westward. If I might judge by the solid appearance of the bark, I should say that, some fifty or sixty years ago, a branch must have been blown off from this eastern side of the bole; and there the rain had found an entrance, and had gradually formed a cavity. The titmouse, judging it a convenient place, had chosen it for her nidification; and, probably, had resorted to it every year, until the growing wood at the mouth of the orifice had contracted the entrance, and, at last, closed it up for ever: leaving the nest hermetically sealed in the bole of the tree. A thousand people might gaze on this tree, in passing by, and still not see a blemish. I myself can just perceive it, by means of a few, concentrated lines still visible on the bark; but, had not the discovery of the nest drawn my attention to the place, I should never have perceived that the eastern part of the tree had formerly received an injury. Mr. Ord was enraptured at the exposition of the ornithological treasure; and noted down in his pocket-book every thing worthy of record. The tree still stands, and long may it stand, to gratify the curiosity of naturalists. Last year, a pair of barn owls reared their young in it; and, just now, there are eggs in the same place. I made another excavation, in an ash-tree about two hundred yards from this; and, last summer, it gave me an increase of three tawny owls. Throughout the winter, I could, at any time, find them reposing in some neighbouring fir-trees.

The tawny owl generally lays four snow-white eggs in the same hole which it had chosen for its winter quarters. I am satisfied in my own mind that no owl in the

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world ever gathers materials to form the lining of its nest. Indeed, there is no necessity whatever for it to take that trouble: nature makes a sufficient provision for the lining of the hole to which the owl resorts, long before the breeding time sets in. Every species of this bird ejects from the stomach all the indigestible parts of their food, in the shape of a dark-coloured, oblong bolus; which, when dried, is soon reduced to fragments by the superincumbent body of the bird. On this the female lays her eggs; nor could she well procure a better or a softer substance for them.

Trifling as an attention to the feathered tribe may seem, still it has its sweets for those who love to lead a rural life. I generally observe that visiters who come here are always anxious to have a sight of the birds which take up their abode in this sequestered valley; and they listen with evident signs of pleasure to the cries of the nocturnal wanderers of the air. It is not above a week ago, that I heard the heron screaming, the wigeon whistling, the barn owl screeching, and the tawny owl hooting, in rapid succession. The moon was playing on the water at the time, and the air was nearly as warm as summer. I thought of times long past and gone, when I was enjoying nature's richest scenery in the interminable forests of Guiana.*

Walton Hall, April 3, 1835.

THE ORANG-OUTANG.

The following will be read with interest in connexion with the Engraving and Habits of the Orang-outang, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in our last Number:—

Mr. Grant in a paper on the habits and structure of a male and female orang-outang observes — Orang-outangs, it has been remarked, have exhibited no greater degree of intelligence than a dog. This, generally speaking, is, I believe, a correct enough observation; but then let us bear in mind the comparative advantages, in relation to his connexion with human society, that the dog possesses over the orang-outang! Companionship with man is to the dog a state of nature and gratification; he is "to the manner born." Not so the poor orang-outang; left, perhaps, when an infant or very young, and unable to provide for itself at some spot, while its mother wanders in another direction, with the intention of returning by-and-by to lead him *home*. A Sumatran or Bornese forester, passing that way, swoops him off; and the little creature that had been accustomed to active gambols in the wild wood, (to say nothing of change of diet, and climate, and water,) is henceforth transferred to, and confined to a small inclosure, where its movements are circumscribed, where he is, perhaps, chained; and never, like the dog, solaced with the society of its kind; where, in short, his whole system and habits must undergo a change consequent on slavery; and where its faculties have not their fair field for developement. How is it to be expected, under such circumstances, that an orang-outang child, (for all the orangs to descriptions of which I have had access, were supposed to be very young,) should be *more* intelligent than the most intelligent of all the inferior animals, the full-grown dog, in the prime of his faculties and strength, naturalized to a state of connexion with human society, and unhappy save under such circumstances? The orang-outang, however, without being taught, will do what a dog, I suspect, cannot be taught to do, and untaught, cannot think of doing: he will untwist or unravel his chain or cord. If the dog is chained, and the chain becomes in any way jammed between things lying about, or twisted upon itself, the animal drags hard at it, *away* from the point of entanglement, perhaps increasing the evil—becomes alarmed—cries out, and never thinks of slackening the chain, and returning back to see what the cause of the inconvenience is. Not so the orang-outang; the moment such an accident occurs, he deliberately sets about putting matters to rights. He does not drag away from the point of resistance, does not insist on running forcibly counter, but instantly slackens his chain, as a human being would do under the like circumstances, and goes back to *see* what occasions the obstruction. If the chain has got entangled with a box or any other article of furniture, he disengages it; if it has become twisted, he considers the matter, and untwists it. It may, perhaps, be said in reply, that the possession of hands gives the orang advantages that the dog has not, in the instance referred to, and so undoubtedly it does; but it is not natural for an orang to be chained, and the whole process evinces that he thinks or reflects upon the predicament he has got into, which the dog apparently does not, but loses his presence of mind. I have a monkey chained in my compound, (*Simia entellus*,) but when his chain becomes entangled or twisted, he does not get himself out of the scrape like the orang-outang, but, like the dog, makes matters worse by dragging impetuously.

* Abridged from the Magazine of Natural History.

The Topographer.

CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH.

This romantic village ranks among the curiosities of the environs of Bath. It lies about three miles eastward of that city, has

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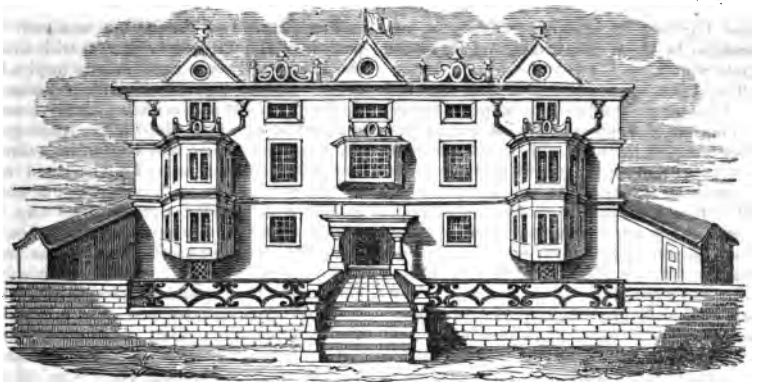

(Claverton Manor-House.)

a fine Down rising about 400 feet above it, and is delightfully situated upon the banks of the Avon: it has a level, velvet turf, and is a delightful retreat for invalids.

Claverton is supposed to have anciently belonged to some wealthy Saxon; and was then called Clafertone. In the time of William the Conqueror, it belonged to Hugoline, the King's interpreter, who also held the manors of Easton and Warley. After the Conquest, it reverted to the Crown, and was granted to Hugo *cum barbâ*, who sold it to John de Villula, Bishop of Wells. This whimsical prelate gave the manor of Claverton to the Abbey of St. Peter; but, in consequence of a dispute, it was soon wrested from the Abbey, and annexed to the Bishopric for ever. In 1526, Bishop Burton obtained a charter of the King, of free warren in all his lands in this parish; and, soon afterwards, a grant was procured, that the village of Claverton, with that of Hampton, should be exempt from the jurisdiction of the hundred, and be made an independent liberty.

The manor-house was built by Ralph de Salopia, Bishop of Bath and Wells; and it continued to belong to this see till the year 1548, when Bishop Barlow exchanged it with the King for other lands in this county. The present manor-house, represented above, was built in or about the year 1625, and is a fine specimen of the domestic architecture of the reign of James the First.

The village and its neighbourhood are not of unlettered fame; for one of its former rectors, for sixty years, was the venerable and learned Richard Graves, the friend of Shenstone, and the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*. In the ascent of Claverton Down is Prior Park, formerly the residence of the worthy Ralph Allen, the friend of Pope, who has thus immortalized him:

"Let humble Allen, with ingenuous shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

It should also be here mentioned, that Allen was the original of Mr. Alworthy, in Fielding's *Tom Jones*. This gentleman obtained a fortune of 12,000*l.* for life, by beneficial alterations in the cross-posts.

The Public Journals.

SIEGE OF ANTWERP, IN 1585, BY THE SPANIARDS, UNDER FARNESE, DUKE OF PARMA.

The success of this enterprise depended altogether upon depriving the besieged of the resources of the Scheldt. To do this, it was necessary, in spite of its great depth, breadth, and rapidity, to build a bridge upon its heaving waters. It would be as tedious to record, as it was glorious to overcome, all the difficulties which occurred before everything was ready to commence this huge construction. First the city was strictly blockaded, and two forts erected on each bank of the river to protect the workmen at their labours. Then immense stakes, which formed what was called the estocades, were driven by force of engines into the bed of the river, cemented together by masses of stones and earth, and descending on the one side to the depth of two hundred feet, and on the other of nine hundred. On these were built two piers, projecting so far into the stream, as to contract its channel to the one half of its original width. These were armed with rows of long pikes tipped with iron, which darted out above the surface of the water, rendering the passage still narrower, and the navigation extremely dangerous. Parapets were besides raised on the piers, planted with cannon; and two forts, built in the middle of the stream, at the extreme ends of the estocades, were ready to open their fires upon all hostile vessels. To complete the whole, the strait between the two piers was filled up with a considerable number of dismasted ships, fastened together by chain-hooks and anchors; and this prodigious structure, thus completed,

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stood together in immovable firmness, undamaged by the winds, floods, and ice of the whole winter.

The Antwerpers, who had at first regarded the idea of the bridge with derison, beheld its progress towards completion with terror. They resorted to an expedient for its destruction, as extraordinary and as striking to the imagination as was the stupendous barrier itself. This was the construction of fire-ships, or infernal machines as they were called, of which Giambelli, an Italian engineer, was the inventor. These ships, of which three were built, had each a mine or chamber, stored with gunpowder, bullets, cannon ball, rugged stones, and other weighty materials and hard substances, forcibly compressed together, to be ignited by a slow train which should catch only at the proper moment. As the royal army had merely heard uncertain reports of this invention, they could make no preparation to avert the danger. Their dismay and astonishment were consequently the greater when they beheld one night, the whole surface of the stream burst suddenly into light, and present the appearance of a sheet of vivid flame, whilst three enormous ships were hurrying through this extraordinary splendour, and by favour of the wind and tide driving directly upon the centre of the bridge. Multitudes drawn by curiosity, crowded on the piers to witness the dazzling spectacle. Though the night was pitchy dark, every object was more distinctly seen than at noonday. The city, the forts, the fleet, and bridge appeared to be invested with a supernatural light. The country all around was lit up with a fairy-like brilliancy, and the flags and banners with their inscriptions, and the arms and distinctive badges of the soldiers were brightly visible in the intense radiance which filled the whole atmosphere. Presently one of the ships exploded before it reached its destined mark, with a dreadful noise. Some Spanish soldiers, with incredible boldness, leaped into the others, and endeavoured to extinguish their trains; and the Prince of Orange had hardly been hurried from the bridge, where he was intently watching their success, when the two machines, bursting through it with a ruinous crash, and exploding at the same time, shattered it to atoms, and men, cannon, and the huge machinery upon it, were in an instant dispersed in the air—eight hundred perished by this explosion. The Prince of Parma was struck to the earth by a beam, where he lay for a long time insensible. Many others were frightfully disfigured and maimed by the ghastly wounds inflicted by the missiles with which the machine was stored. The river, forced from its bed, rushed into the adjacent forts, and swept away many individuals of their garrisons, and the ground all around shook as with an earthquake.

The damage of the bridge was soon repaired by the diligence and zeal with which the Prince of Parma knew how to inspire his army; and to prevent the like disaster in future, the ships between the piers were made removable, so as to afford a free passage to the fire-ships should they be sent on a second errand of destruction. The besieged now sought to inundate an immense plain which stretched up to the walls of Antwerp, by which to render the navigation free despite the blockading up of the river. This plain was traversed by a dike, and along this dike the Prince of Parma had built several forts. To take them, and be thus able to let loose the water over the plain, became at present the sole hope of the Antwerpers, and on its frustration depended the success of all the labours of Farnese. Several of the most furious encounters of the war took place on this important spot. The Prince of Parma, who seemed to delight in the exposure of his person when prudence permitted it, fought on one of these occasions at the head of his men, sword in hand, like a common soldier, and to this personal example he owed victory. His men had before given way, and the besieged considered themselves as conquerors, when Alexander appeared on foot with his naked sword in his hand, and rushing forward at the head of his men, he renewed the combat, and beat back the enemy on every point, who at last fled to their ships. They left 3,000 dead upon the dike, or at its base, and the Spaniards lost 800 men. Antwerp immediately afterwards surrendered, and was granted the most favourable conditions.*

* From the first of a promising Series of Foreign Military Biographies, in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

PATRONAGE OF ART.

(*From Miss Mitford's Belford-Regis.*)

Some time in November, 1831, Mr. Cribb, an ornamental gilder in London, was struck with a small picture—a cattle piece—in a shop window in Greek-street. On inquiring for the artist, he could hear no tidings of him; but the people of the shop promised to find him out. Time after time our persevering lover of the arts called to repeat his inquiries, but always unsuccessfully, until about three months after, when he found that the person he sought was a Mr. Thomas Sydney Cooper, an English artist, who had been for many years settled at Brussels as a drawing-master, but had been driven from that city by the revolution, which had deprived him of his pupils, amongst whom were some members of the Royal Family, and, unable to obtain employment in London, as a cattle painter, had, with the generous self-devotion which most ennobles a man of genius, sup-

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ported his family by making lithographic drawings of fashionable caps and bonnets,—I suppose as a puff for some milliner, or some periodical which deals in costumes. In the midst of this interesting family, and of these caps and bonnets, Mr. Cribb found him; and deriving from what he saw of his sketches and drawings additional conviction of his genius, immediately commissioned him to paint him a picture on his own subject, and at his own price, making such an advance as the richest artist would not scruple to accept on a commission, conjuring him to leave off caps and bonnets, and foretelling his future eminence. Mr. Cribb says that he shall never forget the delight of Mr. Cooper's face when he gave the order—he has a right to the luxury of such a recollection. Well! the picture was completed, and, when completed, our friend Mr. Cribb, who is not a man to do his work by halves, bespoke a companion, and, while that was painting, showed the first to a great number of artists and gentlemen, who all agreed in expressing the strongest admiration, and in wondering where the painter could have been hidden. Before the second picture was half finished, a Mr. Carpenter, (I believe that I am right in the name,) gave Mr. Cooper a commission for a piece, which was exhibited in May, 1833, at the Suffolk Street Gallery; and from that moment orders poured in, and the artist's fortune is made.

It is right to add, that Mr. Cooper was generously eager to have this story made known, and Mr. Cribb as generously averse from its publication. But surely it ought to be recorded for the example's sake, and for their mutual honour. Oh! that I could have printed Mr. Cribb's account of this matter! It was so natural, so *naïf*, so characteristic, so amusing. I dared not commit such a trespass on the sacredness of private communication; but I shall keep it to my dying day, and leave it to my heirs; so that if hereafter, some sixty years hence, a future Allan Cunningham, (if there can ever be another biographer like him,) shall delight the world with another series of Lives of the painters, the history of the English Paul Potter may be adorned and illustrated by the warm-hearted and graphic narrative of his earliest patron.

DANGER FROM COMETS.

As the comets traverse the planetary regions in all directions, it is natural to inquire whether there is not a possibility that some one of them may not approach so near the earth as greatly to disturb its motion, or by an actual contact to produce the most disastrous effects. Upon this subject there is no reasonable ground for fear. It is not absolutely impossible that a comet may come in contact with the earth, the probabilities against such an event happening, are as millions to one. Among bodies so small in comparison with the space in which they move, and moving in all velocities, and in orbits that are inclined in all directions, and are of all dimensions, how small must be the probability that any two shall come in contact! Small, however, as this probability is for any one age, if we take into account a long series of ages, the probability may be greatly increased. If we suppose the earth actually to receive such a shock, it is easy to imagine the calamitous consequences. The axis and rotation of the earth being changed, the waters of the ocean would leave their ancient position, and would be precipitated towards the new equator. A great part of the human race and of the lower animals would be destroyed by the violent shock impressed on the terrestrial globe. Whole species of animals might be annihilated. All the monuments of human industry and invention would be overthrown. In such a catastrophe we find, too, a cause adequate to account for the ocean having overflowed lofty mountains, on which it has left incontestable evidence of its presence; and to explain how the animals and plants of the south may have existed in the climates of the north, where we find the remains and impressions of them. Lastly, such an event accounts for the recentness of the moral world, the monuments of which go back scarcely 3,000 years. The human race, reduced to a small number of individuals, and to the most miserable condition, would for a long time be mainly provided in providing for their preservation, amidst the wreck which surrounded them, and would lose all remembrance of arts and sciences; and, when by the progress of civilization, they became at length sensible of the want of these, they would find it necessary to recommence, as if man had been newly placed on the earth. It seems impossible to contemplate the picture of calamity here drawn, without being forcibly struck with this *singular coincident*:—that if we suppose the period of the comet of 1680 (which in that year made a considerably nearer approach to the earth's orbit,) to be 575½ years; and count back, from the year 1680, seven revolutions, or a period of 4,028 years, we reach the year 2349 before Christ —the year of the deluge, as fixed by chronologers.—*Encyclopædia of Geography.**

RIPPINGILLE'S PICTURES OF DRUNKENNESS.

Mr. Rippingille has been for a long time resident in France; and on his return was so struck with the drunkenness prevalent in this country, that he determined upon doing all in his power to abate this disgusting vice, by painting a series of pictures illustrative of its effects.

* Communicated by Dr. Armstrong, Vauxhall.

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The "Drunkard's Progress" is illustrated in the history of a rustic; who, coming to town, is invited to drink by some profligate scoundrels, and thenceforward passes from vice to poverty and crime. The physical character of the victim, however, entirely changes after he becomes a confirmed drunkard; he is not the same individual. In the first scene, he is a simple, good-natured fellow, but not the man to be metamorposed into the hardened ferocious villain, even by drink. The subordinate characters are more truly pictured than the hero. In the first scene, the London swell, the operative burglar, the rustic rogue, half-poacher, half-thief, the little shallow-pated, sleek-faced, cunning rascal—a pettifogging lawyer, perhaps, who would escort his companions to the gallows to get the last fee from them—and the unfortunate girl, not utterly abandoned—all are true to the life. The second scene, where the rustic is atoning for his over-night's debauch with a head-ache, introduces us to his state of domestic comfort and prosperity. He is seated in his wicker arm-chair, in his neat, well-furnished cottage, with his rosy-cheeked children around him, one of them brushing the mud off his hat. His wife's look of concern tells of its being a first offence. In the third, he is seated in the gin-shop, surrounded by his former companions, one of whom is robbing him of his watch, while he is chucking the girl, now thoroughly depraved, under the chin. The London swell in the background looks on like the Mephistopheles of the farmer Faust. The ragged, wretched visitants of the gin-shop, with their squalid misery and ferocity, and the sleek, indifferent look of the gin-shop keeper, with his gold chain and diamond ring, point the moral of the scene. The effect of the gas-light is here well imitated. In the next scene, the wretched wife, care-worn and poverty-stricken, is sitting up, with an infant in her arms, for her now profligate husband. The children, grown up pale and thin, are stretched asleep, one on a miserable bed, and two others on the floor. The wan and wasted form of the poor woman, and her look of misery, fatigue, and hunger, are painfully true. The effect of this picture, which is the exception we alluded to, is very impressive. The sleeping children, in the shadowed part of the room, are admirably represented. The sense of lateness and slumbering silence in the apartment, and the privation and suffering of the inmates, are vividly conveyed. In the fifth scene, the family are on their way to London; the husband going doggedly on his way, the wife covering her face from grief and shame, while the fat and pursy landlord is bestowing charity on her. This scene, we think, should have preceded the former. The sixth and last represents the drunkard turned midnight robber, and with the swell and his companion waylaying his former landlord. The grasp with which he clutches the pistol, the other hand being also clenched, and his strained look, show that he is new to crime, and contrast with the ease and cool villany of his fellow robbers.

This description will have sufficed to show that profound thought or wide invention has not gone to the composition of these pictures; but it will not have conveyed the numberless little points which give to the obvious scenes that character of probability which they especially require. They are adapted to the meanest capacity; and in rural neighbourhoods of great towns, would be acceptable, and perhaps beneficial. There is nothing so good as a picture for conveying a moral lesson, except the reality. As the public-houses would hardly purchase a set of prints from these pictures, the Temperance Society should have them engraved and distributed in rural districts.—*Spectator*.

New Books.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

[This is, altogether, an unsatisfactory work, although from the accomplished hand of Mr. Proctor, or Barry Cornwall, who appears to have set about his task with a distaste for it; and, therefore, could not be expected to excel in its execution. To be sure, he does not lead the reader to expect great things; for, his first lines are, "the life of a player is, assuredly, not the most important thing in the world;" then follow many tiresome introductory pages, the gist of which is, "I have made the best of a bad job." This is, indeed, predisposing the reader, and amounts to an anomaly in editorial tactics. Nevertheless, to write the life of so offending a child of Adam as "poor Kean," must have been a wearisome task; for, as we observed two years since, in our own brief memoir, his professional career has been so frequently set before the public, and his personal or private history is little to our reader's taste. We shall not, therefore, attempt an analysis of the present volumes, but quote a few of the most amusing pages. In the earliest of them we find an interesting account of Kean when a child, principally obtained from Mr. Young, the father of the tragedian. It relates to Kean's first acquaintance with Mrs. Clarke, of Guildford-street, and the first shoots of the actor's genius.]

Childhood.

A thundering rap is heard at the door. The footman, with an approximation to a grin on his face, enters and announces—"Master Carey, ma'am."—"Master Carey?" was the inquiry. "Yes, ma'am; he comes from his mother, *Miss* Carey, who brings the perfumery here to sell. He *says* he is Mas-

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ter Carey."—"Show him up by all means." Mrs. Clarke stood. The door was thrown open, and a slim, pale boy, of about ten years old, enters—very poorly clad, ragged, with dirty hands, face washed, delicate skin, brilliant eyes, superb head of curled and matted hair, and a piece of a hat in his hand! With the bow and air of a prince, he delivers his message: "My mother, madam, sends her duty, and begs you will be so good as to lend her a shilling to take the spangled tiffany petticoat out of pawn, as she wants it to appear in at Richmond to-morrow." In answer to this petition, the lady put forth an interrogation; "Are you the little boy who can act so well?" A bow of assent, and a kindling cheek were the sole reply. "What can you act?"—The answer was, "Richard the Third—Speed the Plough—Hamlet and Harlequin."—"I should like very much to see you," said the lady.—"I should be proud to act to you," was the return.—"Well, here's the money for your mother," said Mrs. Clarke; "but stay," added she, throwing open the door of the back drawing-room, where her husband sat writing. He was a grave, stout man, who had left off going to plays. She brought forward our hero: "This is little Edmund Carey." A low bow from Master Edmund Carey finished the introduction. Mr. Clarke looked at him, and was struck with his air, as well as with his delicate and expressive features, and which, contrasted with the poverty of his clothes, must have touched and interested even the commonest observer. We do not know what commendation or good advice was bestowed by Mr. Clarke; but Mrs. Clarke and her young friend parted, with a promise, on his part, that he would come again at six o'clock that evening, and give a specimen of his acting. In the meantime, the lady, filled with the merits of her protégé, ran to her next door neighbour (who was the well-known Mr. John Mason Good), and to three or four other friends, and invited them all to come and see her "extraordinary little boy."

In the evening the friends arrived, sufficiently sceptical as to the "little boy's" talents, but not without some curiosity to see after what fashion they and their hostess were to be disappointed. The hour arrived—six o'clock; but Master Carey was still absent. At last, the same thundering rap which had preceded his advent in the morning, sounded again upon the door. It was certainly he. The lady flew to the head of the staircase, in order to be the first to welcome her protégé, and also that she might receive him alone; for she was jealous as to the impression which he was to make, and was apprehensive lest those humble auxiliaries, soap and water, might be necessary in order to all-perfect her hero. But no: his face was clean, the delicacy of his complexion was more obvious than before, and his beautiful hair had been combed, and shone like the wing of a raven. His dress, indeed, had suffered no improvement; but a frilled handkerchief of his mother's was tucked inside his jacket, and was more than a substitute for a shirt collar. He was a new man. His friend was satisfied and proud. At the same time, in order the more completely to qualify him for the task which he was about to undertake, she took him secretly to her dressing-room, summoned her maid, and despatched her for some black riband, in order to substitute something heroic for the commercial pack-thread which ornamented his shoes. They then commenced a search for other finery; and at last came upon a black riding-hat, with feathers in it. This prize was seized upon, turned up in front with pins, and accommodated to his head; and, to put a finishing stroke to this grand equipment, a real sword and belt were found, which were buckled on the tragedian without delay. Never had he looked so magnificent, even in his dreams!

The lady led him, beaming with delight, into the drawing-room, and presented him to her assembled friends. They sat in a silent circle, and surveyed him. Had time permitted, they might have smiled; but scarcely allowing himself time to bow, he rushed eagerly to the further end of the room, which had been fixed upon as a stage, (and where there was a door for his exit and entrance, and a curtain for a scene,) and began. It was no small task that lay before him. He had to face the smiles of an audience sceptical of his talents, and to conquer them: yet he did this—nay, he did more; for the expression in the countenances of his audience changed from contempt (or distrust) into attention,—from attention to admiration,—to silent wonder,—to tears! He, who was not then ten years old, showed them how the patriotism of Rolla, and the bloody policy of Richard, ought, and was thereafter to be exhibited. They were deaf to the prophecy, indeed; but they were, nevertheless, well pleased with the ingenious little player, and rewarded him with a shower of shillings and sixpences, which he would not pick up! The money, however, was forced on him at last, and he was sent home richer than he had ever been before, and flushed with success.

Kean before George III.

On his leaving Mrs. Clarke's house, he was furnished by her with a recommendation to Captain Millar, of the Staffordshire militia, which was then stationed at Windsor. He went to Windsor accordingly; and it must have been on this occasion that he was seen, an active member, in Richardson's company of strollers. The probability is, that, on leaving Mrs. Clarke, he enrolled himself in

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Richardson's troop, to which his mother at that time belonged; and that both parent and child travelled to Windsor with the company. This was the first time that Master Carey ever beheld Eton, or the "antique towers" which Gray has celebrated. The story of his having been educated there is altogether false. It is much more like the truth, that he and his brother actors should have been pelted by the Eton boys, because those ambitious scholars were refused the privilege of drawing the manager's caravan into the town. This story, which is told as coming from the mouth of old Richardson, receives some confirmation from divers hints and expressions, now indistinctly remembered, which dropped from Kean in his after life, when he was recounting his first appearance before King George III. For that he was at Windsor, and played before that monarch, who requited him with two guineas, is certain; the fact having been not only asserted by himself, but confirmed by Mrs. Heath, wife of the former master of Eton school. "We had your husband for two or three days," observed she to Mrs. Kean, "when he was a boy. The Eton boys were so fond of hearing him, that they asked Dr. Heath to permit him to recite, which he assented to. It was thus that the king heard of him, and had him to recite before him."

Elliston and John Howard Payne.

The late Robert William Elliston (when will that rich book, "Ellistoniana," be published?) was, at one period of his curious life, manager of two—we believe the Manchester and Birmingham—theatres. Being in London, he was, as a matter of course, beating up for recruits. To get the best actors at the smallest possible sums, was the supreme object of his wishes. He bargained—failed—succeeded—and underwent all the chances of a collector of rarities. Amongst other persons, he encountered Payne. He was overjoyed to see him. To inquire into his health, to state his own exigencies, and to give him a pressing invitation to Manchester, was the work of a moment. "My dear fellow, come down to us! see us! hear us! mark us! observe—a—how we '*do* the thing' at our good theatre of Manchester—ha, ha!" Payne answered and said, that having nothing to do, he would very willingly run down to his country theatre, but protested against playing himself. "I have forgotten all my old characters now," said he, "so that playing is out of the question. However, I shall be happy to come down and see you." The manager reiterated his pressing invitations, and Payne accordingly "run down" to Manchester. Arriving at night, he beheld Elliston in his glory. He was the first man of the place. He managed, acted, directed, corrected every body. His theatre was the best theatre in the universe, and he was the best man in it. On the morning following, there was a rehearsal of "Richard the Third." Elliston (amongst other sins) at that time used to murder our third Richard. This morning, however, ("being busy," as he said,) he invited Payne to rehearse for him. "Perhaps you will *play* Richard, too?" said he, in that drawling, chuckling tone of comedy, which so much became him. Payne assured him that this was totally out of the question; but that, as he (Elliston) was busy, he would try, with the prompter's help—who was requested to be loud enough—to blunder through the mere rehearsal. He began—

"To day the winter of our discontent
Is made—made—"

The prompter came in—"Is made new summer"—

"Is made new summer by the sun of York,
And all the storms that lowered upon our house,
Are"—gone—vanished—hidden—what is it?

The true prompter came in again, and again, and again; but to no good purpose. The head of the American Roscius held many clever things, but unluckily the part of Richard the Third was not amongst them. He, therefore, resolved to put an end to the absurdity, and turned round to address Elliston with—"You see it is utterly hopeless for me"—when he found that the manager was not there. He had gone, with a promise to return directly. Under these circumstances, poor Payne toiled through the play, and at the conclusion, seeing Elliston at his elbow once more, he addressed him with, "You perceive how utterly ridiculous it would have been, had I accepted your invitation to *play* the part. I have not been able to remember three consecutive lines!" The manager's face expanded: he swore that he was horribly amazed. "My dear fellow, you are not in earnest? I'm *sure* you are not. You see all over the town by this time,—in large letters —'*For this night only, the part of* RICHARD *by*—THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN ROSCIUS, MR. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. You *must* play for us to-night."—"It is totally impossible," replied Payne, angrily. "I cannot, and will not expose myself. What could possess you to do this, when you saw ——?"—"My dear fellow, I saw you going on with the part, as I thought, excellently—swimmingly—*triumphantly*. Come, come! the thing is done: 'tis too late to undo it; play you *must*—nay, you *shall*. What! not oblige an old *friend*—an old *admirer*?" &c. &c. What could be done? men haven't hearts of stone! The exigency was great, and Payne consented.—"And how did you get through the part?" said we to him, when he had told the story.—"Why really better than I could have imagined. I studied all day, and at night gave as much of the part as I could.

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recollect."—"But when you could not recollect?" persisted we.—"Why," said he, "I spouted something *like* Shakspeare (!) and, to tell you the truth, the people seemed to think my imitation better than the original; for I roared it out twice as loud as the legitimate text, and it drew down thunders of applause."

The Actor's Pilgrimage.

It is needless to repeat the every-day wants and troubles which the poor actor and his family, day after day, encountered in their peregrinations. Their long journeys, in all weathers,—their arrivals, weary and foot-sore, at the squalid public-houses where they put up,—their scanty meals,—their visits to the pawnbroker and the Jew,—their hopeless appeals to the public taste,—the cries of the children (from fatigue or want of food), —the tears of the woman, and the curses of the man,—all these, fifty times repeated, would make but an unprofitable and tedious history. We content ourselves with giving a few facts, illustrative of our hero's forlorn condition; without exhibiting, at every turn, the poverty and wretchedness of his course. At York, as we have said, he arrived, utterly destitute. So extreme was his need, that he wished to enlist as a common soldier, and actually presented himself, for that purpose, to an officer attached to a regiment at York, who very good naturedly dissuadad him from his design. He was, perhaps, as desperate of attaining the objects of his ambition, at this particular time, as at any period of his checkered life. And with his despair, his wife's despondency naturally kept pace. She saw no hope of extricating her infants from the load of misery and want which oppressed them. More than once, she has knelt down by the side of her bed, in which the two half-famished children lay, and prayed that they and herself might at once be released from their sufferings. Happily, they were relieved by the intervention of a friend. The wife of a Mr. Nokes (then a dancing-master at York), heard of their extreme distress, and went with a heart brimful of benevolence to their aid. She was shown up to the room where Mrs. Kean and the children were, and after having ascertained the truth of the report concerning their condition, she spoke kindly to them all, put something in Mrs. Kean's hand, wished her good morning, and left the house. On her departure, Mrs. Kean opened the paper which this excellent woman had left, and discovered that she had given her a *Five pound* bank note! She threw herself on her knees, and fainted. They had been rescued from absolute starvation.

[It need not be added that the present is, in many respects, an entertaining, anecdotic work; but it fails lamentably in its attempts to estimate the art of acting.]

The Gatherer.

Intemperance.—Though the American gentlemen drink more than any other *gentlemen*, the lower orders in America are more temperate than with us. The appearance of a drunken man in the streets is comparatively rare in America; and, certainly, Sunday is not, as with us, the appointed day for this disgusting vice among the lower classes. Fortunately, most fortunately, it is not with them as with us, the only day on which the poor have rest.—*Mrs. Butler.*

Public Tooth-brush.—A gentleman on board an American steam-boat was using his own tooth-brush, when a man who was standing near him said, "I'll trouble you for that article when you have done with it." When he had done with it, the gentleman presented it to him, and, on receiving it again, immediately threw it into the river, to the infinite amazement of the borrower, who only exclaimed, "Well, however, you're a queer fellow."—*Ibid.*

Washington is to America, what Downing and Parliament Streets are to London—a congregation of government offices, where political characters, secretaries, clerks, place-holders, and place-seekers, most do congregate.

Tame Hare.—There is now in the possession of Mr. Richard Rudsdale, of Homer, near Hustwaite, in Yorkshire, a hare which he caught in January last, and which is now so tame as to be fed with milk like a cat.

X. Y. Z.

Sailors' Superstitions.—The strong prejudice which sailors have against sailing on certain days often creates the very ill luck they apprehend; for, if any damage should occur, it is all attributed to evil influences, against which they have no power, and they are at once deprived of half their energy in labour, and half their courage in peril.—*Mrs. Butler's Journal.*

Black v. White.—In the southern states of America, there are no servants but blacks; for, the greater proportion of domestics being slaves, all species of servitude whatever is looked upon as a degradation; and the slaves themselves entertain the very highest contempt for white servants, whom they designate as "poor white trash."—*Ibid.*

The American President's Levees.—Every human being has a right to present himself there; the consequence is that great numbers of the very commonest sort of people used to rush in, and follow the servants who carried refreshments, seizing upon whatever they could get, and staring and pushing about. Indeed, the nuisance became so great, that they discontinued the eatables, and in great measure got rid of the crowd.

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The Elephant.—At Sennar, a story is related of an elephant, who observing a woman beat and wash clothes in the river, and afterwards spread them out to dry on the banks, approached her, and, seizing her, beat her to death upon the stones, and then spread *her* out to dry.

The Crocodile.—Lord Prudhoe, in his journey from Cairo to Sennar, was shown a spot where a man had been taken off by a crocodile the day before. He was washing clothes in the river, the crocodile seized him and carried him to the opposite bank; another crocodile, attracted to the spot wished to share the feast, and, after fighting for some time, they took to the river to settle the dispute, leaving the dead man on the sand-bank.

Peru.—The best part of Peru is as yet, it may be said, unknown. The riches it contains are immense; but, to secure and turn them to account will require energy and exertion, and some encouragement from the rulers. The Bolivian government is now extending this encouragement, offering grants of land to adventurers, and considerable premiums for the establishment of steam-boats on the rivers.—*Journ. Geog. Soc.* vol. v. p. 1.

Colours of Ice.—Every traveller who has seen ice in large masses speaks with rapture of its colours. To some it is of a roseate hue; to others emerald green; some describe it as being blue; others, as sea-green. The colour of the blocks on the Neva is invariably the same when the ice is pure. It is then of a pale blue, inclining to aqua-marine green; if there be snow on one side, the blue is less visible, and the colour is sensibly greener. Examined closely, the blocks present innumerable cracks near the surface, which, like similar accidents in rock crystal, refract the light into all the colours of the prism; the most predominant, however, is a rich and exquisitely beautiful sapphire blue, which, being softened by the distance, is, probably, the cause of the pale blue tint of the whole. —*Ibid.*

The following is an English translation (by an Italian, I presume,) of a curiosity dealer's shop-bill, which a friend of mine brought from Italy; the bill was divided into two parts, one half Italian, and the other half English. G. Roffe.

"Joseph the Cook, he offer to one illuminated public, and most particularly for British knowing men in general, one remarkable, pretty, famous, and splendid collection of old goods all quite new, excavated from private personal diggings. He sell cooked clays, old marble tones, with ancient basso-relievos, with stewing pots, brass sacraficing pans, and antik lamps. Here is a stocking of Calves heads with foots for single ladies, and amateur gentlemans travelling: also old coppers and candlesticks, with Nola jugs, Etruscan saucers, and much more intellectual minds articles; all entitling him to a learned mans inspection to examine him, and supply it with illustrious protection, of whom he hope full and valorous satisfaction.

"N. B. He make all old ting brand new, and the new tings all old, for gentlemans who has collections, and wishes to change him. He have also one manner quite original for make join two sides of different monies; producing one medallion all indeed unique, and advantage him to sell for exportation for strange cabinets and museums of the Exterior Potentates.

"Arviso al Pubblico."

Singular Occurrence.—In February last, as a workman in the employment of Mr. Marsden, cabinet maker and upholsterer, Westgate, Wakefield, was cutting up a log of Honduras mahogany, 22 inches square, he found it to contain a bird's nest, which was completely imbedded in the wood, and which, on being exposed to the air, crumbled.

Turkish Jests.—One day, Nasir-ed-din ascended the pulpit of the mosque, and thus addressed the congregation:—"Oh, true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you?"—"No," responded the congregation.—"Well, then," said he, "there is no use in my speaking to you," and he came down from the pulpit. He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation, "Oh, true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you?"—"We know," replied the audience.—"Ah! as you know it," said he, quitting the pulpit, "why should I take the trouble of telling you?"—When next he came to preach, the congregation thought to fix him, and, when he asked the usual question, replied, "Some of us know, and some of us do not know."—"Very well," said he, "let those who know tell those who do not know."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Answers in Part 167, now publishing, and on the wrapper of No. 727, the Supplement to the present Volume.

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